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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1857.

THE *Twentieth Annual Volume of the* ART-JOURNAL—*the* THIRD *of the* NEW SERIES, *containing* ENGRAVINGS FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION—*is commenced with the present Part.*

In the Number which closed the Nineteenth Volume, we briefly explained to our Subscribers the leading arrangements we had entered into for the future conduct of this Work, pledging ourselves to every possible exertion for its improvement and increased utility as a representative of the Arts, Fine and Industrial—a position it occupies, and has long occupied, without a competitor in Europe, or in the United States of America.

We require only to know how it is possible to obtain farther advantages for our Subscribers, and the Public generally, to endeavour by every means in our power to secure them.

It is certain that a comprehension and appreciation of ART, *in all its varied ramifications, is largely extending; many beneficial influences have combined to produce this salutary effect; a proportionate advance is alike our duty and our interest; and we cannot doubt that those who compare the earlier with the later parts of this Journal will be of opinion that we have kept pace with the beneficial movement progressing everywhere—a movement it is our right to believe we have ardently, zealously, and continually, aided.*

We desire now only to express our gratitude—and we do so for the nineteenth time—to those by whom our efforts have been assisted and sustained. It is especially due to the highest authorities in the Realm: and also to the many artists, amateurs, manufacturers, and artisans, whose support has been our encouragement and our reward. To THE PRESS *universally we are deeply indebted for cordial co-operation and generous assistance.*

Our Subscribers will require no assurance that we shall continue to labour earnestly and assiduously for their pleasure and advantage, trusting they will perceive, from month to month, the progress they require and expect.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, STRAND.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE TURNER COLLECTION.

SINCE the original foundation of the National Gallery, in 1824, no single event has taken place of so much importance to the advancement of Art in this country, as the munificent bequest to the nation of his remaining works by our great landscape-painter, Turner. One portion is already accessible to the public, and a wonderful instalment it is; and those still to be seen are of equal importance, though they will lack that interest which was necessarily attached to the novelty of the first exhibition of works of such surprising power. When we consider that such works, reflecting the highest honour on the British school, are withheld from public exhibition because the nation does not possess a suitable gallery to exhibit them in, it does appear a singular anomaly; more especially when we consider the boundless resources of the British Government. This could scarcely happen in any other capital of Europe; many of the small cities of the German principalities, even, have contrived to provide for their collections of pictures some ten times the accommodation hitherto afforded by the British Government. That such considerable donations as the Turner bequest could not be foreseen, is but little palliation for the deficiency. If such acquisitions are made in spite of discouragement, what are we to expect from an adequate encouragement of donations and bequests by a noble reception in every way worthy of the acquisition?

Turner's large fortune, both in works of Art and in funded property, he bequeathed to his country—his finished pictures to the nation, on condition that the government should provide a suitable location for them within ten years; and the greater part of his funded property towards the establishment of an institution for the benefit of decayed artists.

The will was disputed by his kindred, and in accordance with a compromise, the property has been at length distributed by the Court of Chancery; all the pictures and sketches have fallen to the nation, and the sum of £20,000 has been awarded to the Royal Academy, in lieu of the establishment of an institution for the benefit of decayed artists; while the prints, the rest of the funded, and all other property, have been assigned to the next of kin. The whole property was sworn under £140,000, but the pictures alone have been estimated, by qualified judges, at a much larger amount. The conditions associated with the public acquisition of the pictures, both with regard to the peculiar situation of the two already for some time in the gallery at Trafalgar Square, and the rest of his works, have been set aside by the Court of Chancery, and all his remaining pictures are now at the absolute disposal of the Government. Not above half of these great works were accessible in his own gallery at 47, Queen Anne Street. But now that they are public property, it is to be hoped that the *suitable gallery* not only for the Turner pictures, but for all the other national pictures, will be no longer delayed.

Of the value of the Turner bequest the public may form some notion from the pictures already exhibited at Marlborough House, but of its ultimate importance and extent it is, as yet, impossible to conceive an adequate idea. It consists of upwards of a hundred finished oil pictures, comprising most of Turner's greatest works, and some of the noblest specimens of landscape-painting in existence, besides many thousand sketches, including hundreds of valuable drawings.

After the enthusiastic writings of Mr. Ruskin, the public is perhaps prepared for any commendations of the genius of Turner; and if the quality and objects of Mr. Ruskin's encomiums on Turner's works may be sometimes questioned, the public will perhaps now admit that, in quantity at least, there has been no exaggeration; for these works are of such surprising power that they cannot be too highly rated. We many of us imagine that we are well acquainted with Turner, and that whatever mistakes others may make as to the exact character of his genius, and the relative value of the pictures exhibited during the last ten years of his life on the walls of the Royal Academy, that we have come to no false conclusions; and, from the vivid memory of previous exhibitions, know exactly what relation these last works bear to those of his more efficient time. But there is delusion even here: Turner was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy during the life-time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the best of memories can but do him imperfect justice. Some of his greatest works are his earliest, and some of these he never parted with, and they were not to be seen even in his own gallery.

Turner's contributions to the Royal Academy exhibitions extend over a period of sixty-one years, from 1790 to 1850, both inclusive; and, in the hundred pictures now bequeathed to the nation, we have admirable specimens of every time.

Before reviewing the individual specimens of the Turner bequest, *seriatim*, it may be well to premise that Turner has painted in four different styles; if we separate his imitations of Claude as a distinct style; with this exception his career was much the same as that of all other distinguished painters; and his *rise*, *maturity*, and *decline*, are most distinctly and broadly marked. His first style occupied him, at the same time displaying a constant enlargement, for nearly a quarter of a century—from about 1790 until about 1814. To this period belong many of his greatest works, as 'Calais Pier,' 'The Shipwreck,' 'The Garden of the Hesperides,' 'Frosty Morning,' &c.; but these are all in a style or styles the world was already familiar with. His emulation of Claude engrossed his attention for about five years only, from 1814 until 1819, or until his visit to Italy; his third and great style of genuine originality, that which really distinguishes him, was persevered in from his first to his third Italian visit, or from about 1820 until about 1840, when he commenced to indulge in those extraordinary vagaries and experiments with effects of light and shade and colour, which have induced such antagonistic opinions in the Art-world, not only as to his merits, but as to his sanity even; yet certainly the great qualities of his finest masterpieces, as regards light and shade and colour, are frequently reproduced in these singular vagaries of his latter days: they are at least the ghosts of great pictures, if not the realities. Among the hundred pictures or so, now added to the National Gallery, there are good examples of all his styles and periods. Turner was only twenty-six years old when he became a member of the Royal Academy; we find the initials, R. A., first against his name in the Exhibition catalogue of 1802, until then he had produced no striking work in oils, but he had already shown a masterly facility of execution. Previous to this time he was chiefly a water-colour painter; his drawings were highly finished but cold in colour, and he exhibited, for the most part, views of ruins and other architectural subjects; his early sketches of this class of subject, whether in simple lead outlines, or in colour, are exceedingly happy.

This first period, then, until 1802, we may look upon as his period of development, when he was acquiring his technical facilities.

There are twelve oil pictures of this period in the national collection, viz.:—

1. 'His own Portrait.' Bust, front face, painted when he was about five-and-twenty years of age; freely handled, much in the style of the portraits of that day, with a great abundance of cravat: it represents a spare but intellectual and enthusiastic looking youth.

2. 'Moonlight, a study at Millbank,' exhibited in 1797. This is a small, careful, and very effective picture, full of truth; it is the earliest of the collection, and has an additional interest when we consider that it was on a spot affording almost this very prospect that Turner chose his last lodging: it is the view looking east from the vicinity of the cottage at Chelsea, near Cremorne Pier, in which he died.

3. 'Landscape with Rainbow.' A dark and ineffective picture, of no particular merit or interest.

4. 'Æneas and the Sibyl.' A cold picture, completely in the style of Wilson.

5. 'Rizpah watching the Bodies of her Sons.' This is more a sketch than a picture, but treated with great vigour of thought, and with some original accessories.

6. 'Cows on a Hill;' 7. 'Landscape with Cattle in Water.' These already show that Turner possessed a thorough qualification to excel in ordinary English landscape, with nothing but the simple accessories of English meadow scenery to recommend it, by the mere powers of observation and the faculty of reproducing what he saw upon his canvas; and that he must have become a distinguished painter, independent of either extraordinary nature or extraordinary imagination: he later exhibited several masterpieces of this class. 8. 'Mountain Scene with Castle.' 9. 'View in Wales.' 10. 'Small View of a Town.' 11. 'Study of Trees on Clapham Common;' and 12. a 'Small Sea-Piece.' In all of these great mastery of execution is displayed, much in the style of Wilson, but with less manner of handling and more truth of colour than is seen in Wilson's ordinary works; the Small Sea-Piece shows equal mastery in that branch of Art, and beyond which, in mere manipulation and effect, nothing further can be desired.

In 1802 his additional honours appear to have made Turner more ambitious in his subjects; full-length canvases were, from this time, not uncommon, and the water-colour drawings ceded to oil pictures. There was no change in style yet, but his subjects were of a rarer character, much more imaginative, and executed on a much greater scale. This period, extending from 1802 until about 1815, is, by some, considered his most vigorous and his greatest, but he was not always equal; some of the pictures exhibited during these years are quite insignificant, and this is partly to be attributed to his fancy for emulating every new star that arose, or every variety of Art which for some cause or other enjoyed more than an ordinary share of popularity at the time. We thus find Turner occasionally imitating Wilson, Gainsborough, or Ruysdael; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Titian, or Wilkie; Teniers, Claude, or the Poussins.

13. 'The Tenth Plague of Egypt,' 1802, is a large work in the style of Wilson, but with warmer colour.

14. 'Jason in search of the Golden Fleece,' also of 1802, is a smaller work similar in style. The time chosen appears to be night, when the serpent lies drugged to sleep by the charms of Medea, and Jason is seen in the act of stealthily passing by the terrible guardian of the object of his search.

15. 'Calais Pier—Fishermen putting to Sea—the English Packet arriving,' 1803, is more original; it represents a stormy sea, and a heavy, lowering sky, and is the first of his truly great sea-pieces in which he has displayed powers of observation and representation that could treat the most exceptional scenes with as much facility as the most ordinary; it is great in colour, and is, in every respect, a remarkable work of art, probably without a rival of its class, even among the works of Turner himself. To show his extraordinary versatility, in this year also, 1803, he exhibited—16. 'A Holy Family,' in emulation of Sir Joshua, or the Venetians.

17. 'The Destruction of Sodom;' 18. 'Mountain Torrent;' and 19. 'The Shipwreck,' 1805, are all good specimens of his great style of this time.

The Shipwreck is likewise a work of surprising power, sombre in character, and painted with great solidity; the vast wreck is seen in the distance, still crowded with human beings, and in the foreground various fishing-boats with their bold crews, tossed about by the raging sea, are endeavouring to approach the labouring ship, and rescue the unfortunate voyagers from their imminent fate. The coloured sail of one of these boats has the effect of enlarging the scene and throwing the wreck back. This picture has been engraved by Charles Turner and by John Burnet, but neither print approaches the terrible effect of the picture. It was never exhibited, it was purchased by Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord De Tabley. Turner shortly exchanged it for the 'Sun rising through Vapour,' which he afterwards repurchased at the sale of Lord De Tabley's pictures, in 1827.

20. 'The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides,' 1806, is another of Turner's grandest works; and in this he appears to have been emulating, and has surpassed, the Poussins; the figures are admirable, equal to anything of the class that the English, or any other school, had then produced; and the huge dragon, lying his whole length on the summit of a lofty rock, of which he appears to be a part, is equally grand in conception and in execution.

21. 'Blacksmith's Shop,' 1807. A small picture sometimes called 'The Forge,' and about which is told an absurd anecdote without any truth, with reference to Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' near which it was placed in the exhibition.

22. 'The Sun rising through Vapour,' 1807, already hanging in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, and one of the finest of the painter's early works, in which he has shown his thorough perception of the characteristics of English coast scenery.

23. 'The Death of Nelson,' 1808, a large picture; the moment chosen is when Nelson has just fallen on the quarter-deck, and is being lifted up to be carried below. The composition of the many great canvases in this difficult subject is managed with extraordinary skill and effect.

24. 'Spithead—Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor,' 1809. Another of his large and fine sea-pieces, resplendent with daylight.

25. 'The Garreteer's Petition,' 1809. A small unimportant picture, except for the treatment of lamplight, after the manner of some of the Dutch painters.

26. 'Greenwich Hospital,' 1809. An exact view of the Hospital from the park, with a distant prospect of London and the river; all admirably defined and disposed.

27. 'St. Mawes,' about 1809; 28. 'Abingdon,' about 1810; and 29. 'Windsor,' of the same period. All these simple English views displaying something of the manner of Callcott, with an approximation to the warmth of colouring of Turner's second period. 30. 'A Ruin—perhaps a Welsh Castle—with Cattle in Water,' about the same time, is still warmer in tone, and more free in execution.

31. 'Apollo killing the Python,' 1811. In this work we have a more decided development of that vigorous imagination which is one of Turner's chief characteristics. The monster in his last gasp, having—irritated by the pain of the arrows of the god—with his huge talons, destroyed himself, extends the whole length of the canvas, while the diminutive god, with his little quiver of arrows, occupies but a small corner of the composition: the foreground is blackened with the gore of the dragon.

32. 'Cottage destroyed by an Avalanche,' about 1812. This also is an example of choice selection and imagination, as well as another very forcible proof of the painter's astounding powers of observation and representation. The scene is a snow-storm in the Alps, an avalanche of countless pieces of ice mixed with snow has broken away a mass of rock which has fallen upon a devoted cottage, but the only sign of life indicated is that of a scared cat springing from among the ruins.

33. Another 'Snow-Storm—Hannibal crossing the Alps,' 1812. A lurid sun is seen behind the driven storm of snow, in which the Carthaginian army is threatened to be overwhelmed.

34. 'Kingston Bank;' and 35. 'Frosty Morning,' 1813. Two charming English scenes of an ordinary character, with appropriate figures and other accessories perfectly rendered, more especially in the 'Frosty Morning,' one of Turner's most charming works.

36. 'The Deluge,' 1813. Sketchy, and among his inferior works.

37. 'Dido and Æneas, or the Morning of the Chase,' 1814. Carthage is seen in the background, and in front is a long procession of the Carthaginian court, prepared for the chase. This is one of those pictures painted in emulation of Claude. It has been engraved. This rivalry of Claude, however, does not appear to have been natural with Turner; he seems to have been driven to it by the representations and criticisms of Sir George Beaumont, who had great influence at the time, and who was so great an admirer of Claude that he could not, apparently, do justice to his own countrymen. The fashionable laudation of Claude, much at the expense of all other landscape-painters, seems to have made a lasting impression upon Turner; he entered the lists vigorously; already, in 1808, he commenced to publish a series of sketches called the "Liber Studiorum," in rivalry with Claude's "Liber Veritatis," and certainly, in comparison with these select compositions, the sketches of Claude appear puerile and worthless; but, in justice to the French painter, it must be admitted that while his sketches are but simple mementoes of pictures without selection, Turner's are studied designs executed in express rivalry. He was engaged many years in preparing this remarkable series of prints, some of which he engraved with his own hand. The original drawings are the property of the nation.

38. 'Apuleia in search of Apulcius,' 1814, is another of Turner's Claudes, painted as a companion to the Petworth picture—and this is the nearest of his imitations.

39. 'Bligh Sand, near Sheerness—Fishing-boats Trawling,' 1815, is a beautiful sea-piece in his own original manner, showing that his Claudes were not painted from any natural impulse of his own taste, but by an extraneous influence. Sir George Beaumont wished to buy this picture, but Turner refused to sell it to him.

40. 'Crossing the Brook,' 1815; 41. 'Dido building Carthage,' also 1815; and 42. 'The Decline of Carthage,' 1817, are three more in the Claudesque style, and almost the last he painted. The sky in the 'Decline of Carthage' is one of his grandest efforts. He seems to have executed these works in order to show, in spite of the opinion of Sir George Beaumont, how easy it was to make *Claudes*. In the opinion of many besides himself he signally

succeeded, and has infinitely surpassed Claude in his own style. Turner appears to have been anxious that the world generally should take this view, by making provision in his will that 'The Sun rising through Vapour,' and 'Dido building Carthage,' should be hung between two of the best Claudes in the National Gallery—that is, a picture in his own genuine style, and one of his Claude imitations. Some may think this simply vanity, but it was rather the vigorous self-assertion of a conscious and powerful mind. Of the two pictures, 'The Sun rising through Vapour' is on many accounts to be preferred.

43. 'The Field of Waterloo,' 1818. Sketchy and inferior.

44. 'Orange-Merchantman going to Pieces,' 1819. This is a beautiful daylight picture of a wreck on the bar of the Meuse, in which there is no trace of Claude—he has now returned to his own genuine style.

45. 'Richmond Hill,' 1819, representing a fête on the Prince Regent's birth-day. This, if it has no other distinction, is at least one of Turner's largest works: it represents a view of the Thames from the hill, and contains some fine foliage; but it wants the natural simplicity of his earlier, and the refined poetry of his later, works.

In 1819 Turner visited Italy, and this visit constitutes the turning point between his first and second styles—for his imitations of Claude, painted simultaneously with some of the most characteristic of the works of his earliest manner, need scarcely be classified as a distinct style. They, however, come justly into the category of a transition style between his English and Italian works.

Turner appears to have been completely fascinated by the brilliant atmosphere of Italy; and, being so strongly impressed with this natural beauty, it was a matter of course with him to reproduce it in his art. Atmospheric effects, however, being of a general character only, and even interfered with by any special individualising of objects, we find that, as a necessary result, Turner from this time devoted his efforts to the production only of general effects. This constitutes the chief distinction between his earlier and later styles. At the same time, the generalisation of effects led to the generalisation of subject, and his pictures became of a strictly generic class.

The first of the great works of this period is 46. 'Rome from the Vatican,' 1820, painted at Rome; in which Raphael is introduced, supposed to be preparing the designs for his decorations of the Loggie, some of which are represented as complete, and introduced with great mastery. This is a large picture, of the same dimensions as 'Richmond Hill,' exhibited in the previous year; they are the two largest pictures in the collection. The view of Rome is slight, but effective; the accessories of the foreground—a portion of the Loggie, in which the Fornarina, and many objects of Art are introduced—is not so happy. This picture was exhibited also at Rome.

47. 'Rome, the Campo Vaccino,' with a fine view of the Arch of Titus; about 1820.

48. 'The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl,' 1823, is another of these great Italian works, and in this instance a magnificent masterpiece, with a view of the sea and distant shore perhaps unparalleled in Art, fully realising the well-known encomium of Horace:—"No bay in the world outshines the pleasant waters of Baiæ:"—

> "Nullus in orbe sinus Baïs prelu ect amenis."

In this picture are two of those beautiful pines of which Turner appears to have been very fond: in this instance the trees are carefully elaborated, and the effect of these is exquisite, independent of their value in throwing back the more distant bay, which the reality alone can surpass. The two mythological personages are not very intelligible; but ruins of the locality, introduced in the foreground and middle distance, add value to the picture and give interest to the scene: and to this ancient world the modern is added by the activity apparent among the boats on the beach, and a shepherd-boy with his flock on the hills to the left. By the very skilful colouring of the foreground the attention is instantly directed to the middle distance, which is the essential portion of the composition, and is considerably faithful to the character of the locality—a fidelity which Turner did not always care to observe: provided he caught the generic truth of a scene, he was commonly indifferent to the individual truth—accuracy of detail.

49. 'Carthage—Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet,' 1828. A large picture, painted conditionally for Mr. Broadhurst; but it did not give satisfaction, and was declined. It is much inferior to the other two pictures of Carthage already noticed.

50. 'Scene from Boccaccio,' 1828, commonly called 'The Birdcage.' Turner called it, in the Academy Catalogue, 'Boccaccio relating the Story of the Birdcage;' but no such story is to be found in the "Decameron." The scene is a shady glen, with pleasant slopes, and many figures lounging about and in conversation; at the distant extremity is a view of a white castle, which reminds of the lines of Du Fresnoy, illustrated by another of Turner's pictures:—

> "White, when it shines with unstained lustre clear,
> May bear an object back, or bring it near."

This picture also reminds of Thompson's "Castle of Indolence," and of the compositions of Stothard. The execution is slight, but the colouring and the glimpses of sunshine are agreeable. A birdcage,—a prominent object,—which is lying on the grass in the foreground, appears to have suggested its title in the first instance, though no story of a birdcage is told by Boccaccio.

51. 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' 1829. This is one of Turner's greatest works, full of the true poetic or creative power, and thoroughly worthy of the passage in Homer's "Odyssey" which it illustrates.

52. 'The Loretto Necklace,' 1829. An Italian landscape of rich, warm colouring, with a picturesque view of a part of the sacred city on a high hill to the right: the sloping bank is covered with an olive plantation, of which the cool green tints contrast finely with the warm tints around. The necklace appears to have been placed by a young shepherd on the neck of a girl seated by his side under the shade of tall trees of an arbitrary description, something of the character of the pines Turner was so fond of introducing in his Italian pictures.

53. 'Pilate washing his Hands,' 1830, is one of those extravagant compositions which chiefly distinguished the later years of his life—much light and much colour, but little individuality otherwise.

54. 'View of Orvieto.' 1830, a charming Italian scene, with, however, somewhat of more of vagueness in the atmosphere than is characteristic of Italian scenery at any season. This picture was painted in Rome in 1829.

55. 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge,' 1831. A large picture, similarly arbitrary in its treatment of atmosphere, and of an imaginary ruin, designated Caligula's Palace.

56. 'Vision of Medea,' 1831, painted in Rome in 1829. Such is the title this picture bore in the Royal Academy Catalogue of 1831. It is one of those illustrations of his "fallacies of hope" which formed Turner's subject so frequently in the later years of his life; whether the picture illustrated the verse, or the verse the picture, is immaterial, but the latter was no doubt more frequently the case. This is a large but slight picture, gorgeous in colour, and belongs to Turner's occasional fanciful subjects from classical mythology. The incident is arbitrary; the lines in the catalogue that profess to explain it are:—

> . . . . . "Medea,
> Infuriate in the wreck of hope, withdrew,
> And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw."

Medea is performing an incantation—she has destroyed her children—she is on the left, raising a small snake with her wands; to the right are the Fates and the serpent which guarded the Golden Fleece, with other accessories: the figures are large.

57. 'Watteau Painting;' 58. 'Lord Percy under Attainder,' 1831. Two small pictures,—slight figure sketches,—both exhibited with the Medea; the former in illustration of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, as already quoted.

59. 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy,' 1832. This great work is in illustration of the following well-known lines of Byron's great poem:—

> "And now, fair Italy,
> Thou art the garden of the world, the home
> Of all Art yields and nature can decree—
> Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility;
> Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
> With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."
> *Canto* iv., 26.

The choice of subject is a grand one, and the picture is fully equal to it; but we do not find that careful execution and individuality that distinguish some of Turner's earlier works; the treatment is general, and the execution is free and original. Turner was now beyond all conventionalities. Byron's lines suggest many beauties and peculiarities, but all, and some others, are concentrated in this remarkable landscape. Those who have seen this picture will better comprehend the beautiful descriptions of nature which abound in Byron's "Childe Harold" than they did before: Italy is placed before them, ancient and modern—the ancient as a memory only, in the decay of centuries. The time is evening, the sun is going down beyond the mountains, but it still shines upon the glorious wreck and ruin of the past, and the indolent pleasure-loving life of the present Italy: the mediæval town and convent are likewise there. It is profanation to speak of colour before such a picture—the Italian air, land, and water, all are palpable—the foliage, the rich fruits, the gay costume of the peasants, the fascinating out-door life, feasting, dancing, love, and jealousy.

60. 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,' 1832. This is one of the earliest of those prismatic displays which delighted the painter's later years: it is a contrast and a contest between fire-light and day-light, and the subject was well chosen for such a display. There is, however besides, much poetic grandeur in the composition.

61. 'Apollo and Daphne,' 1837. The scene is a beautiful Greek valley, and the fate of Daphne is typified by the greyhound pursuing a hare in the foreground.

62. 'Regulus leaving Rome,' 1837. This was painted and exhibited at Rome in 1829, and appears to have been done in the same spirit of self-assertion which caused him to paint his imitations of Claude, exhibited in England some fifteen years previously. This is a golden Claude, with the indistinctness or want of the definite which henceforth generally characterises Turner's works in matters of detail.

63. 'The Parting of Hero and Leander,' 1837. A large sketchy composition, but with much grandeur of treatment; the "wild Hellespont" promises but too certainly the impending doom of the bold lover.

64. 'Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus,' 1838. This we must assume to be

another representation of Greece; the landscape is exceedingly rich, and the baths indicate the utmost splendour and luxury of architectural display. This picture is in its spirit analogous to the 'Childe Harold'—the one representing Italy and the other Greece. In the crowd of figures we have, on one side, the philosophy and pedantry of the Greeks in Demosthenes taunting Æschines; and on the other, in the gorgeous procession of undressed women, the extreme licentiousness of Greek morals. The figures in this picture contrast strangely with those of the great picture of 1806, 'The Garden of the Hesperides;' but the difference in his treatment of figures at this time is not greater than that of the treatment of his landscape at the respective periods.

65. 'The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up,' 1839. This is a work somewhat similar in character to the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus:' it is a modern counterpart to that grand composition, and, as treating a popular incident of our own time, it perhaps necessarily appeals much more effectually to our sympathies. Our great painter has in this picture attained to the sublime in effect and sentiment, and perhaps in composition also—on one side, the setting sun and the small dark buoy, on the other, the huge old ship of the line, towed by the little black steam-tug; the cool distance is crowded with life and interest, and the gold and crimson sky is such a sight as one cannot behold in nature without regretting its extremely transitory character—Turner has grasped it, and fixed it for the constant delight of generation after generation.

66. 'Ancient Rome—Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus,' 1839. This is a restoration of the eternal city—the triumphal bridge and the palace of the Cæsars restored. It is painted with the same palette as the 'Temeraire,' and, like it, is among the last of Turner's careful works, as regards the ordinary, or even the possible. With Turner the 'Temeraire' seems to have marked the line between the sublime and the ridiculous. From this time for about ten years we have, with exceedingly few exceptions, little more than prismatic effects, or an infinite variety of indefinite objects, displayed in all the colours of the rainbow.

67. 'Heidelberg,' about 1840. Represents a merry-making, apparently in the grounds of the picturesque old German schloss at Heidelberg, which is most fancifully restored.

68. 'Bacchus and Ariadne;' and 69. 'The New Moon,' 1840, are both of the character just described; 70, 71, 72, three views in Venice, are similar in character, though the first, 'The Bridge of Sighs,' 1840, has some justifiable pretensions to individuality; it is an illustration of Byron's well-known lines:—

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A prison and a palace on each hand;
> I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
> As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

73. 'Steamer in a Snow-Storm;' and 74. 'The Burial of Wilkie by Torch-light in the Bay of Gibraltar,' 1842, are, though slight as pictures, grand poetic conceptions. 'The Burial of Wilkie' is a noble contribution towards the memory of that painter; it is a great monument that will for ever move the sympathies of the spectator; such works as this show that Turner was much besides a great painter, if it be allowed at all to define any limits to the capacity and apprehension of a truly great painter.

The following pictures are complete illustrations of what is objectionable of Turner's work, allowing them a full share of the special merits which unquestionably belong to his latest works, but which will necessarily always be variously estimated by various tastes; and if a few may be found who unhesitatingly commend such Art, there are certainly infinitely more who as unhesitatingly condemn it:—

75. 'The Exile and the Rock Limpet,' 1842. This is Napoleon at St. Helena: his fate typified in the rock limpet.

76. 'The Opening of the Walhalla,' 1843. A vague dream, bearing not the slightest resemblance to the original—the temple of Fame raised a few years ago on the banks of the Danube by the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig I., to all the great sons of the German race.

77. 'A View in Venice,' 1843; 78. 'The Sun of Venice going to Sea,' 1843; 79. 'The Evening of the Deluge,' 1843; 80. 'The Morning after the Deluge, or, Moses writing the Book of Genesis,' 1843. The last two he called also Shade and Darkness, Light and Colour.

81. 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' 1844; 82. 'Port Ruysdael,' 1844. A ship in a stormy sea, with a jetty to the right, which Turner has called Port Ruysdael in testimony of his admiration of the ability of that painter.

83. 'Van Tromp going about to please his Masters—Ships a Sea—Getting a good Wetting,' 1844; 84. 'Approach to Venice,' 1844. This a beautiful luminous little picture, illustrating Rogers' lines:—

> "The path lies o'er the sea invisible," &c.

85, 86, and 87, are three more views of Venice, indefinite, 1845; 88, 89, and 90, 'Whalers,' 1845 and 1846; 91. 'Queen Mab's Grotto,' 1846, a real fairy composition in conception and gorgeous colouring.

92. 'Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello;' 93. 'The Angel standing in the Sun;' 94. 'Tapping the Furnace,' 1847. The next four, of the year 1850, are the last pictures exhibited by Turner:—95. 'Æneas relating his Story to Dido;' 96. 'Mercury sent to admonish Æneas;' 97. 'The Departure of the Fleet;' and 98. 'The Visit to the Tomb'—all prismatic vagaries, only turned by their titles into puzzles.

99. 'Richmond Bridge,' and 100. 'The Battle of Trafalgar,' are early works, apparently never thoroughly completed.

The unfinished works are as numerous as the finished works; but the great majority of these are mere beginnings, that can be of little use or little interest to either artist or amateur. Among the most remarkable of these unfinished pictures is a large and striking composition of 'A Fire at Sea'—a terrible subject, worthy of Turner's powerful pencil; it is the war of the elements: to the right, the fire of the ship reaching to the water; to the left, the raging storm; and in the centre the terrified and devoted passengers crowded on rafts, between the fire and the storm, alternately drenched by the one and scorched by the other; fire rains upon them from above, and the waves are opening to engulf them below.

A 'Harvest-Home,' in the manner of Wilkie; 'Petworth Park;' 'Chichester Canal;' and 'A Mountain Glen,' are also among the unfinished works which will interest artists as much, or more, even, than the majority of the finished pictures.

Among the numerous drawings are the originals of most of Turner's published works, and some few of his great water-colour pieces, exhibited formerly in the Royal Academy—as 'Edinburgh Castle, from Calton Hill,' 1800; 'The Battle of Fort Bard, in the Val d'Aosta,' 1800, exhibited in 1815, &c.

With such an addition as this, but briefly and inadequately described, independently of the other invaluable works of the national collection of pictures, any further delay to find a suitable and worthy gallery for their exhibition and conservation, will be not only a national disgrace, but, if put off from any spirit of factions opposition, certainly a national crime. It is for the public to avert such a consummation, and to celebrate the acquisition of this unparalleled and invaluable gift of an individual by a reception that shall not only be worthy of it, but do immortal honour to it.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

FROM THE BUST OF J. DURHAM.

This beautiful example of portrait-sculpture was a gift to the Corporation of London, from Alderman Sir F. G. Moon, at the termination of the year of his Mayoralty: it now ornaments the Council Chamber of the Guildhall—a memorial of the liberality of the donor no less than of his loyalty: a more worthy present could not have been offered to the acceptance of the Corporation. One cannot feel surprised that the desire of Sir Francis to commemorate his year of office should take the form it has done: his long and intimate association with the Fine-Arts—one particular branch of which being the chief source whence he derived his wealth and the position he attained among his fellow-citizens—would naturally incline him to make them the medium of his wishes; while, independent of any proper feeling of loyalty to his Sovereign, Her Majesty had conferred upon him the title he now enjoys, as an especial mark of honour under peculiar political circumstances; and hence an additional motive why the gratitude and respect of the subject should be thus expressed.

Her Majesty honoured Mr. Durham with several sittings for the execution of this work, which is certainly among the best of the numerous similar productions that have been presented to the notice of the public: the head and bust are well modelled; the face presents that combined expression of dignity and sweetness which is at all times natural to the Queen, but especially so when any particular incident or circumstance calls forth peculiar animation. It may appear to some that the general contour of the head and features is too large and massive, but sculpture almost invariably produces this effect—any one who has compared a bust with the living model will at once see how much larger the former seems than the latter. We remember to have been particularly struck with this false idea of unnatural largeness of form in the bust of a friend of ours, by one of our most eminent sculptors, and could not be reasoned out of our belief till we had measured the work of the artist and the *pericranium* of our acquaintance, and found both of exactly corresponding size. A picture never produces this visual illusion—one that, we think, can only be accounted for by the painting being on a flat surface, whereas the bust stands out a solid mass, rendered more ample because the eye has neither colour nor accessories of any kind to act as a "relief" to its proportions.

During the last year or two we have had occasion to notice, and we have done so with exceeding pleasure, the impulse given to the art of sculpture by the Corporation of London: the sixteen statues already executed or in progress for the Mansion House, the Wellington Monument in the Guildhall, and Durham's royal bust, are promising evidences of an earnest desire on the part of our commercial magnates to add to the Art-wealth of the Metropolis. Let us hope that the spirit of the merchants of ancient Venice, the guilds of Antwerp, Bruges, and other cities in the Low Countries, will still further animate our mercantile community, both in London and elsewhere. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Fine-Arts have no relative commercial advantages—that pictures and statues are only objects to be looked at and admired; if they were nothing else, they would still be worth collecting, even—

> "Where merchants most do congregate;"

for they attract visitors from everywhere, and wherever these are, there is always a large increase of individual expenditure that finds its way into the coffers of the resident tradesmen. This is, however, but a sorry inducement to patronise Art, an unworthy argument on its behalf: it has a higher and more ennobling claim on public support, especially in places which, from their commercial character, almost induce in man the conviction that to accumulate wealth should be the end and aim of his life. The contemplation of Art-works ought, and generally does, lead him to look into himself, and reflect that he is endowed with a mind to receive pleasure and instruction from the canvas of the painter and the marble of the sculptor, who labour to little purpose if they fail in producing such results.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ENGRAVED BY R.A.ARTLETT. FROM THE BUST BY JOSEPH DURHAM.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXI.—WILLIAM EDWARD FROST, A.R.A.

A RETROSPECT of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy during the last twenty years, or even longer, will scarcely fail to remind the visitor—whose object has been to examine and learn what the gallery contained, instead of passing away an idle hour therein—of two artists, whose works have been widely distinguished from those of all their contemporaries: these two are Etty and Frost; the latter the follower, but not the imitator, of the other; for there is no doubt that Frost's introduction, at an early age, to Etty was the means of turning his thoughts into the same channel as that which had so long occupied the mind of his subsequent counsellor and friend. It would be idle to speculate upon the path which the youth might have followed under other circumstances, but it is clear that the works of the great colourist had struck the right chord of his feelings, and he responded to it without the least hesitation or misgiving as to the result.

There was a boldness in this determination that is not undeserving of notice. Etty's choice of subject, and even his manner of treatment, was, and still is, the theme of much unfavourable comment. Barry, Stothard, and Howard, before him, painted the heroines of Greek and Roman mythology, but were more scrupulous in their ideas of propriety than Etty cared to show himself. Frost could not have been ignorant of the rebukes administered to him whom he selected as his model, and yet he shrank not from pursuing a very similar course—one that would have deterred a less resolute and enthusiastic mind from entering upon at all. He must have known, too, that his choice would shut him out from a large class of patrons, to whom his pictures could not be acceptable—and, to a young artist, dependent upon his own exertions, such an alternative is almost sufficient to justify a refusal to adopt it.

William Edward Frost was born at Wandsworth, in the county of Surrey, in September, 1810. His father, perceiving in him an earnest desire to become an artist, afforded him every facility for accomplishing such a purpose; and, when his son had reached the age of fifteen, introduced him to Etty, who was then at work upon his great picture of "Mercy interceding for the Vanquished;" the contemplation of which, it may be supposed, settled in the youth's mind his future course of study. Previously to this, however, he had made considerable progress in drawing, through the kind instruction of Miss Evatt, of Wandsworth, a clever amateur artist, and an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy many years ago. This lady is, we believe, still living, and, doubtless, has often rejoiced over the success of her young pupil. By Etty's advice Frost was placed in the Art-Academy of Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury Street, now under the management of Mr. F. S. Cary, where many of our best painters received their early education: here he studied for three years, during the summer months, and also at the British Museum. In 1829 he was admitted student of the Royal Academy. "With the exception, perhaps, of his kind adviser, Mr. Etty," (we are quoting our own words, employed a few years back in reference to Frost), "no living artist ever more fully and eagerly availed himself of the advantages afforded by the lectures and life-school of the Academy; on entering which he commenced his career as a portrait-painter, and during the fourteen years that followed, he painted upwards of three hundred portraits, few of which, however, were publicly exhibited."

More than three hundred portraits painted by a young artist within a period of fourteen years! And, doubtless,—from what we know of his energetic and



Engraved by] CHASTITY. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

enthusiastic disposition, veiled as it is under a most quiet and unobtrusive manner,—all of them carefully and conscientiously worked out. Here was practice enough to ensure excellence, even in one less persevering and skilful; and, as we may fairly presume a large number of these portraits were of females, we seem to have in them the foreshadowings of the beautiful images which grace his subsequent ideal pictures. We asked him one day where he met with so many lovely and expressive faces as we frequently see represented on his canvases: his reply was, "Here," touching his forehead. He has, we may be assured, carried with him into the quietude and solitariness of his studio, bright and unfading reminiscences of forms and features that have haunted him from youth.

In 1839 Frost entered his name as a competitor for the gold medal of the Academy, and obtained it—the subject being "Prometheus bound by Force and Strength:" it was exhibited at the Academy in the following year. Prior to this, however, he had sent, in 1836, a portrait; and, in 1839, two portraits. When the cartoon exhibition was opened in Westminster Hall, he forwarded a drawing of "Una alarmed by Fauns," to which was awarded one of the third-class prizes of £100: there were many competent judges, and among them Haydon, who considered the work entitled to a higher place on the list than it obtained. In 1842 he exhibited, at the British Institution, a small picture,—full of humour and character—entitled "Consequence:" it met with a purchaser. To the Academy Exhibition of 1843 he contributed a picture of rather small dimensions, the subject of which was "Christ crowned with Thorns;" the figure is effectively treated, though too strongly characterised in the drawing by unnecessary anatomical display—a fault originating in the artist's close study in

the "life-school;" it was bought by a lady, who obtained a prize that year in the Art-Union of London, for £60. The following year witnessed the commencement of the series of the pictures that have allied the name of Frost with his friend and prototype, Etty; the first of these, called a "Bacchanalian Dance," was exhibited at the British Institution, and was purchased by the late Mr. Gibbon, of the Regent's Park, and is now, we believe, in the possession of the widow of that gentleman, in whose collection are many other excellent examples of the English school of painting: it represents a number of nymphs and fauns engaged as described; the figures are admirably drawn and most skilfully grouped. A still better work, as to rich and harmonious colouring, is that he sent to the Academy in the same year—"Nymphs Dancing;" it is in the possession of a gentleman of Glasgow.

In 1845 Frost exhibited but one picture—"Sabrina," which forms one of our illustrations: it was bought by, and is now in the possession of, the Council of the Art-Union of London, and the large and excellent print, from the *burin* of Mr. Lightfoot, was issued to the subscribers of 1849. The composition is of the highest merit; and all the details show the power and knowledge of the artist in drawing the female figure. We do not think he has ever surpassed this work in purity of feeling and grace of expression. Two other small pictures, painted this year, were "The Ascension," purchased by Mr. Armstrong, of Manchester, and an "Indian alarmed," by Mr. R. Reeves, of Birmingham. "Diana and Endymion," exhibited this year at Manchester, was sold to Mr. Wilson.

"Andromeda" is the title of a small picture painted for the Earl of Ellesmere, and sent to the British Institution in 1846: it only represented the daughter of Cepheus chained to the rock, without the assemblage of nymphs who figure in the larger picture of the same subject painted by the artist in 1850. To the Academy he contributed a work of ample dimensions—"Diana surprised by Actæon," replete with fine poetical feeling, exuberant, yet delicate fancy, and masterly arrangement of composition. It was purchased by Lord Northwick. In this year the artist was elected Associate of the Academy.

A little gem of a picture, painted for Mr. Webster, R.A., sparkled on the walls of the British Institution in 1847; it was called "Nymph disarming Cupid:" the "love-god" has fallen asleep beneath a rose-bush, affording a fair opportunity for the nymph to steal his arrow, of which she has taken advantage. The incident is playfully told, and brilliantly executed. His Academy picture of the same year was "Una," a subject from Spenser's "Fairie Queene;" this fine and truly elegant composition was purchased by Her Majesty; but, as it is on our list for engraving among the other "Royal Pictures," we defer any lengthened comment upon it till we are called upon to do so when the print is before us.

"Syrinx," a small nude figure painted with great delicacy, was sent to the



Engraved by] THE SYRENS. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

British Institution in 1848; and "Euphrosyne," a work of considerable dimensions, to the Royal Academy: the latter picture is in the possession of Mr. E. Bicknell, and is described in the account of the "Collection" of that gentleman, which appears in the next succeeding article. Our readers will, perhaps, recollect that, when writing of the "L'Allegro," by Frost, engraved for the January part of the last year, we intimated the three figures composing this group were copied, by desire of the Queen, from the picture of "Euphrosyne."

Another little gem, "A Naiad," was contributed to the British Institution in 1849; at the Academy hung the "Syrens,"—engraved above,—painted for the late Mr. Andrews, of York; a small *replica* was painted for Mr. Bicknell.

From some one cause or another, which we are not now called upon to explain, our leading painters usually reserve their strength for the Academy, generally contenting themselves with sending to the British Institution a comparatively insignificant production. Thus we again find, in 1850, Frost contributing one of those small, yet charming fancies which he is pleased to paint year after year; this time the little figure was called "Musidora;" it is in the possession of Mr. Creswick, R.A. In the Royal Academy appeared a picture, "The Disarming of Cupid," painted for His Royal Highness Prince Albert; an engraving from it will hereafter be included among our "Royal Pictures," so that we reserve our comments till then. "Andromeda," painted for Mr. M. Carritt, of Birmingham, and exhibited at the same time, represents that "starred Ethiop queen" chained to a rock, and surrounded by a triton and a group of sea nymphs.

The circular engraving on the opposite page is from a picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1851, and entitled "The Sea Cave;" the figure is that of a nereid, which is "presented in a reflected light, touched here and there with a gleam that tells upon the shaded mass with great power." It was painted for Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford. In the Academy he exhibited this year "Wood Nymphs," painted for the late Lord C. Townshend, at the sale of whose pictures, in 1854, it realised 431 guineas; the subject was suggested by a passage in "Il Penseroso;" it relates no especial incident, but only represents a group of five figures, disposed either in or around a fountain, and painted with the artist's accustomed power in delineating the female form. Another of this year's pictures was "Hylas," painted for Mr. T. Miller, of Preston.

In 1852 we saw two pictures from the pencil of this artist in the British Institution: one—of a small nude figure bathing, called "Galatea," finished like a miniature—a *replica* of this work is in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, for whom the artist painted a companion picture, "Musidora." The other a sketch, "Wood Nymphs," differing in treatment from the same subject just noticed, was painted for Mr. R. Sole. In the Academy he had this year three paintings, the largest number to which his name had hitherto been appended: one was simply a female head, probably a

portrait, under the title of "Juliet,"—in the possession of Mr. G. Bassett, of London,—brilliant in colour, and in finish like an exquisite miniature. Nor was the second, "Nymph and Cupid," painted for Mr. J. Eden, of Lytham, scarcely less distinguished by these qualities: the extremities of the figures we remember to have thought disproportionately large—it is a rare occurrence, however, to find Frost making a mistake in his "drawing." The third picture, to which the little space still left to us compels only a brief allusion, was called "May Morning," painted for Mr. J. Barlow, of Manchester, suggested by Milton's well-known lines commencing with—

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger."

"The Cool Retreat," painted for Mr. J. Birt, of London, in the British Institution of 1853, is a study of a female figure prepared for a bath, near which she is seated. In this year Frost was absent from the Royal Academy; but in the following year he contributed one of his noblest works—"CHASTITY," engraved on the fifth page: it is a beautiful pictorial rendering of Milton's description, as we find it in the poet's "Comus." The work, now in the possession of Mr. Birchall, of Preston, is a triumph for the painter, whether it is considered as a picture only, or as the interpretation of pure and exalted sentiment. In the British Institution, the same year, he exhibited a miniature head of Shakspere's "Ophelia," and a small *replica* of the "L'Allegro," in Her Majesty's Collection—both of them commissions from Mr. Bassett; and, in 1855, another of his elegant Liliputian figures in the character of a "Sea Nymph," in the possession of the Duchess of Sutherland. The Royal Academy Exhibition of that year contained three pictures by the subject of this notice: —a study of a young girl, apparently in deep meditation, called "Il Penseroso;" another, "Wood Nymphs," a miniature in oils; and the third, "A Bacchante and young Faun dancing," painted with acknowledged power, rich in colour, and unexceptionable in drawing; but the subject not so agreeable to our minds as others. It is the property of Mr. Gambart.



Engraved by] THE SEA CAVE. [J. & G. P. Nicholls.

The last year showed Mr. Frost's pencil to be more productive than ordinarily; we can only enumerate the works he exhibited. At the British Institution, a "Nymph and Cupid," belonging to Messrs. Lloyd; and, at the Academy, "The Graces"—bought by the Glasgow Art-Union,—"A Nereid," "A River Nymph," and "Bacchanalians," the last purchased by Mr. T. Freebairn, of Manchester: they are all of so recent date as, we should suppose, to be fresh in the memory of all who visited the respective galleries.

Looking back to the titles of the pictures we have enumerated, it will be clearly manifest to the reader that Frost has limited himself exclusively to one range of subject; but of this he has made himself a perfect master. Less ambitious than Etty to appear as a great colourist, or rather, less lavish of his pigments, and less daring in their application, he is not less true to nature; while, in drawing, in delicacy of feeling, and in beauty of feminine expression, he not only far surpasses his prototype, but is unequalled by any artist of our school, if we consider the variety of heads placed on his canvases. We should like to see him leave allegory for a time, and try his skill in historical painting: with such powers as he possesses he could scarcely fail; while the opening up of a new pathway to fame would offer a fresh impulse to his energies. Whether he do or not, we are assured he will not mistake our meaning, nor think us weary of his beautiful nymphs, either of wood or water, inhabitants of the pleasant groves of Arcadia, or dwelling in cool sea-caves with the tritons.



Engraved by] SABRINA. [J. and G. P. Nicholls

We should not perform our self-imposed task to our own satisfaction, without adding a word or two concerning this accomplished painter to what has been said of his art, which is that whereof the country has just reason to be proud. All who know Mr. Frost must value his acquaintance, while they admire his genius; the latter quality will always command the highest respect, but his modesty, gentleness, and amiability of disposition, must, and do, win for him sincere esteem everywhere, and from everybody. A painter's works are often a key to his personal character and disposition; they are so here.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF ELKANAH BICKNELL, Esq., AT HERNE HILL.

The galleries of native art that are in progress of formation in these Kingdoms constitute a remarkable feature in the Art-history of our time. The vein of patronage to which we are now about to do justice, in a lengthened series of articles, is that to which our living school of artists owe their prosperity. The day has passed when no painter could live without practising portraiture—we do not hear of a valuable landscape being sold to supply immediate existence. Every artist of acknowledged merit has commissions in advance, and many have engagements which they will be years in executing. All the earlier schools of Europe rose under two great sources of patronage—the Church and the Aristocracy; to the one works of Art were a necessity, to the other a luxurious enjoyment; and both lavished large sums of money on their production, insomuch that these schools, even in their youth, never languished, but grew in strength to a degree of excellence which has never yet been attained in later times. Of these schools we have nothing to say here, save to mention them for the sake of comparison. For centuries they were supported, fostered, and flattered, and their best exertions were rewarded with popular triumphs and processions—each equal even to the celebration of a national victory. As to Art these were *our* dark ages—neither our church nor our aristocracy promoted painting; there was no intelligence of anything save portraiture; and so, in order that we might enjoy in perpetuity the visages of our noble predecessors, now and then a lone star from some remote galaxy shed its light upon our dark condition; it was now Holbein, then the famous miniaturists by whom he was succeeded—now some Dutch portrait-painter of minor note, then Vandyke, and so on in foreign succession. We were the inheritance of the stranger, until the twilight period before Reynolds arose. To say nothing of fifty years back, who, twenty-five years ago, would have been rash enough to assert that, within a period so brief, we should have a school of our own, the productions of which would in the market be sought in preference to those of earlier foreign schools? Yet so it is; not so much that the earlier and later works of foreign schools are not valued and admired, but that patrons of Art have been so continually deceived by fraudulent dealers that they prefer possessing native Art, genuine and original, to holding works which, when brought to the test of the auctioneer's hammer, realise one twentieth of what had been paid for them.* There are among our aristocracy some munificent collectors; but those who possess galleries are principally inheritors of rich and magnificent heirlooms of the great schools, to which they do not add modern English pictures. For years past we have been surprised at the extent of the sales that have been effected at the different exhibitions—everything of any merit that could be seen has been sold; and often at the end of the season, when inquiring into the proceeds, as nearly as possible from the data we could collect, we have been surprised at an aggregate of thousands and tens of thousands of pounds. It is certain that dealers make very extensive purchases annually: but there are those who purchase from the dealers. In England very numerous collections of British Art are in progress of formation; many of the possessors of these collections we know, but there are also many whom we do not know—but to all those to whom the prosperity of our school is in a great measure attributable, we desire to accord the honour which is so justly their due.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of our Art, that its youth should be protected and advanced mainly by private gentlemen and wealthy merchants, who thus achieve for themselves a distinction equal to that of the merchants of Venice and the princes of Florence. The collection with which we commence our series of notices is that of Elkanah Bicknell, Esq., of Herne Hill, who, in his catalogue, numbers some of the finest productions Turner ever painted, besides very valuable works by Gainsborough, Landseer, Callcott, and others of the most accomplished artists of our own time—indeed, every picture has recommended itself to the taste of its possessor by its merit alone; and, besides the works in oil, there is a numerous catalogue of water-colour drawings, many of them also by Turner, and generally distinguishable as the productions of the best painters in this department.

Mr. Bicknell's collection is not hung in a gallery, but distributed in the reception-rooms of his house, which are well lighted by ample windows opening on to a lawn and extensive grounds. We commence with—

HISTORY, POETRY, AND OTHER FIGURE COMPOSITIONS.

W. Dyce, R.A.—'The Arrow of Deliverance.' To Mr. Dyce is due the honour of originality in his subject—we do not know that it has before been executed in our school. The passage occurs in the thirteenth chapter of 2 Kings, seventeenth verse—Elisha addresses Joash:—"And he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria: for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them." The entire interest centres in the action of the two figures—which, in their agroupment, are relieved only by the light wall of the apartment wherein they are circumstanced. The king is on his knee in the act of drawing the bow, and Elisha is seated with his hands raised, and looking earnestly out of the window in the direction which the arrow will take. The composition is unusually severe, as there is an entire absence of accessory; a studied denegation of allusion to the regal state of the one, or the prophetic character of the other. We recognise in Joash a conception gathered from the Nineveh sculptures; but the impersonation of the prophet does not so far depart from classic Art. The person of the king is vigorous, with a well-rounded and youthful development; but that of Elisha is the frame of an aged man not so much wasted by disease as to excite painful emotion in the spectator; this is as it should be. The expression of age in the hands, and of sickness with age in the features, is at once acknowledged. In short, 'The Arrow of Deliverance' is the best production we have ever seen from the hand of Mr. Dyce, and it is to be feared that he will paint no more with the same force and simplicity. His composition in the Robing Room, from the life of King Arthur, making every allowance for fresco, may in comparison with this work be considered a retrogression; and, should he have an opportunity of designing for painted-glass windows, the difficulty of return to the quality of this picture will be yet greater.

W. Hilton, R.A.—'The Triumph of Amphitrite.' This is perhaps the best picture Hilton ever painted. It is really in colour equal to Titian, and in composition superior to the great Venetian's works of this class. What is principally to be regretted is that the shaded passages are so opaque, which arises perhaps from the employment of some waxy vehicle, such as that which destroyed the picture in the National Gallery. 'The Rape of Europa' (in the Petworth Collection) is a light picture—this is dark; and, although Hilton's execution secured in his light passages the utmost brilliancy, and in his dark portions he fails of common transparence, yet this is a more impressive work than the 'Europa.' It is worked up to an exaltation, which, having once impressed the mind, can never be forgotten. Poor Hilton! to whichsoever of the family of human ills the wise ones of science have attributed thy death, we have ever believed that thou didst die of what the unlearned call "a broken heart." Hadst thou condescended to portraiture, and painted as indifferently as others who have made fortunes, the like, no doubt, had befallen thee, and thou hadst yet been a living man and a "prosperous gentleman."

W. E. Frost, R.A.—'The Sirens.' We have seen the subject variously treated, but rarely, especially by foreign artists, without an *abandon* of voluptuousness, which shows their experience has not comprehended the subduing influence of that refinement of siren-fascination which assailed Ulysses. The figures are nude, but theirs is the chaste nudity of the best examples of Greek sculpture. There is a playfulness in their allurement the reverse of intense sensual expression: the qualification of the figures is so successful that they seem to shed the light by which we see them—like the impersonations of stars that have wandered from their spheres. The characteristics described by the names of these ladies—Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucosia—are faithfully embodied, and their attributes prescribed with an accuracy which would have entitled the artist, in the days of Homer, to the hierarchal honours of the Greek theology. The mechanical art is of the utmost delicacy; the soft texture and luminous tint of the skin surface is an unaffected but triumphant version of living nature. With admirable tact there is nothing shown but the sirens—the "hollow ship" of the wandering king does not appear; and yet these impersonations are no other than the sirens.

'Euphrosyne' is a larger work, full of the hilarious movement, ever inspired by the saltatory measure of the verse:—

> "Haste thee, nymph! and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful jollity;
> Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

This picture was exhibited but a few seasons ago, and a group of the principal figures was repeated for Her Majesty's Collection. It is wrought to a degree fully as high as the preceding work, but the means of expression are less limited. We have often admired the skilful disposition of the limbs in this work: if we see but the arms, it is not necessary to see the "twinkling feet" of this mirthful society to know that they are dancing; the arms, the feet, and the heads, are all equally eloquent. We find also here a classic elegance entirely apart from, and supersedent of, the individualities which, from ignorance of the antique and a too close imitation of the model, are sure to disqualify studies from the life.

W. Etty, R.A.—'Venus and Cupid.' A small study of the nude, much like those which Etty used to paint at the school in St. Martin's Lane; it is low in tone, but rich in colour. The figure has been solidly and rapidly finished, as is seen by the downward sweep of the brush the entire length of the limbs.

'A Study of a Boy's Head' is one of the most agreeable children's portraits we have ever seen from the easel of this artist. The hair and the entire character are most picturesque. It is touched with freedom, but the study has tempted Etty to dwell upon it longer than he usually did on such essays.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A.—'A Highland Shepherd recovering Sheep buried in the Snow.' The form of this picture, when it was exhibited some years ago, struck us as remarkable. It is a large upright, presenting a section of a snow-covered mountain-side, on which is busied a shepherd with his dogs, in recovering from the deep drift certain of the all but frozen members of his flock. The subject is well suited to the form, the scene being an immediately rising foreground. The stalwart and well-plaided mountaineer has extricated one of the animals, is recovering a second, and his sagacious friend below is entreating his attention to a third which he has discovered. We recognise in the collie a well-educated and intelligent animal—a stranger to the overweening and improbable sentiment which excessively characterises the cynography of the time: to use a favourite epithet of the dealers and stealers, he is a "likely" animal; and the entire incident is of common occurrence on the heathery bens of the far north. To account for its form as an elongated upright, it was painted to hang upon a door. The only two vacant spaces in the room were the doors for which two pictures were to be painted, but this is the only one that has as yet been executed.

Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A.—'A Family of Contadini made prisoners by Banditti when returning from a Festa.' This picture was exhibited in 1848, and we remember it perfectly from the impressive richness and brilliancy of its colour. The narrative is simple and perspicuous: the prisoners are the husband and wife, the latter holding a child and having by her side an elder daughter. They are dressed in their gayest holiday attire, which contrasts pointedly with the poignant distress into which their capture has plunged them: their ass stands quietly near them, and they are guarded by one of the band, who watches them narrowly, and,

* It is unnecessary to remind our subscribers that to promote and attain this object has been the great labour of our life; we have lived to see the fulfilment of our dearest hopes—Art-patronage diverted from (so called) old masters into the healthy channel of contemporary Art.

by the glances that he casts toward the elder girl, increases the grief and apprehension of the parents. Of these Italian incidents, which this artist executes with so much grace, we feared we had seen the last, when he exhibited 'The Saviour and his Disciples on the Mount of Olives;' but his recurrence to this kind of subject may, although he paints so little, afford a hope that the series is not yet exhausted. The finish of this work is really marvellously elaborate.

F. Goodall, A.R.A.—'Raising the Maypole.' This is a smaller repetition of the large picture which was exhibited a few seasons ago in the Academy. The subject is one of the utmost difficulty; but we need not say how triumphantly the artist has dealt with such a variety of dispositions of colour, chiaro-oscuro, and agroupment. The theme is new, and has interest and importance as illustrating a revered popular observance of our ancestors, and thus such material should be regarded as semi-historical. The narrative is extremely circumstantial in its detail, and the impersonations most successfully individualised and characteristically descriptive.

R. S. Lauder, R.S.A.—'The Lady of Shalot.' This subject was exhibited, we think, two seasons ago. It represents the lady seated in a contemplative attitude, and having her face reflected by a glass. It is most careful in composition—so nicely balanced that its harmony of parts could neither suffer addition nor abstraction. It is one of the most graceful passages of sentiment that we have ever met with.

A. Johnston.—'Sunday Morning.' This picture is well known by the engraving. It represents a Scottish family of cottagers reading the Scriptures, at the door of their home, on a Sunday morning in summer. The results of the direct and reflected lights are shown with much truth.

T. Webster, R.A.—'The Joke:'—

> "Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

'The Frown:'—

> "Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face."

These two subjects, from "The Deserted Village," are also well known from the engravings. The arrangement is so originally simple, that few painters would have ventured to treat such materials, and yet a less number would have succeeded in forming a picture of a straight row of rustic figures without counterbalance. In each case the sentiment of the distich is most worthily maintained: in one all is fun and idleness, and we are invited to play marbles or king's cradle; in the other we had rather eschew the society of these sad students, among whom prevails scourged backs and racking toothache.

'The Impenitent Boy.' He has been expelled from the school-room to a kind of back-kitchen, where he stands—

> "Nursing his wrath to keep it warm,—"

having indulged himself in the destruction of some of the crockery within his reach. There is more of shade here than we usually find in the works of this painter. The picture would form a perfect pendant to Landseer's 'Naughty Boy.'

'Good-night.' This presents an interior, the home of an English yeoman, the younger members of whose family are preparing for bed. The children are drawn and characterised with a felicity in which this artist is *unique*. It is a full composition, and all the domestic utilities are most scrupulously represented.

'Boys Quarrelling at Marbles.' A dark picture, with some of the best qualities of the Dutch school. If Jan Steen could have drawn, he might have approached this picture.

C. R. Leslie, R.A.—'The Minstrel—Moonlight.' This is a small picture presenting a single figure—that of a lady, playing on the lyre at a window, at which the light of the moon is streaming in. It appears here to have been the object of the artist to execute a picture with a minimum of colour, insomuch that it looks little else but white and black. The lady minstrel wears white, which is brought very forcibly forward by the strong shadows round the figure. The manner of the work—that easy sweeping touch—is as strongly defined here as in Mr. Leslie's larger works.

Louis Haghe.—'The Student.' This is a picture in oil, only the second that we remember to have seen on canvas by this painter. He is a student of Art, seated in his painting-room, with a blank canvas by his side, awaiting inspiration. He wears the dress of the seventeenth century, and his white collar is a very important item in the account, as being the focus of the minor lights. But we know him not. We should have been happy to have recognised Antonio Vandyke or Diego Velasquez, or any worthy of that time with whom we have a nodding acquaintance; but whomsoever Mr. Haghe may intend him for, we congratulate him on the felicity of his *mise-en-composition*.

T. Paris.—'A Picnic.' The scene is a garden composition, elegant in conception, and displaying abundant resource in the construction of this class of picture, the principal virtue of which is that it shall look like a reality.

LANDSCAPE.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—'Palestrina.' When we remember that in Turner's earlier works he celebrated so frequently the sublimities of our northern tempests, we cannot help thinking that Italy must have made an impression upon him more profound and exciting than even he can express on canvas. This picture is not, perhaps, strictly descriptive of the place, but it is an effusion given forth in gratitude to a land which has impressed him with an affluence of the most splendid memories. We are at the bottom of the hill where there is a river and a bridge, and on the right an avenue of trees, having on the left a stately pine, whence—let us but wait till sunset—we shall hear the crickets chant their twilight vespers. There are on that hill ruins and wretched dwellings, but, with light and sunshine, all are more lustrous than ever was the golden house of Nero. Considered with respect to composition this hill, with its variety of habitations, is not graceful as a form, nor, perhaps, judicious as a quantity; but it is by no means so arbitrary as it would have been in local colour—as Poussin, or, perhaps, even Claude would have painted it. The name is fraught with the most moving associations—the place is the *frigidum Prœneste*, which stood, perhaps, equally high with Tibur and Baiæ in the estimation of Horace. We see the place from the Capitol, rising within a gap in the far distant hills, over the sites of the ancient cities of Gabii and Collatia, towards the supposed locality of Lake Regillus. This fiery canvas seems to declare that Turner must have seen his Palestrina under such an effect of sunshine. Gladly would we see the sketch from which the picture was painted. To the dreamy repose of this picture, what a contrast is presented in 'Antwerp—Van Goyen looking for a Subject'—where the spectator is placed on the left bank of the Scheldt, opposite to the town. You are oppressed by the idle sultry air of the 'Palestrina,' but energised to any exertion by the breezy freshness of the 'Antwerp.' Van Goyen is on board of a dogger, which has just tacked, beating up the river in the teeth of a head-wind, that sets a pearly crest upon every wave of the heaving Scheldt. He stands upon the deck, by the helmsman; the boat has just tacked—her mainsail is again full—and her wake trails round before us, here and there broken by the waves. It is all sunshine, and, more successfully than in any picture we have ever seen, the gleam of sunshine sparkles everywhere on the watery expanse. The water-forms—which represent the tide running up against the wind—are made out in a manner unlike any that have ever been adopted to represent a similar incident. The composition is essentially a breadth of light—broken by ships—more or less dark to stimulate effect. But little of the city of Antwerp is seen; the lofty spire catches the sunlight, and although so little of locality is specified, the place is Antwerp, and none else. 'Palestrina' was exhibited in 1830; 'Antwerp' in 1833. Another marine subject, entitled 'Fort Ruysdael,' painted in 1827, exhibits a treatment very different from the breezy buoyancy of the last. It is a startling effect—a chase—a thunder-cloud after a fishing-lugger—both exerting themselves to the utmost. There is a breadth of light on the water, broken by the solitary fishing-craft, flying, under all sail, like an affrighted bird seeking a place of refuge. On she comes, steadily, before a wind that shall soon threaten with the voice of the howling tempest. She seems to grow upon the eye, and while fast around is closing that ill-omened cloud which has fallen on the sea like a pall, and hung the sky with a drapery blacker than night, high above the utmost ridge of the cloud are shot forth jets of the black vapour, like the arms of a malignant genius impatiently urging on the storm. So affecting is the recital, that the spectator feels but one absorbing emotion. It is true he stands upon the shore, and the boat must soon be safe; but it is felt that if such a squall strike her, she must be at once cast upon the waters in fragments. It is certainly true that the mind may be more profoundly affected by a simple combination, than by a complication, in which the interest is distributed. There is but little colour in the work, and it has the appearance of being an earlier picture than is signified by the date; however, should it have been then painted, it looks more like a reminiscence of some painting that Turner may have seen, than his usual method at this time of rendering his own subject-matter. We have next 'Ehhrenbreitstein,' and the 'Tomb of Marceau,' a view taken from near the end of the bridge over the Moselle, and comprehending the fortress on the opposite bank of the Rhine. This was exhibited in 1835, and to the title in the catalogue were appended the following lines from Byron:—

> "By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
> There is a small and simple pyramid
> Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
> Beneath its base an hero's ashes hid—
> Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
> Honour to Marceau," &c.

It is treated with a flood of light, whereby the substance of all the material is diminished, insomuch as to communicate to the picture that dreamy character, the very perfection of which Turner has realised beyond all other painters that have ever lived. 'Ivy Bridge, Devon,' and 'Calder Bridge,' are both in his early manner—strong in colour, and individual in locality. There are no dates to these pictures; but they were painted at the time when the painter was in search of material for drawing-lessons, and are full enough of warm colour to have pleased even his friend, Sir George Beaumont. A second Venetian subject is called 'The Giudecca, Santa Maria della Salute, and Giorgio Maggiore'—it was exhibited in 1841; and here we see Turner amid the splendours of his latter style—light and colour wherever they do not flout the eye: but Turner must have been a visitant to the "City of the Sea" before that famous sumptuary edict of the Podesta, which suppressed the luxurious equipment of gondolas, and legalised a coat of black paint only. 'Wreckers—Coast of Northumberland,' appears to be a scene just south of Bamborough Castle, which, rising on the left, closes the view on that side. The sky is full of drift, and a fierce gale blows off the sea. The wreckers are busied on the sand, appropriating portions of the wreck of an unfortunate ship which a steam-boat endeavours to tow off the shore.

The 'Campo Santo, Venice.' Here the principal breadths are the water and the sky—the lights and darks which constitute the zest of the composition being almost entirely adventitious, showing, with a knowledge of effect, how little is necessary to the construction of an agreeable picture. We look from the water to the Campo Santo, which is on the right; and on the left is seen one of those light, graceful small craft, which, with its wing-like sails, resembles rather a butterfly than a boat.

'The Brille on the Maas, Holland.' This picture presents a turbulent sea, bearing a Dutch man-of-war, and some smaller vessels: it is also a broad composition, wherein are distributed, with fine taste, a few points of support for the eye.

Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A.—'An English Landscape.' In considering this work we miss at once those local asperities which conscientious painters constitute permanent difficulties in their works rather than be charged with the sin of omission. The eye passes over the canvas, not only without suffering the slightest shock from any incidental indecorum, but flattered by the sensible gratification of a powerfully soothing influence. It is a large upright picture, painted in 1842. The whole of the foreground is flooded by a shallow stream, so stealthy in its movement as not to disturb the prevalent repose, and hither a herd of cows have resorted to cool their hoofs. On the right bank rises a throng of stately trees; the centre opens to distance, and the

rest is supplementary of a corresponding kind, with an accompaniment of the odour of honeysuckle and the hum of bees, now and then superseded by the lowing of the cows—upon which, by the way, Landseer has touched sufficiently to make them his own. The picture, therefore, might justly be said to be by Callcott and Landseer, who, in addition to his brilliant distinction as the great Dog Star, may claim a place as a constellation in the Milky Way. This work affects us more by what may have been omitted, than by what is received into the composition; for there are but few natural scenes of this kind in which is not found some discrepant episode. The colour is everywhere retiring; modest umber is found throughout the work, unobtrusive and conciliatory; and all the parts assist the mellow sunlight which suffuses the scene.

'Rochester Bridge and Castle.' We are placed below the bridge on the Medway, which occupies the lower breadth of the composition, the castle rising on the left, the nearest objects being boats on the river. This is also a sunny picture, and so successful that Callcott here seems to break a lance with Albert Cuyp in his own style—Rochester on the one side, Dort on the other. It is remarkable for a high degree of finish without the slightest hardness.

J. D. Harding.—'A View of Thun, with Mont Blanc in the distance.' This is a small picture, but the nature of the scene, and the space into which it expands, would have well justified a large work. It epitomises Switzerland in its quaintest features, those of its cities—and its sublimest characteristics, those of its mountains. The warm harmonies of the nearest sites contrast strongly with the freezing temperature of the distance. The firm treatment of the subject, the dispositions of colour, and the prominence or retirement communicated to form, pronounce Mr. Harding an accomplished master of his art.

D. Roberts, R.A.—'Ruins at Baalbec, Mount Lebanon in the distance.' This picture, which is large, was exhibited in 1841 at the Royal Academy. The subject consists of little more than four columns of the Temple of the Sun, but in the condition in which they are presented to us, surrounded by the ruin and desolation to which they also must soon yield, they are more impressively historic than had the temple remained entire. Such a subject it is extremely difficult to invest with that sentiment which is best befitting it, because, being so simple, its simplicity is rarely left unvitiated. As, however, these columns are set up before us, they discourse of a past magnificence, in language which conveys to us perhaps an exaggerated estimate of the reality—this is the art of the painter; he fills at once the mind with his subject, and we feel, to its utmost extent, that of which he only represents a fragment. To this, and similar relics, we cannot deny our reverence, for although an example of the splendid ostentation of a false religion, it is yet an emanation of the utmost refinement of the human mind. The frieze here is broken off—the fallen portions and the other columns the earth has reclaimed as her own, and taken them to her bosom. O fallen Heliopolis! could thine augurs, and the hierarchy that prompted the voices of thy oracle now see thee, by what new jugglery would they justify the promise that the Temple of the Sun was built for a time and for ever? But we find here the Arab of the desert and the Turk of the city; we had rather have contemplated the ruins of Baalbec without such society.

'St. Gomar, Sierre,' is a picture of that class whereby Mr. Roberts has made his reputation. It is a church interior, treated in a manner to convey an impression of vastness—the altar, with all its sacred properties, and the screen with a masterly firmness of manipulation, which, when closely examined, touches perhaps the utmost list of freedom; but at a little distance the whole combines in an example of the most elegant drawing. The painting of the whole rarely rises above or descends below a mellow middle tone, on which the sparse lights from the windows are thrown with the best results, the *sparkling* darks of the composition being spots carried into the picture by the reverent worshippers of the Virgin and the Saints. Had we but time to offer our orisons within that temple, we should tread lightly on that floor, for it looks as if every step would ring upon it. Again—

'Xeres de la Frontera' is still a church, not a wine, that the painter illustrates, surcharged with Gothic fret-work of the most beautiful kind, which we hope the architect has lighted as well as the painter.

C. Stanfield, R.A.—'Le Pic du Midi d'Ossau, in the Pyrenees, and Smugglers.' This large upright picture, being judiciously hung a little above the eye, tells with forcible reality. The Pic is a lofty granite pinnacle of the ragged Gothic cleft, and piercing the air to an altitude at which—

"Biting frost would never let grass grow;"

and the rugged pathway at this, its upper base, is not the less a drear solitude that it is the haunt of these wild and lawless men, whose trade is exercised at the risk of life. This is a class of subject to which Mr. Stanfield seldom turns, a circumstance which we think gives additional value to the picture. No painter could resist making a study of this scene, but few could verify the sublime simplicity of that aspiring *Pic*, which, after all, is but the sorry remnant of some stupendous upheaving from below, having, in thousands of years, suffered dissolution by fragments of hundreds of tons which lie shed around its base.

A picture of another character, and in that department which is more particularly his own, is called, 'Shipping, French Coast, near St. Malo.' It is extremely simple in composition, showing only on the right a portion of the coast, while the left is open to the sea. A principal object on the right is a windmill. It is high water, and the heavy waves beat violently on the shore. It is a subject of the simplest kind, consisting of but few parts, and deriving much interest from its forcible chiaro-oscuro.

'Beilstein, on the Moselle.' This large picture was exhibited in 1837. It presents a view doubtlessly well remembered by those who have any acquaintance with the scenery of this river, where it may be remarked that, more than elsewhere, the towns and villages have been under the protection each of its dominating castle. We are often surprised that the Moselle scenery, so full of pictures, has not been more frequented: in comparison to it the overpraised Rhine is *nil*.

T. Gainsborough, R.A.—'A Landscape, with Sheep.' A large picture presenting a close scene, with water, trees, and foreground masses, and showing a principal light, according to the prescription of the time of this painter. It is a valuable example of Gainsborough's manner. It is accompanied by a second picture, containing cattle in the intermediate foreground, and very much darker than the other. Gainsborough was such an admirer of Mola, that he frequently painted with a picture of that master placed near him; but this work does not remind us so much of Mola as others we have seen by him. This was given by the painter as a marriage present to his daughter.

T. Creswick, R.A.—'The Stepping-Stones.' The subject consists of a shallow river, which diffuses its limpid stream over the breadth of the nearest site of the composition; on the opposite bank a screen of trees closes the scene. This was exhibited some years ago, and we have considered it among the best of Mr. Creswick's latter close river-side views—a class of subject to which he owes his reputation, but which he now appears to have laid aside.

H. Jutsum.—'The Harvest-Field' is a view over a highly-cultivated country, enriched with picturesque timber. The foreground gives the title to the work, being studded with groups of heavy sheaves. The left is closed by lofty-spreading trees—a most valuable feature in the picture. The colour and firm manipulation of the picture are masterly.

'View on the Devonshire Coast,' opening an extensive prospect over a tract of country rough in bottom, and apparently farmed as a feeding district. In sweetness of colour and expression of distance this picture is rarely equalled.

F. W. Hulme.—'View on the Llugwy,' with trees and cliffs worked up to a close imitation of nature. Time was when the freshness of these greens would have scandalised the lovers of landscape-art; but there was no truth in the brown and yellow fallacies of those days—the harmonies of nature must prevail over the harmonies of a baseless theory.

W. Collins, R.A.—'Selling Fish.' A class of subject very often painted by this artist—that is, a breadth of coast scenery at low-water, with a few figures. It is most difficult to produce an interesting work out of the slight material which constitutes very often the best productions of this painter; but by the most elaborate finish, and the irresistible charm of the light and shade which he casts upon them, he wrought these really scant and commonplace materials into works that established a reputation of which he had ample reason to be proud.

There yet remain works enough to form a catalogue, especially of those in water-colour; there are also smaller pictures in oil—as six compositions from the 'Decameron,' by Stothard; and others by Danby, Lance, Clint, Müller, and Nasmyth. The subjects in water-colour by Turner are—'The Castle of Ely,' 'Rouen,' 'Chateau Gaillard,' 'Havre,' 'The Lake of Lucerne,' &c. &c.; 'Berncastle,' by Harding; 'Loch Lomond,' and 'The Vale of Dochart,' by Robson; 'The Hotel de Ville, Louvain,' 'Zituan, Morocco,' by Roberts: and others by Bone, Derby, and Hunt. 'The Cartoon Gallery at Knole,' by Nash; 'Flowers,' by Bartholomew; 'The Cook's Revenge,' and 'The Dwarf's Frolic,' by Cattermole; 'Harvest,' and 'River Scene,' by Dewint; 'Autumn,' by Paris; 'Dunstaffnage Castle,' 'Bridlington Harbour,' and 'Rivaulx Abbey,' by Copley Fielding; 'Childhood' and 'Youth,' by Stephanoff; 'Family Portraits,' by S. P. Denning; 'Rebecca at the Well,' by Warren,—with other studies in oil and water-colours. The drawings by Turner are in his most spirited manner, being some of those which were made for engraving, and which tell so forcibly in black and white.

SCULPTURE.

E. H. Baily, R.A.—Mr. Bicknell possesses one of the finest pieces of sculpture of our school in 'Eve listening to the Voice;' had the sculptor never been the author of any other work, this had procured for him an undying fame. Whether this may be called the original or not we cannot tell, but we conceive that it is somewhat different from another statue or cast we have somewhere met with by the same sculptor, and named also 'Eve listening to the Voice.' This statue is too well known to require description.

'Cupid.' A statue in marble of the size of life. A butterfly is settled on his shoulder, and he lifts his finger as if to enjoin silence. The poetry of the allusion is exquisitely graceful, and the natural ease of the round, youthful figure is beyond all praise.

'Psyche.' A companion statue in marble, also of the size of life. She holds a butterfly in her left hand, and caresses it with her right. This figure is semi-nude. The head is modelled in the spirit of the best types of classic beauty, and all the other passages of the person coincide in an expression of sweetness unsurpassed even in the best examples of the antique.

'Paris.' A statue in marble of the size of life. This character can never be mistaken; ample justice is done to it here in the manly beauty of the figure, with its gallant bearing, and the attributes of the Phrygian cap and the pastoral staff.

'Helen.' A companion statue to the last. She rests upon the left foot, and draws a veil over her person. The artist's conception of the character is embodied by a certain voluptuous fulness in the figure which may be justified by the story.

W. C. Marshall, R.A.—'Hebe.' A statue in marble—semi-nude. The figure stands looking downward; she holds a vase in her hand, and at her feet is a broken cup; thus it may be considered that she has just suffered dismissal, by Jupiter, from her office.

P. Macdowell, R.A.—'The Day-Dream.' This, like all the works of the artist, is qualified with the most charming sentiment. His great successes are all in what we may call Christian poetry in opposition to the antique.

In addition to these works there is a 'Dancing-Girl,' by Gott, and a 'Sleeping Cupid,' by Bienaimè.

We cannot close our notice of Mr. Bicknell's Collection without observing that if it have been selected with the intention of affording a comprehensive view of the present progressive state of the British school, it could not have been formed in better taste; and it must be admitted that it is to such liberality and patriotism that this progressive condition is so much indebted.

THE "GREAT EXHIBITION" MEMORIAL.

It is now some months since we informed our readers, that there was at length a probability of a final move being ere long made in a matter of which the public had for some time past been allowed to lose sight,—but the interest of which is to many, from the matchless memories that surround the subject, as fresh as in the day when it first began to take shape and proportion. The project to which we allude was, that of erecting a memorial, of some kind, in Hyde Park, to report to future ages of the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. That project is now about to receive its execution. As we write, a meeting is in course of being summoned, to decide on all particulars regarding the appropriation of the fund subscribed,—and ere our day of publication, it will have been determined in what form and under what conditions Art shall make *her* report to posterity of the great event of 1851.

Assuredly, when we think of all the great human interests which that unparalleled event involved and represented—all the mighty morals which were the informing spirit of that visible fact,—we may well wonder, that some attempt at the Art expression of so magnificent a summary of civilisation has not long before this arisen on the green sward which it consecrated. That an area in which assembled day by day through all the days of one long bright summer the most majestic congregations that the world has seen, should have no material mark from the Muse to point it out to the pilgrim generations to come, is a national neglect which it is difficult to reconcile with the national condition of mind that could conceive and carry out the great design. On this green plain the moral of the plain of Shinar was reversed:—in the vast edifice which "the children of men builded here," all possible diversities of the human mind flowed into harmonies, and all the languages of the scattered races of the earth swept down its long crystal aisles in one grand choral music.—It is, indeed, full time that the greatest of modern events should have an Art chronicler.

It is well, that we should go a little more particularly into the history of this monument;—which is very curious, and leads through some strange sinuosities of the human intellect. The first project for the monument took a form so eccentric, that, if we do not record it near its own time, it will be rejected hereafter on the ground of its intrinsic absurdity. In 1853, a body of noblemen and gentlemen proposed to get up, by public subscription, a memorial of the Great Exhibition; and they found, as they deemed, a fitting embodiment and representation thereof in the Baron Marochetti's colossal equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, which had been there exhibited. The Baron's statue, as the visitors to the first Crystal Palace who looked beyond the great western gate will well remember, was a very fine work; but how the parties in question got together two ideas which struggle so determinedly for separation, passes mere ordinary apprehension. A rampant warrior, to symbolise the triumph of peace! The hero of a remote and comparative barbarism, to express the sum of all that civilisation which the ages had since been building up! In the days of Cœur de Lion, and under the moral of his time, this gathering of the nations would have been impossible,—and in the age and land which reared the Palace of Glass, Cœur de Lion could not himself have existed. The place of Cœur de Lion as an historical illustration belongs to a page of which the Crystal Palace kept no memories—save in its Mediæval Court. One of the precise proclamations made in the Palace of Glass was, that Cœur de Lion, and the thing which he typifies, were dead:—by what strange perversity of thought, then, he could be taken to typify the Palace of Glass, no effort of fancy enables us to understand. If the parties to this first project *must* have the man-in-armour for their purpose, we fancy we might have forced ourselves to catch at something like a link of association had they chosen Attila as their exponent. We remember well, how some of these parties resolutely set their faces against the Crystal Palace on the ground of the destruction which it would bring to the green sward in the park;—and it is just conceivable that, under some strange calenture of the imagination, they might see a fit representative of the edifice and its contents in one of whom it was proverbially said, that no grass grew where his horse's hoof had been! No analogy even so remote and fanciful as this can we discover in the other case.—However, the promoters of the project were prevailed upon at length, to see that the two ideas were incompatible; and their scheme for the purchase and erection of the statue remained—in its true character of an ornament to the metropolis—separated from its enforced association with the morals of the Great Exhibition. A large sum of money was collected; and various sites were proposed, and one (in Palace Yard) was even tested by the temporary erection of the work. *What was the issue of that subscription, or the final story of the monument, we do not know*,—further than that, the statue is now in the new Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, where it stands, appropriately, as the representative solely of the monarch whom the Baron Marochetti designed, and, through him, of his times.

Towards the close of the same year, Alderman Challis, in his character of Lord Mayor of London, put himself at the head of a renewed movement for carrying out the idea of commemorating the Great Exhibition; and *he* chose for his representative of that event a chief who certainly had striking relations to the event itself. The proposal of Alderman Challis was, to erect on the site of the Crystal Palace a statue of Prince Albert, as the party in whose breast the thought of assembling the world within its walls originated, and to whose earnest after co-operation it owed so much of its prosperity. His lordship addressed the provincial mayors with great success, won the willing adhesion of men of all ranks and professions,—and subscriptions to a large amount flowed rapidly in. The principle of these subscriptions was, generally, the scheme in its entirety:—the propriety of commemorating the event, and the propriety of the especial form of commemoration. Meantime, an opposition to the latter sprang up,—based on what was clearly a misconception. It was assumed, that the ground consecrated by the Exhibition was seized on for the purpose of an express tribute of respect to the Prince,—whereas, the figure of the Prince was borrowed as presenting the best single expression that could be found for embodying a tribute of commemoration to the Exhibition. It was assumed, too, that this was a statue to the Prince in the sense in which a statue is a verdict of judgment on a man's life,—and it was contended, that none but a man's survivors are entitled to erect such statues. It was objected, that statues to living men may possibly by the closing acts of such men's lives be converted into false witnesses:—that they are sentences passed before all the evidence has been heard. We wonder how many brass and marble summings up of the Duke of Wellington we had before *his* accounts were closed!—However, it is sufficient here to say, that this proposed statue, by its very terms, escaped being judicial in the general, or anticipatory, sense objected to. It had a direct emphatic reference to a single event, and was a judgment on the Prince exclusively in his relation to that. It expressly defined its own limitations,—and left all the other acts of the Prince's life to the dealing of the moral heralds that have finally to proclaim the true style and titles of the dead. The fact which alone it commemorated *was* a completed fact,—and in reference to our judgment upon that, history could have nothing to correct. Time cannot change the character of that record.—However, the objections were urged in a manner which made many think that it were better to find a way out of them. It was proposed, therefore, to abandon the notion of a work of Art altogether,—and that the memorial should take some sort of educational or other utilitarian form. This was transforming the idea wholly,—and in the opinion of some of the subscribers reducing the entire project to a mere surplusage. It was felt, that memorials of the Great Exhibition, of all other kinds, there had been, and were to be, in abundance, and that the one memorial supplementary and specific—in Art writing, and on the spot—was the thing which they had desired to promote. Many, we believe, withdrew their subscriptions; and the project has been slumbering ever since until a recent period.

As we have said, that project is now revived,—and about to receive its immediate fulfilment. A Committee was some time since formed to carry out the intentions of the original subscribers,—there are already about £6000 in the hands of the treasurer, Alderman Challis,—and it is intended to erect where the Crystal Palace stood *some work of Art*.—We think, we can see in the matter as it now stands means of reconciliation, which may swell the fund. £6000 will command something more than a single figure,—and, therefore, the statue of the Prince may be abandoned. But they who desired to see the memorial assume that specific form, will probably be satisfied to think that from any design which should take larger proportions it would be difficult altogether to exclude the idea of the Prince. So truly was Prince Albert the presiding genius of the Great Exhibition, that his figure comes logically as it were into every argument for its commemoration. As he was necessary to the Exhibition,—so is he necessary to its monument.

There is one point of the doctrines heretofore laid down by us on the subject of competitions for the execution of British works of Art which many of our readers may be disposed to consider not applicable in the present case. As we formerly stated, it is, we believe, the intention of the Committee having the ordering of this competition to extend it beyond the circles of British Art; and it will probably be felt, that if ever there was a competition of the kind amongst us to which foreign nations might justly claim to be admitted, it is one whose object is to commemorate an event to which all the nations of the world were contributors.—Under the strong sentiment of fraternity which mingles with all our thoughts of the Great Exhibition, we, for ourselves, are not unwilling—nor, we believe, would the sculptors of England be so—to acquiesce in this view:—yet, it involves a fallacy, notwithstanding. The thing to be commemorated was, it is true, a gathering of the nations;—but the monument which commemorates it is an English monument, bought with English money. To give a general right, there should have been a general subscription. For the execution of a memorial determined on by the nations, and to which the nations were joint contributors, the artists of all nations would, by the conditions of the case, have been alike competitors; but a monument got up by ourselves, amongst ourselves, for ourselves, and paid for by ourselves, falls into the category (whatever its theme) of British monuments,—and the foreign sculptor can come into the competition for it, not by claim certainly, but only by concession.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 1.—ON NEW METHODS OF PREPARING PORCELAIN AND OTHER CLAYS.

The mind of England has within the last twenty years displayed, in a remarkable manner, its utilitarian character. There never was a period in man's history during which so large a number of discovered truths have been applied to useful ends. The great efforts of thought have all been in the direction of rendering known truths available, and of overcoming natural difficulties:—a vast success has attended those efforts. To whatever department of science we may turn, we see the same kind of result; there has been, and is, a constant effort to seize upon all the philosopher has discovered, and use it for the common good.

It is purposed to examine some of these new applications, to describe improved mechanical combinations, and to give accurate accounts of any new materials which may be introduced, or old ones which have been modified. The object of those papers will be to keep the readers of the *Art-Journal* acquainted with the improvements which are constantly being made in the productions of *Art-Manufacture*, adopting that term in its widest sense.

Since the period when Cookworthy discovered in Cornwall a kaolin, more than a century ago, scarcely any improvement has been made in the mode of preparing the porcelain clay of this country. Notwithstanding the immense increase in the manufacture of earthenware of every variety, and the superior excellence of the articles which are now produced in our potteries, we still see the immense clay-pits of Cornwall, rude as they were at the commencement of the present century.

The decomposed granite is quarried out, and the clay separated by the purely natural process of exposing it to streams of water. The water flows onward, with the lighter portions of the stone in suspension, and, in obedience to the laws of gravity, the heavier particles slowly subside, and eventually the finely comminuted clay is deposited in large shallow pits prepared to receive it. In these the clay dries to a certain extent; it is then cut into oblong masses, and when thoroughly dried, they are packed in casks and sent into the market.

The china-clay works of St. Austle are of a most striking character. A wide expanse of moorland stretches away on every side. It all bears the indications of human labour. Almost every foot of ground having been turned over, either by the tin-streamers or the china-clay workers. Large pits, usually parallelograms, here and there meet the eye, and solicit attention, from a phenomenon of a peculiar character which they frequently exhibit. The water resting upon the clay appears deeply blue. This is often thought to be a simple case of reflection—the blue sky mirrored in the water. But whether the sky is serenely blue, or darkened with rain-clouds, the colour of the water is still the same. It has by some persons been supposed to arise from metallic salts in solution; but, on taking the water from a pit, and examining it, it appears colourless; and the chemist fails to detect any mineral compound capable of imparting colour. The fact is, the colour arises from a peculiar surface refraction, analogous to that which is produced when sulphate of quinine is dissolved in water—a condition to which the name of *fluorescence* has been given.

Near those small lakes of clay are usually seen great excavations, from which the decomposed granite containing the clay has been taken. The rivulets which murmur around, and they are many—the water which urges the small wheels employed in pumping or grinding—and the river which runs down the valley,—in the summer an ordinary stream,—but in the winter a rapid torrent—are all of them charged with clay, and they flow onward like rivers of milk. Since everything which is done is dependent upon atmospheric causes, everything is naturally rendered to a certain extent uncertain. Rains may prevent the consolidation of the clay; even at the most favourable seasons, winds and storms spread over the surface numerous impurities, which it requires much additional labour to remove. There are other impediments which add to the uncertainties, and increase the cost of preparing china clay.

As we are about to direct attention to a new system, in which machinery and several excellent artificial appliances are introduced, it may be permitted, in the first place, that the natural history of this raw material be briefly described. Under some conditions which have at former periods prevailed, immense tracts of granite rock have suffered decomposition. From an examination of several of the most important clay-works of Devon and Cornwall, it appears not improbable that we may refer the present state of the china-clay granite to the action of water, spread at small depths over the surface of the country: this water, containing air, percolating slowly through the granite mass, has effected the decomposition of the felspar, which is, it is well known, an important constituent of this rock. The chemical constitution of felspar is potash, silica, and alumina; and this crystalline body appears peculiarly liable, under certain conditions, to break up into its ultimate parts. The china-clay granite is, therefore, mainly a mass of quartz, mica, and decomposed felspar, or clay. The object of preparation is to separate, in the purest state, this clay from the quartz and mica.

With this introductory account of the material, we must proceed to describe the arrangements which have been introduced at the Lee Moor Clay-works, on the property of the Earl of Morley, by Mr. Phillips, the managing director of the establishment. The clay being broken out of the quarry, where it is worked to the depth of about sixty feet, it is carried along a tram-road to a neighbouring house: it is then raised and thrown into hoppers, from which it passes into a trough, through which a full stream of water flows, and in which works an ingenious arrangement for separating the clay. At the end of a revolving shaft, nearest the point at which the clay enters, there is a series of radial knives, by which the masses of clay are rapidly divided. Beyond the knives, but on the same axis, are a series of iron arms, the ends of which are furnished with teeth. These, indeed, perform the part of hands by beating the clay thoroughly as it is carried by the flowing stream adown the trough. This axis, or shaft, is propelled by a powerful water-wheel. The greatest care is taken to obtain very pure water for washing the clay, and considerable labour, and much thought, has been expended upon the means for bringing the water directly from the springs, and carefully excluding the surface drainage from the peat-soil of Dartmoor; which water is also, however, carefully collected, and employed for the purpose of driving the water-wheels, &c. The water which passes off from the trough flows through sieves, by which all the coarser portions of quartz are separated, and the fluid, charged with clay and mica, passes onward. The mica, breaking up into thin shales, has a tendency to swim; although, being of greater specific gravity than the fine particles of clay, it is gradually deposited. In the separation of these components of the decomposed granite, considerable attention is required in regulating the flow of water: a rapid current would carry on the mica with it; a sluggish stream would allow of the clay to fall with the mica. At these clay-works very long and deep V-shaped channels are carefully built of granite; into these the water charged with clay passes, and their fall is so adjusted that the stream passes on at the required rate; so that by the time it has passed the full length of these channels, the water holds nothing in suspension but pure clay. It then flows into vast reservoirs, in which the clay is allowed to deposit. These clay-pits are carefully housed in, so that they are entirely screened from dust, dirt, or rain; and beneath them circulates air pipes, through which warm air is made to travel; and thus, by producing a slight elevation of temperature, the clay is uniformly dried. Each reservoir is allowed to fill itself with clay before the drying process commences. The water flowing in in a small stream, and these pits being very large, there is, of course, but little disturbance in the fluid between the point of its entrance and of its departure: thus, in comparative repose, the fine clay falls to the bottom, leaving the water above it quite clear. The drying of a mass of clay of several feet in thickness necessarily occupies some time, especially as it is not deemed advisable to employ any elevated artificial temperature for the purpose; the temperature of these clay-pits, when warmed, never exceeding 90° Fahr.

There is a traditionary opinion amongst our potters in favour of weathering the clay: this appears to be derived from the Chinese, who will not, it is said, employ, in the manufacture of porcelain, any clay which has not been exposed to atmospheric influences for many years. There are not any exact experiments enabling us to refer this to any especial cause: the question rests upon a generally received opinion, stamped with the authority of age. In connection with this subject, Mr. Phillips states that the clay which is prepared in the early months of the year is better than that which is manufactured in the summer. May not frosts act upon the clay in a manner similar to its action upon soils, in which it appears to effect a finer disintegration—the water held suspended by the particles rending them in the process of congelation?

The clay of the Lee Moor Works, being prepared in the manner described, is packed and sent by a railway—constructed through ten miles of picturesque country—to Plymouth, where it is shipped, or conveyed directly by the South Devon Railway onward to the potteries. The value of this branch of industry, which may appear to some unimportant, may be inferred from the following statement, abstracted from the "Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom for 1855," published in the Memoirs of the Geological Survey:—

	TONS.
China clay shipped from Cornwall	60,188
China clay shipped from Devonshire	1,100
Pipe clay shipped from Devonshire	20,000
China stone shipped from Cornwall	19,961

China stone is a granite less completely disintegrated than that which produces china clay, which is used extensively in the manufacture and glazing of our superior porcelain.

In addition to the Cornish and Devonshire kaolin, there was exported from Poole, in Dorsetshire, in 1855, 53,702 tons of Poole clay, and 582 tons were sent from Poole to London by railway.

The value of the china clay of Cornwall, at works	£51,159	16	0
The value of the china clay of Devonshire, at works	935	0	0
The value of the china stone of Cornwall, at works	17,964	18	0

It should be stated, that the produce of Devonshire will each year show a considerable increase, as the facilities of transport are increased.

The quartz, sand, mica, &c., which are separated from the china clay, are usually regarded as waste and valueless materials. A small quantity is employed in the manufacture of Cornish crucibles; beyond this, we believe, it is turned to no account in that county. At the Lee Moor Works, the mica and quartz are ground up with common clay, and used in the manufacture of fire-bricks, which are employed in the construction of iron furnaces and lead-works in Durham and elsewhere. Drain-pipes and numerous other useful articles are also manufactured, and, in addition to these, various architectural ornaments, for both external and internal decoration and use. By slightly varying the quantities of the constituents, and their physical condition, an artificial stone may be produced, which will rival granite itself in durability and appearance.

This is of the utmost importance—the economising of waste materials is, in fact, adding so much to the national wealth.

A comparative statement of the analyses of the Black Alder and the Stourbridge clays, will show the relative values of each:—

	BLACK ALDER.	STOURBRIDGE.
Silica	79·20	67·78
Alumina	19·70	26·13
Lime	trace	1·47
Oxides of metals	0·45	5·20

At the last exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, a new brick-making machine, the invention of Mr. Roberts, of Falmouth, was exhibited, and a committee appointed to report upon its merits. We regret we cannot notice it at present.

It is pleasant to be enabled to record the introduction of improved machinery, and still more so to witness the use of waste material, in the production of objects which are directly connected with architecture and Art-Manufacture.

Robert Hunt.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART I.



THE Thames is "the King of Island Rivers;" if deficient in the grander features of landscape, it is rich in pictorial beauty; its associations are closely linked with heroic men and glorious achievements; its antiquities are of the rarest and most instructive order; its natural productions of the highest interest: it wanders through fertile meads and beside pleasant banks, gathering strength from a thousand tributaries; on either side are remains of ancient grandeur, homely villages, retired cottages, palatial dwellings, and populous cities and towns; boats and barges, and the sea-craft of a hundred nations, indicate and enhance its wealth; numerous locks and bridges facilitate its navigation, and promote the traffic that gives it fame. Its history is that of England: the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, in turn made it their "seat of war," or, settling upon its banks, sought the repose of peace and the blessings of agriculture and commerce. In all the civil contests of centuries it obtained melancholy renown: the intrenched camp, the castle, the baronial hall, the mansion, the villa, occupied adjacent steeps, commanded fords, or adorned its sides, as harmony took the place of discord, and tranquillity succeeded strife. There is scarcely a mile of its borders which may not give birth to some happy thought in association with the past: abbeys, monasteries, and churches exhibit their remains, or rear "the tall spire," consecrated by use and age; the better parts of their structures having endured with the purer portions of the ancient faith. Sites and memorials of famous battles—king with baron, lord with serf, ancient owners of the soil with its invaders, those who warred for despotism or fought for liberty, for feudal rights or freedom; the cromlech of the Briton, the tumulus of the Roman, the barrow of the Saxon, the sculptured tomb of the knight, and the simple monument of the gentleman;—these are to be found, in numbers, on its banks. The names of very many of the great men of England—who "penned" or "uttered wisdom"—are nearly or remotely connected with this river: in its "fields belov'd" their "careless childhood stray'd;" in its city of colleges, "for meditation apt," their youth gathered strength for the strife of manhood. To its banks full often came the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, and the poet, "after life's fitful fever," to seek that rest from labour which is labour's best recompence—to enjoy alike

> "The solid pomp of prosperous days,
> The peace and shelter of adversity."

Flowing through rich alluvial soil, that is never sterile, during the whole of its course it meets not an acre of unmanageable bog, and hardly a square yard that does not produce pasture or foliage, except where it refreshes and prospers active villages, busy towns, or crowded cities—venerable Oxford, regal Windsor, "mighty London," and a hundred places, wealthy and famous. It would be indeed impossible to over-estimate the value of the Thames to the British capital. It is said that when one of our sovereigns, angry with the chief magistrate of the metropolis, threatened to ruin it by removing the court, he received the memorable answer, "But your majesty cannot remove the Thames!"

It will require no very great stretch of imagination to pass from the little streamlet in Trewsbury Mead to "the Pool" below the Tower. The river, born in a sequestered nook, grows and gathers strength until it bears on its bosom the ships of a hundred nations; enriches the greatest and most populous city of any age; ministers to the wants and luxuries of two millions of people—there alone; becomes the mainstay of commerce, and the missionary of civilisation to mankind, carrying their innumerable blessings throughout the Old World and the New; yet ever the active auxiliary, and never the dangerous ally—keeping from its birth to its close the character so happily conveyed by the famous lines of the poet:—

> "Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Few, therefore, are the poets of England who have no word for "Old Father Thames!" Even its minor enjoyments have been fertile themes for the muse; and numerous are they who laud the "gentle craft" of the angler, whose "idle time is never idly spent" beside the river which, above all others, invites to contemplation, and promotes familiar intercourse with Nature. Here, too, the botanist and the entomologist gather a rich harvest of instruction; while to the landscape-painter, wander where he will—

> "By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green:
> * * * *
> While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe"—

it is ever an open volume of natural beauties, which are the only veritable teachers of Art.

It is to this River—the King of Island Rivers—we dedicate this Book.

Before we ask the reader to accompany us on our tour, we require him to pause awhile, and consider two essential points—its source, and the name under which it is rightly to be recognised and known.

Both are in dispute. The Churn, which rises at "Seven Springs," about three miles from Cheltenham, and joins the Thames at Cricklade, is sometimes described as the source of the great river. Generally speaking, the source of a river is the spring farthest from its mouth; and the head of the Churn is farther from the Nore than Thames Head by perhaps fifteen miles. But old writers, old maps, and old documents, unite in representing "Thames Head," near Cirencester, as the head of the river Thames. Leland (temp. Henry VIII.) tells us that "Isis riseth at three myles from Cirencestre, not far from a village cawlled Kemble, within half a mile of the Fosseway, wher the very head of Isis is;" Stow, that "the most excellent and goodly river beginneth in Coteswold, about a mile from Titbury, and as much from the hie way ealled Fosse;" Camden, that "it riseth not far from Tarlton, hard by the famous Foss-way;" Atkins (1712), that "it riseth in the parish of Cotes;" Rudder (1779), that "it has been reputed to rise in the parish of Cotes, out of a well." These authorities might be multiplied; and although Atkins and Rudder (the earliest historians of Gloucestershire) both write of the Churn, and its claim to be considered the head of the Thames, "being the highest source from whence it derives its water"—and no doubt such claim will have many advocates—we have treated the river Thames as rising at Thames Head, near "a village cawlled Kemble," hard by the "famous Fosse-way."

With respect to the name, it is derived directly from that by which it was known in the time of Julius Cæsar, *Tameses*, which, as well as its Anglo-Saxon representative, *Temese*, is sufficiently near the modern *Thames* to be considered as identical with it. Lhwyd, the learned Welsh scholar, believes it to be identical also with the Taf—the name of several rivers in Wales. But there are other English rivers bearing names almost the same. In Staffordshire we have the nearest resemblance in the Tame; in Shropshire is the Teme; and in Cornwall is the Tamar. There are minor streams in other counties bearing similar designations, which appear to be derived from one root, and the signification of all to imply "a gentle stream." "This," writes Camden, "is that Isis, which afterwards joining with Tame, by adding the names together is called Tamisis, chief of the British rivers, of which we may truly say, as ancient writers did of Euphrates in the East, that it both plants and waters Britain." Camden thus speaks of the river as "the Isis" until it mingles with the Tame—with which it is joined between Abingdon and Wallingford—about a mile from Dorchester. But there is just ground to believe that this is merely a fanciful designation, to which currency was given by Camden, who is said by his biographer, Bishop Gibson, to be the author of that Latin poem, introduced into the "Britannia," which commemorates "the marriage of the Tame and Isis."* Stow, Speed, and Hollinshed, his contemporaries, follow in his wake. But Bishop Gibson effectually dispels the illusion, and shows that from a very remote period—certainly anterior to the Conquest—the name of the river was the Thames (*cujus vocabulum Temis, juxta vadum quod appellatur Somerford*), thus confirming not only the fact that the Isis was a name given to it long afterwards, but that the Thames "near Somerford" is that Thames which rises near Cirencester, and not the Churn, which has its birthplace near Cheltenham. "The same appears from several charters to the Abbeys of Malmesbury and Evesham, and from old deeds relating to Cricklade; and perhaps it may be with safety affirmed that it never occurs in any charter or authentic history under the name of Isis." By the Saxons it was undoubtedly called the Thames:† on all ancient maps and documents it is marked as "Thamesis Fluvius." One of the oldest streets of Oxford was Thames Street (now George Street), anciently "Platea Thamesina." The term "Isis" was certainly unknown to our remote ancestors; its use is opposed to every principle of the English language; while it appears contrary to common sense to call a continuous stream by one name in the first half, and by another name in the other half, its channel being in no way changed, and its character in no degree altered. The error, however (for so, after the testimony of Bishop Gibson and others, we must consider it), has largely prevailed. It is traceable, no doubt, to the fancy which tempted the separation of the single Latin word "Tamesis" into two words, *Tame esis* or *Tame isis*—suggested by the fact that another Tame did arise in Buckinghamshire, and pour its waters into the great river, midway in its course between its source and London. There has been much consequent confusion; sometimes Oxford is described on the Thames, and sometimes on the Isis. Even in the Ordnance Map it is called in one place the Thames, in another the Isis, and in another "the Thames or Isis," above the junction. The Tame is among the least important of its tributaries; yielding in importance to many streams, above and below, which "run to the embraces" of the venerable Father. We consider, therefore, the Thames to be the traditional, the geographical, and the legal title of the river, and shall give to it only that name throughout this work.‡

* Some writers concerning the Thames have given to Camden the credit of *inventing* the name Isis; but it is clear that it is older than his time. Leland, who preceded Camden by thirty or forty years, distinctly refers to the Thames as the Isis, and quotes from an authority yet older—"Isa nascitur à quodam fonticulo juxta Tetbiriam prope Circestriam—*ortus Isidas flu.*"—(Joannis Lelandi de rebus Britan. Collect.)

† The name of the river at its highest point, and forty miles above its junction with the Tame, near Dorchester, is given in the Saxon Chronicle almost as it is spelt in the present day—that is, "Temese." The following are two literal translations from this curious record:—

"A.D. 905.—This year Æthelwold enticed the army in East Anglia to break the peace, so that they ravaged over all the land of Mercia, until they came to Cricklade, and then went over the Thames.

"A.D. 1016.—In this year came Canute with his army, and Eadric the Ældorman with him, over Thames into Mercia at Cricklade."

‡ The Town Clerk of Oxford courteously submitted to us a list of several hundred documents he had examined; in no one of which was "the Thames" ever recognised as "the Isis." We state, therefore, on his authority, that in no ancient record of the city of Oxford is the name Isis to be found; from the time of Domesday to the present time, it is not recognised by that name, but always as "the Thames."

The field in which the Thames rises is called Trewsbury Mead, and adjoins a Roman encampment that has long borne, and still bears, the name of Trewsbury Castle: this "castle" is a large mound, now covered by trees, the Severn and Thames Canal separating it from a fountain that, born in this secluded spot, becomes the great river that "both plants and waters Britain." The birthplace of the Thames is in the parish of Cotes, in Gloucestershire, but close to the borders of Wiltshire, into which it soon passes. The district is usually described as "at the foot of the Coteswold hills;" but these hills are nowhere seen from the dell, and are, indeed, several miles distant.*

The ancient Roman way—the Acman Street—crosses the country within half a mile of the source, and connects Cirencester with Bath. The source is about three miles south-west of Cirencester—a famous city in old times, and still a town of some importance, its church and town-hall being fine examples of the architecture of the fifteenth century; its Roman name was derived from the British: Ptolemy calls it Coriuium; Antoninus, Duro-Cornovium—most probably from *dior*, the British name for water. Cirencester was strongly fortified, to protect its inhabitants from "the fierce Silures," and appears to have enjoyed considerable wealth and importance. The town still shows many remains of Roman greatness, and some fine tesselated pavements have been discovered, one of which is still preserved in Lord Bathurst's park; the Museum also exhibits relics of the same ancient people, including various memorials of the Roman soldiery. Few English towns have afforded so rich a field for the antiquary; but the whole district to Woodchester and Gloucester abounds in such records, and has furnished Lysons with some of the most important plates to his great work on Roman remains in Britain. Several great roads branched across England from this city, and all may yet be traced in its immediate neighbourhood. They were known as the Irmin Street (north and south), the Acman Street, the Ickenild Street, and the Fossway.† So admirably were they constructed by the Romans that to this hour they are used, having retained their solidity for centuries.

But the spot to which we direct the more immediate attention of our readers—Trewsbury Castle, a tree-covered mound, at the foot of which is the



THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

cradle of the Thames—retains nothing to indicate its long-ago importance; in the silence and solitude of the place, and looking across the valley towards the great city of which this was an outpost, we recalled the lines of the poet—

"I was that city, which the garland wore,
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in my own ashes, as ye see!"

Having journeyed about three miles from Cirencester, along the Acman Street of the Romans, crossed the Thames and Severn Canal, and arrived in sight of a railway, the shrill whistle of which broke the solitude of the place, and sadly jarred upon the mind at the moment, we reached a small valley, in which we had reason to believe we should find Thames Head. But neither maps nor books gave us any aid as guides. We naturally expected to trace the river to its source by tracking the signs that water almost invariably leaves on the line through which it passes along the meadow—

"Which, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of its silent course."

But for such water-marks we sought in vain: there were neither alders, nor osiers, nor rushes, to be seen; we observed nothing that could in any degree indicate the infant meanderings of a river. Fortunately, however, we encountered a venerable shepherd of the plain, who conducted us at once to the birthplace of the more venerable father. This is a well, which, when Boydell published his history, in 1794, was "enclosed within a circular wall of stone, raised about eight feet from the surface of the meadow;" the stones have fallen, the well is now filled in; it was with difficulty we could ascertain that it contained water—that water being in the sunny month of June many feet below the surface; but in winter it rises, forces itself through all impediments, ascends in thick jets, and so overflows the valley, making its way to greet those earlier tributaries that await its coming to mingle with it and journey to the sea—"most loved of all the ocean's sons." "Thames Head" is therefore pictured, in the accompanying engraving, merely as a heap of stones, overshadowed by trees of no great size: there is not, as we have said, a single water-plant in its vicinity, the bank of the canal forms its background, the dell is a perfect solitude, no dwelling is near, the foot-path is seldom trodden—for, although there still exists "a right of way" through the meadows which lead from the village of Kemble below to that of Cotes above, it is rarely used; but its loneliness is tranquillity, and its silence peace. The fields are fertile, and all things indicate that unobtrusive prosperity which suggests ideas of "contentment, parent of delight."

Poetry and prose have laboured from age to age to describe the pictorial beauty and the moral power of what may be termed the "church-landscape" of



THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE OF COTES.

England; yet no description can adequately convey an idea of its "pleasantness," or of its elevating influence over a "people." The first sight of the spire of his native village after years, long years of wandering, has shaken many a high and firm heart; and tears of repentance and hope, and good resolves, have been often called forth from comparatively hardened sinners by a sound of the church-bell—first heard in the days of innocence and youth. There can be no loneliness, even in imagination, equal to that which the poet pictures in "Juan Fernandez:"—

"But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

In foreign countries, the richly-elaborated cathedral in the great square commands our admiration; but what can we say of the meagre-looking church, with its few trees, its rampant weeds, its neglected grave-yard, its dreary interior, its dismal pictures and painted effigies, making sometimes a feature in the scenery—but how rarely, as with us, being the sentiment, the centre, the crown and beauty of a whole? Whatever may be our feelings on certain points, with which this, our chronicle of the royal English river, has happily nothing whatever to do, we cannot withhold our tribute of gratitude to the spirit that has rightly restored and fitly adorned so many of our parish churches, whether in the crowded city, in the village, or amid the genial solitudes of our country.

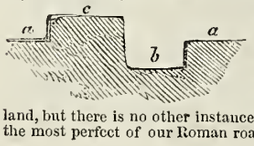
Standing beside the cradle of mighty Thames, and looking forth upon a landscape wealthy in the gifts of tranquillity and hope, and in the varied beauty of sunshine and shade, there rises the tower of the village-church—the Church of Cotes. Solemn and yet pleasing associations crowd upon us; for centuries it has been the beacon to thousands whose graves are at its base,—they may not have been "village Hampdens," but they have fulfilled the mission allotted to them by Providence, and sleep—these

"Rude forefathers of the hamlet"—

beside the homes in which they lived, and under the shadow of the church in which they prayed. What scenes of love and life, of joy and sorrow, have alternated here—come and gone—as time ceaselessly passed onward! Generations

* This chain of gently-rising downs formed a territorial boundary to the early British tribes; and many of the camps on the ridge are probably their work. But the Romans, fully aware of the importance of this line of demarkation, kept up the old landmarks and added others. In later times the Cotswolds were almost exclusively celebrated for their pastoral character, and the fine breed of sheep there reared. New celebrity was given to them in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as hunting and coursing grounds, and Shakspere has immortalised the fact in his "Merry Wives of Windsor." Subsequently Mr. Robert Dovor, an attorney of Warwickshire, obtained licence from James I. to institute country sports of all kinds there, and he for forty years presided over them in person, "habited in a suit of His Majesty's old clothes." These games have been celebrated in the poems of Ben Jonson, Randolph, and Drayton.

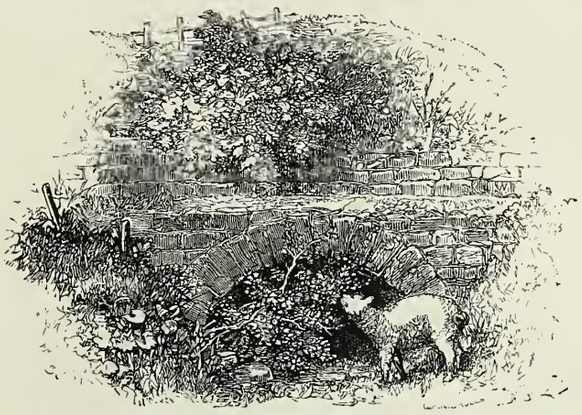
† The Fossway receives its name from the intrenchment which runs parallel to it, on one side or other of its course, and which will be more perfectly understood by the aid of the appended diagram: *a a* is the level traversed by the road; *b* represents the foss or dry ditch beside it. The earth thus dug out was thrown up to raise the road above the ordinary level, as seen at *c*. The Roman roads are generally raised higher than the ordinary level of the land, but there is no other instance of the intrenchment, as in this Fossway. This is one of the most perfect of our Roman roads, and traverses the Cotswold range in a direct line.



after generations have seen the soft cheeks of youth wither into the wrinkles of age, and the step so light and elastic over moss and harebell, become slow and heavy, then feeble and uncertain, tottering at last from the supporting crutch into the quiet grave. Surely are those village spires the lights of our land: come and gone! come and gone! are all around; yet ever enduring, ever inviting, ever rewarding, they continue. Age after age passes, their peaceful bells are heard above the "crash of empires;" while fears of change alarm the world, "perplexing monarchs," they discharge their mighty yet simple task—

"Invite to heaven and point the way."

A walk along the first meadow brings us to the great Bath Road, under which there is a tunnel formed to give passage to the Thames when "the waters are



THE FIRST TUNNEL.

out." In June it was dry, sheep were feeding at its entrance; but in winter it is too narrow for the rush of the stream that has then gathered in force.

Close by this tunnel, and about half a mile from Thames Head, is the engine-house of the Thames and Severn Canal, which, by continual working to supply water to the canal, drains all the adjacent springs, and is no doubt the main cause of absorbing the spring-head of the river. This engine-house is an ungainly structure, which the lover of the picturesque may well wish away; but although a blot upon the landscape, it is happily hidden from the valley in which the Thames has its birth. The course of this canal we shall describe when we reach its terminus at Leehlade.

Half a mile further, perhaps, and the burns begin to gather into a common channel; little trickling rills, clear as crystal, rippling by hedge-sides, make their way among sedges; the water-plants appear, and the Thames assumes the aspect of a perennial stream; so it runs on its course, and brings us to the village of KEMBLE, which occupies a hillock about half a mile from the bank: its church-spire, forming a charming feature in the landscape, standing on a gentle acclivity, and rising above a bower of trees;—the railroad is previously encountered, the river flowing underneath. This church we shall visit before we resume our tour.



THE PORCH: KEMBLE CHURCH.

The earliest mention of this parish is in the charters of the Anglo-Saxon kings; it is also mentioned in that most venerable record of our country, the "Domesday Book"—the inventory of England made for William the Conqueror. In both it is named *Kemele*—sufficiently close to the familiar pronunciation of its name adopted by the country-folks of the present day. The Monks of Malmsbury were possessed of this rich manor in the olden time, it being about six miles from their chief seat. The church is a large structure, still preserving many features of remote antiquity, but they occur only in that fragmentary form which too frequently characterises such relics. The parts which first strike the eye are of early English architecture,* the best portion being the large porch we have pictured, which, however, forms a case, or shrine, to the Norman door, with its chevron ornament decorating the arch.

The water-foliage here commences to encroach upon the stream, giving to it interest and beauty, transparency and health. Among the earliest of the aqueous plants—and that which is seldom out of sight until the Thames loses somewhat of its purity—is the water Crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis*), the large white flowers of which rise in sparkling profusion above the surface; and at this point the curious variety in the floating and submerged leaves is very apparent—the former being broadly lobed, while the latter are cut into minute thread-like divisions, somewhat resembling the leaves of fennel, as shown in the accompanying figure. Further down the river, where the stream acquires increased depth and velocity, the plant assumes a different character—the flat leaves entirely disappear, both stems and leaves being drawn out by the current into mere bundles of cords, often of great length; in this case the flowers are only produced at occasional intervals.



WATER CROWFOOT.

Resuming our walk by the river-bank, we reach THE FIRST BRIDGE which crosses the Thames—all previous passages having been made by stepping-stones, laid across in winter and removed in summer. This bridge, which leads from the village of Kemble to that of Ewen, is level with the road, the river flowing through three narrow arches; it is without parapet. Hence, along the banks for a considerable distance, there is no foot-path of any kind; the traveller who would explore its course must cross hedges and ditches, and avoid the main road to Ewen—an assemblage of cottages and farm-houses. And a delicious walk it was beside the river,—pleasure being augmented by difficulties in the way; the birds were singing blithely in small wood-tufts; the chirp of the grasshopper was gleeful in the meadows; cattle ruminated, standing knee-



THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

deep in adjacent pools; the bee was busy among the clover, and, ever and anon, darted across the stream the rapid kingfisher, the sun gleaming upon his garb of brilliant hues.

"The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings."

Perched on an overhanging branch, the Kingfisher (*Alcedo Ispida*) quietly surveys the motions of his finny prey in the stream beneath, waiting with patience the moment for a favourable plunge; down then descends, "like an arrow," the glittering bird, and in an instant he is on his perch again, bearing the fish in his beak; quieting his prey by a few smart raps against the branch, it soon vanishes down his capacious throat.

The Thames here, in its entire loveliness, is precisely that which "most the poet loves:"—

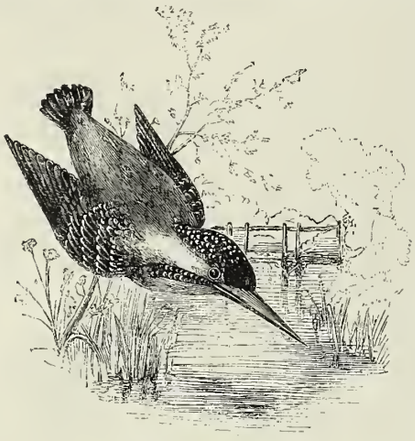
"The rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed."

So quiet are its nooks, into which the whirling eddies run, that it would seem a very paradise of the angler; it is not so, however—bait and fly will be alike unproductive here; although an adventurous trout will sometimes make a journey hither, he soon seeks his way back again, for instinct tells him that during the summer months the sources of these pleasant streams are dry. There are no fish to be found, therefore, except the stickleback and minnow; and these may be properly introduced here as the river's earliest produce of animated life.

The Minnow (*Leuciscus Phoxinus*), called also the Minim and the Pink, is one of the smallest of fresh-water fish, rarely exceeding three inches in length,

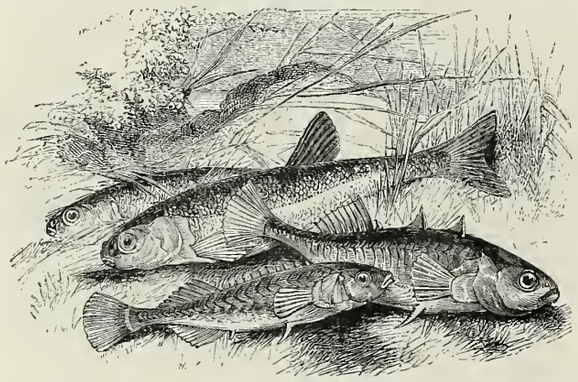
* Mr. Akerman, the accomplished secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, at one of the recent meetings read a paper which contained some interesting and valuable information on this subject:—"Mr. Akerman discovered two Anglo-Saxon cemeteries in the village of Kemble, and this had led him to attempt the identification of the land limits, mentioned in grants of Ewen and Kemble to the Abbey of Malmesbury, by the Anglo-Saxon kings. His researches had been amply repaid, and he exhibited a map of the district, upon which he had marked the ancient and modern names. Among these is the spring known as 'Thames Head,' or the source of the Thames, and the 'hoar-stone,' mentioned in the charter of King Æthelstan, as standing near it. This object has hitherto escaped the notice of topographers and tourists, owing probably to its being concealed from the view of persons who pass along the Roman Fossway. The ancient name of this district (Ewelme, *i.e.*, Origo Fontis) was derived, in fact, from the source of the Thames, but it has been corrupted to Ewin or Yeoing. The circumstance that the field in which the spring rises is called 'Ewen Field,' is a verification of this assertion. In early times there was a chapel at Ewen, but it appears to have been demolished when the church of Kemble was built, as the north side of that edifice is still called the 'Ewen Aisle.' The locality of Kemble, its springs, and its lofty situation, favour the inference that it was an early Saxon settlement, and the scene of the peculiar sacrificial rites of that race. The discovery of two distinct burial-places of people who had not abandoned the pagan mode of sepulture favours this inference."

and not often above two; it is common in rivers and streams, preferring gravelly bottoms, and usually swimming in shoals; it lives on aquatic plants, worms, and small portions of any animal substance. The top of the head and back are of a dusky olive, the belly white, and in summer of a rosy or pink tint, whence one of the names by which it is known; its fins are of pale brown. It is a gracefully-formed and remarkably active fish, and feeds greedily—as the Thames angler well knows, for in fishing for gudgeon he is frequently compelled to leave "the pitch," because the minnows take the bait every time it is let down. We have the authority of Izaak Walton for believing that "being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansie, they make a dainty dish."



THE KINGFISHER.

The Stickleback (*Gasterosteus leiurus*), the common or rough-backed stickleback (for there are several varieties, distinguished by the number of spines, the common being the three-spined), is found in all our rivers, ponds, lakes, brooks, and canals, and inhabits both salt and fresh-water. They are active and peculiarly pugnacious—fighting for supremacy as fiercely as game-cocks, and rarely terminating a duel till one of the combatants is either slain or has made off rapidly. They are seldom longer than three inches, and not often so long. The fish derives its name from the sharpness of its spines; its body is without scales; the colour of the back is green; the cheeks, sides, and belly, are of silvery white; "the sides are defended throughout their whole length by



THE MINNOW AND STICKLEBACK.

a series of elongated bony plates, arranged vertically; a small fold of skin forms a horizontal crest on each side of the tail." If this little creature, pugnacious, ravenous, with natural armour offensive and defensive, were of size proportionate to his vigour and power, he would soon depopulate the stream, of which he would be the despot. Old Izaak says of this little fish, "I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer." A curious and very interesting statement, however, printed by Mr. Warington, exhibits the stickleback as a devoted husband and father, constantly protecting his mate and her progeny, and actually building a nest for her comfort and accommodation—a peculiarity which distinguishes him from all others of the "finny tribe." *

Among the many agreeable sights presented by the river "hereabouts" are large wooden tanks, formed to aid the annual process of sheep-washing; these are for the most part situate in sequestered nooks, and are usually connected with the opposite shore by rustic bridges, composed of large branches of trees, with a sort of hand-rail to conduct the wayfarer across.

It is rarely we can tread these solitary paths without the occurrence of some simple incident worthy of record for those who love nature. We seek it sometimes, but often it comes when least looked for and expected. While our artist was sketching this rustic bridge a little lad bounded from the thicket, and danced along the plank until he reached the opposite bank, then, pausing, he shouted, "Emmy, come, Emmy; now don't be a fool, Emmy!" While speaking he returned to midway the bridge, and made a deliberate stand; a little girl then moved out of the thicket which her brother had quitted at a bound, and cautiously put one foot, and then another on the quivering plank, while the boy see-sawed backward and forward, first on one leg, then on another, to keep up the motion of the bridge; poor Emmy screamed; the little fellow repeated, "Come, come at once; you know you must come—you can't get home unless you do come;" but "Emmy" held fast by the rail and would not "come." Screaming at every fresh spring of the plank, every second moment the child looked over the bridge, where—

> "The water-lily to the light
> Her chalice reared of silver bright,"

and we saw her little chest heave with suppressed sobs—this was cause for inquiry, "Why will you not cross the bridge, Emmy?"

"I'se afeered."

"What do you fear, Emmy? it is quite safe."

"Will you take me across?"—the child looked up with the sweet confidence of childhood on her tear-washed face.



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

"Mother said she was to come over by herself, because it was growing on her," interposed the boy, with the determination of young manhood.

"What is growing on her?"

"Please I do try to help it," said the girl, timidly; "but every time I look over the rail I see it."

"But, Emmy, mother told you *not* to look over the rail," persisted the boy.

"If you'd only give me your hand and walk this side, I couldn't, you know."

"Then it grows on you, Emmy, and you'll be a crazy Jane some day—father said so."

This brought a fresh gush of tears, more abundant than the last, from Emmy's large blue eyes.

"Emmy, what do you see when you look over the rail? *We* see the broad green leaves, and white shining cups of the water-lilies, and floating plaits of duck weed, and tall waving rushes, and bright little fish darting here and there, their quick eyes turning upwards as they vanish: you can see nothing else—except, indeed, the dazzling skimmer of the dragon-fly, and the gentle ripple of that little tide-stream, trying to keep its own pathway amid the waters of the Thames—you *can* see nothing else;" the child drew closer, and clenching her little hand over ours, trembling and white, she whispered—

"I see her face down there—down!"

"Mother would be very angry at your telling that nonsense to strangers."

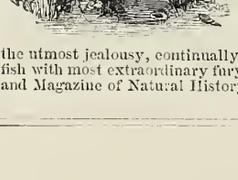
"No, not at all angry," we replied; "but look steadily, Emmy, there is no face—that is simply a line of sunbeam on the water. Stay—if we throw in this stone, you will see how the rays divide—the sunbeams will dance merrily then."

The child shrieked, "No, no, no! you would hurt her—you would kill her. Oh! no, no, no—don't!"

We turned to the boy, who looked with softened eyes at his sister—"It's only a notion she has. There, Emmy, they wont throw stones or anything." He was no longer a boy-bully, but a sympathising brother—he attempted to dry her eyes with the sleeve of his jacket tenderly, even while he told her she ought not to be a fool. "There now, don't cry, and I'll take you over the bridge." The two went on, hand in hand, together; but curiosity obliged us to recall the boy; he came, and told us the cause of his sister's agitation:—"Mother does not know rightly what to do with her; some says she must be made to cross the bridge, and so get used to it, others advise sending her away to gran'mother's for a year or two, till she forgets it. She did so dote on Nanny Green, and took such care of her; and last winter the two were coming over the bridge from school, as it might be now; the plank was thick with snow, and slippery; Emmy held Nanny fast, but she was a wild little thing, springing about like a kid, and all at once Nanny slipt in, and we boys behind heard her crash through the ice, but before we got up Emmy was over after her. We dragged Emmy out all cut and bleeding, but poor Nance was drawn under the ice, and men had to look for her, and at last she was found. I never like to think of it, she was such a fat, merry little thing, and Emmy did love her so; and she don't understand death, and wont believe she lies under the churchyard grass, because she saw her go under the water; she wont believe mother no more than she will me; only everything she sees bright on the water she says is Nanny's face—Nanny's face looking up at her! I wish there was another road to school."

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* "The day after they had been placed in their new domain, the strongest of the male fish was observed most busily employed gathering small ligneous fibres, and carrying them in its mouth to one particular spot, where he appeared to force them into the sand and gravel with his nose. Being perfectly unacquainted at the time with the fact of this little creature building a nest, I watched him more attentively. He had selected a spot behind a piece of rock-work, almost hidden from view; but on looking down from the top of the water I could perceive that he had already constructed a small hole as round as a ring, and with a good broad margin to it, formed of the materials he had been so industriously collecting, and on which he appeared to have placed numerous particles of sand and small pebbles. This spot he guarded with the utmost jealousy, continually starting forth from his position and attacking the other fish with most extraordinary fury."—(*Vide* a paper by Robert Warington, in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," October, 1852.)



BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

PART I.

THOUGH the science of botany has been long more or less perfectly understood, it has been but very scantily applied to the purposes and requirements of the beautifying ornamentist. Perhaps, upon reflection, we may find that this neglect is pardonable—for how were the two sciences to become mingled? If we ask the ornamentist how long it takes to become thoroughly acquainted with his delightful art, he replies that a life-time is too short; and if we ask the botanist what time is required in order to become thoroughly familiar with his fascinating science, he replies that the era of man's life is not long enough. Here, then, has been the difficulty—the ornamentist has not had time to study botany, and the botanist has not had time to study the requirements of the ornamentist. This difficulty is now, however, almost overcome; for as a science progresses, its laws become more simple and definite: this is eminently true of the science of botany—old apparent mysteries are now vanishing away, being superseded by simple truth; nevertheless, though the mountains are becoming low and the rough places in this science smooth, we do not mean to say that all difficulties have vanished, and that the science has accomplished its mission by unravelling the entire web of mystery in the vegetable world. Far from it, for whole pages are yet in a labyrinth of confusion. Notwithstanding, there is now so much truth revealed, so much light enjoyed on this science, that it has laid open to us its fundamental principles, and displayed before us its beauties so simply and pleasingly that it is now little more than a work of mere pleasure to gather those gems that shall appropriately deck the ornamentist's choicest works.

It is needless on our part to show you that nature's gay flowers have in all ages been used by the aspiring ornamentist, and that they have ever been the basis on which the science of ornament has stood. We need not rehearse in your ear the pedigree of Art, to show you that the lotus was the chief unit of Egyptian ornament, that the honeysuckle formed the anthemion of the Greeks, the acanthus the Roman scroll, and numerous floral gems the ornaments of the later ages; nor need we point around to establish the fact that the products of the vegetable kingdom furnish almost the entire materials for the enrichments of the present day.

If, then, the showy gems of the meadow, the ærial bells of the mossy bank, the living cloak of the rippling rill, and the bolder foliage of the darkened forests, have in all ages been used as sources from whence to draw the beauties required for the enrichment of our meaner devices, is it not imperative upon us to gather all the information that modern light has thrown upon them, that we may be better qualified to fulfil our arduous, though delightful task? If modern research has found a clue to their hieroglyphical language, and has shown that not only are their forms exquisite, their curves graceful, and the aggregation of their parts perfect, but that they speak a language which discloses more than their external beauty seems to reveal, shall we not listen to their speech, and cheerfully imbibe their golden teachings?

We rejoice in the fact that some who have become distinguished for their artistic skill have propagated the sentiments which we now advocate. Pugin, in his "Floriated Ornament," remarks that "*Nature* supplied the mediæval artists with all their forms and ideas; the same inexhaustible source is open to us: and if we go to the *fountain-head*, we shall produce a multitude of beautiful designs treated in the same spirit as the old, but new in form." And this is eminently true of other Art-epochs—is it not of the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Italian? but he goes on to say, "We have the advantage of many important botanical discoveries which were unknown to our ancestors; and surely it is in accordance with the true principles of Art to avail ourselves of all that is beautiful for the composition of our designs."

Before we proceed in a systematic manner to examine the merits of our subject, and to adjust them to our purposes, we will answer a question some may ask, viz.:—How much time must be sacrificed in order to become acquainted with the subject? we answer, You will sacrifice none. Have we not read in our history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness: whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field, a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him back to his huzzaing comrades. Was the time here lost which was spent in repairing the buckle? No—it rather proved infinite gain; and the artist's studying botany is only like the hero mending the buckle—for that time cannot be lost which is spent in accomplishing that which shall facilitate his end. You may lend time, but that, we think, will be repaid with usury. The only question that can be entertained is, which is the quickest method of arriving at the required truth. The old system—indefinite observation, or the direct scientific examination of the book of nature. This question we leave the following pages to answer.

If we have now been successful in kindling a desire in the reader's breast for an insight into the wonderful works of the bloomiug creation, we have done well, for he may then more studiously pursue the following.

It is not the object of these paragraphs to fully develop even the simple and certain truths which botanical science has revealed, nor to furnish essays on the latter science, and thence draw maxims to rule our future conduct. It can only come within the limits of our space to display the results and effects of established truths, with their adaptation to our requirements. Therefore, we shall show the adaptability of every part of the vegetable organism, when thoroughly understood, to the general requirements of the ornamental world; and then reveal the peculiar adaptability of certain forms and lessons to particular cases or manufactures. In this great task we shall allow ourselves free scope among all the ramifications of the vegetable kingdom: we may drag the roaring ocean for its organised pearls; we may dip in the tranquil pool for its vegetable gems; we may ascend the alpine heights to bring down their treasures; we may wander o'er the burning plain, or through the woods of the warmer zones to reveal their beauties; we may spread our arms and embrace all tribes of the vegetable race,—believing that they are all given to help us in our glorious task.

In order to receive the full benefits derivable from meditating on the various parts of the vegetable structure, it will be necessary for us to give as brief an insight as possible into the laws or principles which govern the development of the various vegetable organs, and the influences which bear upon their development, so as to modify or disturb their normal positions.

We ask you to follow us to the woodland, and as we crouch beneath the outstretched boughs, behold the humbler gems which form the carpet of the great hall of nature; as we enter on the grottoes formed by the meeting of the high and lofty arms of the towering trees, mingled with the free-growing creeper, lift your searching gaze and examine the overhanging canopy. Wander on, and lounge on the downy couch by the side of the murmuring rivulet, and scrutinise its nodding bells, its odorous bespangled covering. Take your morning walk, and behold the vegetable virgins of the earth lifting up their heads, unfolding their gay foliage, and blushing to kiss the morning dew: and in these cases we say that you see nature in her true character, in her twofold aspect.

The first and general effect that strikes us in such a ramble is the *rustic*, an effect derivable from two sources—first, the vegetable structures are here modified by external natural influences; and second, they are for the greater part deformed in their growth from the preponderance of interrupting causes. Before, however, we can fully comprehend in what way, and to what extent, nature is here modified by influences from without, we must be familiar with the normal positions of the various organs and their natural habits. Therefore it behoves us to examine first the principles on which nature works, so that we may learn, as it were, her intentions, or what her productions would be were they unmodified by external influences. This latter condition of nature we shall call its *natural state*. After which examination we shall be qualified to discern between truth and deformity, rule and exception.

A plant is regarded by the botanist as composed of a central rod, or stem, which he names the *axis*, and *lateral* organs of diverse characters, as leaves, &c., which proceed from it. For artistic purposes we deem it expedient to view these structures from two points, or in two lights—first, as looking at the side of the plant (the ordinary view that we have of trees), when it is to us a vertical composition; and second, as looking on the top of the object (the view which we generally have of small plants, as the houseleek, daisy, &c.), when it is to us a circular composition. These observations will lead us to a great principle in the vegetable world—viz., *the centralisation of power, or the exertion of a force in a centrifugal manner from a fixed point*, which gives a marvellous oneness to the structures of this kingdom. This, with the great variety worked out in nature by the Great Head of the universe, has given rise to what is termed "*unity in variety*."

Let us now glance at the axis, or central rod of the plant. If we take the axis of such a plant as the Elder, Lilac, Horse-chestnut, or Guelder-rose, one year old, and view it laterally, we find that it is thickest in its centre, where the root and stem meet, or at the plane from which the plant elongates in opposite directions (this plane has been named the collar, or medial line). This axis, then, is composed of two cones, the bases of which cohere.

The axis, however, is not naked, but is usually garbed in a foliaceous dress; nor is this mantle carelessly adjusted, for every leaf has its own individual position, and each one is so placed as to form, with the rest, a symmetrical series. If, now, we examine the disposition of the leaves, or foliaceous appendages, on one of the axes above suggested (the Guelder-rose, for example, Fig. 1), we shall find that there originates in, or springs from, certain planes



Fig. 1. GUELDER-ROSE.—*Viburnum opulus.*

which cross the stem or axis at intervals, two leaves which develop in contrary directions from the two opposite sides of the stem. In no instance, on this plant, do we find more than two having their origin in the same plane, or less than two developed by this vital point (they are in this case said to be opposite). Not only are the leaves on these plants in pairs, but each successive pair crosses the pairs both immediately above and below it, or is so situated as to form with them right angles. Substitute for the axis just examined that of the Goose-grass (*galium*, Fig. 2), or the Madder, and here we have a series of three or more leaves originating in the one vital plane; hence they are

arranged in rings round the axis (*verticillately*), and each successive verticil is so developed that its



Fig. 2. Goose-grass.—*Galium aparine.*

members fall between the component parts of the whorls both immediately below and above it. If, now, we turn to the Lime-tree, or *Polygonum cuspidatum* (Fig. 3), we no longer find two or more



Fig. 3. *Polygonum cuspidatum.*

leaves originating in one transverse plane, but we find the leaves protruded solitary at intervals, one at one side, the other at the other side of the stem (*alternately*). Simple as this arrangemant may appear, and actually is, it is nevertheless the first of a series which successively becomes more and more complex; for though the leaves are merely alternately at one side and then at the other, they nevertheless take their consecutive positions in a spiral cycle, as will be immediately seen from a glance at the figure (Fig. 4). To follow out this spiral arrangement, we may notice the *Cereus triangularis*, or the Meadow-saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*), where one revolution of the spiral thread encounters three

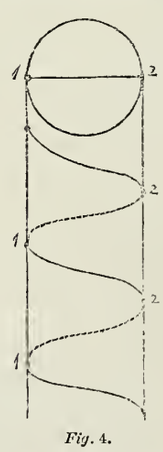


Fig. 4.

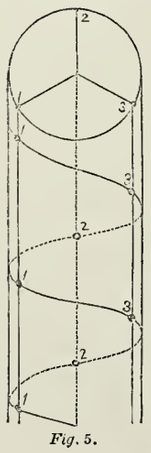


Fig. 5.

leaves; the fourth, or, rather, the first of the next cycle, being over the first (the principle of which is shown in Fig. 5), whereas, in the alternate arrangement, two leaves only are encountered in one spiral revolution; the third, which is the first of the next cycle, being over the first. Without following this out in its various modifications, as this is not the object of these pages, but rather to convey a mere outline of principles, we just notice that, in some instances, the spiral thread makes more than one revolution round the axis in order to complete the unit of the arrangement of the leaves. An exceedingly common form of this variety is that in which two revolutions of the spiral thread, encountering five leaves, complete the cycle—this is found in the Oak (Fig. 6), and many of our fruit-trees.

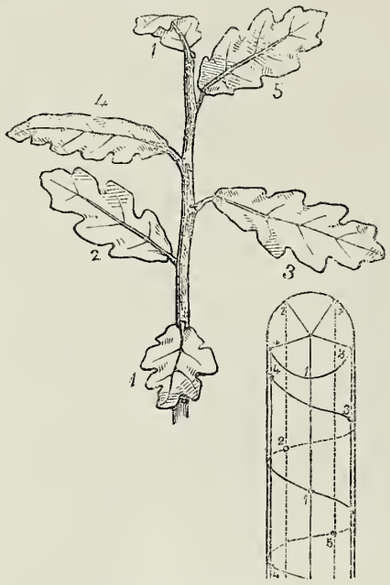


Fig. 6. Oak.—*Quercus.*

These being the principal varieties of the arrangements of leaves upon the axis, furnish us with nature's most simple and characteristic vertical compositions; and few, we think, can have passed even thus far without being forcibly impressed with the lesson that simplicity is elegance.

Having now examined the principles on which leaves are developed, and their varied aspects when viewed in a side or lateral direction, we must notice the peculiarities and appearance of these diverse arrangements when viewed from above.

Recommencing our observations with the opposite leaves, as of the Guelder-rose, and viewing them from above, we find that most frequently each successive pair occupies the spaces midway between the leaves of the pairs both immediately below and above them, as we have already stated, thus giving rise to a cross as the top view (Fig. 7).

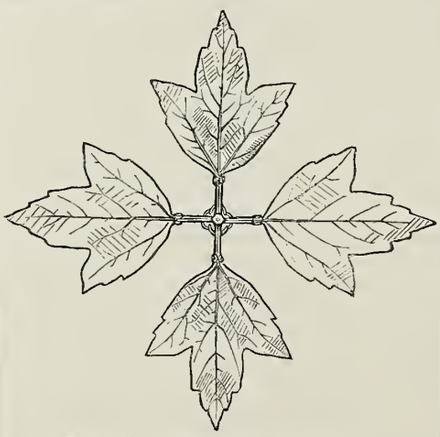


Fig. 7. Guelder-rose.—*Viburnum opulus.*

If we view verticillate leaves from above (Fig. 2), we shall find, as we have previously remarked, that the leaves of each successive verticil, or ring, occupy the spaces between the leaves of the preceding whorl, giving rise to the effect delineated in Fig. 8, each alternate pair being over one another.

Respecting the top, or horizontal view of the spiral modes of arrangement, it is obvious that in



Fig. 8. Goose-grass.—*Galium aparine.*

the alternate disposition, as that of the *Polygonum cuspidatum*, where one leaf is on one side of the stem, and one on the other, the third being over the first, that they fall simply into two rows, one on either side of the stem (Fig. 9). In that disposition



Fig. 9. *Polygonum cuspidatum.*

where three leaves form one spiral cycle, the leaves are in three rows; and in that where five leaves form one unit of the spiral, whether the spiral thread revolves once or twice round the stem in order to complete the cycle, the leaves are in five rows (Fig. 10). This is sometimes carried to a much more complex state, as in the Screw-pine.



Fig. 10. Oak.—*Quercus.*

These observations reveal to us nature's most characteristic and simple circular compositions, and show forth a series of members, originating in one point, and extending on one plane; and a series of parts, originating in various points, and arranged round an extended centre. This subject will, however, be touched on again. As in all cases the lateral members are the product of the axis, or originate in the central rod, it is obvious that this central axis embodies, or is, the centre of power. And as this axis is in all cases the centre, and the lateral organs proceed from it, there is at once displayed a marvellous unity in the entire products of the more highly organised tribes of the vegetable kingdom—for all, when viewed from above, are circular compositions.

Having now glanced at the most simple compositions displayed before us by our kind Creator, we proceed to notice the principle on which nature constructs, or develops her more complex structures.

It is an axiom in botany, that whatever is the arrangemeut of the leaves, such is the arrangement of the branches; for a branch is always the product of the development of a bud, and a *regular* bud is always generated in, and developed from, the axil of

a leaf, or the angle formed by its union, with the stem or axis; this, therefore is evident, and at once reveals the principle on which nature produces her more complex structures. This, which is merely a system of repetition, may be carried to any extent.

There is one point which we should here notice—viz., that although the structure may be extremely complex in appearance, it is so only in extent; for the unit is invariably more or less simple, as well as the method of its repetition.

The French* have expressed themselves thus:—"It is more logical to say that a plant, by growth, repeats than divides itself." Now upon this beautiful idea one or two things of great interest are built: first, that the branches given off by a parent axis are axes each of which is precisely similar to the parent in its original condition, or, in fact, is a repetition or reproduction of the parent in its original state; and second, that as the power of development is centralised in the axis, each lateral axis has this power also; therefore we have a primary central developing power, surrounded by a series of secondary developing points (Fig. 11). Here we see most clearly that

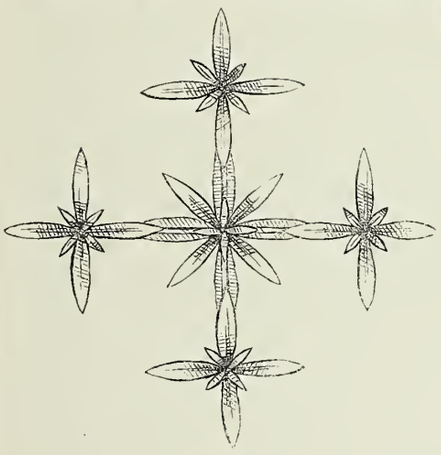


Fig. 11.

the broad principle of unity in variety is wonderfully worked out in the vegetable kingdom.

Need we go further to reveal the simplicity of the structure of the works of creation as displayed in the vegetable kingdom? Having thrown out the unit, can we not readily repeat it; having laid the first stone, can we not readily raise the edifice? Lest we should not have expressed ourselves with sufficient clearness, and left some difficulties yet standing, we proceed to apply these principles to the various parts of the vegetable structure.

Having shown that the entire robe of the central axis is the result of a centrifugal vital force, and that this is not only inherent in the primary axis, but in lateral axes also; having also shown that this one energy, modified in effect, exists in all the more highly organised products of the vegetable kingdom, we now proceed to notice the extent of the modification of this universal vital force. It is entertained by most botanists that, although the arrangement of leaves—hence of buds and branches—is diverse, that, nevertheless, the principle of their development is one; for instance, suppose that an axis develops its leaves in a spiral manner, and that the portions of the stem which separate each consecutive member of the spiral cycle are undeveloped, those portions only being generated which separate each complete revolution of the spiral, the result would be a whorl of parts, and not a spiral disposition. In this supposition we are borne out by many facts in nature (see the Jerusalem-artichoke, *Helianthus tuberosus*). Upon this principle are the parts of the flower adjusted; the flower-stalk is the axis or stem, and the component parts of the flower are leaves in a somewhat metamorphosed state. By the non-development of the portions of the axis which separate the floral leaves, they are aggregated usually into four contiguous rings of parts. These rules, however, are not without apparent exceptions; but space will only permit us to deal with broad principles and general facts.

* See E. le Maout's "Botany."

Deeming the preceding sufficient to show the unity of that divine idea which God has been pleased to work out so wonderfully and so variously in the vegetable products of our globe, and to establish fully the fact that one principle reigns throughout the countless varieties of the floral developments of our globe, we proceed with our task.

Having now examined the laws or principles on which nature works in the vegetable kingdom, it will not be difficult to establish our next proposition—viz., *that the productions of nature belonging to the vegetable world are symmetrical in their parts, as well as in the disposition of those parts when aggregated, if their normal arrangement is not disturbed by external influences.* The first question that here arises is, What is symmetry?* "Symmetry," says Lindley, "may be defined to be the general correspondence of one half of a given object with the other half, in structure, or other perceptible circumstances; or the general correspondence of one side of an object with the opposite side, in structure, or other perceptible circumstances." And he goes on to say:—"If understood in such a sense, all living objects whatever will be included under the denomination of symmetrical. That which we find universally in the animal kingdom belongs to all parts of the living world, and must therefore occur equally in plants, however unlike animals they may be. The student's attention cannot be directed too closely to this important law, from which there is no real departure, except owing to accidents, such as those which produce monsters in objects with which we are most familiar. Indeed, symmetry in plants arises out of their peculiar nature, and is dependent upon a highly-complicated internal structure, which is in itself essentially symmetrical. The basis from which organs proceed being symmetrical, it seems to be an evident inference that the organs themselves should be symmetrical also." This statement—viz., that vegetables are symmetrical—is so obvious that it requires no proof; for we think that none could have joined us thus far in our researches without feeling that this is a prominent characteristic of vegetable pro-



Fig. 12. Plane.—*Planus orientalis.*

ductions; for, having shown that nature works on set principles, we have shown that her products must be symmetrical, for the result of principle and order is symmetry. If, however, we take any vegetable organ, or aggregation of organs, for analysis, we shall be struck with their marked adherence to this rule.

Take the leaf of almost any plant, and you will find that its two halves are alike (Fig. 12); so constant is this, that the two or three exceptions in the vegetable kingdom are marked by botanists as, to an extent, curiosities, examples of which are the Begonia (Fig 13) and Elm; and, although these examples prove exceptions to the symmetry or correspondence of the parts of the individual leaf, nevertheless the disposition of these leaves on the axis is such as will restore symmetry. No comment need be given on the disposition of the leaves alluded to, for all, falling into a regular geometrical series, are symmetrical—the spiral not excepted.

* Lys' "Symmetry of Vegetation."

If we turn to flowers, two varieties strike us; both of which are, however, equally symmetrical.

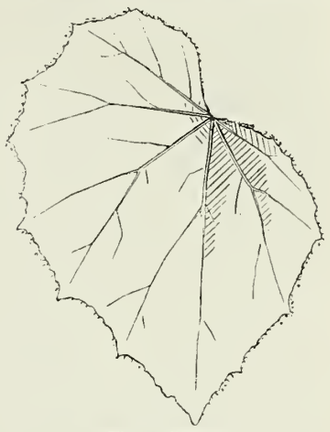


Fig. 13. Begonia.

The most common is that in which the flower is composed of a series of units, which are precisely similar; thus in the Stonecrop (Fig. 14), there are five precisely similar lobes forming the outer ring of parts (sepals, constituting the calyx); five yellow leaves, precisely alike, forming the next whorl (petals, forming the corolla); ten awl-shaped members, surmounted with knobs, forming the third ring (stamens, forming the andræcium); and five central parts (carpels, constituting the pistil). Here the units of each whorl are precisely similar, and they have their halves also alike; but it would not interfere with the symmetry were the halves of the members of any of the whorls unequal, provided that all pointed one way, as in the flower-leaves (petals) of the Periwinkle (*vinca*, Fig. 15). The other variety is that in which the



Fig. 14. Stonecrop.—*Sedum.*

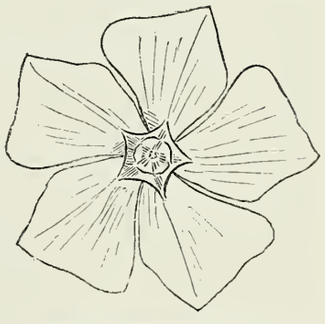


Fig. 15. Periwinkle.—*Vinca.*

two halves of the flower only are alike, as the Pansy (Fig. 16); but here there is no loss of symmetry, as the halves are similar, and it makes a pleasing variety. It only demands a peculiar position, which we shall hereafter notice.

None, perhaps, could help being struck with the numbers of the parts of the flower of the Stonecrop (Fig. 14), as we enumerated them, the outer whorl being composed of five parts; the next of five; the next of ten (twice five); and the inner of five. This is a rule in the vegetable kingdom, *that whatever may be the number of parts in one floral whorl, that such shall either be the number in the other whorls, or some power (multiple) of that number.* This rule, however, is not without exceptions.

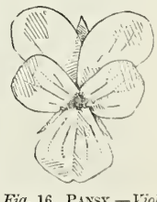


Fig. 16. Pansy.—*Viola tricolor.*

We must next notice a principle of paramount importance, which is equally strongly exhibited in the vegetable kingdom with those points above reviewed—namely, *adaptation to purpose;* this, however, we must defer for our next paper.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

VENICE: THE BUCENTAUR.

A. Canaletto, Painter. J. B. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. ½ in. by 2 ft. 5⅝ in.

Of the vast number of Venetian scenes which Canaletto painted, this is, perhaps, the most elaborate in its details, and the most gorgeous in effect—qualities that are sufficiently accounted for by the nature of the subject. Venice, the city of palaces, contains no finer display of picturesque architecture than that part of the Grand Canal which is seen in this picture; and, to heighten its splendour, the artist has introduced the grandest pageant with which the history of the republic is associated. The general character of the works of this painter is so well known, that it is unnecessary to offer much comment upon them; his pictures are portraits of the places they represent, copied with the truth of the daguerreotype, and exhibiting little attempt to invest them with poetical feeling or sentiment. Mr. Ruskin is very severe upon Canaletto, and refuses him even the merit of truth, although admitting that he "possesses nothing but daguerreotypism." After asking his readers to restore Venice, in their imaginations, to some resemblance of what she was before her fall, which they will, perhaps, be able to do "from such scraps of evidence as may still be gleaned from under the stucco and paint of the Italian committees of taste, and from the drawing-room innovations of English and German residents," he thus proceeds, in his own eloquent but harsh language, to speak of Canaletto:—"Let him,"—the reader, that is,—"looking from Lida or Fusina, replace in the forest of towers those of the hundred and sixty-six churches which the French threw down; let him sheet her walls with purple and scarlet, overlay her minarets with gold, cleanse from their pollution those choked canals which are now the drain of hovels where they were once the vestibules of palaces, and fill them with gilded barges and bannered ships; finally, let him withdraw from this scene, already too brilliant, such sadness and stain as had been set upon it by the declining energies of more than half a century, and he will see Venice as it was seen by Canaletto: whose miserable, virtueless, heartless mechanism, accepted as the representation of such various glory, is, both in its existence and acceptance, among the most striking signs of the lost sensation and deadened intellect of the nation at that time; a numbness and darkness more without hope than that of the grave itself, holding and wearing yet the sceptre and the crown, like the corpses of the Etruscan kings, ready to sink into ashes at the first unbarring of the door of the sepulchre."

In a subsequent paragraph Mr. Ruskin enters into a more minute criticism of the works of Canaletto; with some of his remarks we agree, others we dissent from: still, there are pictures by this artist which are scarcely amenable to any of the charges brought against him by the author of "Modern Painters."

The subject of the picture here engraved is one familiar enough to all acquainted with English Art, as it has long been a favourite with many of our painters; indeed, there are few who have visited Venice without bringing back some pictorial reminiscence of the Graud Square of St. Mark, and its contiguous edifices. The Bucentaur, the state galley of the ancient republic, is now, we believe, rotting in the Arsenal, after having for more than six hundred years borne the Doge, and all the great civic dignitaries, to the mouth of the Adriatic, to assist in the ceremony of the espousals of the city with the sea, on the Feast of Ascension, when the Doge dropped the ring into the Adriatic, betrothing her in these words:—"We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetnal sovereignty." This ceremony is traced to a victory obtained, in 1177, by the Doge Zinni, over Otho, son of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. The Pope, Alexander III., whose cause the Venetians had embraced, received the conquerors on their return, and presenting their commander with a ring, authorised him to use it as related on every anniversary day of the victory. The ceremony terminated with the occupation of Venice by the French at the close of the last century.

The picture is in the Collection at Windsor Castle.

ISCHL:

A NEW FIELD FOR ARTISTS.

This little place, which we have made our headquarters for the purpose of exploring the beauties of the Salzkammergut, a district lying in the south of Austria, joining Tyrol, was, till lately, an insignificant markct-town; and though still boasting of no fine public buildings, nor having the evil attractions of a gaming-table, like other baths of Germany, undoubtedly far surpasses them all in the charms lavished upon it by nature. The advantages it offers to the artist, and lover of what is beautiful, are such, that I purpose entering into somewhat lengthened details on the subject, hoping thereby to induce some artist to spend a summer's vacation here, as I regret so few of our English landscape-painters repair to a spot in every way desirable for them. My own attention was drawn to the Salzkammergut by Herr Kummer, the well-known artist of Dresden. From Vienna we came up to Linz by steamer, passing some grand scenes on the Danube. At Linz we took the tram-road to Lambach and Gmunden, stopping at the former a night, in order to enjoy a peep at the Traun Falls, about seven miles distant, more leisurely. The Traun, a stream bright and clear as crystal, dashes over rocks grand and picturesque in form; the white foam, wreathing above and about you, falls like showers of diamonds in the sunshine. The surrounding scenery harmonises well; indeed, I consider these falls equal to Schaffhausen. The lake of Gmunden, or, as it is sometimes called, the Traunsee, is romantic in the extreme—particularly at the Ebensee end, where the Dachstein, with its glaciers, first comes into view. Mountains encircle the lake, but they are not all bare and barren, as in most lake districts, being generally clothed to the water's edge with forests of fir, larch, beech, and oak; bold masses of rock jutting forth, and contrasting well with the varied tints of the neighbouring foliage: thus there is less sameness thau is usually found in similar spots.

A steamer carries passengers from Gmunden to Ebensee; and though the idea of a steam-boat on so lovely a lake may at first appear rather to jar with one's preconceived notions of the picturesque, and to be sadly out of place, yet I assure you we availed ourselves gladly of the accommodation it afforded, and were soon so thoroughly absorbed in the contemplation of the increasing grandeur of the scenery, as to be perfectly forgetful of our means of locomotion. When about half-way across, the lake makes a sudden bend, and the character of the scene is entirely changed, that part near Gmunden being of a smiling, quict kind of beauty, while at the upper end the rocks rise majestically from the water, their fine and *peculiar* outline cutting clearly against the sky—the magnificent Traunstein lowering above them all, and casting its gigantic shadow over the bright green water,—for you must know the colour and transparency of the Traun are shared by every lake throughout the Salzkammergut. Vehicles are at Ebensee in waiting to take people on to Ischl, along the Traun valley, in which fresh beauties present themselves at every turn; in truth, it would be difficult to find in a day's journey scenery to equal that I have endeavoured to give a slight notion of. The accommodation at the hotels is good, particularly at the Kaiserin Elizabeth, kept by a civil, obliging person, Herr Bauer, who speaks English; but for any one who desires very ecouomical quarters, there are several other hotels of less pretension. Apartments are numerous and not dear, if you bargain, as they always demand about double what they intend taking. Capital fishing is to be had. The costume of the women is peculiar as regards the head-dress, it consisting of a large black silk handkerchief bound round the head, and tied so as to bring all the ends hanging down behind. The peasantry are not handsome:—but to return to my subject. The excursions that can be taken from Ischl are numerous, and gentlemen who are not too fastidious about having luxuries for supper or dinner—as I fear many of my countrymen are—may generally be fairly accommodated for a few nights in the villages round, if, for purposes of study, so long an absence from head-quarters be desirable. A convenient mode of locomotion is to hire a carriage of the country, called an *Einspänner*, and it is not very expensive. We enjoyed our visit to the Vorder Gosausee extremely. The road that leads thither passes by one end of the Hallstadt Lake, then diverges, and you enter a narrow defile, down which rushes a lively torrent, forming, from the nature of its rocky bed, and the steepness of the descent, a succession of cascades.

Inviting subjects for the pencil present themselves throughout this gorge, as also in the Gosauthal, at its upper extremity, where you must leave your carriage, as a forest intervenes between it and the Vorder See: on emerging from the former, the lake suddenly bursts upon you with solemn grandeur, hemmed in as it is by lofty mountains and dazzling glaciers. A boat carries you across, and after a short walk, you come to the Hinter See, yet more sublime in its severe beauty. The scene is one that baffles my poor powers of description. So profound a stillness reigns, that one cannot resist the feeling of awe that creeps over the mind, and at length renders the longing after life and sunshine unbearable. The reflections in the deep, dark water were perfect: the only creature I saw to disturb the repose of the scene was a chamois coming down to drink: he soon fled away on observing us.

The lake of Hallstadt is another of the sombre kind, the mountains being of great height: in fact, in the little village bearing the same name, the sun is not seen for months above their summits. From what I have said, I fear you may fancy the scenery is all of a grand, but savage character—such as Salvator Rosa revelled in; but it is not the case, as all who have visited the lovely lake of Wolfgang will testify, than which nothing can possibly be more picturesque or beautiful.

Less distant excursions offer equally enchanting objects, the only difficulty for the artist being what to commence with; indeed, the sketchbook should never be left at home, as on emerging from the dense woods most exquisite views over hill and valley present themselves, in spots where nothing of the kind could have been anticipated. The trees are ever luxuriant. For the botanist also Salzkammergut has many charms, its stores being rich and varied; and to the seeker after health the exhilarating mountain air is invaluable. The simplicity of the daily routine of life is charming; everybody enjoys himself in a natural, unaffected manner. Breakfast and coffee we generally take in the open air, either at a nice little country inn up the Laufen valley, or at one of the many places set apart for such purposes, and which are always situated where a fine view lies stretched out before you.

Salzburg is easily reached from Ischl; the beauties of its situation are too well known to require any mention here. The drive from thence to Königsee, through the valley of Berchtesgaden, is so fine that no one can regret the time it occupies: and the Königsee itself well deserves its high sounding name. We were much favoured by the weather when we visited it, the day being one of smiles and frowns—so we had opportunities of seeing the lake under many aspects. The mountains encircling the Königsee are grand in the extreme, and as the masses of cloud rolled majestically up, disclosing their fine outlines, they appeared to great advantage. Occasional gleams of sunshine shot athwart the lake as we rowed along, and served to make the gloom more perceptible: it was altogether a strange, melancholy scene. The boats used on this lake are most primitive, being formed only of a single tree hollowed out; they are in shape similar to a canoe, and highly picturesque.

My letter has really become so long that I fear your patience is exhausted, yet I feel how inadequately I have portrayed the delights of a summer's residence at Ischl; however, if I have excited your curiosity, so as to make you come and judge for yourself, my object is attained. Believe me when I say that during my long wanderings a lovelier district than the Salzkammergut, with its magnificent mountains, waterfalls, glaciers, forests, sparkling rivers, and romantic lakes, it never has been my lot to see; indeed, I question if there be a country more rich in the glories of nature, and long, long will the remembrance of the happy hours spent watching the ever-varying effects of evening from our cottage at Ischl be treasured by me.

Ethers S. Percy.



ST. MARKS — THE BUCENTAUR

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The stained glass windows painted by Mr. Ballantine, from the designs of Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., have just been fixed in their places, in the building known as the "Scott Monument." There are four principal windows, and the chief architectural ornamentation of the glass consists of elaborate Gothic canopies, with rich mosaic backgrounds, surmounting figures and armorial bearings supported on pedestal pillars, with foliated caps and panelled backgrounds of geometric tracery. The south window has an effigy of St. Giles, the tutelar saint of Edinburgh, habited in the robes of an abbot of the eighth century, and supported on each side by angels with stringed instruments of music. The north window exhibits an effigy of St. Andrew, the tutelar saint of Scotland, supported by two kneeling angels, who present him with branches of palm. The west window contains the arms of Edinburgh; the castle and rock on the shield are copied from a very old engraving: various heraldic devices surround the coat-of-arms. The east window exhibits the ancient arms of Scotland, also surrounded by devices and mottoes. In each window an angel, rising over a richly-carved corbel, holds a shield, on which the arms of Sir Walter Scott are blazoned, and the four windows are surrounded with labelled borderings, on which are inscribed appropriate passages from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." In addition to these are four smaller windows, filled in with diapered glass. The effect of the whole has been described to us as exceedingly chaste and brilliant, showing Mr. Ballantine to be a master in the "art and mystery" of glass-staining. The sketches for the figures of St. Andrew and St. Giles were furnished by Mr. James Drummond, of the Royal Scottish Academy; so that the entire work is the joint production of artists, the fellow-countrymen of him in whose honour the building is erected.

The report of the committee of the "Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland," for the year 1855-56, has been forwarded to us: the income of the past year shows a considerable advance over the preceding, the amount subscribed reaching to nearly £5000. With a portion of this sum, thirty-seven works of Art were purchased from the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, and from the studios of its members and exhibitors, including "St. Patrick's Day," by E. Nicol, £400; six illustrations from "The Gentle Shepherd," by T. Faed, £250; "Watching the Pass—Daybreak," by J. Noel Paton, £150; "Newhaven Harbour," S. Bough, £120; "A Turf Cot—returning from the Bog," E. Nicol, £120; "The Bass, from the Rocks at Canty Bay," E. T. Crawford, £120; "Highland Stream," W. H. Paton, £100;" "An English Village—Winter Afternoon," S. Bough, £80: to these pictures a marble bust of "Ophelia," by W. Calder Marshall, R.A., was added, and a number of statuettes, executed in statuary-porcelain by Copeland, from Brodie's "Corinna." The Committee, feeling themselves compelled to abandon the idea of issuing to the subscribers an illustrated edition of the "Gentle Shepherd," substituted for it an engraving, by H. Lemon, from the picture of "The Two Henrys," by J. C. Horsley, A.R.A. For future distribution there are in preparation a series of designs illustrating Burns' ballad of "The Soldier's Return," and an engraving by W. H. Egleton, from Scott Lauder's picture of "Christ teaching Humility." These are the chief points on which the report touches; and we have only to congratulate the Society on the sure and steady progress it appears to be making.

OXFORD.—Six statues of men illustrious in science and philosophy are about to be placed in the grand hall of the Museum at Oxford: these sculptured works are the gift of Her Majesty, and will be executed in Caen stone, and of the size of life. Mr. A. Munro has had two entrusted to him—those of Gallileo and Newton; the former is completed, and the latter considerably advanced. Mr. T. Woolner is at work upon another, that of Lord Bacon. We have not learned the subjects of the three others, nor who have been commissioned to execute them; but we cannot speak in too high terms of the gracious consideration which has prompted Her Majesty to command these works, and especially to entrust them to sculptors comparatively unknown to fame, who are thus afforded an opportunity of raising themselves to distinction in an Art—that of portrait-sculpture—in which we certainly are, as yet, far below the artists of the Continent.

NORWICH.—The annual Art-Exhibition was opened in this city on the 19th of November; it is spoken of, by some of the local journals as being the best which Norwich as yet has had, containing numerous pictures by the old masters—Titian, Salvator Rosa, Velasquez, Van Huysum, Van Dyck, Metzu, and Hals, which were contributed from the galleries of the neighbouring gentry, who also sent specimens of the following deceased English painters:—Gainsborough, Muller, Clarke, Cotman, and Crome, senior: the two last were natives of Norfolk. Of living British painters known in the metropolitan exhibitions, the catalogue includes the names of—Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Frith, R.A., J. Ward, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., T. Uwins, R.A., H. B. Willis, Williams, Egley, Desvignes, J. Stark, A. F. Rolfe, Zeigler, J. B. Pyne, Gosling, W. Hunt, Bouvier, R. H. Woodman, Vickers, Callow, Mrs. Oliver, Lance, Duffield, and Boddington, junior; and among the local artists whose works deserve especial notice, are those of Mr. Claude Nursey, head-master of the School of Design, A. G. Stannard, Mrs. Stannard, and Miss E. Stannard, D. Hodgson, Ladbrooke, senior and junior, Barwell, Downes, &c., &c.

CORK.—The annual examination of the drawings, &c., executed by the pupils of the School of Art in this city, took place on the 22nd of October, when fourteen medals were awarded to the same number of students, and "honourable mention" was made of sixteen other names. Nine prizes were also awarded for proficiency in perspective, geometry, and freehand drawing. On the 24th of the month, the prizes were presented to the successful students by the Mayor of Cork, in the presence of a large company of the supporters of the institution and their friends.

BANBRIDGE, County Down.—A marble tablet to the memory of Captain Crozier, R.N., who, as Commander of the *Terror* in the last Arctic expedition, is presumed to have lost his life with his brave companions, Sir J. Franklin and others, has recently been erected in the church of his native place, Banbridge. The upper part of the monument represents the doomed ship amidst the icebergs, and underneath the inscription is a medallion portrait of the deceased officer. The work is designed and executed by Mr. J. R. Kirk, R.H.A., a young Irish sculptor, whose productions we have before favourably noticed: this, his latest work, will add to his rising reputation.

YARMOUTH.—The hint given a month or two back, by ourselves and some of our contemporaries, respecting the Nelson Monument at Yarmouth, has, it would seem, received due attention from the gentlemen of Norfolk, who have held a meeting "to take into consideration the best means of providing for its restoration, and preserving it in effectual repair for the future." A committee which includes a considerable number of the most influential "county names," was nominated, and a subscription commenced; so that, ere very long, we trust to hear that this memorial of our great naval commander is no longer a reproach to the county which boasts of him as "their hero."

CHESTER.—At the last public examination of the students of the Chester School of Art, 750 pupils were examined in drawing; of this large number, three received medals, and other prizes were awarded to ninety-five of the scholars.

WORCESTER.—The annual meeting of the Worcester School of Art was held on the 21st of November. We hear that the drawings exhibited by the pupils included a large increase of advanced works; and that the studies have been rendered more practically useful by their application to articles of manufacture. The number of pupils attending the classes, both male and female, is greater during the last sessional year than at any former period.

BURSLEM.—The annual meeting of the Burslem School of Art was held on the 3rd of December. In the report, the committee congratulated the friends of the institution on the satisfactory progress of the pupils, whose numbers are so steadily increasing as to require a more suitable school-room—a subject which was urged upon the attention of the visitors.

CARLISLE.—The subscribers to the Carlisle School of Art, and the friends of the institution, held their annual meeting on the 1st of December. Mr. Brook has resigned the office of head-master, and is succeeded by Mr. W. Pozzi. The income of the school during the past year had exceeded the current expenditure, so that the school had so far become self-supporting. The number of pupils attending the Central School was 67, and 378 were taught by the master in the various public and private schools.

SWANSEA.—The fourth annual report of the Swansea School of Art was read at a meeting of subscribers, &c., on the 2nd of December. We learn, that in consequence of the withdrawal of two public classes,—the Normal and the National Schools, to the former of which a private teacher had been appointed,—there has been a falling off in the number of pupils and the amount of receipts; but there was an increase of subscriptions, and the committee are quite sanguine of ultimate success.

THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER.

THE severity of the weather has necessitated a temporary suspension of the progress of the building. A portion of the brick-work façade which fell down during the frost cannot be repaired and proceeded with; but, with that energy which characterises the plan and its execution, this façade has been at once abandoned, and an iron one will be substituted. The entire length of the building is 700 feet, and its entire breadth 200 feet. In form it is somewhat similar to the Crystal Palace, but through the bulk of the building there are no galleries; there is a gallery extending only round the upper portion of one extremity, that is, between the transept and the further end of the structure. The grand centre aisle, and the two smaller aisles, one on each side of it, extending the entire length of the building, constitute the grand central hall, which is again flanked by two other aisles of the same length. The internal appearance, as far as we can judge at present, will be exceedingly graceful, and for exhibiting pictures, the light, we are told, is most favourable; this is especially gratifying, as the edifice will contain some of the finest works of Art the country can show; and our private collections are richer in ancient Art than those of any other nation. It was proposed at the end of the edifice to construct refreshment and other rooms, but this part of the plan is abandoned, and the space originally set apart for that purpose will be laid out as a gallery to hang water-colour drawings; there will also be smaller rooms for special arrangement of collections of *vertu*. The plan of the exhibition, besides the classic and the historical divisions, will comprehend the Anglo-Roman, Celtic, Byzantine, Romanesque, Mediæval, Renaissance, Louis XIV. and XV., &c. The sculpture will present, not only marble statuary, but examples of every plastic manner, metal-work, armour, works in silver and bronze in connection with enamel, damascened work, nielli, &c; Ceramic Art, every period and style; enamels; glass, stained glass; furniture; Mosaic jewellery; textile fabrics; works in leather and ivory; numismatics, &c.; while the Oriental department will consist of works in metal, embossed and damascened, china, pottery, enamel, marqueterie, glass, ivory, wood, &c., from India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Northern Africa. We rejoice to announce that the valuable Meyrick Collection of armour will, in its entire state, form a feature of the exhibition; and the whole of the collection in the Tower has been placed at the disposal of the committee.

We might fill a couple of columns with a portion of the names of the contributors to this magnificent enterprise, so patriotically carried out by the inhabitants of Manchester, but in truth worthy of a great nation. We cannot speak in terms too highly of the indefatigable and disinterested exertions of the gentlemen of the committee. They have been worthily met and supported by contributions from Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as also from the Dukes of Bedford, Buccleuch, Hamilton, Marlborough, Newcastle, Manchester, Northumberland, Richmond, and Sutherland; the Marquises of Breadalbane, Lansdowne, Hertford, Salisbury, and Westminster; Lords Ellesmere, Essex, Ashburton, Ward, Overstone, Denbigh, Palmerston, &c., and a very long catalogue of gentlemen, among whom are many possessors of the finest Art-productions in these kingdoms. It is probable that some proprietors of works that would be valuable additions to this exhibition, may decline contributing from an apprehension of injury, but we believe everything will be done that human foresight can devise to prevent accident. Pictures and other fragile valuables, will be conveyed in very carefully padded and stuffed cases. It is proposed to hang the pictures chronologically, so as to constitute the sequence a history of Art; and all schools will be represented—even the Spanish, the works of which are the most difficult to obtain. As soon as the weather will allow the advancement of the works, the building will be finished in six weeks, after which the interior arrangements will be speedily concluded.

INAUGURAL EXHIBITION AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, MANCHESTER.

But for the remembrance of the Great Exhibition of London and Paris, there is in the Mechanics' Institution at Manchester a collection of Fine and Industrial Art which would be widely celebrated as a great event in the history of progress towards refinement. It is not by simply seeing from time to time the beautiful exemplified in precious and unique instances that we advance in the realisation of products refined in taste and elegant in design. We may become familiarised with every object in the Green Vaults of Dresden, or of the Hotel Cluny, without feeling ourselves called upon to "imitate." The study of design fits us for emulation: these exhibitions supply a stimulus which, but for them, would be wanting: and from such stimulus we shall reap the best results. This collection is valuable and comprehensive in extent; it is contained in eighteen rooms, galleries, and "courts;" and each of these departments is filled with that kind of Art to which they are devoted. Among them may be instanced as remarkable, the Colebrook Dale Company's Court; the Imperial Court; the Indian Court; the Ceramic Court; the Great Hall and Sculpture Gallery; the Precious-Metal Room and Jewellery Court; the Royal Gallery; the Galleries of Fine-Art, and that of Antiquities; a large collection of photographic pictures, &c. The Royal Gallery contains that brilliant and most elaborately finished selection, copied from the royal collections by the gracious permission of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The interest of the collection of oil pictures will be understood from the few of the modern works we have space to name:—'The Expulsion from Paradise,' J. Sant; 'The Tiger's Lair,' Verbœckhoven; 'The Death of the Wolf,' R. Ansdell; 'Windermere,' J. B. Pyne; 'The Return from Hawking,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., contributed by the Earl of Ellesmere; 'A Welsh Stream,' T. Creswick, R.A.; 'The Bark Peelers,' J. Linnell; 'The Golden Moments of Sunset,' F. Danby, A.R.A.; 'Lake Lugano,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'Flora,' W. Etty, R.A; 'Clifton,' J. B. Pyne; 'The Interrupted Meal,' R. Ansdell; 'The Death of Foscari,' F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.; 'Othello's first Misgiving,' J. R. Herbert, R.A.; 'Red Deer,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A.; 'The Zuyder Zee,' C. Stanfield, R.A; 'Venus and Cupid,' W. Etty, R.A.; 'The Young Student,' J. Sant, &c. &c. But to glance at the industrial products. We find in the room Number 1, a various contribution of great value from the Emperor of the French, and also of home manufacture; many new textile fabrics of surprising beauty, suitable for furniture in silks, and terrys at no greater price than French damasks. The Colebrook Dale Company exhibit many useful and ornamental iron-castings which we have not before seen: and many of the productions of Messrs. Jackson and Graham are of extreme beauty. The Ceramic Court contains the last and best works of Messrs. Minton, Messrs. Copelaud, Messrs. Alcock, and Messrs. Boote, of Burslem. In the sculpture room are the 'Amphale,' in marble, by John Bell; 'The Day Dreamer,' by P. Macdowell; 'Eve,' by the same; 'Sabrina,' by W. C. Marshall; 'The First Whisper of Love,' by W. C. Marshall, &c. The Precious-Metal Room contains a collection of infinite beauty and great value, the contributions of Hancock, Elkington, and others. The antiquities consist of mediæval pottery and glass: Greek, Etruscan, and Roman pottery; Greek and Roman glass; Egyptian antiquities in bronze, wood, and other materials; and the famous 'Dead Christ,' a carving in ivory, by Gian Bologna, the property of E. N. Dennys, Esq. This exhibition, as we have heretofore observed, has been brought together and opened to the public in order to defray the portion of debt yet due on the building; and certainly to the committee and the secretary the best thanks of the public are due for setting before them such a variety of valuable objects.

We hope and believe the exhibition will be—as it ought to be—eminently successful.

TALK OF PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—An importunate thought—The Scala Regia of the Vatican—Shortest path to the Transfiguration and the St. Jerome—The Sala Ducale—Loggia and Corridor of Bramante—Treasures left unvisited—Hall of the Arazzi—The first Pictures!—Bologna—The Crucifixion of Guido—The St. Cecilia—Parma and Correggio—Florence and the Umbrian Masters—Venice and Titian—Venetian Traghetti—Our part in Titian—The Cornaro family—The Bridgewater Beauties—Temple-Newsam—The Recluses of Wiltshire—Holy Family at Dresden.

How perversely will some perplexing or painful thought, or rather imagination, sometimes cling to one's company; I do not say to the mind, since the mind has very little to do with the matter, but to one's society, as it were. You, the recipient of the visit—but slightly flattered by the preference—doing your utmost to free yourself from the unwelcome guest. You seek to displace the obnoxious thought by others, for example; you call on such as are most decidedly antagonistic thereunto for aid, but they do not effect its expulsion. The strength of your assailant is too much for you; he will not be won to leave you by entreaty, nor can you enforce his absence by command; the more you bid him begone, the more he won't go: he has marred the hours of your day, and if you have not the better fortune, he shall make you keep with him the watches of the night.

There came a fantasy of this pleasant complexion to attend our levee at the waking hour of the good yesterday, no longer since, and thus did the pale-eyed shadow salute us:—"Suppose the great and treasured pictures of the world,"—Fantasy *loquitur*—"suppose, I say, the best and greatest pictures should all be lost! not merely borne from the shrines of their worship by the conqueror—a mere displacement, to be deeply expiated and atoned for reverently in the better days—but lost, annihilated, resolved into their elements—ah! those subtle essences, who shall give them names?—become exterminate; no longer to illumine the ages, no more to absorb the love of man; never again to make the heart leap in the bosom of him who doth but hear the faintest echoes of their name borne to him like sweet music from some brighter sphere than that of his inhabiting.

"Dost thou mark me well? All that Rome enshrined for the world—all that Florence joyed in—all that Venice made her pride, and all that Bologna treasured: some Eidolon—created to that end—nought evil enough had existed till the baleful moment of *that* birth. *This* hath swept great wings of darkness over their charmed existence, and the guardian spirits have yielded, and all have ceased to be!

"Hast thou comprehended what has befallen thee? Behold the Vatican; the cold walls are there, but the Transfiguration, the Last Communion, where are they? What now shall it avail to Rome that men have called her the home of the Cæsar and the Pontiff, if these be gone? Are there tears enough to bewail them? can the mourning ever cease? And *thou*, most wretched! it is the Scala Regia that rises before thee; but to what purpose should thy foot now tread the pure proud marble of that regal way? Wilt thou ever again ascend it with that elastic step which carried thee bounding up its magnificent flights; glad at heart because the shrines of thy worship—the worship of all humanity—shone, dearly guarded beyond?

"They had received their due homage on the day that was then the 'yesterday;' aye, and the day before it, and on many another behind and behind them. Yet was their perennial newness, their perfection in one part and in all, none the less drawing thee towards them at that fortunate moment which was then the 'to-day.' All eagerly didst thou once more seek them, thy soul wedded to their beauty, and thy heart rejoicing.

"And so thy step was ever onward, and for these thine idols wert thou content to pass swiftly through the Hall of the kings, even though the Sistine was so left for once unvisited. True, thy duty to the great Florentine was paid, aye, duly and dearly paid, on the morrow.

"Still on, by the Sala Ducale, and by that Loggia which the genius of Bramante provided for the grateful centuries: onward still, but now with step subdued and chastened brows, for sacred and deeply touching are the relics on either hand.*

"To these records of wrong and suffering succeed forms of beauty, such as Greece alone could image forth; but you passed lightly, in that day we talk of, albeit with glistening eyes and many a glance of love-fraught greeting, for the deities of your worship were yet afar.

"The Torso—the Torso of the Belvidere—presented its grand proportions in the farthest distance; but you did not ascend that intervening space—you left the Torso, you left the Apollo, you left the Laocoon, you left those many halls wherein fair Sculpture has gathered the best of her treasures, all inviting you, and all holding due place in your heart; but your path lay forward, and you held on.

"Who is there that can fail to remember the solemn way that next you trod? who, that has once seen, can forget those Egyptian skies, whose diamond stars pour their beams upon the gazer from so deep a blue? Calm of aspect, and with silent motion, doth he who enters the mystic chambers pass through their awful bounds; and you—you restrained your impatience in those shadowy precincts; but issuing forth to where yet another marble staircase invites the well-pleased foot: you then sprang gladly upward.

"The white marbles of the Sala della Biga gleamed upon you from their stately dwelling, but you made no halt. The riches of dead Etruria—dead, yet living ever—sought to woo your footsteps farther still up the glittering whiteness of that marble way, but you did not pursue the tempting path; your cynosure was lighting the distance still, and you passed on.

"Rapidly through the halls of the Candelabre, and with hurried glance alone for all they offer, because your heart was intent on the glories beyond, and 'some lighter moment,' you said, 'shall suffice for what is here.'

"Yet farther, and long spaces fell behind you as your feet pressed ever onward. Perchance some bright creation of the sculptor's genius might arrest them for a short space, when your eyes fell on one of the many courts lying far beneath, and presenting themselves from time to time as you traversed the floors of those wondrous corridors through whose length it was that then you glad advanced: but these were transient deviations, and you held on.

"Long travel brought you to the hall of the Arazzi, those undying works of the loom on which the genius of Raphael himself—how truly called divine—hath conferred their immortality. Before these you passed more slowly—nay, you paused; for each one you had brought some tribute of homage, and here, for the first time, you made halt.

"It was besides meet that you should do so, for were you not at length arrived within the very precincts of the sanctuary? One dim and silent chamber only, and that of no wide space, now lay between your eyes and the desired objects of your long yet delightful progress.

"And at length you had traversed even this; the world's first treasure in Art, its greatest picture,† rose bright before you—you stood reverently in the presence of the Transfiguration.

"Time passed, but the votary gazed on,‡ yet with

* The reader acquainted with the Vatican will remember that memorials of the early Christians, taken from the Catacombs, are ranged on each side of the corridor of Bramante, along a certain portion of its length, that is to say, which is upwards of four hundred paces, the Loggia preceding included. Beyond these are marbles of varied character, the corridor itself terminating in a flight of steps, which, being ascended, places the visitor in presence of the Torso of the Belvidere.

† So have great authorities long decided: the writer has heard discussion on that question, but this is not the place to repeat the arguments, whether on one side or the other.

‡ Yet the mortifying confession has to be made, that only frequent visits—each gradually, yet almost unconsciously, made longer and become more impressive—enabled the present writer to appreciate the works of even this delightful no less than illustrious master. That long acquaintance with the works of Michael Angelo can alone make you capable of comprehending, of enjoying, at the first glance—I could almost have said of enduring *them;* this I know is a state of things frequently experienced. But not to delight in Raphael, and from the first, that was a mortification! Yet so it was, and such is the truth. It

the sense of a divided duty; allegiance still to be paid, and paid willingly, gladly, devoutly—the allegiance of the heart, for you had but a mere slight turn to make, and the grand work of the honoured Bolognese—the earnest and conscientious Domenichino—St. Jerome's Last Communion—was also your own.

"And now!"

And now!—malignant fancy! impertinent shadow! all vain thy *were* and *did*—the now "is as the then." Say, therefore, *are* and *do*—both still delight the world—they do and shall; still are they all our own, and we defy thee!

"Suppose Bologna bereaved of the St. Cecilia, and no longer standing in reverence before the Crucifixion of her Guido!—that sublime presentment of 'darkness visible;' words, of which you do not comprehend all the import until you find yourself silent, and awe-struck in the grand presence of that immortal work.

"Or think of Parma, shorn of that wealth which makes her pride—the riches bequeathed to her by the love and genius of Correggio? for what were Parma without Correggio?

"Imagine Florence, no longer hallowed by the light thrown ever round her from the works of her sainted masters*—all uncheered by the relics she treasures of her Leonardo—hers! nay, rather the broad world's Leonardo—the Leonardo of all the Arts, of all the Sciences; for in which of all did the illustrious Leonardo da Vinci fail to attain excellence?

"And how would Venice bear the oppression of her lot, if, unconsoled by the cordial thought of her Titian's glory, if not sustained by the proofs of his greatness? The chill of death it is that seizes the heart, as one thinks of Venice deprived of Titian."

Of Titian! aye! in happy hour hast thou evoked his name, ill-omened Fantasy! that magician hath proved too potent for thee; those eyes, grave with the gathered wisdom of a century, yet genial as when his third decennium had just brought him the fair spring-tide of its earliest years; these have exorcised thee, horrid shade! the dim edges of thy shadowy mantle are disappearing. Thou art gone! and we know that the world is still rejoicing, yea, and shall rejoice, in the riches that genius hath endowed it withal.

That the great sun of Venice, bright as are its rays, is to the present writer as are certain luminaries of the Roman and Florentine heavens, may not be affirmed: yet has Titian been ever the first of our thoughts when approaching Venice, and the last—though others also mingle tenderly in the feelings experienced, at *that* moment when the time has come for leaving the much-loved city. To the works of Titian have we constantly paid the first of our visits, and if certain loves, long cherished, cause us to linger around the fanes wherein other great and noble spirits are enshrined, in the more solemn hours of impending separation,† still is the admiration of this great master entwined inextricably with our love for his loved Venice, "la *sua* Venezia;" ‡ and highly have we valued what we have greatly as well as largely enjoyed—the privilege of haunting such portions of the city as derive added interest from recollections of the most distinguished among her many adopted sons.

But why, indeed, say such parts as retain recollections of the master, when it is in fact a truth that all parts do so, more or less? Not because he gave us much of Venice in her external forms—he did not: as compared with the vast number of his works, those in which he has depicted any given part of Venice are but few. Some portrait of a Doge, produced in his capacity of state-painter, perhaps, an office* in which he succeeded his master, Giovanni Bellini, may occasionally exhibit such; but otherwise the architectural beauties of the city are rarely reproduced in the works of Titian. Yet do you find these works most forcibly recalled by the living pictures, grouping themselves in rich variety, as you take your delightful way through this charmed Venice, where all is picture. We have not found them at every step, as we have heard some declare to be their own good fortune; his male figures not always carefully drawn, nor yet remarkable for grace of attitude, yet ever magnificent men, with their faces of deep earnest meaning, or it may be of a dangerous astuteness, *have* crossed our path, but not through all its length; nor do the rich contours of his women, though seen in greater abundance, invite your admiration at all hours and in every place. Still is it true that things in Venice are constantly reminding you of Titian—things that are Venetian, be it clearly understood;—he is present to you perpetually, and, save in some few places, where you become subjected to the influence of certain other great spirits, ruling here—may be said to possess you wholly; neither are the mind and heart thus subjugated unwilling to wear his chains; on the contrary, they bear them gladly, aye, proudly.

For the people, as Titian painted them, you see these, perhaps, more particularly around and about the Traghetti; not at all of them—far from it; you find them in some favoured localities only. There is one presenting itself at this moment with the vividness of reality to my recollection—and oh, the charm of that delicious memory!

The traghetti are the points of departure or arrival used by the gondoliers; but if you ask, "Why, then, do you not call them stairs or ferries?" we make answer, and say, "Because those names would not apply." The traghetto serves the purpose of a stair or ferry, but is not like either—whether it be the prosaic and city-suggesting "stair," or that less commonplace, nay, very often poetic and delightful passage of some fair bright river, called a ferry. The Venetian traghetto is——it is the—traghetto; and he who shall desire to know it more intimately must e'en betake himself to the place of its birth—no very heavy doom.

But not on all the waters of Venice shall you find the true Venetian traghetto; it is not that which meets you as you descend the Piazzetta, nor shall you find one along the whole "Riva degli Schiavoni." "Stairs" in abundance you may find, neither will you suffer lack of gondolas, nor of the dashing gondolier; but for the traghetti—worthily so-called—you will look in vain. Far away, and among the less travelled parts of Venice, it is that you must seek them, or rather it is in these little-known regions that, in your loving quest of old undying memories, you will come upon the picturesque vine-covered nooks, wherein their barks nestle cosily, to your infinite self-gratification. So it is, I say, that you must seek, and shall find them; but once found, you shall be seen to take those rarely trodden—but how picturesque!—byeways, again and again.

My traghetto, at no great distance from that "Calle Gallipoli" wherein Titian made his abode, before removing to the Contrada di San Canciano, is one of the many treasure-troves due to our own love for prowling around the long-forsaken abodes of the buried great. Giorgione made his home in the immediate vicinity; and it was after leaving the Church of San Silvestro, or rather the open space before it, wherein our most dear Giorgione passed a no small part of his too short life, that we stumbled upon the narrow *vicolo* or alley by which alone, coming from the land-side, you can approach it.

Having once, but long since, been the water-gate to a building of great extent, now partitioned off into poor dwellings, there are still traces of marble pavement in the cracked steps by which you descend to your gondola, and along the low wall over which you bend to ascertain if your gondolier be there to await your pleasure. And you will pretty surely find him; for rarely does the Venetian gondolier fail his master, though he be but the hireling of a few weeks or months, as the case may be.

Trained over a few slight poles, crossed by rods yet slighter, a vine serves to shelter him who waits there from the too fervid sun. It can scarcely be called luxuriant that vine, but the leaves are broad, and they cast flickering shadows capriciously over the group gathered beneath it—figures that would not look out of place in one of Titian's pictures. They are not numerous—father, mother, and two exquisite children, make up the count; the man, his black cap placed becomingly over a candid brow, is simply a handsome powerful fellow, just now bringing his "barca" to shore, for at this traghetto he is at home: but the mother has that luxuriant form and lovely face which the great painter so well knew how to enrich his canvas withal. With one exception, nevertheless, the hair, that is to say: her rich locks are abundant as he could have desired, but they have not the fair tint so much approved in Titian's day, and which was therefore procured by chemical appliances, if the authorities tell us truly. No! the sweet mother's hair is of a brown so dark that you see it is not black simply because the light imparts to it a golden tinge, and not the raven glitter peculiar to black tresses, yet not, as we think, so lovely as this rich dark brown. In all save this, my gentle favourite—her kindly manner and sweet low voice are charming as her looks—is a very Titian. Methinks we'll ask her some day from which of his frames it is that she hath stolen forth. The colour of the hair—and even here the advantage is all on her side—makes the sole difference. The head small and elegant; the features delicate and full of tender expression, melting to softness in the clear and bright, yet somewhat melancholy eyes: such was the mother about whom there clambered one little beauty of a boy, while the other lay yet on her bosom. How charming was the picture they made!

I never heard a name for that Traghetto, or would tell it, that you might go to see them. Yet what do I say! The boy will be now a toiling man, and the infant a youth approaching the age of toil; the dark locks of the gondolier will be taking a tinge of grey; and his beautiful wife! she will not now exhibit the grace of those times, seeing that good twelve years at least have passed since it was our pleasant habit to take boat beneath their trellis of vines, on our way to one of our most-beloved haunts—the Venetian Academy.

The works of Titian crowd on the memory. How should it be otherwise, the activity of his life and its extreme duration considered. Happily, some of the best are in our own country; that of the Cornaro Family, in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, will recur at once to the recollection of all lovers of Art, as one of the master's finest works. The writer has twice had the advantage of seeing it, but five years have elapsed since the second of those visits (made in 1851, when the mansion was thrown open to the public); and although retaining a recollection of the work very precious to ourselves, we prefer to borrow the words of a more competent authority, for that description which we think must needs be welcome to the reader.

"In the dining-room," says our author, "I found Titian's celebrated picture of the Cornaro Family, the chief object of my visit. A man already advanced in years, and of dignified appearance, is kneeling in front, as the head of the family, before the left side of an altar, on which the host is placed. He is turning a little towards a man rather younger than himself, kneeling behind him, and is directing his attention to the object of their veneration. The latter, as well as the still younger man, kneeling still further behind, are given in profile. Lower down are three boys worshipping, with whom three others on the opposite side correspond. All the figures are the size of life. This picture is worthy of its high reputation, and holds the same rank among Titian's pictures as the Concina family worshipping the Virgin and Child, in the Dresden Gallery, among those of Paul Veronese. The heads of the three men are particularly grand and simple in the forms, even for Titian, while the portrait-like animation of the characters happily unites with the solemn expression of devotion. To these figures, which, as well as the altar, are decidedly relieved against the bright sky forming the background, the open *naïve* expression of the blooming boys forms a very pleasing contrast. The picture is of Titian's

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is also true that the pain of that apathy was not of long continuance, or perhaps, I should rather say, did not occasion a perpetual sorrow. But enough of this.

* Alas, that so few of their works are found in our country. Private collections excepted, the names of Fra Bartolommeo, of Il Beato Angelico, are scarcely heard among us.

† Il Moretto, who, though born at Brescia, and always proudly claimed by his compatriots, is accounted with right among the Venetian masters, has been the object of a warm predilection to the present writer from the first moment of our acquaintance, made some fifteen years since in the Academy of Venice. Masters of a yet earlier period are also there, to whom a large portion of this writer's affection was early given; and it has been a source of infinite satisfaction to us to learn, as we have lately done, that examples of their charming works have been, or are on the point of being, added to our National Gallery. Of these masters, and of their productions, we propose to make such remarks as our recollections may suggest, in a future paper.

‡ "La mia Venezia" is the expression of the adopted son, when speaking of his beloved foster-mother.

* Called *La Senseria*, and conferred on the best painter only; this constituted its value.

middle period, the execution very careful, the colours clear, especially in the flesh, which is treated in a bright golden tone. Unhappily this masterpiece has suffered not a little injury—for instance, the right hand of the old man, and the hand of the boy on the left."*

In the Bridgewater Gallery are no less than five of the master's works, and all great pictures! It is true that one or two have suffered by cleaning; nor are they all of equal value. The two Dianas, the story of the Nymph Calisto, namely, and that of Actæon, exhibit those powers in landscape for which Titian enjoys so well-merited a pre-eminence among the great painters of his own time; nor, indeed, is the landscape of the "Ages of Life" less charming; nay, for ourselves we prefer it to those before named. We do not attempt a description of these pictures, because the liberality of the noble owner gives to all the opportunity for making their acquaintance, and renders it needless.

There is a St. Jerome, by the same master, at Chatsworth, which is quite as well known; and, if less frequently visited, that arises not from want of opportunity, which is most freely given:—few among our great nobles so willing to impart of his vast advantages as the Duke of Devonshire—still less from the want of inclination. It happens solely because of the distance between the picture and that great absorbing London, which swallows men up, and keeps them so close within its insatiable jaws, and with determination so inexorable, that only at some hurried moments—blest beyond the lot of the common hours—can they find leisure for aught so reasonable and so delightful as a visit to your St. Jerome, O Titian of our heart!

An earlier work of the same great painter, also in England, but not so familiarly known, perhaps, as those named above, is the portrait of the reformer, Martin Bucer, in the collection of Mr. Ingram, of Temple-Newsam. The excellent authority lately quoted has a few words respecting that picture, and these state a fact which is one of my motives for citing the portrait of the reformer, to the exclusion of certain other works pressing their claims on my attention. "The fine and delicate feeling for Nature, and the tender and earnest execution," says Dr. Waagen, "indicate the earlier time of Titian, when he painted the Tribute Money at Dresden, with which the light transparent golden tone agrees; unquestionably the finest picture in the collection."† *When he painted the Tribute Money at Dresden.* Now, this last-named picture will very probably be known to many, more especially of our younger artists, to whom the Bucer may never have been mentioned; the writer distinctly remembers the particular quality alluded to as existing in the Dresden picture—of which more hereafter—and a work meriting to be named therewith, in the estimation of so profound a student and so severe a judge as is Dr. Waagen, may well repay the artist for more of toil than is involved in a visit to the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Temple-Newsam, though in the neighbourhood of Leeds—a very beautiful region by the way—is happily some good three miles or more from that sooty emporium of the cloth-workers. I had, however, almost said that, for the sake of this admirable portrait, you might almost venture on facing Leeds herself! But I make pause; it is a question demanding counsel, and I take time to consider. Memories of so dun a colour rise before me as I recall the heavy canopy of smoke under which the great murk town sat brooding, as we did ourselves approach her bounds, that—'tis well to be cautious in matters of moment—methinks the point were better reserved for the decision of the judges.

Meanwhile, and because the said judges are "notourly" a heavy-going *engeance*, I may as well repeat, while they deliberate, that she hath made her seat in very paradise—this discriminating Leeds—also, her sons are of the highest intelligence, and the most kindly courtesy, insomuch that you—having more courage than this poor field-haunting scribe, who hateth towns worse than she hateth sin,—more's the pity! mortally hateth them (their glorious Arts ever excepted), may even find the presence of the great busy place an additional attraction; more especially, if you consider rightly what good boys her children were, and how well they learned their lesson when—

> "Athene taught their hands to flash along
> Her famous looms."*

Much more difficult of attainment, and rendered so not by distance only, are two most precious works of Titian, guarded from gaze profane at Longford Castle—guarded jealously, as well bescems their worth—but I would that the noble owner of the Dudley Collection, and other great possessors equally liberal, could make their example avail to procure for desiring eyes an occasional sight of these Longford jewels of Art.

"Sure the eyes of us wouldn't hurt them much, your honour." But we refrain from further entreaty: far be it from us to hint even a wish that should seem to question the right of property to exercise all the privileges appertaining thereunto. The boldness of intrusive curiosity may have demanded repression; and his lordship of Radnor has, doubtless, excellent reason for not extending to the lovers of Art those valued facilities so generously accorded by others of our great proprietors "in that sort."

One of these Wiltshire pictures is a portrait of Cæsar Borgia, indubitably authentic, whether as regards the master, of whom it is a most precious example, or the subject; for that this is indeed Cæsar Borgia none acquainted with the characteristic features of his family can doubt. Many of our readers will remember the portrait of this personage in the gallery of the Borghese Palace, in Rome; the work is commonly attributed to Raphael, but good judges doubt the authenticity, and not without reason; the writer has heard more than one competent authority affirm the picture to be by Giovanni Penni, better known as Il Fattore. Be this as it may, the firm determined attitude, the decision of gaze, and frank boldness of the whole aspect—a boldness far removed from bravado—which distinguishes the Borghese portraits by no means impress the beholder with the conviction that Cæsar Borgia was that monster of wickedness some writers would make him. Violent without doubt, and so far dangerous—but *evil*, no!—the Roman portrait does not proclaim this. That by Titian at Longford, on the contrary, although recording the traditional beauty of the race, and presenting sufficient evidence of ability, implies a character almost irredeemably bad. Give him none of your trust, ye who deal with that base and treacherous man! but you will not: who, having looked upon that countenance, but must hasten to guard himself from all contact with the owner?

Great is the power of him to whom hath been accorded the high privilege of genius! Great is the power, but, O, most awful the responsibility! Here is a man condemned to bear witness to his own turpitude through countless ages!—compelled remorselessly, by the great exorcist whose wand of resistless might was a pencil, to be himself the exponent of his own evil nature; to admit for the comprehension of every beholder all that he would so fain conceal. Just and upright should be the fiat of one holding this vast power, for his decision is final: who, for example, having looked on this portrait could longer question the depravity of Cæsar Borgia?

In the Dresden Gallery is a further proof—if any were needed—that Titian had adopted the opinions of his day as regarded the family of Pope Alexander VI.; this we find in the character he has given to the sister of Cæsar, whom he has introduced as a suppliant, into a picture of the Holy Family, doubtless because her husband, Alfonso of Ferrara, had commanded that the portraits of his wife and himself should so appear, as was usual in similar cases, at the time.

Here, however, it will be good to remember how potent is the love of the marvellous in all ages. The pontiff and his family once made subject for the tongues of rumour—not to prejudge the question by saying calumny—he who could relate the most wonderful story would obtain the most eager circle of listeners: and that the Venetians were like the Athenians, in their love of hearing some new thing, none who are familiar with the intimate history of the period can doubt. How amusing, for example, are the "despatches" sent by the Venetian ambassadors in Rome to their "most illustrious and most dread masters"—I Signori. But enough of this, and to the picture.

Alfonso, the first duke of Ferrara, is represented as accompanying his wife, Lucrezia Borgia, while the latter offers her devotions to the Virgin and the Divine Child. His face, evidently a portrait, serves to convince you that if the master held no favourable opinion of the duchess, neither had he been impressed with much respect for her husband. The "manner of being" of Alfonso intimates that propriety of deportment expected from his rank, and his figure has a certain elegance; but the head is heavy, the features devoid of interest, and the expression betrays weakness. He stands partly behind the duchess, whom he seems anxious to detain, or at least to address; and this he does exactly at the ill-chosen moment that a man such as he might have selected, but no other, for her hands are already folded in prayer. Lucrezia has placed her little son—afterwards Ercole Secundo—between herself and the sacred personages composing the Holy Family. You would say she has brought the innocence of the child to intervene between herself and those whom she must feel unworthy to approach: but as you regard the countenance Titian has given her, you doubt whether any feeling so natural, any thought so becoming and so suitable—her condition considered—could be entertained by a woman exhibiting that expression. Beautiful—as everything professing to be the portrait of Lucrezia Borgia must be—of imposing presence, and with that firm uprightness of carriage wherewith one gladly associates the idea of moral rectitude—one would fain give her the advantage of so construing her appearance; but those sidelong eyes forbid the interpretation, and half compel you to believe that her accusers were not all calumniators, as, from certain considerations that cannot here be recapitulated, the present writer has seen reason for hoping.

The Virgin has a book on her lap, and, her attention being fixed on that, she has not yet raised her eyes to the princes: St. Joseph gazes fixedly on the duchess, yet not with looks of approval, and the Divine Child is pressing closely to him a bird which he holds in his hands, as fearing spoliation, or some injury to the little creature, at the hands of the ducal family.

This work, if not among the very finest of the master, yet exhibits many of his highest qualities; but these are too well known to need description. There are, besides, works from Titian's hand in the gallery at Dresden which press imperatively on the attention, and would more than fill our space had we yet space at command; the bounds accorded are, however, already overpassed, and all mention of these must be deferred to a future occasion.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—An article in the *Moniteur* states that the Emperor has decreed the *Salon* of the present year shall be opened on June 15th, and closed on August 15th.—The *Grands Prix de Rome* have been distributed as follows:—*Sculpture:* first medal, M. Maniglier; second medal, to M. Hiolle; another second medal, to M. Lechesne. *Painting:* first medal, M. Clement; another first medal, M. Delaunay; second medal, M. Michel. *Architecture:* first medal, M. Guillaume; second, M. Moyaux. *Engraving:* first medal, M. Gaillard; second, M. Dubouchet. Thus two first prizes have been given in painting, and two second medals in sculpture. It is only the first medals that entitle the successful candidates to the journey to Rome.—The paintings by Couture are now visible in the Chapel of the Virgin at St. Eustache; they are of course on a large scale, but they show little religious feeling.—M. F. Winterhalter has begun the portrait of the young prince.—M. Ingres has returned to Paris; he has found time during his holidays, notwithstanding his advanced age (82 years) to execute a drawing representing the "Birth of the Muses presided over by Jupiter:" it contains fifteen figures grouped with infinite art. Ingres is still in good health, and as active as ever.

* See Dr. Waagen. "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," vol. i. p. 393.

† See Art-Treasures, *ut supra*, vol. iii., p. 334. It is of the Temple-Newsam collection that Dr. Waagner speaks when he calls this work—and justly—"the finest picture."

* Mrs. Browning, when Miss Barrett: I quote from memory, and have a dim suspicion that the "Athene" should be rather Pallas; but then I have not the other word required, in that case, by the measure, and, if there be error, will beg to be forgiven for it.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A., &c.

PART I.

VERY remarkable are the conditions under which the English student of Art, now in this middle of the 19th century, enters upon his great work. No longer a casual accessory, Art has become in this country an essential element of general education. The influences and the teachings of Art, restricted no longer to a comparatively select and exclusive few, now are beginning to develope themselves with most happy effects, in direct connection with the community at large. The Artist-mind and the Art-sympathies of the people are awakening and gathering strength. Art collections are multiplying, and their contents are becoming more practically instructive in their character. At length the idea has taken root amongst us, that the study of Art requires facilities for instituting the very widest comparison between both the various works of different artists in the same style, and the varied productions of the styles of different countries and successive eras. As a necessary consequence of these things, the student of Art finds himself associated with warm sympathies, and surrounded with incentives to energetic exertion which contain within themselves very important means for at once facilitating and ensuring his success.

Many circumstances combine to render the Sydenham Crystal Palace capable of concentrating within itself every requisite for the most perfect School of Art. It has already assumed a commanding position in this capacity. When its diversified collections shall have been rendered more complete in themselves; when the components of each collection shall have been more systematically classified and arranged; and when a living voice shall have been given to them all, with which they may be made, through courses of brief but able and attractive Art-lectures, to address themselves no less to the ear than to the eye of students,—then will the full powers of this grand Institution begin to be thoroughly understood, and its full value to be duly felt and appreciated.

Many recent improvements, which are no less significant than satisfactory, lead to the assurance that all existing deficiencies in the Fine-Art Collections of the Crystal Palace will be eventually supplied; and that whatever errors in the condition, or position, or grouping, of particular examples may still remain, will in due time be rectified. Meanwhile, it may be well to sketch out before the student of Art, and, indeed, before the general public, some of the more prominent characteristics of the extensive, varied and most interesting assemblages of specimens which already occupy those courts of the Palace that have been specially devoted to the illustration of Ancient and Early Art. In carrying out this plan, I shall altogether reject any attempt at giving regular descriptions of the several Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, one by one, with their contents: my object, on the contrary, will be to select and group together such examples and such details as may generally assimilate in their teaching, or may, each in their own great excellence, stand forward as enduring lessons in the noble and the beautiful to every age. As I proceed, I shall introduce numerous engravings, which will have been drawn for the special purpose of conveying characteristic representations of the objects thus selected for particular illustration; and, while endeavouring to adduce all that is most worthy in these teachings which Art, in its manifold creations, has continually put forth as memorials of the past and as lessons for the future, I shall not hesitate to specify such short-comings as may be apparent, and also to suggest what appear to be essential requisites for enhancing the value and the utility of objects already both valuable and useful.

But, first it appears to be desirable to glance at the entire subject, which thus lies before us, awaiting our scrutiny. At the very outset of our inquiry, it must be plainly and distinctly stated that the collections in this ever-accessible School of Art are not, neither do they in any respect or degree pretend to consist of, original works: they are composed, almost exclusively, of facsimile casts, copies, or tracings, from original works in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; and with these reproductions are associated the invaluable delineations of Photography—that faithful reflector, that echo-voice as well of Nature herself as of Art, together with engravings and other renderings of original productions. It is consequently true that here the student has before him—not the breathing stone or the burning bronze, as they left the hands of great masters in Art; not the glowing canvas (except in the case of modern schools of painting), nor the boldly-wrought stone, nor the ivory touched with exquisite delicacy into miniature life: but it is no less true that here are faithful copies of works, which it would be vain to hope ever to see brought together beneath a single roof; and here, accordingly, is accumulated a concentration of Art-Teaching otherwise impossible to obtain, and of which it is equally impossible to estimate too highly the beneficial capabilities.

In the Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, properly so called, Architecture, with its every accessory, and Sculpture, are the two great forms or expressions of Ancient and Early Art, which are most elaborately and profusely illustrated. The leading idea has been to produce actual specimens of the architectures of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, and also of the Spanish Moors; and with these specimens to associate certain compound structures, made up of various details, which might serve to sustain the continuity of the series, by exemplifying the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance styles. Casts from original works have furnished models from which some of these courts have been designed and constructed; while, with similar casts others of the courts have been actually formed. The grave errors which, unhappily, have been permitted to detract from the value of these courts, as complete works, are the reckless restoration of the reproduced examples, and the introduction, in some instances, of much that is purely hypothetical in combination with facsimile reproductions of actual and existing realities. Where it would have been a matter of necessity to have left a court in an unfinished condition,—unless it might be conceded to have recourse to analogy and ingenious theories to supply what could be obtained from no more authoritative source,—it would have been desirable to have indicated distinctly and palpably the line of demarcation which divides the probable from the certain. And, in like manner, when the ravages of time or the still more destructive effects of wilful violence and ignorant indifference, have left original works mutilated and worn, restoration might have been admissible in the cast destined to be built up into the walls or the arcades of a court; yet, assuredly, an untouched and genuine facsimile of the original in its existing condition, should have shown exactly how much had been added to the finished cast, for the sake of obtaining that very finish, and for effect.

Again: the architectures of both antiquity and



APPROACH TO THE GREEK COURT.

the middle ages, as they are represented in these courts, fail, in many essential points, to convey a completely truthful impression to the Art-student. The classic orders do not appear at all in any such forms as alone would be calculated to declare their correct character, and to impersonate their distinctive characteristics. It is the same with the mediæval Romanesque, which is fused into the Byzantine; and with the Gothic, which loses altogether its three-fold aspect. In the case of the works of monumental art—hereafter to be fully described—the series of casts is historically incomplete, and the infinitely important results of historical classification have been, for the most part, altogether overlooked.

These all are imperfections which excite com-

mingled sentiments of surprise and regret—regret that they exist, and surprise that their existence should have been possible. It is not, however, by any means too much to anticipate that all palpable imperfections will be gradually removed from these courts, in order to admit in their stead more consistent substitutes. In treating of these same courts as they now are, we should fail to appreciate the true value of all in them that is worthy of careful and confiding study, were we not led to discriminate between the pure and the excellent, and the imperfect and unauthorised. And much there is, very much, in these courts which demands from all who love Art and who would teach it with judicious carefulness, both admiration and gratitude. The very idea of forming these ranges of continuous Art-museums, in itself possesses very strong claims upon both of these sentiments. It is a very great thing to be able to study in any one court the style and form of Art which therein is exemplified and illustrated; while a few steps on this side or on that will enable the student of one phase of Art to institute a comparison with those other aspects under which, in different regions of the earth, and



EXAMPLES OF MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUE RELIEF SCULPTURE AND CARVING, ETC.—GREEK COURT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

amongst distinct races of men, the same great influence has given utterance to its conceptions. A multiplicity of details also will be found in every court which, either for their own special teaching, or from their leading to the study of the originals which they represent, deserve a very careful investigation, and can scarcely fail amply to repay any amount of attention and thought that may be bestowed upon them.

The casts from works in sculpture by ancient artists can only be spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. They combine fidelity to the originals, with a really wonderful degree of excellence in themselves as reproductions. Here are no attempts at restoration—no speculations after effect through either unauthorised finishings or (what are equally injurious) incongruous combinations. If the Venus or the Meleager, the Theseus or the Ilyssus, have suffered from whatever causes, we see them here precisely as the original marbles are. The arrangement of these casts is also admirable: each group or figure is a study in itself, and the value of its own teaching is infinitely strengthened through the influence of association, and the opportunity for comparison. Nor may the busts be omitted from this general notice, since they constitute a noble feature in the ancient Fine-Art collections of the Crystal Palace, and are replete with teaching precious to both the historian and the artist. Their long ranges (continued, like the other productions of the sculptor, from ancient to modern times) recall illustrious memories, and their presence serves to give animation and reality to the scenes



EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE IN RELIEF, FROM A SARCOPHAGUS IN THE LOUVRE.

around them. It is the same with the antique bas-reliefs, and other works of a kindred character: they are admirably rendered as well as judiciously selected, and they constitute parts of the ancient classical courts, which at once command attention and proclaim their own great value to those who study them.

The Crystal Palace collections of casts after ancient sculpture possess peculiar attractions for the English Art-student, who is not able to extend very widely his researches amongst the treasures contained in foreign museums, from the circumstance of their comprising so many precious examples from Italy, France and Germany, which heretofore have been inaccessible without considerable cost and a prolonged travel. The fact also that these courts remain, always easy of approach, for continued study and for repeated and sustained contemplation, is by no means devoid of interest to travelled artists and Art-students: they, too, may be glad here to confirm old associations, and to reanimate impressions formed long ago from a passing observation of the great originals themselves. Accordingly, when the visitor to the Sydenham Museum has passed

between the seated portrait-figures of Menander and of Posidippus, and gone on through the avenue of classic busts, each bearing a well-known name from the long roll of Greek worthies (one name is that of a woman, Aspasia; Pericles is near at hand, and the frieze of the Parthenon beyond), and he at once finds that he is surrounded by forms new to England, grouped with casts from familiar works, the effects thus produced may vary in accordance with the past associations of different individuals; but for every individual there must, from the very constitution of these collections, be much to impress upon the mind a conviction of their peculiar interest and their special value in the capacity of Art-teachers.

In remarking upon the general character of these collections of antique sculpture, it is necessary to direct attention to the fact that, with but a few grand exceptions, the most renowned productions of the sculptors of antiquity have been lost; and what now stand in the front rank as examples of the power of the chisel in Grecian hands, are themselves generally either reproductions or studies from the masterpieces of antiquity; or, in some instances, they are works of Roman times by Greek artists, who still retained at least some lingering traces of the former magnificent spirit of their fathers. The term "Greek Court" is, consequently, correctly applicable only under certain modifications to the collections assembled within and about it. The grandest remains of Greek genius and skill are indeed here; but here also are many works to which the reputation of being expressions of Greek Art can only be applied through analogy and by probable conjecture.

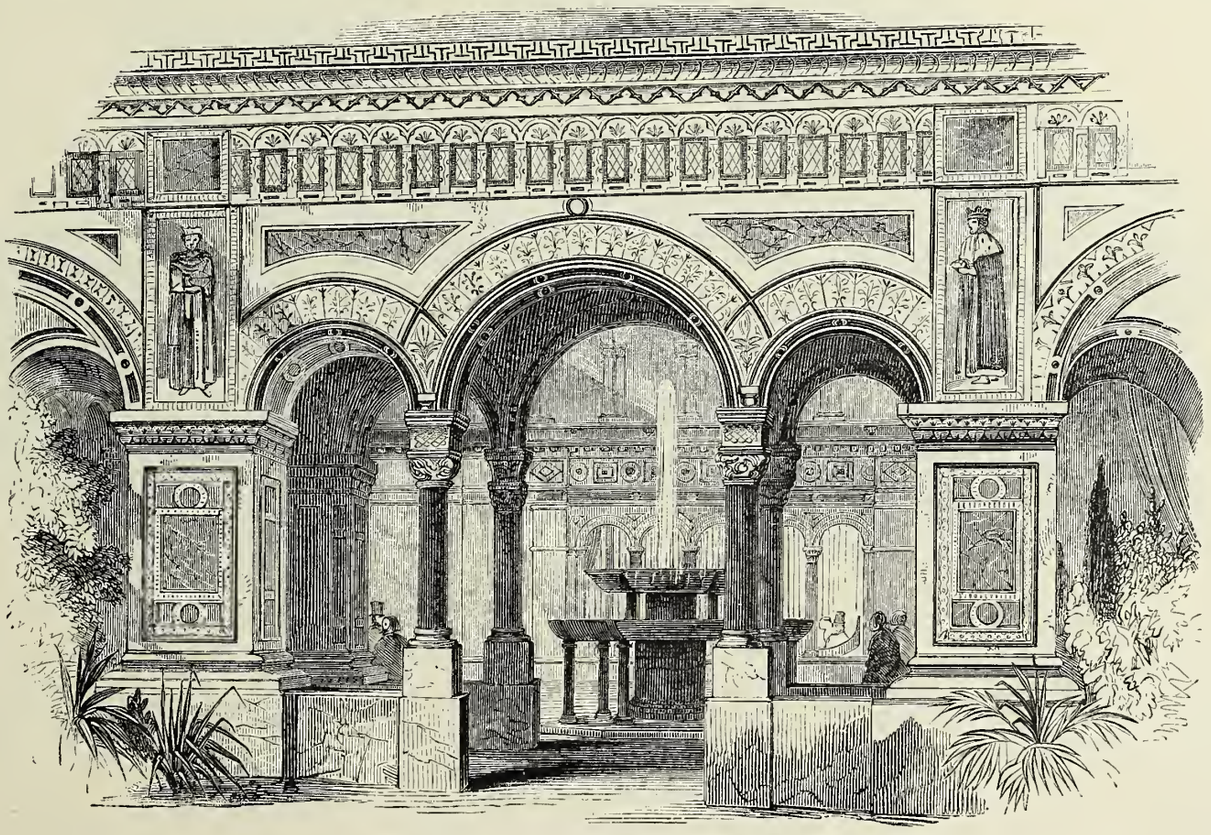
A somewhat similar remark is, in like manner, applicable to the sculpture which occupies the Roman Court, and which thus is broadly distinguished from the kindred works that are assembled within and around the Greek Court. Many of these are, without doubt, casts from statues by Greek artists, or from statues copied from the productions of Greek artists, though probably executed at Rome, as well as formed either in the imperial city itself, or in parts of the Roman empire far distant from



LARGE MEDALLION IN BOLD RELIEF, "SPAIN," FROM THE LOUVRE.

Greece. In themselves, both the Greek and the Roman Courts can be regarded as but little more than enclosures for the sculpture, with adjoining galleries. The architectural styles of Greece and Rome have, indeed, been consulted in producing these courts, but the student will be careful not to regard them as authoritative examples of either Greek or Roman architecture. In this respect they differ altogether from the actual example of Roman domestic architecture which invites attention in the Pompeian Court, as also from the Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, which profess to be actual models or reproductions of the edifices of the Valley of the Nile and of Mesopotamia. These earliest remains of the arts of architecture and sculpture will be found to convey lessons peculiarly their own—lessons which bring with them from primeval times an impressive witness to man's inherent and instinctive desire to perpetuate, through the instrumentality of Art, the incidents and the truths of history, and, at the same time and by the same agency, to give expression to noble thoughts and sublime aspirings.

Detailed notices of particular works in the ancient courts will be given hereafter. All more direct and special consideration also of the Roman Court, as distinguished from the Greek, with its architectural relics, its statues, reliefs, and busts, it will be desirable to connect with the examples of the so-called revived classical style of after-times, or the Renaissance, which has its own courts on the opposite side of the Palace. By associating them after this manner with what the true arts of antiquity have left for us to study, the works of the Renaissance artists will be estimated correctly. Thus, it will be seen how far they may with justice be regarded as revivals of styles which for many ages had ceased to exist when they began to flourish; the modifications also under which the ancient types reappeared (supposing them to have reappeared), will be clearly distinguished; and the student will be enabled to understand the real character (and, as connected with the real character, the true worth) of that form and aspect of Art which has exerted in our own country an influence at once so powerful and so widely extended.



APPROACH TO THE BYZANTINE AND ROMANESQUE COURT.

And again, on the other hand, both the Classic and the Renaissance Courts will be brought up, side by side, with whatever the Crystal Palace contains of the most characteristic productions of the deep-thinking and energetic Art-workers of the middle ages. This is a comparison which will produce palpable effects in more than one direction; it will be easy, too, to discern its value, and to apply to our own practical advantage the lessons which it will not fail to disclose.

The value of the Mediæval Courts is greatly increased from the circumstance of their bringing together illustrative specimens of the varied works of the artists of the middle ages, as well from France and Germany as from different parts of our own country. These courts will be found to develop their own teaching most effectively through their choicest examples. As they themselves will lead us on to the Renaissance, so to them we shall be led, from the classic regions of more remote antiquity, by that court which illustrates in union the styles that arose in the East and West upon the ruins of the arts and the empire of Rome—the Byzantine and Romanesque Court.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH ART-INDUSTRY.

THE WORKS OF MESSRS. KERR AND BINNS, OF WORCESTER, IN THE CERAMIC COURT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

As illustrating the progress of British manufacture, in connection with its most ancient and interesting branch of artistic industry, we have selected for engraving a group of the so-called "Worcester Enamels," as remarkable evidences of classic feeling, combined with a delicacy of executive expression and elaboration of detail, that mark them as the most successful features of modern ceramic art.

The costliness of these works, consequent upon the amount of labour and degree of risk involved in their execution, must somewhat restrict the demand; but we feel confident that only publicity is required to ensure for them, among the many patrons of high-Art products in this country, a prompt and cordial encouragement. The production of such works will necessarily be limited, from the peculiar talent necessary to their manipulation; and we are gratified to learn that commissions have lately been given to an extent beyond the immediate capabilities of the manufacturers to supply. We have before referred to the spirited exertions of the present proprietors of the Royal Worcester Works (formerly Chamberlains), to revive the *prestige* of this famous manufactory, and to the marked success which has attended their efforts. Improvements in every branch attest the influence and value of the taste and judgment which direct its operations.

Referring specially to the "Worcester Enamels," these qualities are strikingly evident, and we earnestly recommend such beautiful examples of fictile art to careful examination. They are in the manner of the celebrated "Limoges Enamels," of varied designs, but executed upon porcelain instead of copper. The ground of the ware is a deep royal blue glaze, and the decoration is raised upon it by hand labour (and that of the highest class), with "white enamel," being a preparation of tin and arsenic.

It would be impossible to convey to the uninitiated an idea of the difficulty of "*working*" this medium, from its peculiar nature; and, therefore, the full extent of merit in such successes as are here realised must, to the general observer, be necessarily unappreciated: but the great beauty of the works will be apparent to all. Several of Flaxman's designs have been adapted with considerable skill, and seem eminently suited to the peculiarity of this style.

We are glad to perceive that Her Majesty has already conferred valuable and appreciative patronage upon these productions. A duplicate of a tazza executed for Her Majesty is exhibited at the Crystal Palace; the design being Raphaelesque, and admirably delineated, both in drawing and manipulation.

The studies for the earliest of these works were lent to Messrs. Kerr and Binns by Sir Edward Lechmere, who has been their constant and liberal patron—and who must, therefore, cordially rejoice to find them so universally appreciated. The famous collection of General the Hon. Edward Lygon was also placed, by the liberal feeling of its owner, at the service of the manufacturers, who have now also in progress copies of some of the celebrated "enamels" belonging to Henry Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., kindly lent by that gentleman for the purpose.

We cannot pass, without a word of acknowledgment, the honourable and patriotic feeling which prompts collectors of works of such beauty and value to devote them to the improvement of our manufactures. It demonstrates strongly the advanced intelligence of the age, and is one of its most hopeful signs. We cannot, indeed, too strongly advocate a principle so pregnant with beneficial results to the manufacturer and the public: it is thus that good and pure models can be obtained with almost the certainty of pure copies, or, what is of greater consequence, valuable suggestions. The artist has at all times found at his service the great productions of the great masters; it has been otherwise with the worker of Art-industry, who has heretofore encountered many difficulties and few encouragements on his way to excellence. Of late years, however,



GROUP OF WORCESTER ENAMELS: KERR AND BINNS.

instructive books in abundance have been issued; the national stores have been augmented with a view especially to his service; and there has been a liberal desire on the part of collectors to assist his progress, by lending, or permitting access to, the choicest and costliest efforts of all countries and ages.

"The ancient city of Worcester" is deeply interested in the success that has attended the revival of its Porcelain Works: the fame they had acquired was little more than traditional until renewed by the efforts of Messrs. Kerr and Binns. The early productions of the establishment of Messrs. Chamberlain now realise almost fabulous prices; but, of late years, little or nothing had been done to sustain the reputation they obtained. Under the management of their enterprising and ingenious successors, however, the works are again famous, and the venerable city will be advantaged by their renown.

The objects delineated in the appended group require a few notes and comments.

The predominance of a cultivated taste in the selection of such types as best adapt themselves to the purpose of this manufacture is evident in the forms of these examples. The flowing, unbroken outline, which is the characteristic of the early Greek pottery, is here freely rendered, affording a surface for the decoration on which the drawing of the details of figures and ornament can be accurately preserved.

The centre vase of the group presents a novelty in the finish of the handle, it being produced in oxidised silver upon porcelain; this process, as applied to porcelain, is the invention of Mr. Binns, and in effect is perfect, it being impossible—even upon the closest examination—to discover that it is merely a metallic surface. This process has also been applied to some of the statuettes made by this firm; and if the principle of imitation in this sense be admitted, the result is perfectly successful.

The figures and arabesques of Raphael, together with studies from Flaxman, form the leading features of the designs generally, combined with such accessories and such originality of treatment as impart a character of novelty as well as beauty.

The introduction of the "gilding" is in extremely good taste. It is delicately applied, and instead of being "burnished" in the ordinary manner, is merely relieved by "chasing." We cannot too strongly recommend these works to the inspection and patronage of all interested in the advancement of English Art-manufacture.

The Ceramic Court at the Crystal Palace is thus rendered attractive, in the highest degree, by the exhibition of truly fine works—produced by British manufacturers. We assert, without hesitation, that the productions here collected, are surpassed by no establishments in Europe,—if we except those which, under direct government aid, and by a lavish expenditure of government grants of money, issue works with which no private firm can compete. The formation of this "Court" has been of universal service, by inducing a general conviction that the means of achieving excellence are within our reach.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE STEREOSCOPE.

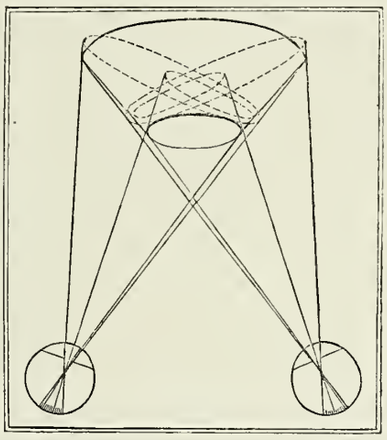
SIR,—In the descriptions of this instrument, which have already from time to time appeared in the *Art-Journal*, no place has yet been found for a short explanation of the physiological principles which are involved in the use of it. This explanation, it is true, may have been purposely withholden by former able contributors, either from considerations of the incompleteness of scientific research, or from their belief in its inappropriateness to these columns. Yet, there is neither difficulty nor deficiency in that theory which Sir David Brewster propounded shortly after the publication of the original reflecting Stereoscope, by Professor Wheatstone. And there is no longer any expressed difference—at least, well-supported difference of opinion—upon the matter; nor is there any subject, as we regard it, which is more akin to this very Journal than the physiology of vision, whether of one or two eyes. With these convictions, we venture in a very few sentences to supply the omission.

Within the last few years, it is certain that many thousands of people have been charmed to rapture by the relievo prospects of the Stereoscope; and, of these, hundreds have doubtless been arrested by the extreme simplicity of the discovery, and of its Art-appliances. But, even of the latter class, it is too probable that most rest contented with the bare knowledge of three simple facts—1st, that they have two pictures of every object of regard in their open eyes at one and the same time; 2nd, that these pictures are, according to the objective character and distance, always more or less dissimilar; and 3rd, that, consequeutly, when the two pictures of any view which have been previously imprinted by photographic art on slides, or, so to speak, on cameral retinæ, are represented to their proper eyes, they must, by the mere act of opening their eyelids, realise the vision of the object or group of objects themselves, and that by simple transference of the pictures to their own retinæ. Now, so far as they go, it is quite true that these are valuable portions of knowledge; and they alone are, moreover, the very facts by whose intelligence the first invention was suggested. But, facts though they be, this is by no means either an accurate knowledge or an adequate measure of the whole discovery; and it certainly rests far short both of the extent of modern research, and of the ascertained principles of common vision. The more complete intelligeuce of binocular vision, which we now proceed to render, rests entirely upon the nature of the eye itself; and happily there are but few organs of the human frame which are either better understood, or more easy of apprehension.

The simplest view which we can take of the human eye is that of a ball or sphere, of about an inch in diameter, having a dark interior coating called the *choroid*, and admitting the light, whereby we see, by means of a small circular orifice—the well-known *pupil*. To this little sphere a ball and socket motion is given by the agency of several muscles, whose respective extremities are attached to the unseen part of the ocular convexity, and to the concavity of the socket. A circular tensile plane, named from its variety of colours the *iris*, divides the eye into two unequal compartments, and enables us to expand and contract the pupil according to the light. The aqueous and vitreous humours which fill these compartments serve to keep the ball itself distended; and the *crystalline* lens, which is situate immediately within the pupil, and amid the vitreous humour, has for its object that of the ordinary convex lenses of art, the concentration of those cones of light which proceed from every point of outward objects upon the retina, or nervous sensorium, which lines the back of the eye.

From this brief word-sketch of his eye—it is little more, we confess, than a mere word diagram—let the reader now pass, and take an attentive look at the perspective figure we have drawn of two eyes and a solid. A part of a cone is here represented as the object towards which the pictured eyes are gazing. Let us see, in the first place, what are the respective pictures which that object would imprint on the retinæ of these eyes. In the diagram, we have not attempted to do more than indicate their position by points; but the pictures themselves will evidently be the exact counterparts of those which we have represented as crossing the solid in broken lines, and in planes respectively perpendicular to the axial lines of the eyes. The retinal pictures, no doubt, will differ from them in size, and also in a certain hollowness corresponding to the magnitude and sphericity of the eyes; but these differences, again, may be disregarded here, for they will in no wise affect the proof which, by this single diagram, we seek to give of our single vision with two eyes.

These broken-line pictures exhibit very distinctly the nature of that dissimilarity which always accompanies our ordinary vision of solid objects, and of varying distances, and which forms the basis of stereoscopic vision. From this point, therefore, the proof of single vision will be the same both for the



case of actual solidities, and for that of double dissimilar pictures of such solidities; for it is well known that, instrumentally and otherwise, we can readily super-impose the images of these pictures. Let us now, in the second place, note the positions of the transferred pictures, that is, of the dissimilar pictures which lie on the retinæ. The points and the directions of the radiant lines in the figure will show that these positions are not symmetrical, and hence that the old doctrine of nervous decussation is unequal to the solution of binocular vision. What then remains to solve the common every-day mystery? If the power of the imagination be cited to the difficulty, few men of judgment, we believe, would be found to yield to it the strange prerogative. And the well-known indistinctnesses incident to the vision of any considerable space would come in to mar such a conclusion of imaginative power. But there is no need of such a wild hypothesis, for the eyes in pair have other and material means of determining distance, and therewith of securing the utmost distinctness at the very same moment; and these means consist in their admirable economy for speed, accuracy, extent and ease of motion. Who does not or may not perceive, every waking minute of his existence, that his eyes are in almost perpetual motion, and not only the balls of his eyes, but the lenses and pupils likewise, independently of the balls? Of these motions, moreover, the pupillary contractions and expansions are only necessary, as we have already mentioued, in order to regulate the amount of light which enters the eye; and the crystalline lens, with movements even more refined, enables us to meet the varying distances of outward objects, by invariably condensing their rays upon the retina—the pictorial seat of innumerable foci, and itself the netlike expansion of the optic nerve. From this latter fact it is that philosophers have jumped to the conclusion that distinctness of vision is simply dependent upon equality of distance from the ocular centres; and German physicists have improved upon it, by affirming that siugle vision of whole lines and surfaces is the ready consequence of their position upon the superfices of a binocular sphere, which passes through the two ocular centres and the successive parts of external scenery. But is it not also an incontestable fact that we can never see more than a very small space, almost a point, of any object distinctly at one time? And, if so, are not these theories too manifestly defective? The truth is, the retina of the eye is incapable, by reason of failing sensibility, of imparting distinct vision for any part of its pictures excepting that which lies upon the *foramen*, or portion of it diametrically opposite to the pupil. No theory of single vision can therefore stand for a single instant, unless in conformity with this fact; and we are compelled to look to the motions of the eyeballs themselves as the primary source of single vision with two eyes.

By these motions it is, in fact, that our pair of eyes can and do, every moment, converge their axes of vision upon single parts of any object of view, and glean the most perfect distinctness of both its character and position. And this they accordingly do, with the most perfect unison, upon all parts of the object, behind and before, above, beside, and below, for which the mind wills to have such distinct information; and, in so doing for only a very few points of any object or landscape they will necessarily fix the general shape and dimensions to the mental view. Nor does the full demonstration stop here. Let another significant fact of ocular optics be added, viz.—that the impressions of the retina are not, as might be naturally supposed, instantly evanescent with every change of the eyes' direction; that these impressions, on the other hand, are retained for an appreciable period of time; and we see at once how, when the eyes do make the change of direction upon successive points of the field of view, the idea of distance and depth is gained with such unerring accuracy as we actually experience. And hence, to gather these remarks into one further observation, we conclude that the true stereoscopic effect, both in nature and art, is due to the successive convergencies of the optic axes alone, and that the distance between our eyes is for each individual the true base of his measurement.

Such and so few are the principles of that theory of binocular vision which is not one of the least, or least important, of the fruits which have resulted from the invention of the stereoscope; and we conclude the subject with the hope that it too may, ere long, be as widely known and appreciated as are the many striking effects of the instrument itself, which now occupies so large a share of public estimation, and promises to amuse and educate the people.

One word more regarding the common stereoscope and the recent differences of opinion which have been so fully expressed in the columns of the "Photographic Notes," regarding the proper distancing of cameras to secure stereoscopic pictures. Two rules have been proposed to guide the photographer in this matter, and he, singularly enough, restricts himself to neither. One of these rules directs that the cameras be invariably placed at eye-distance apart, and the other at such a distance as to form with the object a triangle similar to that which the eyes, in using the stereoscope, form with the combined pictures. The accompanying

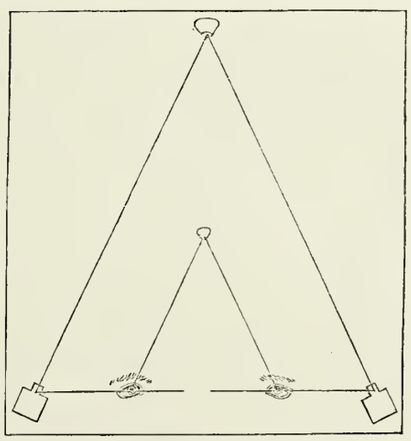


figure exhibits the latter view; and it is obviously founded upon the principle that the vision of pictures cannot be disjoined from the real distance of the canvas or other plane material upon which they are depicted. So far, however, is this from being a true principle of Art, that the very opposite is the universally admitted aim of all high Art whatever. And if, as Mr. Ruskin and good sense affirm, the truest painting simply consists in truth-telling, how much more should the attainment of truth and reality be the grand aim of an instrument which professes to enhance our picture vision by an appearance of depth, distance, and relief beyond every effect of shadiug, circumstance, and aerial perspective. No one denies that the true consequence of this rule is to limit the stereoscope to the vision of models of every object and view, excepting those whose photographic pictures are equal to their own superficial dimensions. This were to make it a very *toy* indeed. But who that has seen its best effects will venture to uphold the term? Is it not, on the other hand, certain that some of the very best stereoscopic transparencies have been taken by cameras at eye-distance apart from each other? And is it not well known that, though the practice of taking pictures at every distance, and quite abnormally, is common, yet these are but tricks of a new art to increase the apparent relief, while they utterly destroy the appearance of reality. To us, indeed, the fact that eye-distance is the only proper distance of cameras when set for taking prospects, appears so very obvious that we can only wonder how the grave error has held so long. For it is only with these pictures, we are firmly convinced, that the imagination has any chance of influencing the judgment toward the belief of reality, and the stereoscope of proving a valuable ally to highest Art and desigu.

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THE SOULAGE COLLECTION.

This Collection of Works of Decorative Art (*Art mobilier*) has been brought into public notice in this country under very singular circumstances; and, as a consequence of these circumstances and apart from its intrinsic merit and value, it is calculated to exert a peculiar influence upon Art-teaching among us. It becomes necessary, therefore, to subject this Collection to the most searching critical examination; and, in order to place it in its legitimate position, we have both to deal with it carefully and candidly as it is, and also to investigate the causes which have led to its having acquired a special character.

This Collection was formed by M. Jules Soulage, an advocate of Toulouse, chiefly during the period between 1830 and 1840, and it was the result of repeated tours through Italy, made with the express purpose of acquiring specimens of the Art-productions and manufactures of the Renaissance style. Originally located in Paris, the Soulage Collection was afterwards removed to Toulouse, where it enjoyed a high reputation amongst the artists and antiquaries of France. From time to time offers were made to purchase portions of the Collection, but M. Soulage resolved not to part with it except in its entirety. Representations were afterwards submitted to the English Government, by some gentlemen interested in the progress of Art in England, that this Collection might constitute a most important addition to the National Museums, which, having been formed at Marlborough House, have now been for the most part removed to Kensington Gore South; the time, however,—it was during the continuance of the war,—was considered to be unfavourable; then was the plan formed which eventually brought the Collection into this country as English property. It having been determined to make an effort to effect the purchase of the entire Collection, a number of influential persons associated themselves together for that purpose, and guaranteed the necessary funds. Three gentlemen—Mr. D. C. Majoribanks, M.P., Mr. M. Uzielli, and Mr. H. Cole, C.B.—were deputed to act for the subscribers, and in their name the purchase has been concluded. The Collection has been again offered to the Government by its present proprietors *at the cost price*, with a certain additional sum for interest and contingent expenses; but, should the nation fail to accept those terms, the whole will be offered for sale by public auction, having first been exhibited, under Government authority, at Marlborough House, and subsequently having been deposited for a time for a similar purpose amongst the other Art-treasures at Manchester.

The taste, the discrimination, and the judgment of M. Soulage, have thus received a very extraordinary sanction. His collections have been purchased by an association of judges of Art, and they have been purchased in this manner with the express view of securing them for the nation as a possession of too great importance not to be obtained if possible. They make their first public appearance under the same roof with the Turner pictures; they at once command, in an unusual degree, the interest and attention of the community at large; a place of honour awaits them in a great provincial city, at such a gathering of Art-productions as probably will never have been before witnessed; and their eventual destination is matter of anxious speculation in very high quarters. The questions which hence necessarily arise are—Do these collections really justify all this, and are they found to realise such high expectations? It will be requisite, in order to reply to these inquiries, to examine into what was the aim of the French collector in his researches, and how far the objects which he was enabled to bring together may be considered to have accomplished the purposes he had proposed to himself. The Soulage Collection may be classed under the four following sections—majolica, Palissy and other earthenware, Italian bronzes, cinque-cento furniture, and miscellaneous articles, including Venetian glass, some enamels of Limoges, a series of 106 medals, chiefly Italian, of the qualtro and quinque-cento periods, with some Della Robbia ware, knives, forks, &c.; in all there are 756 pieces. Without attempting to enter upon the subject of the decorative pottery which was produced in Italy at the time of the revival of Art in that country, we may remark that the examples contained in this Collection illustrate all the most important and the most esteemed varieties of majolica, and that the greater number of the examples are favourable specimens of their respective classes. The specimens of the celebrated metallic crimson lustre of Gubbio are unusually numerous and very fine. There is also a highly interesting and characteristic group of earthenware, the production of Bernard Palissy, and of other artists of the south of France. The several specimens in the other sections of the Collection may be generally described as being, for the most part, good of their kind; so that, on the whole, M. Soulage was unquestionably successful, and that in no ordinary degree, in the accomplishment of his object. But such success is far from determining in the affirmative that the Soulage Collection merits the position in which it has been placed, and that its possession is essential to the National Art-museums. The character of the Art of the Revival period, in Italy, is the grand consideration to be brought to bear upon this question, and we do not hesitate to pronounce upon this point an opinion, differing very widely from the views entertained by the cinque-cento enthusiasts of the day. That an earnest and truthful feeling for Art, in the purest acceptation of the term, combined with a truly wonderful technical knowledge, was exhibited in their works by the majolica *maestri* is evident from the works themselves; yet, as the same evidence declares, they found themselves fettered by the vitiated taste that overshadowed the period in which they flourished, so that we are constrained to consider the present estimation of this ware to be extravagant, and altogether to be deprecated. There also prevails a similar tendency to exaggerate the Art-character, and proportionately to enhance the value of every other production of the period. Now we would have all these works, whether components of the Soulage Collection or not, dealt with on their real merits—their real merits as productions and examples of Art, as illustrating historically a remarkable epoch, and as being in themselves models and teachers to artists. Thus regarded, and also with special reference to the national museums, we should desire about half the Soulage Collection to become the property of the nation; but for such a selected moiety we should consider a half of the sum which has been guaranteed rather to exceed than to fall short of the value of the objects chosen for purchase. We have a vivid remembrance of the rejection of the Faussett Collection by the trustees of the British Museum; and we entertain very decided views relative to the comparative worth of the labours of the Kent clergyman and the advocate of Toulouse.

ALNWICK CASTLE,

AND ITS DECORATIONS.

We have watched with deep interest the controversy that has arisen upon the character of the interior fittings and decorations which have been adopted by the Duke of Northumberland, as the completion of his restorations of Alnwick Castle. His grace is himself a learned antiquary, an accomplished scholar and experienced student of Art; and he has taken into his councils men whose names rank high as "authorities" in their profession. The fine old feudal fortress has been thoroughly restored, yet it is a fine old feudal fortress still; and we know no form of higher commendation for the work of the restoration. But pass through the massive entrance archway, and enter the actual apartments within the castle, and all is changed! You can admit no one association of the Scottish Border. You are looking up from that heavily mullioned window for the deep blue sky of Italy, and around for all that encircles and identifies a Roman palazzo. Your own language surprises you—you ought to be speaking and thinking in that softened Latin, which is Italian.

The Duke of Northumberland has decided that the interior of such modern or Renaissance palaces as are familiar to him at Rome are the fittest, and, indeed, the only fitting models for the interior of his own Border castle, now that it has become the residence of an English noble family of the highest rank—hence the controversy of which we have spoken. Some of our most distinguished architects have resolutely supported the decision of the duke; while others of at least equal celebrity have denounced the decision as involving a direct violation of every sound principle of Art, and as establishing a precedent calculated to produce most prejudicial consequences. On one side it is argued that the architecture of the middle ages can appeal to original examples, which render the work of such a restorer as Mr. Salvin at once comparatively easy and certain to be correct and truthful; but that the Romanesque and Gothic know nothing of such interiors as in a modern ducal residence are imperatively required, neither do they furnish any analogy from which original designs for such interiors could be devised; and it is further added that attempts of this kind have been made, and have failed—and hence it has been concluded that Romanesque and Gothic edifices of ducal rank can have no interiors of equal rank which shall also be Romanesque or Gothic. It is but a single step in the argument which leads from this point to the inference, that since a modern Italian palace has been proved to contain rooms suitable for a princely family, which rooms are in their character faithful to the Renaissance style of architecture and general Art—the Renaissance is *the* style for interiors when the exteriors are Romanesque and Gothic.

The opposing argument strikes at the root of this theory, and maintains the entire capability of the mediæval styles to provide their own details, and to adapt themselves to every possible contingency of circumstance and use.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the cause of Art, as a working impulse and a living agency amongst us, must be very seriously affected by the issue of this controversy. In the first place, if the Duke of Northumberland and his professional supporters are right, certain great and noble forms of Art stand convicted of being utterly powerless beyond the requirements of mere construction and exterior decoration; and again, in this case, it is a proved fact that there exist no such things as congruity and uniformity in architecture and its accessories; and, once more, thus the capacity of the Renaissance is demonstrated to be superior to that of the Gothic, both in the general case of being able to complete itself, and particularly in the important condition of adaptability to the highest requirements of civilised life. Now all this may be very specious, and both professors of architecture and the Duke of Northumberland and the public may accept and believe it all; but does not the entire matter resolve itself into such a proposition as the following? Modern (or Renaissance) Italian palaces are fit for ducal residences; while Gothic castles fit for ducal residence do not exist. It does not follow as a consequence of these facts, that a Gothic castle must, to become fit for a ducal residence, be fitted up like an Italian palace. Nor does it follow, because Wyatville and Barry have not produced perfect palaces from the Gothic, that that great style cannot produce a palace. Yet such is the train of argument which has brought the works of the lamented Canina and his Italian carvers to Alnwick Castle. We are prepared to admit the excellence of all that the Commendatore has done, and that Professors Cockerell and Donaldson have approved—their excellence in Italy, and for Italy, and in a Renaissance palace; but we cannot sanction the actual association of these works with Alnwick Castle. It is an absolute and a most unfortunate fallacy which has brought these Italian excellencies into a position, in which their own high merit serves to render their unfitness for that position the more glaring and the more conclusive. We do not now touch upon the question of the intrinsic merit of the Renaissance; our reasoning is simply directed against the introduction of this style into Alnwick Castle. We claim for Gothic *Art* free range as well as cordial sympathy in association with Gothic *Architecture*. The Gothic may not have put forth its full powers, as we now may require their expression: this, however, may not be from any shortcomings in the powers, but because they have not been brought fairly and fully to the test of experiment. And, in this very matter of interior fittings and decorative accessories, the Gothic has accomplished a wonderful advance.

Surely there is enough in the Palace of Westminster, if not to serve as a model for the Palace of Alnwick, to give abundant promise that the Gothic style can now produce a palace worthy of its own traditional fame; worthy also of the present condition of Art in its loftiest developments, and of refinement under its most elaborate forms; and not unworthy of an English duke, even though he bear the time-honoured name of Percy.

That the Renaissance works at Alnwick are a mistake, and worse than a mistake, we are convinced; at the same time, we believe that such a mistake as this is, was needed in order to bring the capabilities of Gothic Art suitably under discussion; and, consequently, we anticipate to the general cause of Art ultimate results of a most advantageous character from the controversy to which the Duke of Northumberland has given rise.

OBITUARY.

THE COMMENDATORE LUIGI CANINA.

The archæologists and architectural artists of Rome have to deplore the sudden death of this distinguished professor, which took place October 17th, at Florence, as he was returning to Rome, after a prolonged stay in this country. Canina was pre-eminently and exclusively a classic archæologist: devoted to the architecture and Arts of antiquity and the Renaissance, he refused to recognise the works of that great Art-epoch which intervened between them. In his own department of Art, he was a high authority; and his acquirements and judgment were regarded with the utmost respect by those who, really knowing him, really knew his worth. In the opinion of the mediævalists, Canina necessarily occupied a very different position: this was the inevitable result of his not being content to devote himself to one great form and expression of Art, without ignoring altogether another of equal nobleness. A systematic, laborious, and also an enthusiastic worker, Canina has left behind him a series of volumes, unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, in their peculiar department, by the productions of any other single individual. Like Piranesi, and other Roman authors, he had the whole of the branches of publication carried out in his own house: in one room worked engravers, and in an adjoining apartment the plates were printed off: it was the same with the preparation and actual production of the type of his printed volumes; and, with one or two exceptions, the whole were issued at his own expense. His first important work, in three folio volumes of plates and nine octavo volumes of text, is a history of ancient architecture, and comprises the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. The ancient Basilican churches of northern Italy next attracted his attention; and, after these, he proceeded to devote his studies to the edifices of ancient Rome and the Campagna—the Forum attracting his special regard. "Researches upon the Architecture of the Ancient Jews and of the Temple of Jerusalem," preceded a second series of Roman works, which, in their turn, gave place to equally important treatises upon Etrurian remains, upon domestic architecture, and upon the antiquities of the Via Appia, all of them being profusely illustrated with engravings of the utmost value. Canina had travelled much throughout Europe, and had studied on the sites themselves the monuments of Sicily and Greece proper. His recent visit to England was the second that he had made to this country. "His researches and labours," writes his friend, Professor Donaldson, "were appreciated by many princes and sovereigns; and he was decorated with a profusion of orders of various countries. But the distinction which he valued most was the position he held as Director of the Museum of the Capitol, which, with the title of Commendatore, ranked him among the forty nobles of Rome. This gave him just pride, as did also the Royal Gold Medal conferred upon him by the Institute of British Architects in 1849, with the approval of Her Majesty and Prince Albert." The Commendatore was a man of early habits, and singularly energetic in the prosecution of his labours. He was punctilious in his correspondence, and obliging in his disposition. He formed friendships slowly, but was a firm and faithful friend. He was most liberal in his dealings with all persons; and Art he loved for its own sake. "He was very susceptible of criticism and opposition of opinion, and deeply resented the strictures of the German *litterati* who disputed his scholarship, and the critiques of the French who called in question his taste. He was not free from the superstitious sentiments common to so many of his countrymen, and, from an intuitive dread of consequences, would never allow his portrait to be painted, nor his bust to be modelled." By a friendly stratagem, Professor Donaldson obtained a photographic likeness of his friend; but it did violence to his feelings, "and, in order to avoid the '*malocchio*,' he arranged (as he thought, unobservedly) the fingers of his right hand, as a charm against the evil consequences that he feared—a presentiment which the sad event of his death so soon after almost seemed to realise. The photograph faithfully represents the serious character and deep thoughtfulness of the scholar; but his expressive features, however, in moments of familiar and social relaxation, were often lighted up by a most pleasing smile . . . . It is a striking and a touching coincidence that Canina and Braun, the leaders of the rival systems of the two schools of archæological research at Rome—the Italian and the German—should have died within a few weeks of each other; and thus left the field open to other, but it would be bold to say to nobler or more zealous, minds."

MR. FREDERICK NASH.

This gentlemen, one of the oldest members of the Water-Colour Society, died at his residence, at Brighton, on the 5th of December. We may at a future time—for intelligence of his decease only reached us when we were on the eve of going to press—be able to give some account of his life; at present, we can only refer to him as a painter of architectural subjects and marine views, whose drawings were held in very general estimation.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM;

ITS REMOVAL TO KENSINGTON GORE.

So numerous and so important are the additions which have of late been made to the contents of this Museum, that it has assumed both the proportions and the character of a national institution. Mr. Ruskin has deposited here his very valuable collections of casts from Venice; from Notre Dame, some noble specimens from the triforium of the nave have been acquired by the Committee of the Museum; Mr. G. G. Scott, Mr. Burgess, with many other gentlemen, have been contributors; and various groups of casts, of greater or lesser extent, and obtained from different sources, might also be specified amongst the recent accessions: and, in addition to casts, the Museum has become the depository of many original examples of architectural details, which, from whatever cause, have ceased to possess any secure resting-place of their own. This increase in the number of its contents has, however, served to place in a more prominent position that great drawback, as well from the general estimation of this Museum as from its practical utility to architectural students—want of space. Not only are the premises occupied by the Museum too limited in extent to enable the Committee suitably to classify and display their collections, but it has now become necessary to pile up specimen in front of specimen, until many parts of the Museum have almost ceased to be available for examination and study. Under these circumstances, and finding that even their present premises would sooner or later be absorbed in the proposed new government official buildings, the Committee have wisely adopted a proposition which was submitted to them, for forming such an arrangement with the Government Department of Science and Art as would enable them to obtain for the Architectural Museum a part of the new national Museum Buildings at Kensington Gore South. It might be objected to such an arrangement that the situation of these new buildings would be far less convenient than the present Gallery in Canon Row for architectural students, and also for the general public who might be disposed to visit this museum, and to seek from its varied collections some authoritative teaching upon the great art now almost universally regarded with such deep interest. To this objection the reply is both ready at hand and in itself conclusive—it is no longer an open question whether the great Fine-Art Museums of the nation should be concentrated at Kensington Gore South; this has been decided in the affirmative—whether wisely or not, the decision has been made. Consequently, for the Architectural Museum *not* to be in this selected locality would be to place it in an exceptional condition, and to cut it off both from contributing its own beneficial influences to the general Art-capital of the country, and from sharing, in its turn, in the advantages to be derived from association and comparison with other collections devoted to other departments of Art.

In the new buildings ample space will be afforded to do justice to the collections which have been actually buried at Canon Row; and there also the Museum may expect to acquire such further additions as will render it complete in itself, and of infinite value in its capacity of a practical teacher of architecture. While subjected to certain general regulations in common with the rest of the establishment, the Architectural Museum will remain, as heretofore, dependent upon its own resources, and under the control and direction of its own Committee. Its infinitely greater capabilities for advancing the best interests of architecture amongst us will not fail, we are persuaded, to be recognised by the subscribers to the Architectural Museum, who will feel that upon them devolves the charge of strengthening the hands of the Committee, and, indeed, of securing for a public institution their all-important services. For this will be a peculiar feature in this Museum, as a department of the general Art-establishment, that the most eminent members of the architectural profession voluntarily make themselves responsible for its character, and bestow upon it an amount of personal attention which it would be impossible to purchase. Doubtless the government both understand and appreciate the worth of the Committee of the Architectural Museum, as well as the intrinsic value of the Museum itself in connection with their Art-establishment: it is well that it should be thus—that these really wonderful collections should find, provided for them at the public cost, a becoming dwelling-place, and that the nation should acquire the reciprocal advantage of having both an architectural museum already prepared for it, and the most able architects, as a committee of management, willing to render their voluntary services.

It is expected that the Architectural Museum will be established at Kensington Gore South in time to admit of its being open to the public, with the other Art-collections there to be assembled, in the month of March. In the course of this present month of January, the Committee of the Architectural Museum will have secured to themselves a fresh claim for public gratitude and support from a second award of prizes to Art-workmen for the best productions after their own designs, upon specified subjects. We shall not fail to record the particulars respecting a decision which bears, so directly and under so practical a form, upon both the advancement of true Art and its recognition in its true capacity.

THE

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,"

AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

It would seem as if a sort of contest had arisen between Mr. Kean and his critics. No sooner has the critic made an effort to do justice to the former's principles of management, and their results, than the manager seems as if he had made a new and determined effort to justify his critic. In our recent remarks on that series of illustrated dramas which must hereafter form a chapter in the history of our English stage, we described Mr. Kean as constantly competing successfully against his own success; we have now to describe him as competing more than successfully against the praise that records it. In answer to our acknowledgment of variety, he breaks up for us a fresh field:—for our admission of archæology made poetry, and which we can seize

by its archæologic points for description, he gives us a poetry so refined and essential, that the prosaisms of descriptive criticism cannot reach it.

We will frankly confess, that, for our own part, we were under the impression that Mr. Kean had here ventured on a dangerous attempt. In most of his previous versions he leaned on a variety of well-defined aids, to which he could point incontrovertibly as his vouchers,—where learning could be appealed to as giving its authority to the witcheries of Art. In the present instance, in all that makes the essential character of the piece to be represented, Mr. Kean was committed to the spiritualities alone; and to fail of their expression, was to fail altogether. For this one night the manager was to be a poet—and a transcendental poet,—or the circle of his successes was here to be broken up. If he could not take his audiences into dream-land, then he would have done wisely to abide by the old historic paths. If he could not give them a glimpse of the fairies in their own charmed atmosphere, ever remote "from the presence of the sun," and "following darkness like a dream," he should have stuck by the dim yet recoverable outlines of ancient fact. If Prince Theseus and his earthly court should loom too prominently through the haunted haze of that midsummer's night, then the closing appeal of his spirits was to be in vain, and his "shadows had offended." There are, we must avow, certain of the Shakspere dreams which we have always felt unwilling to see submitted to the ordeal of stage presentment;—and this wild and wondrous creation is one of them. The fancy that, left alone with the poet, and in its own "witching hour," has followed again and again the moonlight wanderings of the fairy queen, or looked in upon "her deep repose, won by no mortal music," has almost made it a part of its own religion that "no mortal eye may gaze upon that bower" wherein the slumber of Titania is watched by "the moon, her playmate of a thousand years." Against this sort of poetical reluctance Mr. Kean has, in his present revival, had to contend, in addition to his other difficulties; and his triumphs of fact are all the greater, that he has had likewise to triumph over a sentimental opposition.—For, a triumph this revival *is*:—and such an one as has not, in its kind, been achieved on the stage before.

As we have hinted, we know not how to describe the charm of this piece. We have never dreamed that so much of fairyland could be put on the stage. The manager has so contrived, that we are under the express Shakspere spell. All through the hours of a midsummer night, won out of midwinter, we are consorting with the elves. The world into which we are introduced teems with "these beings of the mind;" and the moon that lights them is the moon of fairyland. Everywhere these spirits of our old English poetry are about us, they, and their fairy music. They glide over the green sward, trip in the moonlight, "dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind," float through the night air, lie rocked on the stems and shaded by the calices of flowers, dart away on the message of the fairy king, leaving a trail of light behind like that of a falling star, or swarm on the marble stairs of the house of Theseus, giving the "glimmering light" of their countless fairy lanterns, and the wild music of their chanted fairy blessing.—For ourselves, we, the spectators, are of the party of the fairies. We are within the charmed circle,—and have no relations with that outward world which is represented by Theseus and his court, save such as the elves have themselves. They and their fortunes are seen by us, too, through the mists of dreamland; and we look with a sort of wondering bewilderment and puzzled pity on those strange wild entanglements of a midsummer night, wrought by the benignant but blundering interference of a power only half immortal with the threads of destiny,—forgetting for the nonce the portion that we ourselves have in all such errors, and half inclined, in our "midsummer night's" privilege, to echo the comment of Puck—"Lord! what fools these mortals be!"—And so, Mr. Kean has contrived that we shall read these Shakspere transcendentalisms on his stage in the same faith in which we read them in the closet, but with the heightened effect of the illustrations which he throws on the poetry that embodies them from all the other Muses.

Nevertheless, although Mr. Kean's art has thrown into their due subordination and perspective the human interests involved in this wondrous poem, yet on the figures which represent these interests he has bestowed as careful editing as on any one other of his productions. Left to the expedients of his own fancy for the realisation of fairyland, the Greek element of the play furnished him once more with the opportunity for grappling to archæology;—and this resource he has used, as on former occasions, with that intelligent latitude which substitutes one fact not suited to his purpose by another that yields him a beauty. It is no part of Mr. Kean's office, with such a text-book as Shakspere before him, to comment on that mixture of two mythologies which transfers the supernaturalisms of romantic lore to classic ground; but he knows, that in a chronology already so wild and irregular, it would have been the mere pedantry of adherence to attach importance to what Shakspere had deemed of none, and go implicitly back to the time of the *quasi*-historic Theseus, when its Cecropian forms and modes would have matched—or contrasted—ill with the other poetic embodiments of this marvellous piece. So, keeping the play on its Athenian ground, Mr. Kean took for his classic background the Athens of Pericles; when, to use his own words, "it had attained its greatest splendour in literature and art,—when it stood in its pride and glory, ennobled by a race of illustrious men, and containing the most beautiful objects the world had ever seen." Out of the material features of this matchless city Mr. Kean gets his first picture. And what a picture it is! From a terrace adjoining the Palace of Theseus, the spectator looks on Athens, with its Acropolis and Areopagus (the council-room of a Greek people, and the pulpit of a Christian apostle)—the temples of Minerva and of Theseus—the Erechtheum and the Pandrosium—the columns of Jupiter Olympius—the Agora, the Clepsydra, the Academy, the Pnyx, the Musæum and the Stadium—the Ilissus and the Cephissus—the mountains and the sea!*—It may mark Mr. Kean's careful mode of annotating, to add, that in the scene which succeeds to this, and which exhibits the interior of the workshop of Quince, the carpenter, the furniture and tools introduced are copied from discoveries in Herculaneum.—And, while dwelling on this Greek portion of the play, there is one other matter to which we are strongly tempted to allude;—both as illustrating incidentally the wholesome teaching, of so many kinds, which these revivals of Mr. Kean's afford, and for the sake of enforcing the particular lesson on our own account. Let us join the happy bridal groups, escaped from the crosses and bewitchings of the wood, and seated in the hall of Theseus, to witness the "most lamentable comedy" and "very tragical mirth" which make a portion of the nuptial revels. We will entreat our fair readers to cast their eyes over this Greek saloon, and then around their own English hemisphere of the house,—and honestly ask themselves which nation had caught the secret of beauty in dress. Amid the eccentricities and extravagances and distortions of present costume, the exquisite draperies here presented are positively felt as musical phrases yielding their distinct and appreciable contribution to the harmony of this matchless piece.

With the exception of these few Greek scenes, all night, as we have said, we are wandering with the fairies in the wood:—now lost in its floating mists, now emerging in its moonlit glades,—and everywhere listening to such fairy song as Mendelssohn and Beethoven knew. One of the charmed scenes to which these wanderings bring us we may report here, as an instance, for our readers:—and then bid them thread the haunted forest for themselves. In this scene, we come upon an opening where the moonlight falls white upon the forest floor,—bounding itself by a circle of shade which shows that it is a dancing ring for the fairies:—and into this circle, accordingly, the fairies glide, throwing their shadows before them. This dance of the elves, with each her own dancing shadow for a partner, is a thing of preternatural beauty,—itself a poem.—And, after this fashion, scene by scene, does Mr. Kean interpret Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

* For the power to render this beautiful scene with so much accuracy,—so as indeed to become a "pictured lesson,"—Mr. Kean is, we believe, indebted to his valuable ally, Mr. George Godwin, whose assistance has been so useful to him on all the occasions of his revivals.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

CHARITY.

J. Van Eycken, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 3¾ in. by 1 ft. 1½ in.

Of the many excellent artists who, during the last few years, have been included within the schools of Belgium, John Van Eycken is one of the most distinguished. He was born at Brussels in 1810, and, after studying some time under M. Navez, pupil of David and a painter of high reputation, he entered the Academy of Brussels, and in 1835 carried off the first prize in painting. He made his appearance the same year in the exhibition at Antwerp, by exhibiting a picture of St. Sebastian, which obtained for him considerable distinction. To the exhibition of the Brussels Academy, in the following year, he sent "Christ crowned with Thorns," and "The Young Tobias restoring his Father to sight;" these two works, of which the former is characterised by purity and harmony of colour, and the latter by forcible and truthful expression, completely manifest the style of his master Navez.

In 1850 Van Eycken sent two pictures to our Royal Academy Exhibition—one entitled "The Vintagers," the other "Calvary;" they attracted but little notice here, and were returned to the painter unsold; he never attempted a second time, we believe, to bring his works before the British public. In his own country they were always duly appreciated; nor from the fact of his "Charity," and another very charming composition, "Abundance"—now in the hands of our engraver—being found in the Royal Collection, would it seem that the merits of this painter were unrecognised here in high quarters.

Van Eycken died at Brussels in December, 1853, under somewhat melancholy circumstances, the particulars of which were narrated a month or two afterwards in the *Art-Journal*, when a short notice of this artist appeared.

The works of Van Eycken are chiefly religious subjects, or episodes of life treated allegorically. His "Charity" belongs to the latter class, and we must therefore examine the subject as a composition only; for, if we test it by the laws of nature or truth, it will be found contrary to both, and almost incomprehensible. The subject divides itself into two classes, or groups—the givers and the receivers, the principal of each being respectively the two mothers; but it is quite clear that the five children surrounding the figure on the right cannot be all her own—they are too nearly of an age; and, moreover, it is most improbable that children would be so circumstanced in a cornfield without any covering: nor could wheat, either cut or growing, be forced into such a sheltering canopy as that which bends over them. The painter has throughout sacrificed truth to fancy; but this must almost always be the case in works of an allegorical character, and Van Eycken has only followed in the footsteps of the great masters of ancient Art when they handled such subjects; and, indeed, very often when they assumed to paint historical facts—instances of which are so numerous as to require no special allusion to any one of the old painters to confirm the statement.

But, looking at the picture for what it professes to be, there are beauties in it which cannot but elicit much commendation. The destitute mother and her child are expressed with a reality painful to witness—the countenance of the woman is not, indeed, attenuated like that of one starved, but it is most suggestive of woe and misery, and her sickly infant is an absolute embodiment of disease and want. The group to the right forms a brilliant contrast to its wretched companion—here we find health, enjoyment, and everything that conveys to the mind "the luxury of doing good." The three central figures are very charmingly composed; but the head of the child in the lap is not good—the forehead is unnaturally prominent, and the drawing of the leg resting on the wheatsheaf is bad. The chief merits of this work lie in the charming sentiment conveyed in the composition, and in its rich and truthful colouring: a little more attention to drawing would have made it a fine example of allegorical painting.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

J VAN EYCKEN PINX.T

P LIGHTFOOT. SCULP.T

CHARITY.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

At the Royal Academy, on the 10th of December (the eighty-eighth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy), silver medals were awarded to the following artists:—

To Mr. Philip Richard Morris, for the best painting from the life, and also for the best painting from the living draped model.

To Mr. Victor Boutellier, for the best drawing from the life.

To Mr. George James Miller, for the best model from the life.

To Mr. John Simons Constable, for the best architectural drawing.

To Mr. Alexander Glasgow, for the best drawing from the antique.

To Mr. John Constant Worman, for the best model from the antique.

To Mr. Francis Trimmer Gompertz, for a perspective drawing in outline.

To Mr. George M. Atkinson, for the best drawing in sciography.

There appears to have been no gold medal given; and we presume the above includes all the intelligence which the Academy have to communicate to the profession and the public.

The "Turner" Monument.—Our readers will not have forgotten that, under the will of the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., whereby he proposed to give effect to his presumed English privilege of bequeathing the money for which he had toiled, to whom he pleased, a sum of £1000 was left to be given as the price of a monument in the testator's own honour, which he proposed should be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. Somehow or other, an idea had got abroad that this particular bequest had been swamped, amongst other of the great artist's testamentary intentions, on one of the many shoals that lie sunk in the great sea of Chancery; and the sum in question has been supposed to have disappeared in that distribution of the property which the salvors had made amongst themselves, under the term compromise,—the dead painter's directions notwithstanding. We are glad to know, that the provision in question has been picked up somewhere since the wreck in Chancery,—and the fund reappears in the following Resolutions, come to at a meeting held during the past month, and which our readers will like to have in the language of the Resolutions themselves:—

That the Executors and Trustees consider the most desirable mode to adopt for carrying into effect the wishes of the Testator, as regards the erection of the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, will be, that the sculptors *who are Royal Academicians*, be requested to submit to the trustees and executors a design for the monument, either by a statue or otherwise, and by a drawing or a model to a scale of one inch to a foot, the expense of the monument not to exceed the sum of £1000 (as provided by the will), including its erection and all expenses whatever attendant thereon.

The site for the monument is intended to be on the east side of the south entrance into the Cathedral, corresponding with the position of the monument erected to the memory of the late Sir Astley Cooper.

It being intended that the artist whose design shall be accepted shall be entrusted with the execution of the work, the Executors regret that they have it not in their power to make any remuneration to the other gentlemen whose designs may not be adopted, and therefore they have no wish to have submitted to them any elaborate drawings or models, &c.

The drawings and models to be sent to No. 47, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, the residence of the late Mr. Turner, before the 17th day of January, 1857.

Now, the sculptors who are at present full members of the Royal Academy (a deduction having recently been made from their body by the death of Sir Richard Westmacott) are five in number,—Mr. Baily, Mr. Gibson, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Westmacott, and Mr. Marshall. Mr. Gibson is in Rome; and, as the drawings and models are to go in on the 17th of the present month, he is out of the question, and the competitors are reduced to four. Without pausing to question, as we very well might, why an artist so great and unacademic as Mr. Turner might not have had such larger chance of fitting illustration as an appeal to the profession generally would have conferred,—we may say, at any rate, that, as the Royal Academy contains in its body one, and only one, other sculptor—Mr. Foley,—an artist of great eminence, and second to few in Europe, though as yet he has not got beyond the list of Associates,—to leave him singly out of this competition will be felt as a grievance and an offence:—and we think this commission might have been given amongst the members of the Academy, instead of amongst the Royal Academicians. We suppose, however, that it is an affair of rank, and that none but a Royal Academician is fit to effect a Royal Academician's monumental apotheosis.—One thing rejoices us exceedingly,—though, as yet, we get it only in the form of an inference. As the monument has turned up, so also, we trust, will the almshouses for his aged and decayed brethren of the pencil which form so noble a feature in the testamentary dispositions of the late Mr. Turner. The receipt by the Royal Academy of £20,000 out of his property becomes, then, intelligible,—in a sense which should do them great honour, if it may be so read. Perhaps it is their intention to appropriate that sum in carrying out the benevolent purpose of the illustrious testator:—a purpose which, in the confidence of Art-brotherhood, he had committed to their keeping, in the character of trustees.—Let us remark, however, that the scale of an inch to a foot, prescribed to the competitors, is wholly inadequate to convey any notion of such a work as that by which one great sculptor should illustrate another.

The Collection of Mr. Sheepshanks.—The *Times* of the 8th of December contained the following announcement:—"We understand that Mr. Sheepshanks has munificently presented to the nation the whole of his collection of paintings and drawings, for the purposes of public instruction in Art. Mr. Sheepshanks, disapproving irresponsible management by boards like the trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, has made it a condition that the responsibility for his collection must rest with an individual minister—the minister for education. Mr. Sheepshanks considers that a crowded thoroughfare is not a suitable site for quietly studying works of Art, and has stipulated that his collection must be kept in the neighbourhood of its present locality, at Kensington. He is willing that the pictures, &c., should be lent to those provincial towns which provide suitable places to exhibit them. Upon these conditions, which we believe Lord Palmerston has cordially accepted on behalf of the government, Mr. Sheepshanks has signified his readiness to hand over immediately the whole of his very fine collection, which is especially rich in the best works of Mulready, Landseer, and Leslie, and contains fine examples of the principal modern British painters in oil. The value of the collection may be estimated at about £60,000." It is impossible to overrate the worth of this acquisition, or to express in sufficiently stroug terms the gratitude of the country for a gift of such magnitude. It is of acts such as these that the people may well be proud, and which must be monuments for ever to the honour and glory of the giver. It has been long believed that the intention of Mr. Sheepshauks was to *bequeath* his collection to the nation; but he does infinitely more—he presents it to his eountry during his lifetime, so removing all possible chance of dispute for its possession. Long may this admirable man and munificent benefactor live to witness the beneficent effects of the boon he has conferred on his country and the world!

To the Turner Collection at Marlborough House the following six pictures have been added:—

Sea-Piece. Painted about 1802.
Calais Pier—Fishing-boats preparing for Sea—the English Packet arriving (1803).
Bacchus and Ariadne (1840).
The Exile and the Rock Limpet (1842).
Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello (1846).
The Angel standing in the Sun (1846).

It is probable that, until more space can be obtained "somewhere," no other pictures will be exhibited. Enough, however, have been shown to convince the public that a proper National Gallery has become an imperative necessity.

The Earl of Elcho has written a letter to the *Times*, in which he complains, in regard to the proposed site of the new National Gallery, that although on the 27th of June last the House of Commons ordered an address to be presented to Her Majesty, praying Her Majesty to issue a "royal commission" on the subject, nothing has yet been done, that, in fact, the matter remains where it was, the public not being a whit nearer to the attainment of an object in which they are deeply interested, and the necessity for which becomes daily more and more apparent. His lordship concludes his communication as follows:—"I know it is said that the question of the National Gallery site is one of extreme urgency, which admits of no delay, in consequence of the Turner bequest and the recent purchases which there are no means of exhibiting; but this is a difficulty which is far from insuperable if Government will have the courage to do their duty and give the Royal Academy notice to quit that portion of the present National Gallery to which they have not even a parliamentary title, but which the nation has generously allowed them to occupy for twenty years."

[It is understood that a royal commission is about to issue, appointing Lord Broughton (formerly Sir John Cam Hobhouse), the Dean of St. Paul's (the Rev. H. H. Milman), Mr. Ford (the historian of Spanish Art), Professor Faraday, Mr. Cockerell, R.A., and Mr. George Richmond, "to inquire into and determine the site of the new National Gallery, and to report on the desirableness of combining with it the Fine Art and Archæological collections of the British Museum." We confess to a belief that the wisdom of this "selection" will be very generally questioned: and can as yet scarcely have faith in its accuracy. The matter, however, will very soon be "settled."]

Mr. Morris Moore's longing for "notoriety" must have been amply gratified during the past month, for he has been in the custody of the police at Berlin, and has had several letters inserted in the *Times*. It is not our business to inquire concerning the "cause" of his detention: it is very unlikely that he would have been arrested by the Prussian authorities if he had in no way committed himself, and, if we may judge from his antecedents, reasonable grounds may have existed for the outrage of which he complains. His lively imagination, however, and, perhaps, his conscience, attributed the wrongs he endured to the influence of "Waagen and Co." The accusation has called forth an indignant but very dignified protest on the part of Dr. Waagen, who writes of Mr. Morris Moore in terms we do not choose to copy. The character of Dr. Waagen stands too high to be affected by any assailant. There are few men living more esteemed or respected than the estimable German critic; and he may rest assured that if the universal opinion concerning him be destined to undergo a change, it will not be by the testimony of Mr. Morris Moore.

New Metals.—We have been of late directing much of our attention to the improvements which have been made in the manufacture of *aluminium*. The cost of producing this very important metal has been so reduced that it is employed for the eagles which surmount the regimental colours of several of the regiments in the French army; and there are prospects that lead us to expect a yet greater reduction in the cost of producing this metal. *Sodium* is most necessary in the manufacture of aluminium; and we learn that in this country there is every probability of its being manufactured at the low cost of two or three shillings the pound; if this is accomplished, aluminium will be at once rendered cheaper than silver. *Lithium* has been produced, by M. Froost, from lepidolithe, a mineral which occurs in the granite near Rozena, in Moravia. Whether this remarkable metal is destined to find a place in the arts or manufactures remains a problem which time alone can solve. Its striking characteristic is its extreme levity—*lithium is a solid metal which floats upon rectified naptha*. M. Froost and St. Claire Deville are both of them working on this metal. *Calcium*, the metallic base of lime, has been obtained as a beautiful gold-coloured metal by Professor Benson, of Marburg; but as yet not in any quantity. Since we now know that the clays and earths are all of them reducible to the metallic state, what may we not expect in a few years in Art-manufacture. Solids as durable as silver and less liable to tarnish will be placed in the hands of artizans, from which to produce articles of use or ornament far lighter than cork.

The Sculptors' Institute have published the correspondence with Sir Benjamin Hall to which we adverted last month, and which leaves the subject of the Wellington Monument in a state far from satisfactory. It is quite certain that much suspicion exists in reference to it; and while confidence is most essential to the production of a great national work, such confidence is not indueed by the course adopted by "the authorities."

The British Institution, as usual, issues its announcement for the receipt of paintings to form its annual exhibition; and as during the past year there has been no circumstance to direct the attention of

artists elsewhere, we may reasonably hope that in February next the collection in Pall Mall will rightly represent the progress of British Art. As we were among those who urged the Directors to decline pictures with which the public had been previously familiar, we are not justified in complaining if the consequence has been a marked deterioration in the character of late exhibitions as compared with exhibitions of former years. This evil is by no means the necessary consequence of a change that was unquestionably beneficial; neither is it entirely attributable to such change. None of our leading artists now exhibit pictures for sale, as they used to do some ten or twenty years back: they prefer consequently, to keep back their works for the May gathering at the Royal Academy. This is really the cause why the British Institution has of late contained the productions only, or chiefly, of second-class painters. We trust, however, that our masters in Art will see it their duty to assist the Directors here: a few contributions from the higher sources would be assuredly beneficial to the Institution.

The School of Painting (as it is called, but on very insufficient grounds), at the British Institution, has continued this year its annual custom of exhibiting copies of famous pictures, made by students from the works lent to form the exhibition of the Ancient Masters. Several young ladies and gentlemen have here proved their industry, but nothing more. We have always considered this periodical show as prejudicial rather than serviceable to Art: the permission to make copies is in itself scarcely a boon; but their exposure is the opposite of beneficial, either to the copyists, their friends, or the public.

First Exhibition of the Flemish School of the Fine Arts in London.—We have a cordial welcome for this fresh addition to our metropolitan winter exhibitions. Artists of the Flemish school will always be regarded with friendly sentiments in England; and when they come amongst us with their works, and open an exhibition in London, they may feel sure that there prevails a general predisposition to receive them as friends, and to treat their productions with favour. However suitable for the display of their collections, the Pall Mall Gallery, with its recent associations, involuntarily subjects the Flemish artists to a comparison with their brethren and sisters from France—and this is a comparison which they have scarcely strength to endure. Still, though not to be admitted to the same rank with the French collections, there is much to interest and to gratify the observer in this Belgian exhibition. An excess of matter had already crowded our pages when this exhibition claimed our attention, we now are, in consequence, unable to do more than to notice and to welcome its presence in London, and at the same time to invite those of our readers who may pass along Pall Mall to follow our example in visiting the Gallery, and thus confirm our friendly and approving expressions. We purpose next month to write more at length and to enter upon particulars, from which we are now precluded by the narrow limits of the space at our disposal.

The "Newton" Monument.—The amount of subscriptions which the men of Grantham have available for their monument to the late Sir Isaac Newton is £1200; and for this sum,—which is to cover all expenses of erection, &c.,—they have determined on having a bronze statue on a granite pedestal, and have called five sculptors into competition. The artists invited are—Mr. E. H. Baily, R.A., Mr. Campbell, the Baron Marochetti, Mr. Theed, and Professor Rauch.—The men of Grantham, it will be seen, have taken the foreign fever in an aggravated form. Of five sculptors summoned to contend for the honour of illustrating their provincial town, and pocketing £1200 for a big bronze statue reared on granite, one is an Italian, and another a German. We say, a "big" bronze statue, because these Lincolnshire patrons of Art intimate the not very æsthetic intention of getting as much as they can for their money. "The magnitude of the figures," they say, "will be"—by them—"considered an important element in the design." Doubtless, this will be a temptation to Professor Rauch, for instance:—the expected size, *plus* the distance, being among the conditions under which he is privileged to take a fifth chance in a lottery for the execution and erection of a bronze statue and pedestal, cost £1200, in the good town of Grantham! Should he fail them, however, they have Italy to fall back on; and Italy, in this case, is at hand,—as the English sculptors have good reason to know. The models, including figure and pedestal, are not to exceed three feet, and are to be sent in on or before the 15th of next March, to the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Great George Street, Westminster. Mr. Baily has, we understand, declined entering into this competition:—so that, England and the Continent have the chances between them, half and half.

M. Chevreul has been for some time engaged in researches upon the composition of the Egyptian statuette of "Serapoum." His analyses indicate the presence of lead, which metal had not hitherto been discovered in ancient bronzes. It is supposed to have acted in the preservation of these little idols by producing on the surface a coating of oxide, which acted as a varnish would have done.

The Bronze Statue of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Charles J. Napier, executed by Mr. G. G. Adams, and recently placed at the south-west angle of Trafalgar Square, though in many parts a bold and spirited composition, is far from being an agreeable work. The singularly-marked features of the hero of Scinde appear, if they are not in reality, much exaggerated; and the head altogether looks preposterously large. If the sculptor has not exceeded the truth with respect to the former, it would have been more politic for him to have reduced these peculiarities of feature, which might have been done without prejudice to the gallant soldier; while, if the masses of hair had been broken, a great advantage, picturesquely, would be gained. The drapery is heavy, and by no means graceful, adding to the apparent weight of the figure, instead of becoming, as it should do, a medium of conveying to it grace of outline and richness of effect. The pedestal, too, is "a mistake:" it is too small for the statue, as it is designed: a broader "standing-place" would have lessened the size of the figure.

M. Fr. Kuhlmann has published some interesting and important investigations on the power of alhumen in fixing and retaining dyes. He shows that fibre of any kind, which has been impregnated with the white of egg, receives and retains with much permanence many colours which are usually evanescent. We shall examine this subject when it is further developed by the author.

German Art-Journal.—It is announced in the German papers, that an Illustrated Journal of Art is about to be published in Berlin; the capital necessary for so costly a work to be supplied by a Joint Stock Company. Among the principal conductors will be Dr. Kugler and Dr. Waagen. We shall cordially greet such an acquisition to the true "Art-treasures" of the world. It is discreditable to Germany that the Arts have not there been adequately represented by literature.

The Secretary of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution has received a compliment which no gentleman has ever better merited. Mr. Roper has conducted its affairs for no less a period than *forty years:* it is impossible to rate too highly the value of his services: his heart has ever been in his work. Not only has he laboured with zeal, energy, and perseverance, but the exceeding delicacy with which he administered the funds of the society is above all praise. During the long time over which his task has extended, how many sorrows he has soothed! how many hopes he has encouraged! how many broken hearts he has healed! That which is next best to the consciousness of desert, is appreciation. It is a large reward to this excellent gentleman to find that, in the more immediate circle where he is best known, he is valued as he deserves to be: but the public, at least all who have been in any way associated with him, join heartily in the feeling which induced the Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution to present, "by their private subscriptions," a silver inkstand and salver "to W. J. Roper, Esq., as an expression of their personal esteem, and testimonial of the high sense they entertain of his valuable and indefatigable services during a period of forty years as Secretary." Our only regret is that the subscription to this testimonial was not as "general" as the objects of the Institution.

Mr. W. Simpson, who, as well as the actual combatants, gathered laurels in the Crimea, has exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi's, a picture to commemorate "Kars and its defenders"—a worthy subject for Art, and one to which the excellent artist has done full justice. It is to be engraved.

Photographic Views.—Among the most interesting, and certainly the most striking of the many subjects we have lately seen, are a series of six views of cathedrals, executed by Mr. Thomas Greenish; those to which we immediately refer represent the cathedral at Lincoln; but we believe Mr. Greenish is, or will be occupied in thus exhibiting the whole of these beautiful and time-hallowed structures, which ornament and honour England. They are not published, although it is probable they will be so. Mr. Greenish is not an artist by profession, although his works display much artistic skill, and have that degree of perfection which can only arise from a knowledge of the capabilities of Art. He is, however, a chemist, and these views have been obtained chiefly as experiments—in which he has been eminently successful. There has been no theme as yet taken up so likely to be universally attractive as that which this gentleman has made his study—the architecture of the kingdom presents no views of so much interest as those supplied by the English cathedrals.

The Photographic Society.—A soirée was held at King's College, Somerset House, on the 17th December, at which the members gave their friends a rare intellectual treat. The works exhibited were numerous, very beautiful, and of infinite variety. We regret we can at present do no more than thus briefly refer to an "evening," that was, in all respects, gratifying and instructive.

The Architectural Exhibition.—The winter season is now expected to bring with it this Exhibition in the galleries in Suffolk Street; and year by year we look for fresh evidences, not only of the firm establishment of this exhibition as a fact of annual recurrence, but also of its increasing value and importance in its own very valuable and important department of Art. Last year the Architectural Exhibition contained much that was good, and gave promise of more that might be better; this year that promise will be found to have been at once realised and repeated. The present collections are decidedly in advance of their predecessors, both as works of Art and as architectural productions; and they also lead us on to expect successive advances in the same noble course which conducts towards perfect excellence. We may particularly notice, as distinguishing features of the present exhibition, the presence of two groups of the designs which were sent in in competition for Lisle Cathedral and the museum buildings at Liverpool. Mr. Allom's and Mr. Street's designs are included in these two series of drawings. The present collections are also remarkable as showing that the practical study of the Gothic style is assuming a more definite and a more strictly and consistently Gothic character, especially amongst the junior members of the profession. There is much that is satisfactory, and, at the same time, suggestive in this circumstance, and more so when it is considered in connexion with a remembrance of the restless wildness which characterised so many of last year's original Gothic conceptions. We are compelled to leave until next month our remarks upon particular drawings and other works in this exhibition; we now record with much gratification its generally satisfactory character.

Producers of Art-Manufacture throughout the kingdom should be aware of the altered circumstances connected with the display of meritorious productions at the Crystal Palace. At an earlier period of the management there, a ruinous error was committed by levying an enormous tax upon all exhibitors. It was in vain we raised our voice against an act so suicidal, contending that contributors of good works were the best aids of the establishment, and ought to receive, rather than to make, payments for the spaces they occupied. A foolish policy, however, prevailed; and although for one year the sums demanded were paid,—very reluctantly, and under many protests,—the Crystal Palace, as an exhibition of Art-manufacture, naturally and necessarily dwindled, and its Art-courts became half empty. The directors, however, having seen the folly of this course, by which their project was grievously impaired while the manufacturers were wronged, and the public perpetually disappointed, have resolved on allotting spaces to all meritorious manufacturers of high-class works who

will fill them, charging for them merely nominal prices. We trust, however, that this boon will be accompanied by a somewhat strict *surveillance*, and that all inferior or even mediocre articles will be suffered to be shown only in the galleries. There can be no doubt that thus rightly and wisely encouraged, all *good* producers will desire to show their productions here,—for the advantages here presented are obvious,—and they will certainly be augmented next year. We hope and expect to see all the Art-courts full; and believe that before the month of February next it will be more difficult to obtain space than it has heretofore been to procure objects. Early applications will be wise; for, as in most other matters, those who first apply will be the first to receive benefits.

A Picture of St. Sebastian, presumed to be painted by L. Carracci, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman who has quitted England, and into whose possession it came under circumstances that now render it almost impossible to trace back its pedigree, though competent judges who have seen it throw no doubt on its authenticity. The treatment of the subject differs materially from any pictures of St. Sebastian we know of, though we have the authority of Mrs. Jameson, both orally and in her "Sacred and Legendary Art," as to the existence of similar treatment in one or two pictures she has seen in Italy. The "saint" is not tied to the tree, but is in the attitude of falling from it, the body being held up by the right arm, which is thrown over a broken branch; at the back of the figure the physician supports the head, while a female—one of the "charitable Christian women"—gently draws out an arrow from the side. The whole of the picture is finely painted; but the figure of the martyr is certainly one of the grandest examples of anatomical drawing and painting we ever saw. It has called forth the admiration of all who have seen it, with an expression that such a "study" ought not to be out of our National Gallery. Our chief object in directing attention to this work is to elicit any information our readers may be able to give us respecting it; and for this purpose we shall be glad to allow any to inspect the picture who may desire to do so. On the frame on which the canvas is stretched is the following inscription:—"*Peint par Louis Carrachi pour le Cardinal Odeard Farnese en* 1583, *apporté en France en* 1806, *pour la celebre Galerie Lebrun.*" It was remarked by some who have seen the picture, but without having any knowledge of the inscription at the back, that if painted by L. Carracci it must have been done at a comparatively early age, when his drawing was more precise, and his colouring more finished and "fleshy" than in his later period. The date would make him about twenty-eight years old.

Raffaelle's Cartoons, at Hampton Court, are, we understand, now so hung that, on the least apprehension from fire or any other sudden casualty, they can be instantly removed and taken away. This is effected by a simple machinery that readily "eases them down" from the wall; and the cartoons, having been fitted upon strainers which can be unbuttoned, and instantly detached from the frames, and which are constructed with a joint or hinge in the middle, their reduced size when doubled up facilitates their transport. Writing of Hampton Court reminds us that a contemporary published a short time since a statement to the effect that an original portrait of Raffaelle, by his own hand, has recently been discovered there. It was described by Passevent as existing at Kensington Palace at the time of his visit, about twenty-five years since, since which period many of the pictures at Kensington were removed to Hampton Court.

Dorchester House.—In one of our more recent numbers we gave some details respecting this mansion, now building for Mr. Holford in the Regent's Park, but as various statements have lately appeared in the public prints, which, from their incorrectness, are likely to mislead, it is only due to Mr. Vulliamy, the architect of the building, to let the public know that the whole of the internal works, including the decorations, have been executed under his direction. It may, therefore, be anticipated the same harmony and agreement in the several parts of the exterior which have been so much admired will also be found to prevail in the interior, when the whole is completed. The decorations of those apartments that are already finished—namely, the libraries, and other rooms on the ground-floor, and also the boudoirs on the first floor, &c., have been ably carried out by Messrs. Morant and Boyd, the eminent decorators, under the direction of the architect; the careful and elaborate execution and high finish of these works reflect the greatest credit on the taste and skill of Mr. Morant, who has given his unremitting personal attention to the task entrusted to him.

Mr. R. McIan.—Just as we were closing our sheets for the press, we saw, with exceeding regret, the death of this artist announced in the daily papers, after a protracted and painful illness. We shall refer to the subject in our next number.

The Royal Polytechnic Institution.—With the return of the Christmas season this established favourite with the public is always ready with fresh attractions, that are impressed with the character of that best species of novelty—new forms of instructive amusement. It is a distinguishing feature of the Polytechnic that it is always in action. Its career is open before it, and it is ever on the advance along its own proper path. It knows no halt—no pause! There is always something to be heard there, and something to be seen, and something to be learned. This "something" is also sure to be just that very thing which the Polytechnic ought to produce. It is sure to be just that very thing which at the Polytechnic we should both expect and desire to hear, to see, to learn. And it requires no slight amount of energy, coupled with no ordinary ability and judgment, to give life to so essentially vital a machine. This is but in an indirect manner to indicate what we are prepared to express after a different fashion when we pronounce Mr. Pepper a very energetic, a very able and judicious person; or perhaps we might leave the inference that, as sole manager of the Polytechnic, Mr. Pepper is "the right man in the right place," to be drawn from the following statement of what he has provided for this present Christmas. It will be seen that the "dissolving views," which have been so long popular, are still employed as a principal method of obtaining illustrations to lectures, or as providing the pictorial representations with which the lectures are associated as descriptive notices. These views now are painted with great excellence, and they are so adjusted to the optical instruments as to produce truly artistic effects. The "Views of Scenery illustrating a Traveller's Portfolio," by Mr. Clare, which take the lead amongst the novelties, fully justify what we have said of the improved capabilities of "dissolving views." They carry the spectator almost round the world; and their pictorial delineations go far to realise scenes replete with individual interest, and differing as widely as possible from each other. Then there comes Mr. Pepper himself, with a lecture on "Remarkable Optical Illusions," profusely illustrated,—and thoroughly well illustrated,—as all Mr. Pepper's lectures are, with curious experiments, and shadowy appearances, and views, so real in their first appearance, that we scarcely believe our own eyes when they would persuade us that they have fairly "dissolved" in our presence, leaving no rack behind. And once more does this same process do good service in the matter of illustration to a new rendering of an "old, old tale" (not Frank Stone's, though it has something in it that just touches upon it), entitled, "Ye pitifull and divertynge Historie of Blew Beard." Finally, under the auspices of Mr. Darby, those delights of boys, fireworks, appear under a variety of forms, which prove that the term "artist in fireworks" is capable of conveying much serious meaning. Mr. Pepper gives a descriptive lecture on the components and the manufacture of these brilliant varieties of "dissolving views;" and as he rises with his subject he introduces the most elaborate pyrotechnic compositions as the full developments of the squib, and pin-wheel, and cracker. We cannot thus direct attention to the amusements which have very recently been brought out at the Polytechnic, without adding a brief expression of warm sympathy with the effort which Mr. Pepper is making to provide solid advantages for young men in the metropolis in the Classes which he has established in connection with the Society of Arts.

Exhibition of Art-Manufacture, Edinburgh.—This Exhibition was opened on the 15th of December; but in an incomplete state—the catalogue not being "ready." We shall no doubt be in a position to refer to it at length next month.

REVIEWS.

The Happier Days of Charles I. Engraved by E. Goodall, from the picture by F. Goodall, A.R.A. Published by E. Gambart & Co.

A beautiful and a true remark is that we remember to have somewhere read,—"The veil which hides from our eyes the events of future years is a veil woven by the hand of Mercy." Few have had greater reason for appreciating the blessings it expresses than had the unfortunate monarch to whom Mr. Goodall's picture refers; though, it is not impossible, and we seem to mark it even in these "happier days"—happy only in comparison, for troublous shapes tracked early his footsteps to the throne,—he had some forebodings of the evil destiny that awaited him in the estrangement of the allegiance of his people, if not as the victim of their displeasure. We have been so accustomed to see Charles represented by artists as a man on whose forehead misfortune had set an indelible seal, while

"Melancholy marked him for her own,"

that it is quite pleasant, as well as novel, to look upon him basking in a gleam of sunshine, however transient, and to feel there might have been times when he had moments of enjoyment in common with the most humble of those in whose hearts the storm of rebel indignation was then gathering, in a few brief years to hurl the crown from him, and his dynasty—for a season—and to bring him to an untimely, we will not call it an ignominious, death.

Very many of our readers will, we doubt not, recollect this picture in the Royal Academy in 1853, as well as the wood-cut we gave from it, in 1855, in our biographical sketch of the painter. The subject is well calculated to make a pleasing engraving as much from its novelty as from the very agreeable manner in which it is treated. The print is large, yet not too large for the materials of the composition, and Mr. Goodall, sen., the engraver, has put upon the plate some of his best work; this would naturally be expected, however, when engraving a picture by his son. Mr. Goodall's *forte* being landscape, we scarcely looked for so much delicacy and general excellence as we find in his rendering of this group of royal figures, which are finished with extreme care and great beauty of expression, affording a strong contrast to the bold and vigorous lines and touches presented in the boat, water, and other portions of the composition. On comparing this engraving with our wood-cut—the latter taken from the original sketch—we notice that the artist, in painting the large picture, has deviated from his first ideas, in the form of the clouds, and of the group of trees to the left, and in the figures standing by the archway of the palace of Hampton Court; his second thoughts are decidedly the best, especially those which have reference to the sky; in black and white the alteration here tells with manifest advantage to the large engraving.

Epochs of Painted Vases; an Introduction to their Study. By Hodder M. Westropp. Published by Walton & Maberly.

At a time when the ceramic art is exciting more than ordinary attention, and the Ceramic Court at the Crystal Palace has become a leading feature among its numerous attractions, Mr. Westropp's book appears very opportunely. It may seem strange to many that the study of such comparatively insignificant objects as vases should be worthy the consideration of intelligent and cultivated minds; but though we cannot altogether agree with Mr. Westropp in his remark that they may be regarded as "the most curious, the most graceful, and the most instructive remains that have come down to us from ancient times," we freely admit that "the beauty of the forms, the fineness of the material, the perfection of the varnish, the variety of the subjects, and their interest in an historical point of view, give painted vases a very important place among the productions of the arts of the ancients." Since they first were thought of sufficient value to be collected and studied, about a century and a half ago, they have been made the subject of discussion with many learned archæologists and writers upon Art, who have extracted from their study much interesting and instructive matter. We are not, of course, now speaking of what the potters of the middle ages, and those of Dresden and Sèvres have introduced, but of those which Etruria and Greece sent forth, and the latter of which are, to this day, considered as the types of all that is pure in form, and beautiful in ornamentation. Mr. Westropp divides his styles or epochs of painted vases as follows:—"The Early or Egyptian; the ground of these is of a pale yellow, on which the figures are painted in black or brown; the figures consist chiefly of animals, and borders of flowers and other orna-

ments run round them. They date B.C. 660 and 550. Next comes the Archaic Greek, dating B.C. 430; with black figures on a red ground, representing scenes taken from the Hellenic mythology. The Severe, or Transitional style, follows; the figures here are red on a black ground, and similar in subject to the preceding." The forms of these vases have something more elegant than those of the second, though they present great variations in style and size; they date generally from B.C. 460 to 420. A few years later, that is about B.C. 400, we arrive at the "Beautiful, or Greek," when the art seems to have reached perfection as regards form, material, and beauty of design; this style is the more perfect development of the former—all severity and conventionality which distinguish the earlier styles having entirely disappeared. The predominating subjects are Greek myths or representations of Greek manners. Then comes the period of "Decadence," when the vase assumed an enormous size and exaggerated proportions; it was also characterised by a multitude of figures, complexity of composition, inferiority and carelessness of design, superfluity of decoration; while at a still later period we find a yet greater deterioration in the arts of design and more capricious forms; and following these, inferior imitations of the earlier works, both as regards material, form, and ornament.

Mr. Westropp professes to offer only a few general remarks upon the subject of ancient vases, but brief as they are they will afford sufficient information to enable the unlearned to distinguish the various styles, and to create a desire to search into more elaborate treatises. The text is illustrated by a large number of well executed engravings of works arranged in their respective epochs.

Ladies of the Reformation. By the Rev. James Anderson. Illustrated by James Godwin, George Thomas, &c. Published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow.

This is a noble and beautiful volume for all seasons, and one of especial interest to the female world. In his preface, Mr. Anderson says that "in countries such as this, where the Reformation has triumphed, its benign influences have descended richly in blessings upon woman. It has abolished the confessional, and no priest may now extort from her the inmost secrets of her breast. . . . . In following her convictions she is no longer exposed to the peril of imprisonment, of torture, or of the stake, or doomed to see the field, the scaffold, or her own hearth stained with the blood of her relatives." This is perfectly true—and we may well glory in the Reformation, and the liberty in holiness with which it enriched these lands; but we must not forget that there have been women of other creeds who have exhibited as much heroism and as earnest devotion as any recorded in these pages. We can only regret that their teaching had not a purer source; but their steadfastness in what was right, according to their knowledge, at least, commands our admiration.

Mr. Anderson has taken most exemplary pains with this volume; he has gathered his goodly conclave of heroic Christian women from Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain, and compressed their acts and deeds into as small a space as could well be devoted to each; he has written a sound historical introduction to each division of his subject, and abstained, perhaps as much as it was possible, from bitterness towards the Church whose dominant spirit has been that of persecution.

The volume contains ninety-six illustrations of varied subject and interest, chiefly from the pencil of Mr. James Godwin, who has displayed considerable skill and power in many of the groups, but he frequently mistakes size for dignity, and drapes his figures so heavily that the beauty of form is altogether lost. There are some ornamental headings and borderings in Mr. Humphries' usual style of excellence; and the architectural "bits," with occasional landscapes,—scenes where the struggles between Romanism and Protestantism took place,—add greatly to the value of the volume, and have been well rendered by Mr. Thomas, Mr. Johnson, and others.

We may wish the book had been called "*Women* of the Reformation" instead of "*ladies*." The *cause* is too noble to derive any advantage from the circumstance of birth—it is too highly spiritual to need earthly distinction. We regret that we have not more space to devote to this volume; but it will speedily speak for itself in all Protestant homes.

Hutchings' California Magazine. Published by J. M. Hutchings & Co., San Francisco, California.

Amid the clang of the pickaxe of the gold-finder, and the echoes of a multitude of loud, discordant voices that sometimes one fancies he hears sweeping across the waves of the Atlantic, there come now and then softer and sweeter sounds, denoting that gentle and soothing influences are also at work among the strange community located in the regions of California. We have on our table the first four parts of a monthly magazine, the publication of which commenced in July last. Its object, to quote the introductory address of the editor, is, "to picture California, and California life; to portray its beautiful scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give utterance to the inner life and experience of its people, in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and successes—the lights and shadows of daily life."

We have looked very carefully through these numbers, and can safely say that in matter, illustrations, paper, and printing, the California Magazine would be creditable to a London publisher; facts and fiction are pleasantly told; and occasionally a graceful poem gives evidence of gentle spirits mingling with the rough and stern workers out of the realities of life. Here and there we find sentiments and expressions which would scarcely pass current in a periodical circulating among a more refined people; but as a whole the publication pleases no less than it surprises.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

FOR THE YOUNG.

The poet Hood was not entirely just in his estimate of the criticism that children exercise over stories intended for their instruction or amusement, when he penned those beautiful lines:—

> "A blessing on your merry hearts,
> Such readers I would choose,
> Because you do not criticise,
> And never write reviews!"

Children are happily exempt from "reviewing," and its pains and penalties;—but set a clear-headed child of ten or twelve years old to read a story, and encourage her (girls at that age are much more critical than boys) to say exactly what she "thinks," and you will soon see how the book falls to pieces. Children hardly comprehend sufficiently to understand the bearing of a whole volume; but they dissect admirably. We gave to one of those juvenile critics a very useful story, by the useful sisters Mary and Elzabeth Kirby;* the lesson here inculcated is excellent, and the illustrations, by John Absolom, unaffected and pleasing; but our little friend was not satisfied—"Yes, I like Matilda—she is so noble and right; but I do not understand Julia. Proud girls, if well educated, are not vulgar; now Julia *is* vulgar; here, she talks about *riding in a carriage*;—I have always heard that people *drive* in a carriage, and *ride* on horseback. I do not think there ever could have been a well-educated young lady so rude and vulgar as Julia Maitland." The little girl saw, at once, the fault of this, in other respects clever, story: the character of Julia is exaggerated; no girl accustomed to well-bred society, no matter how proud, could speak or act as she did.

The early Dawn; or, Stories to think about—by a Country Clergyman †—reminds us, both in matter and manner, of one of Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons." Our young friend read the book, from the first story, "Oh, it's such a Trouble," to the last, "It's all in the Dark," with evident satisfaction—shrinking a little at the deer-shooting, and two or three other details connected with the destruction of animal life, which should have been tempered by a few observations to inculcate the principle that the life of the smallest creature must not be wantonly destroyed. The corner of St. Paul's Church-yard keeps up its character; the publications hence issued are well "got up," and Harrison Weir's illustrations to this charming little volume are models worth copying. We cannot too strongly express conviction, that illustrations to children's books should be good in design and execution.

Self and Self-Sacrifice; or, Nelly's Story,‡ cannot be considered a child's book—and not exclusively a book for the young. The author has portrayed the virtue of *self-sacrifice*, and urges throughout the story that there is but *One* strength that is able to nerve us against temptation. Considerable power is manifested in the delineation of the characters, and the good *intent* of the author commands respect; the progress of the story, however, is unskilfully prolonged; it would have been far more effective if curtailed: young authors are seldom aware of the strength of brevity.

We have seldom seen Alfred Crowquill's versatile talent turned to better account than in a very amusing and instructive *brochure* sent forth under the Germanised name of Gruffel Swillendrinken; or, the Reproof of the Brutes.§ If, as we suppose, the story—as well as the most clever and amusing illustrations—are from the pen and pencil of our gifted countryman, not only will he be among the most popular of authors in the nurseries of England, but deserve the brightest of all golden medals from the Temperance Society—they cannot fail to appreciate the value of such a satire upon the huge insanity of England.

Granny's Wonderful Chair.‖—It is now some years since our attention was drawn to sundry poems, appearing at intervals, by "Frances Browne, of Stranolar;" and when we learned that Nature had exchanged gifts with this young girl—deprived her of this world's light, and bestowed upon her the light of poetry, we felt still higher admiration for her productions—not that they need "sympathy" or "consideration:" all that she writes stands bravely by itself, and yet is full of womanly tenderness and expression. "Granny's Wonderful Chair" is simply a "chair" to pin fairy tales upon—not "Irish" fairy tales. We suppose Frances Browne thought that Croker, and Keightly, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the host of Irish writers, had pretty well exhausted the fairy mythology of Ireland; and so, although "Frosty Face" and "Fairy Foot" certainly belong to the "Green Isle," she gives them all names, but no local habitations, save on the pretty pages of this pretty book, which is announced as illustrated by Kenny Meadows—the very portrait-painter of fairyland. But either Mr. Kenny Meadows repeats himself, or we have seen several of these illustrations in Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve," which certainly contained the richest and greatest variety of illustrations that ever adorned a single volume. This little book is charmingly "got up," and no prettier Christmas gift could be imagined for any little lady about to enter her "teens."

Pictures from the Pyrenees.¶—This title is not a thread to hang stories on, but a veritable narrative of places and people. Our young friends may revel in the knowledge that it is "every word true," and visit with "Agnes and Kate" the scenes and places so simply and graphically described. We have, ourselves, read every page with much interest, and believe there could hardly be a better guide to the "Eaux-bonnes," and its beautiful and varied scenery.

Harry Hawkins's "H" Book. Showing how he learned to aspirate his H's.**—We have given the heading of this pretty little book complete, because we think that all Cockneydom should assemble, and vote a testimonial to the philanthropic firm at the corner of "St. Paul's Church-yard," for such an invaluable publication. No family or school-room, within, or indeed beyond, the sound of Bow bell should be without this merry manual; and were the City authorities to invest a fair sum, so as to distribute the book amongst their public companies, there is no telling how much their pronunciation of the much-slighted letter might be improved by Easter! The construction of the book is ingenious; but the idea may take a wider range, and many of the ill-used letters of the alphabet—*S* and *W* for instance—obtain their proper sounds—"victims" be no longer "*wictims*," and "vinegar" no longer "*winegar*."

Mr. H. G. Kingston†† is pretty popular by this time with all the boys of England. What boy has numbered twelve years, and not felt his heart beat at the adventures of "Peter the Whaler," or "Mark Seaworth?"—to say nothing of the most charming of them all, "Blue Jackets." The very name, "Salt Water," is suggestive of the most marvellous perils, and their equally marvellous escapes. We have an inborn affection for "Middies"—little, troublesome, ne'er-do-well rascals on shore—never out of scrapes, never at rest; and yet, at sea, how they grow into the dignity and glory of the "naval officer!" We never see one of those trim "chaps," with his gold-banded cap and ostentatious dirk, without feeling that Jarvis, and Howe, and Blake, and Nelson, were once such as *he* is now! "Salt Water" rakes up one or two old stories which rather wearied us, as we knew them before; but to the youngsters they will be quite new; so there can be no objection to these twice-told tales. Mr. Kingston has an excellent way of conveying a moral; he never preaches, but he lets, as it were, the *lesson* of the story show itself. This volume will become as popular as its predecessors.

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* Julia Maitland; or, Pride goes before a Fall. Griffith & Farran.

† Illustrations by Harrison Weir. Griffith & Farran.

‡ Groombridge & Sons.

* Griffith and Farran.

† By Frances Browne. Griffith & Farran.

‡ Pictures from the Pyrenees; or, Agnes and Kate's Travels. By Caroline Bell. Griffith & Farran.

§ Griffith & Farran.

‖ Salt Water; or, the Sea-Life and Adventures of Neil d'Arcy, the Midshipman. Illustrated by Anelay. Griffith and Farran.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, February 1, 1857.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SO long ago as the 6th of June, in last year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained from parliament a vote of £2000, to enable him to take the first step towards the formation of what, we trust, is destined in time to be a great Portrait Collection of the Worthies of Britain. It is right that we should pause at this point, to remark, that when we speak of a collection of British worthies, we somewhat enlarge the terms—we do not say, the intentions—on which the minister founded this claim upon the public purse. It is not unimportant to point out, that a Gallery of Portraits of "the most eminent persons in *British history*"—certificated, the terms would seem to imply, in something like the spirit of the great collection at Versailles—was what the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for, according to the reports of the time. Now, we are compelled to say, that history has not always kept her records as fully and faithfully as might be desired; and one express office which we recognise in the new institution proposed, would be, that of making certain rectifications in her written page. Out of the dim places of old French chronicle, for instance, we could drag a name or two whose omission from any assemblage wherein names stand for the figures that make up the sum of the national greatness, is a falsification of the account. There are gaps to fill in the French Pantheon, if the true historic religion were understood:—a few inscriptions yet to make in the list of the "*grands hommes*" who receive there the conspicuous homage of "*la Patrie reconnoissante.*" And so it is with ourselves, at home. The Muse of history has not always been most worthily invoked amongst us. Many a man would find a fitting place in a collection of British worthies whom *her* priests have neglected to enrol among the "most distinguished," and whom Chancellors of the Exchequer—not always working by the lantern of Diogenes—are apt to overlook.—On this head we shall have more to say hereafter; but it seemed desirable, at the very outset, to clear away any possible misunderstanding of the kind from the terms of the argument on which we are about to enter. Let it be distinctly premised, that British worthies have not always been historic worthies in the accepted sense,—that the ground of the national *bene meruit* is a wider one than any occupied by party history. Such a national portrait gallery as we desire to see, would, of course, be an illustration of our national history; but of a history many chapters of which have yet to be formally written,—a history that sweeps into its scope all the conditions of modern civilisation, and in doing so comes upon figures that the heralds had passed by without perceiving. The spirit of inquiry, it must be conceded, is carrying its lights into many dark and neglected places of the past,—the genius of the age is eminently supplementary and corrective,—and it may be, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and we both mean the same thing. But if so, it is safer to enlarge the expression to a conformity with the larger meaning,—or, to start by explaining, that the history which we propose to illustrate by the help of this parliamentary vote is a far less partial and more comprehensive one than that which is written by the court historian, or has been commonly read by Chancellors of the Exchequer.

To return, then, from what we scarcely admit to be a digression:—It will be in the recollection of our readers, that this vote, of eight months old, was the consequence of an address of yet older date, agreed to by the House of Lords, on the motion of Earl Stanhope, with nearly unanimity of consent,—and of the ready and cordial acceptance which the project therein suggested received from the Crown. In the House of Commons itself, the sentiment of the grant was scarcely disturbed by those economic murmurs which have a perennial echo throughout that place of approach to the national strong-box, and are the expression of a sound chronic condition in the peculiar atmosphere of the locality:—and, though we Englishmen have been taught by experience not to look for any very rapid action from Chancellors of the Exchequer, save in the matter of taxation, yet, in this instance, we cannot but remember, that the finance minister took the scheme under his express patronage, pledged the government to its earnest fosterage, and promised such an administration of the grant as should correspond to the zeal of the national estates. We think it, therefore, not unreasonable, after this interval of time, and on the eve of parliament's once more assembling, to inquire what has been done towards giving effect to these intentions on the one hand, and undertakings on the other. Have the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues laid the foundation of a National Portrait Gallery with the funds entrusted to them for the purpose,—and are they prepared to point to any prosperous result as a plea with Parliament for a further grant? Something, by this time, they should be in a condition to show they have done in the matter:—and, as the subject will doubtless come before both Houses, in some form or another, at an early period of the approaching session, there are certain considerations connected with the due execution of the new scheme on which we are anxious to have a few words with our readers previous to any discussion of the same topics that may take place elsewhere.

In the first place, then, let us express more emphatically than we have yet done our earnest assent to this proposition of Lord Stanhope's, if it be carried out in the spirit which the very terms imply, and in which we have no doubt whatever its noble promoter conceived it. Unhappily, our readers are not to be told, that no amount of clearness in the terms of a proposition is sufficient to protect its integrity against the genius of jobbery when that monster is rampant in the land,—and therefore a project like this had no chance of successful execution in any other age than one which, like the present, is, among all its shortcomings, distinguished above most others by a conquest over the stormier passions, and an honest desire for an adjustment of the moral balances. This consideration must reconcile us to the past delay in what is one of a series of measures the neglect of which has, whatever the causes, been so much waste of matchless national means. How rich the past of England is in the men and in the facts that make the materials of history, our readers need not be told; but she is rich, too, incomparably beyond all her rivals, in the documents that record the one and the other. This latter wealth she has suffered to run to waste with the prodigality of a spendthrift. No other country under the sun has such a body of records as England:—at once the witnesses of her glory, and a subject to her of most serious reproach. In spite of partial dispersions and destructions, like those of the civil wars, there is no other nation that can point to a series of vouchers of its events nearly so continuous and complete. Yet, these priceless treasures, in which the history of a people is written, have been so dealt with as to make them useless to the historian in the years that are past, and enlist the moth and the mildew for securing them against his possible inquisition in the years that are to come. What sort of access had Robertson or Hume to the documents which—and which alone—keep the true secret of our national story? In the first place, our records have been buried in cellars and hidden away in lumber-rooms, that such literary resurrectionists might not find them, and interfere with their character of dead letters. Then, lest their place of sepulture should be, nevertheless, invaded, and some excavator more enterprising than his fellows should threaten to disinter some one of the historic figures which they include, the next device was, to dismember them,—burying a limb here, and a limb there,—so that their connexion might be broken, and he get at best either an imperfect figure or a false one. We say nothing, of course, of the documentary treasures that lie heaped away in private collections—those of the great historic houses of the land,—or in *quasi*-public ones, like the Bodleian and the Ashmolean. But, Carlton Ride gave the lie to the Norman Chapel in the Tower, and the old Chapter House at Westminster Abbey kept witnesses to testify against both. The chances of final annihilation were further promoted in one case, by a magazine of gunpowder placed beneath the receptacle of these priceless muniments, and in another by the provision of easy access to periodical washings from the overflow of the Thames. When the river was not there in person, damp was his resident ambassador,—and the rat was *attaché*, with "the run of his teeth."—We speak of these things now with some mitigation of the remorse, because the remedy is at length applied. Among other rectifications of the age, we have finally succeeded in obtaining a building ample for the reception of the existing records and the probable accumulations of half a century to come, and well adapted to their classificatiou and arrangement; and provisions of more than one kind are making for publication in some cases, and for access in all. On the subject of this new and most important national depository, and its arrangements, we may probably give our readers some further information at another time:—at present, we link this part of our subject on to that from which we started by a truism. A great history is not built up but by great men,—and the eminent fact has everywhere and in all cases its eminent individual type. The portraits of such men are at once the complement and the fitting illustration of our Book of History. Now,—premising that, whether as regards the past or the future, if we are to have this illustration at all, we will delegate to no one sect or party its ordering, but will have our history illustrated on all its pages,—we may observe, that, in the matter of such illustrations, the national attention being now directed to the subject, the future can, of course, take care of itself. But it happens also, that, as regards the past, we, in England, are

in these, as in the other materials of history, more rich than any other people of Europe. Without pointing to our stone records in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and in the other cathedrals of the land,—we may mention, that our insular immunity from the war cyclones that have left their destructive traces almost everywhere on the continent of Europe, and our habitual exemption from the action of the internal fires that have periodically convulsed so many states and ransacked so many private houses, have left amongst us an unusually large amount of portrait treasures to supply the means of such an institution as is now proposed. The royal palaces of England, the halls and libraries of our ancient colleges and our inns of court, the palaces of our bishops, our public institution-rooms, and the town and country houses of the nobles and the old English gentry throughout the land, could furnish between them, if brought together, such an historical Portrait Gallery as would dim at once, by comparison, the vaunted glory of Versailles.

While such an institution as the country should owe to this motion of Lord Stanhope, and of which, as we have seen, the materials lie abundantly to hand, has its uses of many kinds, it is desirable that it should be clearly understood *what* those uses are, and who are the parties benefited. It must be distinctly asserted, that it is not for the sake of the illustrious men of past or of present times that we desire these pictured presentments. Intrinsic greatness can derive nothing to itself from monumental commemoration. The homage which the world pays to its great actors, when rightly paid, is paid for its own sake, not for theirs. We would not appeal to our modern men by so mean a motive,—even as a supplementary argument. In our day, the commemorations of picture or of marble are understood as the records—not the rewards—of genius or of virtue. It was not altogether so in the old Roman time. Much of the Roman greatness was itself conventional, and fitly paid by a convention. The Roman virtues were many of them statuesque and attitudinal, in principle and in action,—and to such, a statue was appropriate and tangible immortality. To stand in the forum in brass or in marble before the citizens of after-times, was the probable and reasonable object of ambition to him who lived and moved before his fellows in posture,—taking his principles of greatness from their opinion, and his articles of goodness on their prescription. A statue properly recompensed the deed of daring and of self-sacrifice which the mere hope or promise of a statue would itself have bought. *We* live in nobler times. The "*monumentum ære [vel, picturâ] perennius*" is a fact dawning more and more upon our public men.—But, there is moral inspiration in the contemplation of the features of the great departed, which it is a national waste to throw away. The tone and temper of the popular mind are raised by such studies. The mighty spirits who ruled the world in which they were present, "yet rule as from their urns," to our own great gain, by means of the statue or the picture. The portrait-painter, in a scheme like this of Lord Stanhope's, wields Agrippa's glass,—and the great figures in the procession of history pass, by his means, before the student's eyes, each with his moral written on his forehead. The value of such teaching the Romans themselves had not overlooked. It was well observed in the discussion on this subject in the House of Commons, that the old Roman placed in the vestibules of his house the portraits of his ancestors, that his children might read the lesson which an ancestry bequeaths as they passed out and in. The pictures of a nation's illustrious ancestry should thus be assembled at some conspicuous point before the people's eye.—Then, again, the great figures in the history of a kingdom are the jewels in its crown,—and it wears its regal aspect in the eyes of the world when it thus puts them all on.—In a word, if the best part of a nation's property be the great spirits that it has produced, the homage that it pays to them is at once homage and profit to itself. A National Portrait Gallery is a mode of banking one of its essential treasures, so as to yield a constant interest by the law of emulation.—But, besides these objects of public moral teaching, there is no doubt that history itself is powerfully commentated by pictorial presentments of the men who were at the main-springs of its events. It has even been said that without such aids to its reading, history, however significant as a narrative of facts, is, as regards the men themselves, a mere record of abstract names. We read in its page, for instance, it is asserted, that Pompey was defeated by Cæsar,—and we have in the after-story of the Roman state the confirmation and the sequel of the fact. But, as to the chiefs themselves, with all their distinct and mighty individualities, their several figures are utterly confounded for us who look back on them through the haze and long perspective of the ages,—and Cæsar might be Pompey, and Pompey Cæsar, without changing any of the visible conditions of the tale. That this detracts something from the life and dramatic force of historic narrative, there can be no doubt;—and portraiture, inasmuch as it helps to rescue the actors from this species of obliteration, and to individualise each, is, as we have hinted, not less than a complement of history itself. The mighty men whose "brows are cold" we desire thus to see separately as they were, and for ourselves to trace and—

> "Know
> Their likeness to the wise below,
> Their kindred to the great of old."

If any of our readers would desire to learn emphatically how much of history may be written on the foreheads of those who are its themes, let them spend an hour in the Holbein Gallery, at Windsor Castle, and read the grave, sad comments there uttered from the walls. There are portraits in that collection that will let them into chambers of the past, never looked on by them with such a stern familiarity before. No chronicler's page was ever half so eloquent as the portrait-painter there.—For all these reasons, and others like them, we repeat, Lord Stanhope's project, and the minister's promise, of a great National Portrait Gallery, has our own warm approval, and we are anxious to enlist in its cause the hearty sympathy of our readers.

The principle of the new institution being firmly established, we are willing to concede to the minister that there are certain difficulties to be encountered in the way of its technical execution,—and that one great difficulty is, to know where to begin. The sum of £2000, as the amount in the minister's hands applicable to the purpose, will probably have struck most of our readers as absurdly disproportioned to the dimensions of such a scheme as we have sketched,—and nearly useless even for the purpose of laying its foundations. The smallness of the demand was, however, probably determined by the consideration, that the first application for a grant was an experiment on the temper of the house as respects the project. For ourselves, indeed, we confess, that we should be unwilling to put any large sum into the minister's hands for a purpose like the present until we have a more definite assurance of the spirit in which he understands his trust, and something like an explanation of the details proposed to be made applicable to its execution. There is, as we shall have presently to show, a peculiarity in an institution like this which would make its mal-administration something more than merely a failure. The principle of the thing may be so handled as to operate an absurdity, and the right created under it so interpreted as to enact a wrong. But what we have first to point out is, that this sum of £2000 is not so inadequate to any possible initiatory measure as at first view it seems;—because no power of parliament, and no amount of money which it can vote, could command such a portrait collection as that which is shadowed out in our rapid glance over the field on which the rich materials of British portraiture lie. It must be remembered, that a very large proportion of the originals in which England is so abundant are in the hands of private corporations or of individuals,—who are without the motive to sell;—and that, in the latter case, they are amongst the most valued of all the heir-looms in a land wherein peculiar importance is attached to this species of family illustration. It is also to be remembered, as a further difficulty in the way, that many of these existing portraits have a value far beyond their value as documents,—being among the master-pieces of the great masters of the limner's art. Holbein and Vandyke, Reynolds and Lawrence, are contributors to the picture-history of England,—but contributors at the same time, of the most important kind, to the rich treasury of British art. Now, it is essential that the intrinsic idea of this national Portrait Gallery shall be preserved in its unity, and kept clear of the complication into which it is very apt to fall. In this new institution we are in search of history, not art,—collecting records, not master-pieces. Of course, where we can have history illustrated by high art, as where we can have high art illustrated by history, always and in every case the better,—but it is important, nevertheless, to our present object that the two ideas shall be kept distinct. Into another particular department of our National Gallery (supposing this Portrait Gallery to form ultimately, as we trust it will, a constituent part in a comprehensive scheme of national collection) a portrait would find its way on the ground of its being a Holbein or a Reynolds,—into this, a Holbein or a Reynolds would find its way only on the ground of its being a portrait. In one case, the interest attaches intrinsically to the thing represented,—in the other, to the manner of the representation. There, it is the painter we prize,—here, the subject. The one quality supplementing or superseding all others in this Portrait Gallery of ours is, *likeness*. It is obvious, then, that for this specific object a good copy will serve as well as an original,—and so, the difficulty which made the original inaccessible is overcome. In the course of years, no doubt,—for the growth to its best and highest conditions of an institution like this must of necessity be slow,—in the course of years and the accidents which they bring, some of these originals themselves will, from time to time, find their way into the market, and be secured for the nation. Nor do we doubt, from the noble public spirit which has already been more than once exhibited in directions kindred to this, that, when the institution is once fairly formed and honestly and intelligently governed, many another original will ultimately be added to the national property by means of gift or of bequest. But, in the meantime, they who will neither give nor sell, will lend for a national object; and by the means of *copies* thus obtained we may be constantly adding picture-links to our historical and chronological series. Towards this object our £2000 will help us some little way; and we should be glad now to learn, amongst other things, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given any commissions on the strength of this parliamentary vote, and whether, as we have said, he has any results

to show. We remember, too, that it was intimated, in the House of Commons, by that minister, when he asked for the money, that Government would, in all probability, initiate the new scheme by a temporary exhibition of portraits which they hoped would be voluntarily lent for the purpose:—a measure which, if generously promoted by the proprietors of such works, would enable the country to take stock of its treasures in this kind, and assist in the formation of the list on which the copyist will have to work. For this purpose the iron building erected on the estate at Kensington Gore for the reception of the sheds and other buildings from Marlborough House was, we believe, suggested at the time,—and the country will desire further to know, what steps the minister has in the interval taken to give effect to that suggestion. We see that the managers of the forthcoming Exhibition, at Manchester, of the Art-treasures of the kingdom, announce their intention to assign an important place in their arrangements to a Collection of Portraits. By the conditions of the case, we should be led to conjecture that an *Art* collection of portraits is here designed, rather than an historical one; but it would be well that we should be informed how far this northern project may, by possibility, have modified the purpose of the Chancellor of the Exchequer,—or if, in fact, it may not even be itself the new form which his initiatory movements towards the formation of a National Portrait Gallery has taken.

The most important, however, of all the considerations connected with the sound and successful working of the new institution, is one at which we partially glanced in the outset of this article, and on the subject of which we have reserved a few remarks for its close. The proposition which it involves is a double one:—who are the parties to be selected for the species of illustration which Lord Stanhope's scheme proposes? and who are the parties by whom the selection is to be made? On these heads there is no doubt that a considerable amount of distrust prevails in the public mind,—and it is based on precedents of no very distant date, that might fairly make us the laughing-stock of Europe. We make wild work with our monumental commemorations, of many kinds. In the matter of statues, alone, we have done things that should give us an immortality in Gotham. At one time, for instance, we commission a first-rate artist for a work of sculpture,—and then build a tall column on which to lift it so far beyond the reach of natural vision, that no possible reason suggests itself unless it be that of a desire to stimulate improvements in the telescope. At another time, we raise a bronze hero, horse and all, on to a roof, and let him air his proportions where a chimney would seem more natural. We have done everything absurd with our statues short of setting one of them to stand on its head. In other forms of historic illustration, we have performed equally wonderful things. The well-hacknied joke of the play of Hamlet without the part of Hamlet has, after all, nothing absurd for some of our national managers. There is a certain public document amongst us in which we have done the very thing. Not exactly able to strike the Commonwealth out of history, we did what we could in that direction—we struck out Cromwell. According to certain authorities amongst us, the Protector is a myth. It would scarcely have been more absurd if the same men had reared a statue to Mrs. Harris!—Party, in charge of the public monuments, has little hesitation in falsifying history.

One question there is (supposing that the word "historical," introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to be retained), about which we must come to some sort of understanding before we vote freely the money of the nation towards an alleged collection of the nation's representatives:—viz., what is to be taken as constituting an historical man? Here, as we have already hinted, we should, for ourselves, demand a greatly enlarged definition. A nation's real history is the record of all the forces that have shaped its present figure,—and its historic men are the men who have moved them. Some of these have been bringing up the gold which is wrought into a social framework like ours from deep mines, into which the imperfect lights of written history have failed to flash. To say nothing of the great scientific explorers and mechanical contrivers who are the conquerors of our day,—many of the best chivalries of our modern life are not enacted on fields of cloth of gold. The tilt against the social giants is run in lists not kept by the heralds. The war with the dragon that lays waste our fields and devours our children is fought by the St. George of these later and nobler times without his shining armour. The worthiest names have thus sometimes missed their fitting record. The public commemorations have not always been for those who had the most sacred claim on the public sympathies. In this sense the poet was right who said—

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

There would be some re-distribution of the figures if we had the ordering of the earthly Pantheon. We would depose Hannibal in favour of Howard, and give Watt the place of Alexander the Great. If we could no otherwise find a pedestal for Jenner, we think we should dethrone Gog and Magog.—Then, there are the men who have taken out the life-boats into the social breakers, rescued many drowning wretches from the wrecks of feebly constructed institutions, and toiled and toiled at the great moral breakwaters of the world. Surely, in the history of a people's wealth and civilisation, *they* have historic names to whom it owes its large amounts of moral salvage.—There is, in fact, no individual merit—literary, artistic, professional, or scientific—that does not make up a portion of a nation's history, if we could read it as the Recording Angel can, and constitute its owner an historic man. Well, then, let us have something like guarantees that the state will make effectual provision for the careful and conscientious editing of this its volume of worthies. We know too well how the several editions of such a work would vary in various hands. Let some individual editor have his own way, and, such are the distortions of prejudice or of passion that it is quite possible to have a portrait history of England wherein no mention shall be made of Wickliffe or Wesley, of Clarendon or of Falkland. Whig men would dwindle below the dimensions proper to such a page in Tory telescopes,—and Tories would disappear under the focal peculiarity of Whigs. Religious rancour and political partizanship will each furnish their lists of proscription. Let it never be forgotten—for we cannot repeat it too often—that we *have* a history of England without Cromwell! They who doubt the petty things that passion will do, need only remember, too, the clever device which supposed it had made a blot in the first Napoleon's list of soldier-chiefs, when it turned the portrait of Ney, in the Hall of Marshals, with its face to the wall!—We must have no such party-conjuring as this in our new Portrait Gallery.

If that gallery is, in truth, to be instituted into a great and public document of the mark and authority suggested, it will probably be found a proper course, in the outset, to appoint a commission, charged with the preparation of lists of the names yielded by the *past*, which should have a place in this Portrait Prytaneum. Such a commission should be sufficiently large to embrace amongst its members all varieties of opinion,—and composed of men individually likely, so far as the unconscious tyranny of human sentiment will allow, to perform conscientiously any public duty with which they may be charged. The principle of election for the men of the *present* and of the *future* into this collection of British Worthies wants also determining,—so that we may know that it is removed beyond the influences of irresponsibility or the action of caprice. The authority to confer what will be a public honour should be clearly defined. In all probability, the collection will, like other similar institutions in this country, be handed over to the keeping of a body of trustees:—if so, is it intended that the right of nomination to a place in this National Portrait Gallery shall be amongst their prerogatives? In that case, it will be well that the exercise of this prerogative should be controlled by the necessity of an annual return to parliament.—In some instances, it is not improbable that parliament itself might order a place in this Portrait Gallery to one whom it should delight to honour; and the ready means of a special public distinction is thus provided in the new institution. In any case, a place in this great national representation would grow finally into a sort of Order of Merit:—and, in this view, let it never be forgotten, that the party-spirit which should usurp the right to keep a man who had won his spurs, on any well-fought field of social action, from these walls, would by such exclusion be practically executing a sentence of condemnation, and striking, as it were, a name out of the rolls of chivalry.

On all these heads, we repeat, the public will expect to have information at no distant period after the minister meets the house. There are other points of detail—such as questions of classification and arrangement—which must probably be left to follow the labours of the commission referred to, in case such commission be intended; and some points which must wait on other issues that are likely to come to trial in the approaching session of parliament,—such as, that which is to determine the place or no place of this institution in a wider scheme for a great National Gallery of Art. A time will probably come, too, when it may be thought well to consider, whether the photographer might not be called in, to multiply these portraits, or some of them, for distribution, with biographical summaries, and at a price almost nominal, amongst the people. Besides their collective access to the great national library of portrait, individuals will like to keep a volume or two at home, for fireside perusal,—and it is an object well worth the care of a paternal government thus to furnish them with the means. Hero-worship is a natural instinct; and since the popular mind *will* have its idols, it is no light duty to assist towards their choice in a sound direction. This cheap distribution, as a method of popular instruction, seems one form, and no unimportant one, of the gain that may be extracted out of the new National Portrait Gallery.—But these, and other questions, we postpone:—and shall be satisfied for the present to know, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has something to show for the credit which we gave him towards the realisation of this useful and interesting project,—and that the conditions of its utility and interest have been secured by the application of sound and wholesome principles in its constitution.

In what form the subject will come before the Houses of Parliament during the ensuing session, we are of course entirely ignorant; but after the principle of the necessity of such a gallery was acknowledged by the grant of last year, the matter must proceed.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

A SCENE FROM "MIDAS."

D. Maclise, R.A., Painter. S. Sangster, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 2½ in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

SUCH a singular combination of fact and fiction is to be found in this picture as to render a rather lengthened explanation necessary to the understanding of its meaning. Had the figure with the guitar been habited as some modern strolling musician, the composition would have been perfectly intelligible; but, in his semi-classic costume, however harmonious may be the music he produces from his instrument, he certainly is not himself in harmony with his auditory, nor with the place in which they have all met.

The subject is a scene from the comic opera of "Midas." The author of this amusing, but not most refined burletta, was K. O'Hara: it was written and first performed in Dublin, about a century ago, and was played at Covent Garden a year or two afterwards; if we remember rightly, it was produced last at the Haymarket Theatre, about three years since. The characters introduced into the scene presented in this picture are Sileno, an old farmer, in whose house they now are; Mysis, his wife; their two daughters; and Apollo, in the disguise of a shepherd. Apollo, having offered some offence to Jupiter, is cast down from Elysium, and descends on the farm belonging to Sileno: a shepherd, seeing him fall, runs off alarmed, leaving behind him his coat, hat, and guitar, which the banished culprit picks up and appropriates to his own use. In this condition he is met by Sileno, who immediately hires him for service, and to divert his wife and daughters:—

"You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
* * * * * *
Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And, when daily labour 's over,
We'll all dance to your strum-strum."

Apollo is accordingly brought to the cottage, and introduced by the farmer to his wife and daughters, as we see the group in the picture:—

"Now, dame and girls, no more let 's hear you grumble
At too hard toil: I chanced just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hired him—fit for labour."

The old lady regards the musician with contempt, and rails at her husband for bringing home such "rubbish, a strolling thrummer:" the girls, anticipating, no doubt, much amusement from his musical attainments, and pleased with the comely appearance of the stranger, "so modest, so genteel," offer him as kindly a welcome as bright, shining, coquettish faces can present. Apollo, to soften the wrath of Mysis, at once touches his guitar, and begins to sing the well-known song which, with the play-going public of our own time, is identified with Madame Vestris, when she took the part of Apollo—one of her most successful characters:—

"Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,—
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?" &c.

Maclise's picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839. The *dramatis personæ* are throughout well studied; the boldness and assurance of the young Apollo—the angry and contemptuous look and posture of the dame—the remonstrating action of the farmer—and the arch coquetry of the daughters—are unmistakeably represented. Like all the works of this artist, his "Midas" is painted with the utmost attention to detail and finish in all its parts, and has less of the hard, dry manner which many of his later works exhibit. The colouring is more subdued than we now generally see on his canvases, yet sufficiently brilliant to produce a richness of effect.

It is so long since we saw this burlesque acted on the stage, that we cannot tell whether or not the artist has reproduced on his canvas what was actually brought before the audience of a theatre, or whether the composition is purely ideal, founded on his reading of the author's writing: it is, however, so dramatic in character, that one is inclined to believe Maclise painted what he had seen.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

THE Photographic Society has opened its fourth Annual Exhibition; and it is a thing to see, and to talk of after it has been seen. The sun has been made to work after an admirable style, and to tell us many remarkable truths. There we find certain chemical ingredients spread upon paper, developing, under solar influence, into artistic studies,—into regions of cloud-land,—and into water, trees, and rocks. We have wonderful light and shadow, and we can but marvel at the beautiful gradations of tone which this etherial painter has produced. We rejoice in the progress of this delightful Art; and we perceive that the photographer has a power at his command, which will, if tempered with due care, produce yet greater wonders. There are many shortcomings here, and in the friendliest spirit we call attention to them, hoping that they may cease to appear in the next Exhibition. Any man can now take a camera-obscura, and he can, with but little trouble, learn to cover a glass plate with iodized collodion, render it sensitive, and place it in his dark box. He may obtain an image, or images, of external nature; but it does not follow that he will secure a picture. There are many photographs in this Exhibition which are anything but well-chosen subjects, and which have been obtained under badly-selected aspects. There are another class which must be regarded as only accidentally good. We say accidentally good because we see a great want of uniformity in the productions from the same photographer. We think we could point to some pictures, which are the picked result of some twenty trials upon the same object. This should not be; nor need it be if the photographer will patiently study the physics and the chemistry of the agents with which he works. There are many charming pictures, showing peculiar atmospheric effects. We look at those with great pleasure, but with some doubt. It would be most instructive if the photographer would give a clear description of the *true atmospheric effect* which produced the *photographic effects* to which we refer. Beautiful as are some of skies, with their heavy and their illuminated clouds—pleasing as are some of the mist-like valleys, and the vapour-capped mountains,—we desire to be assured that the photograph is a true representation of the natural condition of the air and earth at the time the photograph was taken. We cease to value a photographic picture if it is not true. Are the fleecy clouds on the blue empyrean faithfully transferred to the sensitive tablet? Are we not deceived? Did not dull masses of rain-cloud float over the blue of heaven? Were not the heavy cumuli coloured with the golden and the rosy rays of morning, or of evening, when those pictures were taken? Was not nature very bright when the photograph indicates obscurity? Did not a glorious sun flood those hills with yellow light which look so poetically obscure?

We know this to be the case with some of the photographs: may it not be more commonly the case than is generally imagined? Again, much has been said about the fading of photographs. It is a sad thing to see so many pictures in this Exhibition which must of necessity fade. This is the more lamentable since we know that a little more care would have rendered them quite permanent. There is no mistake upon this point. The presence of sulphur-salts in the paper is evident, and they are only to be secured now by thoroughly washing and re-mounting them.

The committee having charge of the Exhibition would do wisely to reject such photographs as these, for it is most damaging to the Art to find its productions fading out like a shadow. With the Photographic Exhibition it is not necessary to speak of individual works as we would of the productions of the painters. The cases are not parallel: the painter employs, or should employ, eye and hand, governed by a presiding mind, the photographer uses a machine, and requires a little judgment. The artist works from within to that which is without; the photographer employs external agents to do his bidding. A few alone require especial notice. Mr. Rejlander comes with a new and extensive series of compositions, many of them being remarkably clever. We feel, however, in looking at productions of this class, that we are looking at portraits of actors—excellent in their way, but still actors. "Grief and Sorrow," "Don't cry, Mamma," do not impress us with any feelings of sympathy from this want of reality. Many of these studies of Mr. Rejlander are excellent; but they cannot be regarded as works of Art, and, indeed, we should be sorry to see such productions taking place amongst us as works of Art. Mr. Fenton has, as usual, many very beautiful landscapes and truth-telling pictures of time-honoured piles. Mr. Cundall's portraits of "Crimean Heroes" are a fine and interesting series of portraits; and the portraits of living celebrities—George Cruikshank and Robson, Professor Owen and Bell, Samuel Warren, Rowland Hill, and others, will command attention. Mr. C. T. Thompson's copies of prints and drawings, Dr. Diamond's Portraits of the Insane, Mr. Robertson's Views of Malta, Mr. Backhouse's Swiss Scenes, Dr. Braun's Views of Rome, Rev. Mr. Holden's Old Buildings, are especially commendable for their respective excellences. Mr. De la Motte has been very happy in his Oxford Scenes. Mr. Rosling has produced capital pictures, with more force than usual. Mr. F. Bedford, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Gastineau, Dr. Percy, Mr. Spiller, and numerous other well-known "children of the sun," have been successful in catching some of the beautiful effects of illumination which give a poetry to nature.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Eugène Delacroix has been elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, of Paris, in the room of the late P. Delaroche. The postponement of the opening of the Paris *Salon* seems to have caused great dissatisfaction, as it will open when all the Parisians who have the means will be in the country, enjoying the charms of green fields, &c.; but, on the other hand, foreigners who habitually visit Paris in the *belle saison* will have the benefit of seeing it.—Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., has been here painting a miniature of the Empress, who has given that eminent painter several sittings.—A splendid collection of antique statues and busts has been purchased by the Minister of State, M. Fould, to be placed in his princely mansion in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*.—M. Robert Fleury has offered to undertake the restoration of the portions of the Hemicycle of P. Delaroche, which were damaged some time ago by fire.—The fine painting by M. Abel de Pujol, which was destroyed in the repairs of the new Louvre, having been painted on the ceiling, is now in process of reproduction on canvas by this clever artist, and will be placed in one of the rooms of the new building: the subject is the '*Renaissance des Arts.*'—Workmen are now occupied in placing, in the Church of St. Eustache, the mausoleum of Colbert, designed by Lebrun, and executed by A. Coysevox and B. Tuby.—A Roman theatre has been discovered at Trigueres, near Château-Renard; it is sufficiently large to contain 10,000 spectators; measures are being taken to effect a complete examination of the same.—The Exhibition of the Society of Arts, Bordeaux, will open on the 1st of March; all paintings are to be sent in by the 10th of February, to M. Binant, 70, Rue Rochechouart, Paris, or direct to the Society.—The Municipal Council of Paris has voted 36,000 fr. for an album of the different scenes of the baptism of the young prince: two copies will be executed, one for the Emperor, and the other for the Empress.—M. E. Dubufe has just completed a fine portrait of Rosa Bonheur; she is represented leaning on a magnificent ox, which is painted by herself.—A distinguished amateur artist, the Reverend P. Martin, is just dead; he was celebrated for his learned publications on architecture and early Art; his principal work was on the "*Cathedral de Bourges.*"

BRUSSELS.—On the 12th of November, Jacob Von Reichel, an Imperial Councillor of the Russian Empire, died here. In the early part of the present century he was one of the most distinguished miniature-painters in Europe, and numbered among his sitters the Emperor Alexander, the Empress Marie, and the Princes and Princesses of the imperial family. His admirable portrait of the Empress Marie is preserved in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Having given up his profession, he was appointed conductor of the state printing establishment, which office he held till his death. He was a collector of coins, medals, autographs, &c. His collection of medals, containing 40,000 pieces, is of great value.



T. MAJOR F. A. PINXT

S. SANGSTER, SCULPT

A SCENE FROM "MIDAS"

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS MILLER, ESQ., OF PRESTON.

THE Collection of Mr. MILLER, consisting entirely of works of our own school, has been long and extensively known as containing many very valuable and beautiful productions by the most celebrated and accomplished painters of our time. The more important are all of that class which, in the year of their exhibition, have constituted, and been spoken of as attractions on the walls of the Academy, or where else soever they may have been exhibited. The proprietor of these works is one of a knot of gentlemen all residing near each other, many of whom have been enriched by manufacture, and all distinguished by their manifest patronage of Art. Mr. Miller has done justice to his Collection by the addition to his house of a gallery lighted from above; gladly would we see such an adjunct more universally adopted: we submit that in the end it would be found to be an economy.

'Hunt the Slipper,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—This picture was exhibited in 1840. It represents the scene at Neighbour Flamborough's, in which the two ladies from town surprise the party—the Primrose and the Flamborough families—when most earnest in the game. The two ladies enter on the right of the composition, in the full-blown dignity of their ignorance and vulgar assumption. The confusion occasioned by the ill-timed visit is shown without any exaggerated expression. The picture is pure and brilliant, and is among the best ever painted by Mr. Maclise.

'Girl with a Dove,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The head and bust of the figure only are seen; she leans on a table with both arms, holding the dove before her. It is one of those minor studies of which the artist paints many, all diversified by much ingenuity of treatment.

'Sophia Western,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The face is eminently sweet in expression: it is a small half-length figure presented in profile, with a striking and tasteful arrangement of the hair. She is occupied in assorting a vase of flowers.

'Van Tromp at the Month of the Scheldt.' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This picture was painted in 1832, and was therefore executed long before the twilight of Turner's best period. It is a large picture, having for its principal object a first-class man-of-war at anchor, with a variety of other craft belonging to the fleet. A boat has just left the admiral's ship, in which Van Tromp himself may be recognised as about to go ashore at Flushing. The sky bears an indication of a storm coming off the sea. This is one of a series of marine subjects which Turner produced, all similar in composition and effect, yet differing much in minor detail, and each distinguished by beauties peculiar to itself.

'The Stage-Coach,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—Our readers will remember the subject of this picture from the engraving from it, introduced in our notice of the works of the artist a few months since. The coach is stopped by a highwayman, who presents a pistol and demands the purses of the travellers, and the point of the story turns upon the consternation which ensues at such a rencontre.

'Deerhounds,' R. ANSDELL.—Three heads effectively grouped, and relieved by a sky background.

'A Study,' R. P. BONNINGTON.—Presenting a single figure—that of a lady in a green dress, supported by a red background and red drapery. It has been very rapidly executed, but in that firmness of manner which alone compensates absence of finish.

'Dancing Nymph and Faun,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A conception in the classic vein, and equal to the best of the classic and its best followers. The exulting *abandon* of the nymph is accounted for by the empty wine vase. She wears a leopard skin, and dances with more earnestness than grace, accompanied by a faun with cymbals.

'Ramsgate Sands,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This is a *replica* of the picture that was exhibited a few years ago. It is small, but equal in finish to the larger work.

'The Breakfast Party,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—The party consists of a girl seated at a cottage-door, breakfasting on a bowl of bread and milk, for a share of which a small black spaniel supplicates, sitting up on her hind legs. This, we believe, is not the first picture which Mr. Webster painted of this subject, but it differs from the first in consequence of the introduction of a puppy, which renders this picture unique.

'Our Saviour,' W. ETTY, R.A.—A small head, seen almost in profile, of which the features are a departure from the common type generally given to the impersonation. This picture was, perhaps, painted a year or two before the death of Etty.

'Reading the Will,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—The subject is from "Roderick Random," and its realisation here produces very strikingly the great variety of character described in the text. The firmness of execution prevailing throughout the work contrasts powerfully with the thinner manner which is every day becoming more popular.

'Peace,' J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.—This work having hung so recently on the walls of the Academy, it may not be necessary to describe it; but it must be observed that it has been much improved since its removal from the exhibition, as Mr. Millais has had it in his possession for some months working upon it.

'L'Enfaut du Regiment,' J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.—This work will also be remembered as having been seen in the last exhibition. The scene we may suppose to be some church in Paris during one of the street conflicts that have been so frequent, and thither has been conveyed a wounded child, who now rests upon a tomb covered by a soldier's coat. It is a most felicitous and affecting episode, constituting one of the best works of the artist.

* * * * E. M. WARD, R.A.:—

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow," &c.

This and the following lines, from Moore's Melodies, constitute a subject selected as an illustration to a recent edition of the work. The picture turns upon the personal history of Byron, as showing him contemplating Mary Chaworth through the windows of Annesley Hall. It is night, the room is brilliantly lighted up, and she is dancing with, it may be supposed, the man of her choice. The picture was exhibited, we think, last season.

Another plate for the same edition of the Melodies has been engraved from a picture by A. EGG, A.R.A., the illustrated passage being:—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee thy home is still here," &c.

The picture—which, it will be remembered, was recently seen in the Royal Academy—presented two figures, an Irish gentleman imprisoned on some political charge, and his wife, who visits him in his confinement.

From the same poetical source there is a third picture, by D. MACLISE, R.A., illustrating the lines:—

"O could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden flowers!
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we 'd make it!"

The composition contains two figures, and the sentiment is supposed to be addressed by a youth to a maiden who is culling from the luxuriance of her garden-bower. This work is also a very recent production.

'Griselda,' A. ELMORE, R.A.—A large, important, and elaborate work, which was exhibited some time ago, containing as principal impersonations the Count and Griselda, with others as secondary and auxiliary. Chaucer is but little consulted for subject-matter. This is one of the most carefully-executed works we have ever seen painted from his verse.

'Jacob and Rachel,' W. DYCE, R.A.—"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." Such seems to be the passage whence the composition has been realised. All the incidents and contributive circumstances are according to the descriptions of the 29th chapter of Genesis. Jacob has seized the hand of Rachel, which he has carried to his own breast, and he draws her eagerly towards him, as about to accomplish the act mentioned in the text. The figures are well drawn, and the treatment of the subject is strikingly original.

'Comus,' L. HUSKISSON.—A composition of small figures, describing the confusion when the brothers rush in and wrest the glass from the hand of Comus, and break it. The subject affords scope for the introduction of an endless variety of character, and of this the artist has availed himself to fill up his canvas with imagery the most poetic.

'Kensington Gravel Pits,' W. LINNELL.—This picture must have been painted perhaps forty years ago. It represents purely and simply these Hyde Park diggings, as they may have been at an early epoch of the present century. At that time the appearance of such a work would excite the utmost curiosity and surprise. If it were a production of the present day, it would be at once pronounced an essay from photography, for every pebble is fairly represented. This most laborious picture did not find a purchaser in London; it was sold, however, in Liverpool for fifty pounds, and the inadequacy of the sum induced Mr. Linnell to take up portrait-painting as a collateral security against the mischances of the profession.

'Highland Game,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This is a dark picture, an agroupment of birds cast upon the ground—grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, woodcock, snipe, and partridge—painted with an execution less showy, but more careful than later works of the artist. This picture was sold at the distribution of the effects of the late Duchess of Bedford, and is placed among Sir E. Landseer's best productions. It was at the Paris Exhibition.

'The Chevalier Bayard at Brescia,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—This was exhibited a few years ago; it contains a group of four figures, Bayard and the two ladies who so kindly nursed him, and from whom he is about to take leave, and his attendant, who is buckling on his spurs.

'The Blackberry Gatherers,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—This was exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Academy; it is an upright composition of great force of colour. The figures are a girl, and a boy carrying a child on his back, the last reaching up and plucking the blackberries from the tangled hedgerow.

'San Giorgio, the Ducal Palace, the Library, St. Mark's, &c., Venice,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—This view, taken from the water, places the Ducal Palace in the centre of the composition, which has all the brilliancy of Turner's Venetian pictures. The water is thronged with the light craft of these waters, several of which, at certain distances, are put in as darks to force the higher tones. The expression of space is masterly, and the almost dazzling reflections proclaim the presence of the sun.

'Fruit,' G. LANCE.—Consisting of white and black grapes, peaches, plums, figs, Siberian crabs, with embroidery, an antique cup, &c. This was painted in 1851.

'Sir Thomas More in Prison, visited by his Daughter,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—A *replica* of the picture in the Vernon Collection.

'A Dead Calm,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.—Twilight is here closing in over an estuary in which, in the nearer section, is a ship at anchor. Both sky and water are enriched with the fading lines of what has been a glorious sunset. But the sentiment of the picture is a perfect tranquillity, and so fully is this realised that the spectator is sensibly affected by the voiceless stillness of the scene.

'Interior of St. Jacques, Bruges,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—One of these magnificent church interiors which Mr. Roberts treats with greater success than any living artist. The light and shade are most effectively apportioned; the whole is so well lighted that all details are seen, and space is most successfully realised.

'Feeding the Calves,' W. P. FRITH, R.A., and R. ANSDELL.—This picture, it will be remembered, was exhibited last year. The country girl who tends the calves is painted by Frith, and the animals, of course, by Ansdell.

'The Nile Flower,' F. STONE, A.R.A.—The fitness of this title does not appear. The picture presents a girl looking earnestly at some object in the distance.

'The Purchased Flock,' J. LINNELL.—The subject is properly a section of green lane scenery, such as may be found anywhere in the neighbourhood of London, but those niceties of adaptation and omission which necessarily go to an accomplished composition require the experience of a master. The flock is coming down the lane.

'The Saviour in his Youth,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—This is the youthful impersonation of the Saviour, from a picture which was painted some years ago by this artist, and which contained also Joseph and the Virgin.

'Lady Jane Grey,' C. R. Leslie, R.A.—A small half-length figure of infinite sweetness of expression. She is seated reading.

'Quillebœuf,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—There is little in this picture, and what there is—that is, the material—is by no means of an aspiring character, yet the work is perhaps the most sublime of Turner's sublimest essays. The water and the sky are passages of the most subtle enchantment, and the light and colour of the work have no parallel in Art.

'The Reflection,' A. Egg, A.R.A.—The subject is a girl adjusting her dress before a mirror.

'The First Lesson,' C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Presenting a mother and child, the former instructing the latter; it appears to be an early work.

'The Lady's Maid,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—This picture has been engraved under the title, we believe, of "Hot water, Sir;" it contains one figure, that of a servant tapping at a bedroom door with a jug in her hand.

'The Mountain Road,' J. Linnell.—A dark picture, in its best qualities equal to Claude, and better in its detail and manipulations. The landscape occupies three-fourths of the canvas, and the remaining portion is filled by masses of rolling cloud, which, of all living artists, Linnell paints the most successfully. This picture was in the Paris Exhibition.

'The Applicant,' C. W. Cope, R.A.—A widow with her son, waiting patiently at the door of a "Pension Office;" an impressive tale of sad bereavement.

'Othello's First Suspicion,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A.—The Moor has cast himself down on a seat, his face hidden by his hands. Desdemona vainly essays to re-assure him.

'The Judgment of Paris,' W. Etty, R.A.—The three goddesses are in the centre of the composition, and Paris and Mercury occupy the left. This appears to have been executed as a sketch for a larger picture. It is charming in colour.

'Catherine and Petruchio,' A. Egg, A.R.A.—They are seated on a sofa, Petruchio faces the spectator, but Catherine sits, in profile, with an expression of extreme displeasure. Petruchio looks excited, he holds in his hand a small whip, with which we are to suppose he has been chastising Kate. The picture was painted in 1851.

'Mother and Child,' C. W. Cope, R.A.—The mother holds her child before her, both being introduced in profile.

'The Welcome Return,' G. O'Neil.—The scene is a cottage-door, at which a grandfather, on his return from the fair, is welcomed by the family, especially the grand-children, who are eagerly inquisitive about what he may have purchased for them.

'Cupid,' W. Etty, R.A.—A small single figure, equal in colour to the best essays of Correggio.

'The Maid and the Magpie,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.—The girl leans back on a bank, and the bird is perched on her. She looks up and holds a conversation with the bird. The work is spirited and original.

'The Nosegay,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—A single figure, that of a lady circumstanced in a garden composition, and occupied in culling and arranging flowers.

'The Fisherman's Return,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A.—The appearance of reality in this picture suggests its having been worked out, stone by stone, from some sea-side locality. The fishermau, as he ascends the ladder of the sea-wall, is welcomed by his child.

'The Bird-Trap,' W. Collins, R.A.—Painted in 1819; it shows two boys setting the bird-trap—an interesting instance of the earlier subject-matter treated by the painter.

'The Gipsey Camp,' F. Goodall, A.R.A.—The picture sets forth much of the truth of gipsey life, with perhaps some of its romance; there is accordingly the tent as a principal form, assisted by an appropriate piece of landscape composition, with characteristic figures coloured with much taste. It was exhibited in 1847.

* * * * J. Philip.—

> "As on the dandelion's downy wings,
> Fond lovers bid their gentle wishes speed."

An old story, yet ever new in skilful hands: the lovers in this case are two rustics; the lady casts her fate on the oracular dictum of the seed of the salutary *taraxacum*, while her Corydon endeavours to snatch it from her.

'The Falcon,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—A small picture containing a single figure, that of a lady in picturesque costume, holding on her wrist a falcon, and being about to mount her horse.

'A Study at Cairo,' W. Müller.—Simply a brass gun oxidised into bright green, and near it an Egyptian sentinel. It was painted in 1845.

'Hylas,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A.—The figures here are placed, as usual, at the brink of the stream; two of the nymphs kneel on his left, a third is in the water. The figures are drawn with the wonted accuracy of the artist.

'Benjamin West's First Essay in Art,' E. M. Ward, R.A.—We find West here in his earliest boyhood, kneeling by the side of his little sister's cradle, and very earnestly drawing the child as she sleeps. It is a sparkling picture.

'Peter the Great sees Catherine for the First Time,' A. Egg, A.R.A.—While Peter and his generals in camp are planning field and siege operations, Catherine enters as a *vivandière*, and the attention of Peter is arrested by her personal appearance. This is a large and important picture, the best production of its author, being qualified with some of the best properties of historical art. It was exhibited in Paris.

'The Windmill,' J. Linnell.—A small picture admirable in effect and finish. A *replica* of the Vernon picture.

'The Coral Finders,' W. Etty, R.A.—This picture is well known as that presenting the charming and brilliantly painted figure in the boat, which Etty intended for Venus. It is one of the painter's most exquisite essays, and would form a most suitable pendant to the Vernon picture.

'The Fireside,' T. Webster, R.A.—A small cottage interior, with two figures in the old-fashioned chimney; an old woman knitting, and a boy with a basin of broth. It is very carefully finished.

'A Deerhound,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A.—The head in profile, apparently finished at one painting. A characteristic type of the race.

'Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A.—This is the darkest picture we have ever seen by this artist. The dominant form is a mass of trees on the left of the composition, with a rocky stream in the nearest site.

'The Accusation of Witchcraft,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—This is perhaps the best of the artist's works. The story turns upon the accusation before a magistrate of an old woman who is supposed to have bewitched a girl, whose real malady is her secret love for the falconer. The picture is large, and full of appropriate and well-conceived characters, drawn and painted with infinite spirit.

'Bridge at Prague,' C. Stanfield, R.A.—A small composition, showing the bridge in the centre distance. The nearest site on the left is occupied by a block of houses, the whole being very Venetian in character.

'Leonora D'Este,' G. O'Neil.—A small study of a girl wearing a Moorish mantle, and holding in her hand a feather fan. Her features are shown as a three-quarter face, and her hair is dressed with flowers.

'Queen Elizabeth reproving her Courtiers for their Flattery after her Illness,' A. Egg, A.R.A.—The scene is the queen's bedroom, in which she has received certain of her courtiers. She is seated on a low stool by the side of her bed, and her countenance declares the gravity of her address. On the left are the ladies-in-waiting, one of whom is about to offer a looking-glass to the queen. It was exhibited in 1849, and is a large picture, admirable for its harmonious colour.

'Mignonne,' G. O'Neil.—A study of a small figure, that of a lady playing a guitar: it is very carefully wrought.

'Doubtful Weather,' W. Collins, R.A.—One of the studies of that kind of coast scenery to which this painter principally devoted himself. In the nearest section of the composition, a fisherman is looking up at the cloudy sky, which threatens wind and rain. The scenery resembles the coast near Folkstone or Sandgate.

'Crossing the Brook,' W. Mulready, R.A.—This is one of those very highly finished drawings in black and red chalk, of which the artist has produced many, that are in every respect equal to the finest engravings. There is in the Vernon Gallery a picture under the same title, but in this case the interest of the composition centres in an infantine navigator, who, much to his delight and the admiration of his parents, is courageously crossing a stream in a tub.

'A Calm,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.—The craft in this picture are Dutch doggers, on the masts of which hangs the canvas idly waiting for the reluctant breeze. This phase of marine subject-matter the artist paints with much sweetness and truth.

'The Faun and the Fairies,' D. Maclise, R.A.—The original picture whence the engraving was executed in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." We see only the head and brawny arms of the Faun, whose occupation is to give music to a company of fairies, who flit about him in a ring. In finish and elegant design the picture is a gem; it must have been painted more than twenty years.

There are in this collection a few water-colour pictures, of which the most important is 'Cader Idris,' by Turner; a dark drawing, but certainly one of the grandest productions of the water-colour school. It was executed many years ago for the father of Sir John Dean Paul, and hung, we believe, in the house in the Strand until the effects were sold. It is very elaborately worked, broad, transparent, and marvellously powerful.

'A Vase of Flowers,' W. Hunt.—Exquisitely drawn and coloured—having for background the fragment of bank which this artist so frequently introduces.

'The House of Petrarch,' S. Prout.—From this drawing there is a well known engraving.

'Fruit,' W. Hunt.—Two blue plums and one yellow, with a repetition of the mossy bank. 'Primroses,' by the same author, has the addition of a hedge-sparrow's nest; all very minutely finished.

'The Fountain,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.—This drawing presents an agroupment of two figures; a girl at a fountain giving water to a child from a pitcher. It has all the best qualities of the minor studies of the artist.

'The Atelier of Benvenuto Cellini,' R. Cattermole.—This composition contains numerous figures, and details a pointed story about some robbers, who, having possessed themselves of some richly designed plate, offer it for sale to Cellini, who attentively examines a cup which he discovers to be his own work. The drawing is full of dramatic force. Another drawing, by the same artist, is entitled 'Amy Robsart,' and presents two female figures. It is firm in drawing, forcible, and characteristic.

THE COLLECTION OF HENRY COOKE, ESQ., OF MANCHESTER.

This Collection, which has been formed principally of late years, consists entirely of water-colour drawings. It is not numerous, but the quality of the Art evidences much refinement and elegance of taste; there are but few drawings in the catalogue that are not by artists now living, and they are all in the very best spirit of the painters.

'Sunset,' F. Danby, A.R.A.—The drawing of this work is really as infinitesimal as engraving: it presents a view of an approach to a castle sunk in some degree below the level of the near site of the view. The trees on each side, and the foreground, are forced with dark colour, to assist the effect of the setting sun.

'Hotspur and Lady Percy,' G. Cattermole.—This is the farewell before the battle of Shrewsbury; Hotspur wears a full suit of plate armour, and Lady Percy is plainly dressed in white.

'Morning,' W. Wyld.—A view down the river, taken from a point above Blackfriar's Bridge, and showing principally the buildings on the Middlesex side, the whole dominated by St. Paul's, and telling, in various and refined airy gradations, against the light morning sky. The material is dealt with in a manner extremely skilful.

'Evening,' W. Wyld.—This is a view looking upwards, the Houses of Parliament being the principal quantities in the composition. The view is taken from some point on these sweet waters near the Lambeth shore, and the drawing is equally meritorious with the preceding.

'The Harvest Home,' F. Goodall, A.R.A.—The sketch made for the picture which was exhibited under this title a few years ago, we think in 1835. Having been so recently before the public we need

not describe it; it is enough to say that it has been worked out with as much care as the picture.

'The Mother's Blessing,' F. W. Topham.—A composition of two figures at a well, mother and child; the former introduced in profile, and holding a cross, the latter seen at three-quarter face, and in the act of drinking.

'The Mother's Pride,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.—This is a repetition of a subject which the artist has painted in oil. It contains two figures, those of mother and child: the latter caressing its mother, who in playful fondness has thrown herself back on the bank by her child.

'Marino Faliero,' J. R. Herbert, R.A.—The subject may either illustrate the historical fact, or the passage in Lord Byron's play, wherein a form is given to the awful imprecations understood to have been uttered by the old man when he read the infamous inscription—"Marino Faliero dalla bella moglie—altri la gode ed egli la mantien." His right arm is lifted, and he frantically adjures heaven to register and to realise the maledictions which he pours forth on Venice, in language that strikes terror into the heart of his wife, and who expresses the utmost alarm lest he should be heard. The princely diadem of the Doges lies spurned at his feet.

'Windsor Castle,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—The best view of the castle—that from the river, between the Home Park and the fields on the Eton side; the line of the castle, the Round Tower, St. George's Chapel, with a continuation of buildings down to the bridge, are brought in varieties of grey and warm tints against the flood of sunlight in the sky. We cannot think that so much of the new front of the castle is visible from this point, but we accept the work as it is set before us.

* * * * D. Roberts, R.A.—Are we in Seville or Toledo? We lose here the thread of our whereabouts, but we are in Spain, inquiring our way in these Iberian cities, glorious in mementoes of past splendour. In the centre of the view rises a massive tower of mixed Gothic and Italian architecture, and on the left stands a cathedral porch of the most richly decorated Gothic. The mellow airy colouring of this drawing is beyond all praise: this transparency is maintained in the lower parts, pierced—as is usual with this artist—by figures, positive, definite, and with all the sharpness of one who knows that he draws small figures well.

'Carlisle,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—This is the best view of the town; that taken from a short distance down the stream of the Eden, where the castle is seen as the principal object, and the town generally is lost. It is a small drawing, and appears to have been made for engraving. The nearest passages are in strong light, but on the left the distance lies under a rain-cloud, in which appears a fragment of a fading rainbow.

'The Windmill,' D. Cox.—The material of this composition is slight, being simply a plain divided by a road, leading the eye to a misty distance. On the left is a windmill. It is evening; the cows are coming home, and the crows in noisy flights seek their nests.

'View in Wales,' P. Dewint.—We know not the precise year of this drawing, but it is in the artist's very best manner. Much that seems left to chance appears, on examination, to have been anxiously drawn. The assertion of the distances, the pervading mellowness of the hues near and remote, the earnestness of the description, and the elements and quantities of the composition, everywhere satisfy the eye.

'Interior of a Church, Seville,' D. Roberts, R.A.—The lower part of the composition is crossed by a screen very richly carved, above which, and on the left, is the organ, seen in profile, whence the eye is led to the details of the architecture. The space shown here is extremely imposing. We know not whether to esteem this artist most as a painter or an architect. This drawing was made in 1837.

'Ghent,' (?) J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—A small drawing, made apparently for engraving. The principal object is a brick building, glowing in the vibrative rays of the sun, brought against a powerful blue sky: round the base of the eminence on which the edifice stands, flows a river down to the left of the nearest site of the composition. Small as the drawing is, it evinces everywhere the most exquisite feeling in its composition.

'Rolandseck, on the Rhine,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—In this picture there is but little; it presents simply that *flèche*, surmounted by the ruined tower to which all who have passed have had their attention called as the scene of a romantic legend. It rises here prominently upon our left. We look up the Rhine, and the cliffs decline from this point until they are lost in the grey distance, in which the eye yet seems to discover remoter forms. Near us, and floating idly down the stream, are some of the clumsy carrying Rhine-craft. And mark the master-stroke of the magician: the golden wealth of the drawing resides in the sunny cliffs and that mellow, respirable atmosphere; and had the same elegance characterised all the incidents of the composition, that which Turner has dwelt on and prepared as the most striking passage would have lost half its value. No romantic water-party in painted barges or gilded canoes would have intensified the sentiment to this degree. At a glance, the drawing looks slight and easy; but it is the result of a succession of the most careful washes, conducted in such a way as to render the paper itself all but transparent. In the cunning of his art Turner has never outdone this drawing.

'Doge Dandolo and his Family,' J. R. Herbert, R.A.—The subject of this drawing, which was made in 1839, is a domestic composition, with personal allusion to the Doge, which has become matter of Venetian history. We read the text—"Onore al chiarissimo eroe," and Dandolo shows the armour in which he fought the battles of the republic. His wife and children are present, the scene being the gallery of his own palace, open to the canal.

'The Gleaners,' D. Cox.—Like many of the small works of its author, this drawing is one of those which may have been made to show the finesse of Art without direct reference to nature. A group of figures gives the name to the drawing.

'A Study,' W. Müller.—This is an interior of the fifteenth century, perhaps one of those for which this artist made a portfolio of drawings about fifteen years ago: it represents a sumptuously furnished apartment, of which the fireplace is ornamented with caryatides and a quantity of carving. There are also in the room two richly-wrought cabinets; and the adornments are even continued in the ceiling, which is coffered, each coffer showing a shield.

'View in Venice,' S. Prout.—It were impossible to recognise *Venezia senz' acqua;* we have, therefore, one of the small canals, flanked by a palace of the most richly decorated architecture. A bridge crosses the canal, and beyond these rises a tower; the whole rendered with the firmness of touch and the simplicity of colour characteristic of the works of Prout's best time.

'Nuremberg,' S. Prout.—At once do we recognise one of those oriel windows, the modified result of an imitation of oriental architecture when Nuremberg was a principal depot for the merchandise brought from the East, by the caravans which conducted the commerce of the East and West during the middle ages. And there is a fountain—not that in the Hauptmarkt, by the Rupprechts, nor that in the Lorentzplatz; but it must be that in the Max-platz, although the oriel window seems to be brought too immediately into the composition.

'The Gipsey Fortune-teller,' F. W. Topham.—This is one of the artist's Spanish subjects, having been executed three years ago from sketches made at Seville. We make here the acquaintance of a tawny sybil, who vaticinates, for better for worse, of the future to two girls who are waiting for the fitful current of a fountain to fill their cruses. Near this group is a company of muleteers and others of the street vagabondage of southern cities—those ragged, picturesque supernumeraries of every population, who never have a home, who are never to be apprehended by any census—even in our climate, which forbids dwelling *sub Jove*, whether in Westminster or Whitechapel. The picture is assisted by well-selected fragments of architecture, in which we recognise at once the architecture of the Spanish cities.

'Lady Macbeth,' G. Cattermole.—She has just taken the daggers from the hands of Macbeth, and is about to proceed to replace them in Duncan's chamber.

* * * * L. Haghe. This is a large drawing, which we remember to have seen in the room of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, in 1850: but we have forgotten under what title it was exhibited. The scene is the exterior of an enclosed fountain at Cairo—Alexandria—it matters not where, the subject not being locality, but personal incident. Cups of water are placed without the window, accessible to all who seek to quench their thirst. A fellah woman is giving water to an old man, and a Nubian boy is handing down a cup of water to another applicant. One of the company is an armed Arab—a genuine denizen of the desert. The incident is intelligible as instancing the value of water in cities bordering on the desert. Here is truly the charity of the cup of cold water illustrated by a custom which has existed since the time of the Saviour. The figures are conscientiously accurate in their maintenance of nationality. The drawing is new as to its class of subject, but yet possesses the qualities of Mr. Haghe's best works.

'A Festive Scene in Spain,' J. Lewis.—A merry-making among certain of the Spanish peasantry. A man and a woman are dancing, and two men play the guitar; all the figures are drawn with much spirit. The dance takes place under a trellis, covered with the luxuriant foliage of the vine.

'Café in Algiers,' W. Wyld.—A composition containing numerous figures smoking and otherwise occupied. The fragmentary architecture in the drawing is admirable for form and quantity: the character and *tenue* of the impersonations are, we doubt not, perfectly accurate.

'The Cricketer,' W. Hunt.—That boy whom we all know so well has had his innings for the last twenty years; whether we meet him with his hot soup or his gooseberry tart, sleeping or waking, he has been always the same. Here he is, "the cricketer," just about to strike the ball, with an expression that ensures at least six runs. The firmness, action, and expression of the figure, are beyond all praise. This drawing was at the Paris Exhibition.

'Going to Market,' J. Uwins, R.A.—A picture of Italian rustic life, containing figures attired in picturesque costume, bearing fruits and vegetables to market. The characters are principally women and children.

'The Larder,' F. Tayler.—The life of the picture is the cookmaid, who carries a sucking pig in a dish ready for the spit, and has two wild ducks suspended from her arm. The composition is rich in the properties of the larder, as a variety of game, poultry, and fish, of which latter, the colour of the carp contributes richness to the lower part of the drawing.

'The Pilot-Boat,' R. P. Bonnington.—A small drawing, spirited and broad in execution, showing a pilot-boat struck by a heavy sea, but yet standing up against the growing squall, and making way towards vessels in the offing. It seems to be an early work.

'At Chelmsford,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—One of the grey drawings of the earlier period of our water-colour art. It is small, and contains as a principal a wooden bridge in the proximity of the church. We think the title a misnomer, for the bridge at Chelmsford is of stone, and the church is near the further extremity of the town.

'The Studio of Pereira,' D. Maclise, R.A.—Pereira married a lady of good family, but not being sufficiently rich to add a duenna to his establishment, he painted one and placed her at the entrance to his studio; an old friend of the lady salutes her on entering, while his attendant bows with the utmost deference to the picture of the duenna. The anecdote is most charmingly rendered. The drawing is of extraordinary depth and minute finish. It is the darkest we have ever seen by Maclise.

This collection is hung in the dining and drawing-rooms of Mr. Cooke's house, in Burlington Street, Manchester; and we have noticed, we believe, the whole, as every drawing is of great merit.

In passing through the various galleries which it has been courteously permitted us to visit for the purposes of these brief notices, two facts have impressed themselves on the mind: one, the high character which the English school of painters has reached; the other, the taste and judgment manifested by the owners of these pictures in their selections. As we proceed we shall expect to receive still further confirmation of our opinions.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS.

W. Collins, R.A., Painter. A. Willmore, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 11 in.

This picture is the result of a commission given to Collins, in 1824, by George IV., who desired to have a companion work to the "Fisher Boys." The scene lies off the coast of Hastings, where the artist fixed his residence during the summer of that year, that he might give the subject his most immediate and particular study. The picture was never publicly exhibited, as it was sent home almost as soon as finished, and the painter had the gratification of hearing its royal owner express, in a personal interview, his pleasure at his new acquisition, when he was summoned to Windsor to superintend the hanging of the picture in a proper light. It still forms a part of the Collection in Windsor Castle.

Like almost the whole of Collins's "Coast Scenes," the materials of this picture are few and simple; in truth, he rarely sought those of any other kind, whatever subject he proposed to himself; while they are almost as invariably treated with a prevailing sentiment of quietude and repose. We never remember to have seen a storm, nor an extraordinary atmospheric effect, attempted by him; he looked at Nature only in her ordinary aspect, but he then studied her closely. Mr. W. Wilkie Collins, in his "Memoir of the Life" of his father, writes thus of the method he adopted in collecting his materials and commencing operations:—"The general composition of his pictures, the arrangement of the clouds, the line of the landscape, the disposition of the figures, he usually sketched at once in chalk upon the canvas from the resources of his own mind, aided by sketches. The production of the different parts, in their due bearings and condition, next occupied his attention. For this he made new studies, and consulted old sketches with the most diligent perseverance, covering sheet after sheet of paper, sometimes for many days together, with separate experiments, extended to every possible variety in light and shade, colour, and composition; watching, whatever his other accidental occupations, and wherever they might happen to take him, for the smallest and remotest assistance of external nature; and not unfrequently consulting, on points of pictorial eloquence, probability, and truth, the impressions of persons who, while conversant with nature, were unacquainted with Art." In all that he did there is evident a conscientious determination to make his art a true exponent of nature, and of real value, in the lowest acceptation of the term, to those who might possess his pictures; for it was his maxim, as we read elsewhere, "that the purchasers of his pictures had a right to expect a possession which should not only remain unaltered and undeteriorated during their own life-time, but which should descend unchanged to their posterity, as a work whose colour and surface should last as long as the material on which it was painted. To make a good picture was his first labour, and to make an endurable one was his last." We should expect, from the solidity of his painting, and entire freedom from all the trickeries of art, that his pictures will outlive those of many of his contemporaries, who seem to have worked only for their own generation.

His "Young Shrimpers" is, as we have just remarked, a composition of the most simple materials—a young boy, who carries a child on his back, and a little girl holding up her apron to receive from the net of the fisher some of its contents, occupy the beach in the foreground; in the middle distance, and boldly relieved against the sky, are three other shrimpers pursuing their work among the pools of water, for they have not ventured out into the shallows of the open sea. The flat rocks, covered with sea-weed, extend down to the right-hand foreground. The high cliffs of Hastings rise in the left distance; the sea fills up the right. The sky indicates a light breeze; for the clouds, though large are not low and heavy, are here and there broken into graceful forms, and are painted with much delicacy. The tone of colour throughout is pure, yet subdued.

Collins received from his Majesty 300 guineas for the picture.

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER II.

The masterpieee of Titian, "Il Pietro Martire"—Story of Fra Pietro—St. Dominic and the Inquisition—Tomb of St. Peter the Martyr—Meritorious edict—Evil times—Exile of the Picture—Return to the Motherland—Opinions of the Authorities—The Tribute-money—Other works of Titian in the Dresden Gallery—Cambridge—The Fitzwilliam Museum—Princess Eboli and Philip II. of Spain—Wealth of Venice in the works of Titian—Manfrini Palace—The Entombment—The Three Ages—Academy of the Fine Arts—Assumption of the Virgin—Presentation in the Temple—St. John in the Wilderness—Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari—Madonna of the Pesaro Chapel—San Nicoletto de' Frari—Altar-piece—The titular Saint—Martyrdom of St. Sebastian—The Picture resigned to Pope Clement—Taken to the Quirinal—Pope Pius VII. bestows it on the Pinacoteca of the Vatican—Northcote in description—L'Anonimo—Padre Guglielmo della Valle.

As the Transfiguration among the works of Raphael, and the St. Jerome among those of Domenichino, so is the Pietro Martire among those of Titian—that picture is declared, almost without a dissentient voice, to be his best work. Most of our readers are familiar with the subject of this painting. Yet as there may be some to whom the story is not known, the general outline may be usefully given.

One of the earliest generals of the Dominicans,* Fra Pietro da Verona, immortalised by Titian in his Peter Martyr, even more effectually than by the Canons of the church, was also one of the most zealous founders of the Inquisition in Italy, where his severities caused him to be hated as well as feared. He had proved himself more particularly unjust and oppressive towards various members of a family called Cavina, and by one of these, or, as others say, by a hireling suborned by them, the General of the Dominicans was assassinated. Returning from a consultation with the Grand Inquisitor, wherein measures of increased rigour had been determined on, and bearing with him instructions to that effect, he was met on his way through a wood then crossing the road from Milan to Como, and cut down by the stroke of a sabre. His only companion at the time was a lay brother of his convent; he also was attacked by a second assassin, as the chronicle relates, and as is, indeed, probable;† but according to the artist,—that most effective writer of history,—he was a dastardly poltroon, who, making no attempt to assist or defend his superior, fled from the presence of the murderer in a frenzy of fear. Who that has seen the picture can forget the impression of terror visible in his movements, and impressed on every feature.

The canonisation of the victim was an early consequence of his death in such a cause, shrines were raised for the worship of the new saint, and to the erection of one sumptuous monument to his memory the excellent Pisan sculptor, Giovanni Balduccio, devoted some ten precious years of his too short life.

All who know the well-endowed city of Milan—and few are the lovers of Art who neglect to make her acquaintance—will remember the work in question. In the Church of Saint Eustorgio, on the Corso della Porta Ticinese, and in a chapel consecrated to St. Peter the Martyr, is the gorgeous tomb wherein the relics of the saint repose. His own statue, with those of St. Peter the Apostle, and St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles,‡ form the chief ornaments of the mausoleum, which is further enriched by figures of St. Thomas Aquinas and the four Fathers of the church, all in the finest marble of Carrara. The master did not live to complete his work, which was continued by his disciples, the most distinguished of whom, Bonino da Campione, executed those fine *rilievi* representing the Passion of Our Lord, and also in white marble,—a gift from one of the Visconti,—which the reader will remember as forming the decoration of the high altar in the same church.

The death of this saint it is, then, that Titian has chosen for the subject of what all agree to declare his finest work. Painted for the high altar of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, in what may well be considered the best period of the master's life, this picture was early estimated at its true value, and the pain of death was subsequently decreed by the Venetian senate against any who should attempt to bereave their city of that treasure. Good cause for this edict was given by the community of St. John and St. Paul, since those fathers were on the point of concluding a sale of the picture, to which they had been tempted by the large sum of 18,000 scudi, when the senate stepped in with its veto, as aforesaid.

"Chi comanda, *ghe tagie* la strada,"

says Boschini, in his Venetian dialect, that most charming of the tongues that make Italy all musical. Brethren and friends! would that even now the delicious sounds were in our ears:—

"Chi comanda, ghe tagie la strada,
Col dir, 'Lassela là! pena la vita.'" *

A most significant injunction, and one the purport of which could scarcely be mistaken—a quality not always to be found in laws. This decree saved the picture, and although it was taken to Paris,—the grief and supplications of the inhabitants notwithstanding,—yet, as among the first restorations demanded, was that of the Pietro Martire, so was it ultimately restored to its rightful possessors. In Northcote's "Life of Titian" is a description of this work, which has the merit of simplicity, and is very nearly accurate; the words are these:—

"In this composition the saint is represented larger than life, fallen on the ground, attacked by a soldier; he is mortally wounded in the head, and the agonies of death are in his face. His companion is flying, with looks that exhibit great terror. In the air are two or three little angels descending with the crown of martyrdom, and surrounded by a sudden blaze of glory, shedding a light over the landscape, which is most admirable. It is a woody country. In the foreground are several alder-trees, executed with such perfection as it is much easier to envy than to imitate. The fear in the friar's face, who is making his escape, is well expressed—it seems as if one heard him crying out for mercy. His action is rapid as that of one who is in extreme danger, and his friar's dress is exquisitely managed so as to show the proper development of the figure in swift motion. There is no example of drapery better disposed for effect. The face of St. Peter has the paleness usually attendant on the approach of death. He puts forth an arm and hand so well expressed that, as a good critic has said, Nature seems conquered by Art. The tall branching trees, with the flashing lights of the troubled sky, would seem to indicate that something terrible is passing below, even if it were not visible; and the distant Alps, discovered between the trees, impress the spectator with horror of the dreary and desolate spot (so fit for such a deed) on which the murder is perpetrated."

Dissenting from the critic, who speaks of Nature as the victor of Art,—since Art, though often seeking to elevate Nature, does not attempt to vanquish,—we add the closing words of Northcote's description, wherein he does but express his own accord with the opinions of all whose voices are of moment:—

"This composition is the most celebrated of any Titian ever painted. I think it justly deserving of the name given to it, and by which it is universally known, 'the picture without a fault.'" †

A more spirited description will be found in the words below, wherein the author, first paying a tribute most justly due to Giorgione, and remarking that after his death Titian was left without a rival, proceeds to say:—"This great painter (Titian) began, of course, like all Venetians, to paint directly from nature, without having previously dissected or drawn, nor was he sensible of this error of the Venetian School till, coming to Rome, and seeing the works of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and the

* The order of the Dominieans (Prædicatores) was founded at Toulouse, in 1215, by the Spaniard Dominicus de Guzman, who likewise took part in the establishment of the Inquisition, commanded about that time by Pope Innocent III., for the repression of heretics in general, and of the Albigenses in particular, throughout the realm of France. De Guzman was canonised by Pope Gregory IX. in 1233, twelve years after his death, which took place in 1221.

† The reader will remember him as so depicted by Giorgione in our own work by that master, now in the National Gallery.

‡ Not St. Paulus Eremita, as say some of the Milanese guides.

* Which may be rendered as follows:—
"The men who rule us barred the way,
Saying, 'Leave that alone! or die the death!'"

† "Life of Titian," by James Northcote, Esq., vol. i. p. 43, *et seq.*



W. COLLINS, R.A. PINX.ᵀ

A. WILLMORE SCULP.ᵀ

THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

antique, he, like a great genius, set about remedying his deficiency, and the perfection of this union of form and colour is seen in his greatest work—Il Pietro Martire. This picture occupied the master eight years, and the eight years were well spent in such a production. The terrific gasping energy of the assassin who has cut down the monk; the awful prostration of the victim, wounded and imploring heaven; the flight of his companion, striding away in terror, with his dark mantle against a blue sky; the towering and waving trees, the entrance, as it were, to a dreadful forest; the embrowned tone of the whole picture, with its dark azure and evening sky, the distant mountains below and splendid glory above contrasting with the gloomy horrors of the murder; its perfect, though not refined drawing, its sublime expression, dreadful light and shadow, and exquisite colour, all united render this the most perfect picture in Italian Art." *

And all this is true: nay, more, and much more, might well he affirmed respecting the surpassing merits of this great work; yet, since Art has so much to offer, and life so little time wherein to consider it, I refrain from comment of my own, believing we shall all find more profit in the words of some few more among the efficient writers who have made this priceless production their theme. With these, then, we shall close the sojourn one feels to be making with the noble picture while listening to their discourse concerning it.

Kugler, in his "Handbook of Painting," speaking of the St. Peter Martyr, assumes, as a fact, that Titian's highest excellence is more frequently displayed in the delineation of figures in repose than in those in action: he adduces the Christ crowned with Thorns, in the Louvre, in support of his assertion. On this Sir Charles Eastlake observes—"It has not been thought necessary to notice every instance where the judgments of the author differ from received opinions; but it is impossible to suffer the above remarks on the Pietro Martire to pass without, at least, observing that the majority of critics have long placed this picture in the highest rank of excellence. The Christ crowned with Thorns is unsurpassed in colour, but the Pietro Martire has been always considered as excellent in invention as in the great qualities which are peculiar to the painter. Having said thus much, it may be granted that the author's general remark respecting Titian's superior treatment of grave subjects appears to be well-founded, and instances of exaggerated action might undoubtedly be quoted. A certain imitation of Michael Angelo is to be recognised in Titian's works in the most vigorous period of his career; but this imitation seems to have been confined to qualities (such as contrast in action and grandeur of line) which were analogous to his own characteristic excellences. The friar escaping from the assassin, in the Pietro Martire, is as fine an example of the union of these qualities in form as is to be found in the works of any painter: other instances were, perhaps, less successful. For the rest, the taste was not permanent in Titian; he returned to that 'senatorial dignity,' which Reynolds has pointed out as one of his prominent qualities, and in this view the remark of the author, must be allowed its due weight." †

Frederick Von der Hagen, whose "Briefe in die Heimath" is among the most useful of his painstaking compatriots' many useful works, brings his testimony to the value of the picture in aid of all previously cited:—"Dieses Bild," he says, "wird überall für Tizians Meisterstück gehalten." ‡ He adds a remark that might seem to require confirmation, and which the present writer has not seen elsewhere—"Die Engel oben in den Bäumen sind nach dem erwähnten antiken Bildwerk in der Bibliothek." "The angels hovering over the scene, and in the trees, are taken from the before-mentioned antique sculptures of the Library,"—that of St. Mark, Venice, namely, to which he had previously referred.

To the *Cristo della Moneta* (the Tribute-money) some slight allusion has already been made. § This picture, painted for Alfonso the first, Duke of Ferrara, is in the Royal Gallery of Dresden. It has given rise to much discussion, as to the extent of influence exercised on the manner of the master when painting it, by Albert Dürer: for these we refer the reader to the German and other commentators who have touched on the subject. One of their number* disputing the fact, points to other causes—the still possible influence of Gentile Bellino among them—as accounting for that dissimilarity to the master's later manner remarked in this picture. "Be these things as they may," continues Förster, "the Tribute-money serves to exhibit the great master of the Venetian school on a second eminence, to the elevation of which no other had ever attained, and to which he did not himself again ascend."

Lanzi, alluding to the same work, and also referring to the supposed influence of Dürer, † says—"He worked at his Christ with such attention to delicacy that he surpassed even that master of minuteness [Albert Dürer] one might count the hairs on the head, and the pores of the skin, and yet the effect is not injured; for, while the pictures of Albert, by diminishing the size, diminish the value, Titian enhances and renders them more grand. Happily for the Arts, this, and the portrait of Barberigo, are the only works in the manner now under consideration that Titian ever executed after freeing himself from the school of his master." ‡

But, if there be diversity of opinion on the question thus mooted, there is but little as to the merit and beauty of the picture. Kugler calls it "the most finished and beautiful of Titian's early works;" "or, rather," he proceeds to say, "one of his most beautiful works of any period, is Christ with the Tribute-money (*Cristo della Moneta*), painted for the Duke of Ferrara, and now in Dresden. In the head of Christ everything combines to produce the noblest effect; the union of the flesh tints; the delicate handling of the beard and hair; the graceful lip; the liquid lustre of the eye; the mildness of the reproving glance. The contrast of the crafty Pharisee is admirable." § It is true that another of the German critics, and one of no mean account—Ernst Förster, namely—affirms the divinity to be wanting in this head of Christ: he adds, what is indeed to be lamented in but too many of our most valued treasures in Art, that the work has been much injured by restoration.

Few galleries are so rich in the works of Titian, as is that of Dresden, and were it but in reference to these, one feels constantly disposed to say with Dr. Waagen—"Du weisst dass mir der Aufenthalt in Dresden jedes Mal ein wahres Fest ist." ‖ The Ducal family of Ferrara, in prayer before the Virgin, has been already named; there is, besides, a work of great merit representing the Madonna, with the Divine child standing on her lap: St. John the Baptist forms part of the group, and before them is a young woman of the true Titianesque type. Her bright fair hair, scarcely restrained by its silken bands, falls in rich tresses on the beautiful neck. Over her graceful head, St. Jerome—her patron saint—extends his crucifix, as in the act of recommending her to the especial protection of the Virgin Mother. A second saintly protector—if I recollect rightly, St. Paul—has also accompanied the gentle suppliant, whose bent eyes, and the somewhat anxious expression of her mouth, would seem to imply—as, indeed, the figure also makes manifest—that no common occasion has brought her thither.

A Venus, one of three, all much admired by the German critics, is principally remarkable—as compared with other fine works of the master, of which this is undoubtedly a very fine one—for the peculiar character of the landscape without; it has all those many characteristics—comprehended without a word, but which many words would not suffice to enumerate—of a burning midsummer day. The hills are bathed in a glow of sunshine, dark and deep are the shadows cast by the trees midway, and you tell yourself it is beneath them that you would now be tempted to repose, if it were your lot to be travelling on the road to those hills. A youth, playing on a musical instrument, is seated at the feet of the Venus, but with his back turned towards her as well as to the spectator.

This picture is a replica of that in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, where it is called the Princess Eboli and Philip the Second—an appellation that may have been determined in part by the guitar. The hand of the restorer—restorer!—is, unhappily, but too clearly manifest in the Fitzwilliam picture, more especially does it appear in the head of the Venus; that of the Cupid has suffered in like manner, although scarcely perhaps in equal degree.

That the churches and palaces of Venice should be rich in the works of Titian is what all will anticipate, and most of us know to our infinite advantage and delight. The mournful Entombment, in the Manfrini Palace, will at once recur to the reader as among the most impressive—perhaps, indeed, the best remembered of all. Even to those who have not seen Venice the work need scarcely be unknown, since the Entombment in the Louvre has more than equal merit. Or if, saddened by the heavy sorrow expressed so eloquently in this masterpiece, he desire relief in the contemplation of perfection in other forms, let him turn to the exquisite Three Ages, in the same palace; or let him take boat for the Academy—thrice blessed be the hour!—and in the glorious Assumption—or, for many, yet more effectual to the purpose, in the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple—he will find matter fully worthy to occupy his thoughts, even though these have been elevated by long lingering before the great and heart-moving Entombment.

And now, pressing is the temptation to describe these wonders of Art, were it for no better reason than the delight one has in recalling their minutest details, never so effectually presented to the eyes of memory as when seeking, however ineffectually, to set forth their beauties and merits for the admiration and homage of others. But the desire must be resisted: neither may we do more than indicate the St. John in the Wilderness, also in the Academy—but painted for the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. That the Assumption of the Virgin—that too now in the Academy, as before mentioned—was formerly in the conventual Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari, most of our readers will remember; nor will any who have seen it forget the Madonna of the Pesaro Chapel, in that church, where the donors of the picture, all portraits, are kneeling before Our Lady, who has St. Peter and St. George beside her. All who are familiar with Venice will equally remember the little Church of San Nicoletto, which makes part of that magnificent convent of the Frari. For the high altar of this church Titian painted a picture, wherein is the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. The saint is a figure much extolled by many critics, for truth and fidelity to the life, but censured by others—Vasari among the number, but by him very gently—for the absence of ideal beauty. "The St. Sebastian having been copied from the life, without the slightest admixture of art," says Vasari, "nothing has been done for beauty in any part, trunk or limbs; all is as nature left it, so that it might seem to be a sort of cast from the life: it is, nevertheless, considered very fine, and the figure of Our Lady, with the Divine child in her arms, is also accounted most beautiful." * Of this inestimable work—for such, notwithstanding that dissonance among the learned just alluded to, is the St. Nicolo generally allowed to be—the community consented, towards the close of the last century, to deprive their convent. Alas! that gold should have so much power, and that men's resolves should exhibit so little firmness; for many great ones of the earth had more than once desired to possess the treasure, but the monks had hitherto stood firm in their declaration that no price should ever buy it from them—yet for money was it ultimately sold, and in so much was the Republic—then triumphant, for this took place in the year 1773, or 4—in *so* much was she shorn of her glory. Let us suppose that unwonted pressure must have been exercised on the

* See "Painting and the Fine Arts," by B. R. Haydon and W. Hazlitt, p. 171, *et seq.*

† Schools of Painting in Italy, vol. ii. p. 443.

‡ "This picture is universally considered to be Titian's masterpiece." See "Briefe in die Heimath, aus Deutschland, der Schweitz und Italien." Breslau, 1818. Vol. ii. p. 163.

§ See *Art-Journal* for January.

* Ernst Förster "Briefe über Malerei," whose words are as follow:—"Für diese hatte er, im benachbarten Mailand, ganz andre Mitstreiter, ja sein eigner Lehrer konnte ihn zu solchem Beginnen durch seine Werke herausgefordert haben."

† "Jedenfalls, zeigt es uns den Meister der Venezianischen Schule auf einer zweiten Höhe, die kein Andrer erreicht und auf die er sich selbst nicht wieder begeben hat. E. Förster, *ut supra*."

‡ Lanzi, "History of Painting," as quoted by Northcote. "Life of Titian," vol. ii. p. 107.

§ Kugler's Handbook of Painting, part 2nd, p. 440.

‖ See "Kunstwerke und Künstler im Erzgebirge und in Franken," vol. i., letter 1.

* See "Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects." English edition. Vol. v. p. 388.

owners; or rather—and why forget the fact so long?—let us be certain that their sense of duty to the head of their church alone had power to prevail over every other consideration,—for the purchaser was no less sacred a personage than Pope Clement XIV., and the place of the exiled picture's destination—and remembering that circumstance, many would hesitate to say that of its banishment—was no other than the pontifical palace of the Vatican.

Here it was that the present writer first made its acquaintance—here that in subsequent visits the beauty of its many admirable parts seemed ever to become more beautiful, while such defects as more profoundly informed observers have discovered in the work, eluded, in almost every instance, the perceptions of this writer, although so much may be admitted as that the St. Sebastian is not an attractive portion of the picture, however fine. But even this would scarcely be granted by good judges; and the writer, conscious to a weariness of the figure of San Sebastian, which meets you everywhere and in all galleries, has seen cause for attributing that amount of imperfection in the pleasure conveyed by the work to a prejudice in the beholder rather than to failure on the part of the master.

And here, in support of the last observation, let us add what an Italian once remarked to the writer, as regarding this very figure, "It justifies the eulogy of your countryman," he said; who declared that "the flesh of every other great painter is but paint, while that of Titian has a real circulation of blood under the skin." It was of Haydon the Roman was speaking, in whose "Treatise on Painting," the passage, not then known to the present writer, will be found.* Another Italian, speaking of the same figure, assures us that in this Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, Titian has taught us how the nude should be treated—"*Sfuggendo le masse degli scuri gagliardi e le ombre forti che giovano al rilievo, ma diminuiscono la morbidezza della carne.*" † Northcote, describing this picture, declares the figure of St. Sebastian to be that of "a most beautiful young man, heroically sustaining the extreme pains of approaching death;" he proceeds to describe the whole with a perspicuity that would render his Life of the master truly valuable, had he bestowed some portion of that quality on his arrangement of the excellent materials he has collected. But, woe the while, what confusion worse confounded have we here! Take with you the very largest measure of patience when you consult his pages—nay, press it down and heap it up, or the very largest shall prove insufficient. The work is otherwise a fair and good one; competent authorities have been consulted, and a large mass of useful matter has been collected industriously, from sources where it was most likely to be found—Vasari and Ridolfi principally, perhaps, but others also have been consulted, and in sufficiency. The sole defect is that "most admired disorder" before alluded to; but for this we say again "take patience," and take enough.

Northcote's description of the St. Sebastian is as follows:—"On a bright cloud, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, is seated the Virgin, with the Divine child on her breast; before them are standing, in most devout attitudes, two handsome boys just emerging from childhood. A ruined edifice occupies the bottom of the picture, in which is seen the titular saint [St. Nicholas] absorbed in a pious ecstacy, and keeping his eyes fixed on the heavenly mother. * * * * * At the side of the Virgin is standing, with an air of modest dignity, St. Catherine, a woman of great beauty. The complexion is somewhat dark, the grand forms and contours, as opposed to the delicacy of the Virgin mother and the Magdalen, show her capable of enduring the most exquisite tortures of martyrdom. The figure of St. Peter assists wonderfully in giving harmony to the picture, to which the sober colour of the dresses of St. Francis and St. Anthony also contributes."

St. Francis, if the recollection of the writer be correct, bears a cross, and is represented as in ecstacy. St. Anthony of Padua has the lily; St. Ambrose is also present.

"But what is most wonderful of all," adds Northcote, "and where the flesh is executed most naturally, is in the figure of St. Sebastian. This figure alone would be sufficient to confute the old calumny of those who, allowing Titian the palm of colouring, deny him that of design."

"Perhaps," he continues, "the remark of some one else would be more reasonable, about his having united saints of different ages and countries, who never met while they lived. But besides that such an anachronism would in part be justified by the will of him for whom the work is done, it is also lessened (?) by the skill of the painter, who makes a glory which collects round him all those who are called to participate in it."

This last proposition is not very clearly argued, but it is rightly felt as regards the master, and that shall suffice us: in a note, Northcote further says, "It is proper to mention that Titian was much pleased with this performance, having written in large letters '*Titianus facicbat.*'" "Of this work," writes the anonymous author,* "being of supreme excellence, he was himself quite enamoured, and contrived that it should be seen by all the world by means of a print taken of it." P. Gugliemo della Valle, in a note to an edition of Vasari prepared under his inspection at Sienna, says, "This stupendous picture, obtained by Clement XV., is to be seen in the pontifical gallery of the Quirinal,† and every one finds in it that beauty with which Titian himself was so enchanted." ‡

THE PANORAMA:

WITH MEMOIRS OF ITS INVENTOR, ROBERT BARKER, AND HIS SON, THE LATE HENRY ASTON BARKER.

MANY of our readers will have derived so much pleasure from viewing the panoramas in Leicester Square, that in recording the recent decease of Mr. Henry Aston Barker, the former proprietor and painter of the panoramas, we cannot but think that a brief account of that particular kind of painting, and of the invention of it by the late Mr. Barker's father, with some biographical notices of the inventor and his son, will be generally acceptable. We, therefore, avail ourselves of a memoir of Mr. Barker in the Obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October last, to which we are able (by favour of the family) to add some interesting particulars from the late Mr. Barker's own memoranda.

Henry Aston Barker was born at Glasgow, in the year 1774: he was a younger son of Mr. Robert Barker, a native of Kells, in the county of Meath, by his wife, a daughter of Dr. Aston, a physician of great eminence in Dublin.

Mr. Robert Barker was the ingenious inventor and original proprietor of the panoramas in Leicester Square, which invention originated in the following manner:—Mr. Barker, who was a man possessing much inventive talent and unwearied perseverance, was a portrait and miniature painter, and had invented a mechanical system of perspective, and taught that art at Edinburgh, where he was resident. He was walking one day with his daughter (the late Mrs. Lightfoot) on the Calton Hill, when observing her father to be very thoughtful, Miss Barker asked him what was the subject of his thoughts. He replied, that he was thinking whether it would not be possible to give the whole view from that hill in one picture. She smiled at an idea so contrary to all the rules of Art; but her father said he thought it was to be accomplished by means of a square frame fixed at one spot on the hill: he would draw the scene presented within that frame, and then, shifting the frame to the left or right, he would draw the adjoining part of the landscape; and so going round the top of the hill, he would obtain the view on all sides: and the several drawings being fixed together, and placed in a circle, the whole view might be seen from the interior of the circle, as from the summit of the hill.

This idea he forthwith put in execution, having no one to assist him but his son Henry Aston, then only about twelve years old. Mr. H. A. Barker says:—"I was set to work to take outlines of the city only, from the top of the Observatory on the Calton Hill. I have no idea now what sort of drawing was made by me,—no doubt it was wretchedly bad,—but it answered my father's purpose; and from the outlines he made a drawing upon paper, pasted ou linen, which gave a rather rude representation of 'Auld Reekie.'"

But the greatest difficulty remained. The drawings being made on flat surfaces, when placed together in a circle the horizontal lines appeared curved instead of straight, unless on the exact level of the eye; and to meet this difficulty Mr. Barker had to invent a system of curved lines peculiarly adapted to the concave surface of his picture, which should appear straight when viewed from a platform at a certain level in the centre. This difficulty, with many others of a similar nature, which may more easily be imagined than described, having been surmounted, Mr. Barker "took his picture up to London, where, being introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Royal Academy, the new invention was exhibited to him, put in a circular form, and shown by candle-light; but whether (says Mr. H. A. Barker) the drawings were so bad, or Sir Joshua did not comprehend my father's idea, he, with great politeness, said the thing would never do, and therefore recommended him to give it up! Here was a disappointment, but my father was too confident of success to be thus dissuaded from following up his plans, and he therefore took out a patent for the invention under the title of '*La nature à coup d'œil.*'"

"To Lord Elcho (son of the Earl of Wemyss)," Mr. Barker continues, "I believe my father was indebted for pecuniary assistance, as well as for introductions to persons of rank in London. Thus was he enabled to follow up and extend his plans for bringing out a view of Edinburgh on a complete circle, for which purpose I was sent again to the Observatory, and began to take outlines of the entire view; of course it was a long time before the painting could be commenced, for I worked slowly. The circle on which my father painted the first view of Edinburgh was twenty-five feet in diameter; canvas, with paper pasted on it, formed the surface, and the picture was painted in water-colours, in the Guard Room of the Palace of Holyrood, and being at last finished, was opened to the public in the Archer's Hall, at Holyrood, from whence it was removed to a lower apartment in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, New Town, and was subsequently exhibited at Glasgow."

So much was thought of the discovery of its being possible to take a view beyond the old rule of forty-five degrees, that Mr. Barker was induced to exhibit his picture in London; and in the month of November, 1788, he quitted Edinburgh, taking with him his son, Henry Aston, and came to London, where, in the spring of 1789, the View of Edinburgh was fitted up in a large room, at No. 28, in the Haymarket, and was opened to the public early in the summer of that year.

Mr. Barker then determined to exhibit a picture of London, for which the drawings were made by Henry Aston Barker, from the top of Albion Mills, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, on the Surrey side. The scene on the Thames was the Lord Mayor's procession by water to Westminster on the 9th of November. These drawings were afterwards etched by H. A. Barker, and aqua-tinted by Birnie, and published in six sheets, 22 inches by 17.

This view was more than half a circle. It was painted in distemper, and was exhibited in the spring of 1792, in a rough building at the back of No. 28, on the eastern side of Castle Street, Leicester Square, where Mr. Barker then resided.

"This view was very successful. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds came to see it, and gratified my father much, when, taking him by the hand, he said, 'I find I was in error in supposing your invention could never succeed, for the present exhibition proves it is capable of producing effects, and representing nature in a manner far superior to the limited scale of pictures in general.'"

In the year 1793 Mr. Barker took a lease of a piece of ground in Leicester Place and Cranbourne Street, where he erected the large exhibition-building in which the panoramas have been ever since, and are still, exhibited. The large circle is ninety feet in diameter, and the small upper circle is constructed within it, being supported by the centre column. The entrance to the small circle is over the top of the picture in the large circle. While the building was proceeding in Leicester Square, Mr. Barker and his son, Henry Aston, went to Portsmouth, to take a view of the grand fleet then lying at Spithead. When the walls of the panorama were completed to their full height, and before the roof was put on, they began to paint the picture in a temporary building of wood, in the centre of the circle, so that by the time the building was finished the work was much advanced; and "in May, 1793 (Mr. Barker says), I think it was ready for opening," but it must have been 1794, as the agreement for taking the ground is dated the 16th of September, 1793.

* See "Painting and the Fine Arts," p. 172; this is the reprint of articles written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by Haydon—who, with some heresies, mingles valuable truth—and by Hazlitt, whose acquaintance with his subject is by no means so profound.

† See "Galleria de Quadri al Vaticano," p. 41.

* Of the writer so called, and not certainly known by any other name, we shall have more hereafter.

† It has been removed to the gallery of the Vatican, as aforesaid.

‡ Life of Titian, vol. ii. p. 115, *et seq.*

"The king, queen, and princesses, came to see the picture before the public were admitted: Lord Harcourt was the lord-in-waiting. I (Mr. H. A. Barker) exhibited the picture to the royal party, whose easy affability soon removed the alarm I felt in having to attend upon them. The king asked many questions; and when answered, turned round to Lord Harcourt, to whom he gave the answer verbatim, always beginning with 'He says' so-and-so. His majesty had a large gold-headed cane, which he pointed with, and sometimes put into my hand, making me stoop down in a line with it, to be informed of an object so small that I could not otherwise understand him." Queen Charlotte is reported to have said that the sight of this picture made her feel sea-sick.

As a good name was considered essential to the success of the novel experiment on the public taste, Mr. Barker applied to his classical friends, who furnished him with the very expressive and appropriate name of *Πανωραμα*.

Mr. Barker's panorama was not, however, without rivalry even in its early days; Mr. Robert Ker Porter (afterwards Sir Robert) painted and exhibited at the Lyceum three great historical pictures of the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799, of the siege of Acre, and of the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801. The printed descriptions and outline sketches of Seringapatam and Alexandria are now before the writer. These three pictures were three-quarters of the circle. He afterwards exhibited at the same place a great historic and panoramic picture of the battle of Agincourt, which picture he presented to the Corporation of London, and it is still in existence, we can hardly say preserved, at Guildhall.

In the year 1802 Mr. Barker's eldest son, Thomas Edward Barker, who was not an artist, but had been an assistant to his father in the panorama, and Mr. Ramsay Richard Reinagle, afterwards R.A., who had painted at the panorama for Mr. Barker, entered into a partnership, and erected a rival panorama-building in the Strand.

In Knight's "London," vol. vi. 283, it is said that the process of painting the panoramas is distemper, but that is an error, except as to the original picture of Edinburgh and that of London: the panoramas are oil-paintings, and the canvas was used for several pictures, one being painted over the other as long as it would last, except some of the pictures of the small circle, which, after having been exhibited in London, were sold for exhibition in the provinces. The panorama of Athens (1822) was sent to Harford College, Connecticut, N.A., where it may yet be in existence.

After much patient energy and perseverance, Mr. Barker, ably assisted by his son, Henry Aston, succeeded in establishing the panorama in the favour of the public; and at his death, which happened on the 8th of April, 1806, at his house in West Square, Southwark, at the age of sixty-seven,* he left a comfortable provision for his widow and family.

There are two portraits of Robert Barker: one engraved in 1802, by J. Singleton, after a picture by G. Ralph, 8vo.; and another engraved by Flight, from a picture by Allingham, folio. A memoir of Robert Barker will be found in the "Biographical Examiner," by Theophilus Quin, 1814.

The house in which Henry Aston Barker resided with his father, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, was nearly opposite the house of the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, whose habit of early rising was an object of observation and emulation to Henry Barker; but rise as early as he would, there was John Hunter poring over his anatomical preparations. At that time, several other subsequently distinguished persons resided in the same street; and in the immediate vicinity lived Anna Maria and Jane Porter: to the latter Henry formed a boyish attachment, and was frequently seen escorting her to the parks, &c., where she, being then very handsome, attracted great attention, which induced Henry Barker to resign the fair one to the more dashing pretensions of a certain captain in the Guards.

Soon after coming to London, Henry Barker became a pupil at the Royal Academy, where, among his fellow-pupils and intimate associates, were John Wm. M. Turner (afterwards), R.A., and Robert Ker Porter, the cousin of his fair friends Anna Maria and Jane: the three were great companions and confederates in boyish mischief.

Henry Barker continued to be the chief assistant of his father in the panoramas until the death of the latter in 1806, when, being his father's executor, he took the panorama into his own hands, and, by his eminent artistic taste and skill in his particular branch of Art—by his energy, perseverance, and good judgment in selecting and placing before the public what was agreeable to them,—he succeeded not only in paying off some incumbrances which had been left by his father, but in realising the handsome provision made by his father's will for his mother and sisters, and making a moderate and well-merited provision for himself and his own family.

Mr. Barker frequently travelled, to take his own drawings for his pictures, which were always remarkable for faithfulness and truth. His first journey was in 1799, to Turkey, to make drawings for the Panorama of Constantinople. We resume Mr. Barker's memoranda:—"On the 26th of August, 1799, I quitted home for Portsmouth, to join the vessel then lying off the Motherbank, that was to carry me to Palermo. December 6th I entered the harbour of Palermo. The next day, I went with our captain to call upon Sir William Hamilton, the English Ambassador at the Court of Naples. Sir William was not at home when we called; however, we saw Lady Hamilton, who kindly invited me to dine with them that evening. I cannot forget her appearance in the evening—her fine commanding form, dressed in a kind of robe, trimmed with roses from her neck to her feet—her beautiful countenance, with lovely dark eyes. I was introduced by Sir William Hamilton to Lord Nelson, who took me by the hand, saying he was indebted to me for keeping up the fame of his victory in the battle of the Nile for a year longer than it would have lasted in the public estimation. At the dinner, Lady Hamilton placed me on her left, while Lord Nelson sat on her right hand, and she cut his meat for him." During his stay at Constantinople, Mr. Barker had the opportunity of saving from destruction part of a portfolio of beautiful drawings by Tweddel, the traveller, which had been recovered from the wreck, and had lain rotting in the wet: this he did for Lord Elgin, who was very kind and attentive to him during his stay at Constantinople.

The Panorama of Constantinople was exhibited in 1802. A picture from the same drawings was exhibited by Mr. Burford in 1829. These drawings were engraved and published in four plates.

In 1801 Henry Aston Barker went to Copenhagen, to obtain a view and particulars of the battle. There he was kindly received and treated by Lord Nelson.

In May 1802, during the peace of Amiens, he went to Paris, and drew a panorama of it. He was on that occasion introduced to, and noticed by, Napoleon, then Premier Consul, by whom he was addressed as Citoyen Barker.

The naval victories at the end of the last and the commencement of this century afforded admirable and most popular subjects for the panorama; and Henry Aston Barker's knowledge of nautical matters, and accurate representation of shipping, &c., made him a great favourite with Lord Nelson. The Peninsular campaign also furnished admirable subjects for pictures of the battles of Badajos, Vittoria, and others, of which Mr. Barker presented such able and spirit-stirring representations to the British public.

The drawings for these pictures were made chiefly, if not entirely, by Mr. Burford; but Mr. H. A. Barker went to Malta, where he made drawings of that port, exhibited in 1810 and 1812; of the latter of which the writer has a vivid recollection, being the first panorama he ever saw.

An incident is related of a Newfoundland dog, which being brought to the panorama, was so deceived by the natural appearance of the water in the harbour, that he leaped into the picture, to enjoy a bath in the briny element.

After the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Mr. Barker also went to Elba, where he renewed his acquaintance with Napoleon, by whom he was graciously received. And after the battle of Waterloo he visited the field, and went to Paris, where he obtained from the officers at head-quarters every necessary information on the subject of the battle. A set of eight etchings, by Mr. J. Burnett, from Mr. Barker's original sketches of the field of battle, were printed and published. His drawings of Gibraltar were also published in two large sheets.

He went to Venice with Mr. J. Burford, to take views for a panorama which was exhibited in 1819. His last grand panorama was the coronation procession of George the Fourth, exhibited in 1822. The panorama of Waterloo was very successful. It had been painted on an older picture, but was not painted out, being laid by and re-exhibited some years later.

The rival panorama in the Strand was purchased, in 1816, by Mr. Henry Barker and the late Mr. John Burford, who paid a considerable sum to Mr. Reinagle, and secured an annuity to Mr. T. E. Barker and his wife for their lives, as the price of their interests in the Strand panorama, which Mr. Barker and Mr. John Burford then kept open in partnership, Mr. Barker retaining to himself the panorama in Leicester Square. But the panorama of Waterloo had fortunately been so successful as to give Mr. Barker the opportunity, which he then required, of retiring from the labours and anxieties ever attendant on exertions to please the public; and in, or previous to 1826, he transferred the management of both panoramas to Messrs. John and Robert Burford, who had been the able and much esteemed assistants of himself and his father for many years.

Mr. John Burford dying however, in 1827, was succeeded by his brother, Mr. Robert Burford, the present able and indefatigable proprietor of the panorama in Leicester Square, which still continues its interest and attraction for the public, although the rival exhibitions of the Colosseum and the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, have not been able to hold their ground.

In 1802 Mr. Barker married Harriet Maria, the eldest of the six daughters of Rear-admiral William Bligh, commander of the *Bounty* at the time of the celebrated mutiny during a voyage to transplant the bread-fruit from the Society Islands to the West Indies, and subsequently Governor of New South Wales. By that charming and most amiable lady Mr. Barker has left two sons and two daughters: his eldest son, the Rev. Henry Barker, is vicar of Weare, Somersetshire, to which church Mr. H. A. Barker presented an organ on his son's institution; his second son, William Bligh Barker, was brought up to the medical profession, but preferred the Arts; his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was the wife, now widow, of the late William Glennie, Esq., R.N., and civil-engineer, who died a few months since; and his youngest daughter, Mary, is wife of North Pritchard, Esq., of Willsbridge.

When all Britain was filled with military enthusiasm, Mr. Barker enrolled himself as a defender of his country from foreign invasion, and he bore a lieutenant's commission in the Princess Charlotte's regiment of Loyal Southwark Volunteers.

While carrying on the panorama, he lived at a house in West Square, St. George's, Southwark, next door to that in which his father had lived, and which was still inhabited by his widowed mother, behind which was his painting-room; and he built a home for himself in Lordship Lane, Dulwich; but, on giving up the panoramas to Messrs. Burford, he went to reside at Cheam, Surrey, and afterwards removed to Park Street, Bristol, from thence to Willsbridge, and lastly to Bitton, both near Bristol.

Mrs. Barker died on the 26th of February last, and was soon followed by her husband, who died at his house at Bitton, on the 19th of July, at the age of eighty-two: they were both buried at Bitton.

The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Henry Aston Barker were firmness, neatness, and precision in whatever he did. In his works, in his writing, in his conversation, and in his dress, those characteristics were remarkable. His pictures, although on so large a scale, were highly finished; he bestowed perhaps too minute pains on them; but hence the almost magical appearance of reality which they possessed. He seemed to be imbued with a determination that whatever he did should be done as well as he could do it; and consquently he never did anything in a hurry or carelessly. His letters are very indicative of this, being examples of neatness of writing and expression; and he always wrote his signature at full length, in a large, upright, square hand. His manners and bearing were those of a polished gentleman, and his conversation was full of liveliness and anecdote, and was most particularly interesting from the observations he had made, the countries he had visited, and the people he had known.

The following is a chronological list of most of the panoramas painted and exhibited by Mr. Robert Barker, and his son, Henry Aston Barker:—

Edinburgh, exhibited at Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1788, in the Haymarket, London, 1789; London, at 28, Castle Street, Leicester Square, 1792; Spithead, at Leicester Square (where all subsequent panoramas were exhibited), 1794; Lord Howe's Victory, 1794; Bath, 1795; Windsor, 1798; Bridport's Victory; Margate, 1798; Plymouth; Cornwallis's Retreat; Dover; Battle of the Nile, 1799; Ramsgate, 1800; Constantinople, 1801; Copenhagen, 1802; Paris, 1803; Gibraltar, 1804; Trafalgar, 1806; Edinburgh, 1806; Bay of Dublin, 1807; Weymouth, 1807; Grand Cairo; Flushing, 1810; Brighton; Malta, 1810; Messina, 1811; Lisbon, 1812; Harbour of Malta, 1812; Badajos, 1813; Vittoria, 1814; Elba, 1815; Battle of Paris, 1815; Waterloo, 1816; St. Petersburg, 1817; Algiers, 1818; Spitzbergen, 1819; Lausanne, 1819; Naple, 1820; Berne, 1821; Corfu, 1822; Rome; Athens, 1822; Coronation of King George IV., 1822.

Each of the large circle pictures averaged 10,000 square feet of canvas; the small circle, 2700 feet.

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxvi. p. 389.

THE EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS.*

No school of Art has ever attained to such a degree of excellence as the early Flemish school, and yet remained in obscurity. The fame of the Renaissance turned all eyes to Italy, and her *prestige* in Art eclipsed for centuries the rising claims of the schools of all other nations. Lightly, however, as the southern schools may have esteemed that of Flanders, Vasari does ample justice to the success of the northern painters. When we think of the early Flemish school, we think only of the Van Eycks; to us they constitute the early school. But they were preceded by one or two others worthy of mention. These were attached to the court of Philip the Hardy, Duke of Burgundy, being entertained as "*pointres et varlets-de-chambre*." It is of little interest to inquire relative to their duties in the latter department of their twofold capacity; but we learn that as "*pointres*," their duties were multifarious—such as designing and ornamenting banners and pennons, and painting heraldic equipments; but the works which assign them places among the painters of their school are their efforts in religious Art, of which some altar-pieces survive. The names of the "varlet"-painters that have come down to us are Jean Malouel, Melchior Broederlain, and Jean de Hassett. Of the works of the first and last little remains to testify of their quality; but in the Museum of Dijon there is a remarkable production by Broederlain, consisting of several compartments, in which are represented the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Presentation, and the Flight into Egypt. The book before us contains an outline engraving of this work, which is characterised by the executive infirmities of its time—the last years of the fourteenth century. The artists and varlets above-mentioned, with a few others of minor note, were the predecessors of the Van Eycks.

The Van Eyck family had its origin in the Duchy of Limburg, on the banks of the Meuse; but such was the obscurity of the family, that there exists no record of it before it became famous by the works of the brothers Hubert and John. By some writers it is supposed that a certain Joes Van Eyck, a member of the Guild of Painters of Ghent, was the father of the Van Eycks. Very little of the life of Hubert van Eyck, is known previously to his admission to the Guild of Painters of Ghent; but subsequently to that it is ascertained that he painted more than one picture in *tempera*, and perfected the education of his brother John; and the discovery attributed to the latter was effected, according to Vasari and Van Mander, in 1410, when John was yet in his youth, and Hubert was in the vigour of manhood. In the respective associations and manner of life of the brothers there was a remarkable difference. Hubert was independent of courtly patronage—there is no mention of his having been numbered among the varlets of any reigning seigneur; while, on the contrary, John was the creature of courtly favour. The value of the discovery of oil-painting seems to have been at once understood by the good Flemish burghers, and they seem also to have comprehended with equal readiness the injury accruing to simple oil and colour by the introduction of experimental media. They in their days, as we in ours, had seen works of Art ruined by ignorance and caprice. Reynolds exhausted the possible and impossible arcana of vehicles; and the results are open to us—the surfaces of some of his best works are in rags. Of this fact, "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" is a sad evidence; but yet, even of late years, the search for the lost medium of the old masters has been again revived, but only again to subside in disappointment. We discover only too late the value of simplicity in all things. Reynolds was bewildered by belief in some enchanted compound, as were also his followers: this was his and their weakness. Only nine years after the discovery of oil as a vehicle for colour, the sagacious burghers of Ghent, in contracting for the execution of certain works of Art, prohibited the use of anything but oil. "Wilhelm Van Axpoile," says the text of the book under notice, "and John Martaens, licensed painters (*vrie schilders*) were employed, in 1419, '*to paint in good oil-colours, unmixed with any corrosive substance*,' several important pieces for the Town-hall; John Van Coudenburg and Marc Van Gestele to adorn, in 1430, the church of Roslede with four great prophets 'à vif,' with 'The Death of our Lady,' 'Our Saviour in the Sun's Rays,' 'The Last Judgment,' and 'The Baptism of Christ,' all which aforesaid pictures the said John and Marc were bound to finish for eleven livres." It may be assumed that in those days painters had been endeavouring to improve upon oil as a vehicle, and had failed; hence the terms of the contract. If these works still exist, their condition would at once be an evidence for or against the simple medium. To Hubert Van Eyck was confided by Jodocus Vydts, a wealthy citizen of Ghent, the execution of an altar-piece for a chapel founded by him for the reception of the mortal remains of himself and family. When Hubert received the commission for this really great work, he was formally admitted to the honours and the privileges of the fraternity of the Guild of Painters. Hubert, however, died before he completed this work: the upper portion only is by him, the rest having been painted by his brother John. He died at Ghent in 1426, and was buried in a crypt of the chapel, we believe, which he was decorating. The epitaph inscribed upon his tomb is remarkable, it runs thus:—"Take warning by me ye who walk over me; I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither Art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are spared not when death arrives. I was called Hubert Van Eyck. I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, all this was shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the 18th day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God in suffering. Pray God for me, ye who love Art, that I may attain to his sight. Flee sin; turn to the best (objects), for you must follow me at last." As a memorial of the living man, the right arm with which he had so successfully employed the brush, having been severed from the body, was suspended in a casket above the portal of St. Bavon, where it still remained in the sixteenth century. It is supposed that John Van Eyck was born between the years 1382 and 1386, at Maaseyck, where his brother Hubert was his instructor, from whom also he acquired a knowledge of drawing, painting, and chemistry. In considering the probabilities in relation with the means employed by the Van Eycks, Vasari theorises at some length on the probable causes of their successes, but especially in reference to John Van Eyck, who is considered the greater genius. But to quote again from the book before us—how far was John Van Eyck the discoverer of these improvements, and what share had Hubert in them? The desiderated means of producing pictures in such materials as should withstand the changes of such a climate as that of the Netherlands, was probably an early subject of study with Hubert Van Eyck. The question was agitated in Germany and Flanders long before it became a matter of interest in Italy. This can be readily understood, from the perfect preservation of very early works of Art in Italy. It would appear that those writers who assign to John Van Eyck the employment of oil as a medium in Fine Art, have formed their conclusions on unsatisfactory evidence, for assuming the earliest employment of oil in Fine Art to have taken place in 1410, we find at this time Hubert Van Eyck with an established reputation as a painter, while John, not more than nineteen years of age, and perhaps only fifteen, must have yet been a pupil of his brother. It was not until 1420 that fame connected John Van Eyck with the discovery of oil painting: it was in that year, and not before, that he was present at an assemblage of painters at Antwerp, where he exhibited, in triumph, a picture of the Saviour, on the colour and character of which were pronounced the most lavish encomiums. It is probable that ten years had sufficed for a perfect knowledge of the new method of working, and that as his brother's practice was known to him, the honours of the discovery were awarded to him. In the works of the elder brother his superiority is manifest, and it was not until the decease of Hubert that John was regarded as the most eminent of his craft. This was the conviction of John himself, as is evidenced by an inscription on "The Mystic Lamb," the work commenced at Ghent by Hubert, and finished by him. The work respectively of the brothers presents a contrast unfavourable to the younger. "The Mystic Lamb" was completed in 1432, six years after the death of Hubert: it was finished at Bruges, and as the panels were perfected they were sent, it may be supposed, to Ghent. The panels of this work are now separated, some are yet at Ghent, the rest at Berlin. It is to be regretted that the results of study so profitable, and the fruits of a mind so noble as that of Hubert Van Eyck, should be so inconsiderable—"The Mystic Lamb" being the only remnant of his work. In its finished form this altar-piece merited the great and lasting admiration which it excited; it formed not only in itself a splendid harmony, but having been executed for the place in which it stood, it harmonised with all around it. Chapels and churches were then furnished very differently from what they are now or were some time earlier. The walls were covered with tapestries and stuffs, and enriched with votive pictures and costly offerings to the patron saints. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was the friend of John Van Eyck, who was treated with the highest consideration by the duke, insomuch that he served him not only as his principal painter, but also in the capacity of ambassador on missions of confidence and importance. His death took place at Bruges in 1440—41. The powers of the elder Van Eyck are thus very fittingly described in the book before us:—"Hubert Van Eyck was sacrificed for centuries to the fame which John Van Eyck succeeded in engrossing by final improvements in the oil medium and varnishes. No neglect was more unjust than this, for Hubert transcended in genius John Van Eyck, and every other painter of the Netherlands. His grand characteristic, as chief of the Flemish school, was serenity and nobleness of expression: his great quality was colour, but he failed in idealism. The gravity and pensiveness which marked his saints, were not in every instance coupled with a sentiment of holiness and that elevated type which Scripture would impress; and though he never proved himself a trivial or a vulgar painter, his mind was not above some weakening conceits. Had he possessed the entire gift of simplicity, he would not have laden the broad and sweeping folds of his drapery with the superfluous ornaments which profusely cover them: with these exceptions nothing is wanting in the pictures of Hubert Van Eyck. Few men of his time in Italy, none in the Netherlands, have proved themselves as perfect as he was in anatomy and in the perspective of the human frame; but that in which he excelled was, as has been already said, colour."

The book contains a curious history of "The Mystic Lamb," with some account of the influence exercised by the work upon contemporary schools. The pictures which are attributed to Hubert Van Eyck neither support that attribution by any approach to the quality of the panels of "The Mystic Lamb," which were finished by him, nor can they be traced to his hand by any pedigree of proprietorship. It is probable that any works executed by him may have been destroyed by the iconoclasts of 1566, or in those military forays to which the cities of the Netherlands were so long exposed.

The works of John have survived the calamities which have, from time to time, devastated the Low Countries. It is remarked that the quality of his work declines in proportion to the remoteness of its date from the lifetime of his brother—an evidence strongly in favour of the superior intellect and power of Hubert. The picture in our National Gallery, absurdly called "A New Married Couple," we have long regarded as presenting portraits of John Van Eyck and his wife, notwithstanding the professed dissimilarity of the features from those of the portrait in that portion of the Ghent picture which is at Berlin.

The successors of the Van Eycks were Cristus, Van der Meire, Van der Goes, Justus of Ghent, Roger Van der Weyden, Antonella da Messina, Hans Memling, &c.; but the Van Eycks and their works are of paramount importance, and we feel that as we might have justly extended our notice of them far beyond the limits we assign it, we could in nowise do justice to painters whose names are more or less illustrious in the annals of Art by a simple record of dates and titles.

* "The Early Flemish Painters; Notices of their Lives and Works," by J. A. Crowe, and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Published by J. Murray, London.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART II.

SOON after we leave the valley in which the Thames is born, and where its infant wanderings are but promises of strength, the river becomes well defined, and of no inconsiderable breadth and depth; its waters have gathered force, and are turned to profitable uses. A mile or so of pleasant walk along its banks, and we reach THE FIRST MILL ON THE THAMES—the earliest effort to render it subservient to the wants of man, ministering to industry and producing wealth. The mill is sufficiently rude in character to be picturesque: it is in an open court, fronted by an old pigeon-house, and occupied by a pleasant and kindly miller, who reasonably complains that the engine of the canal frequently leaves him without water to move his wheel. He was, however, busy during our visit, and seemed well pleased to aid the artist in his efforts, apparently much interested in the progress of his work.



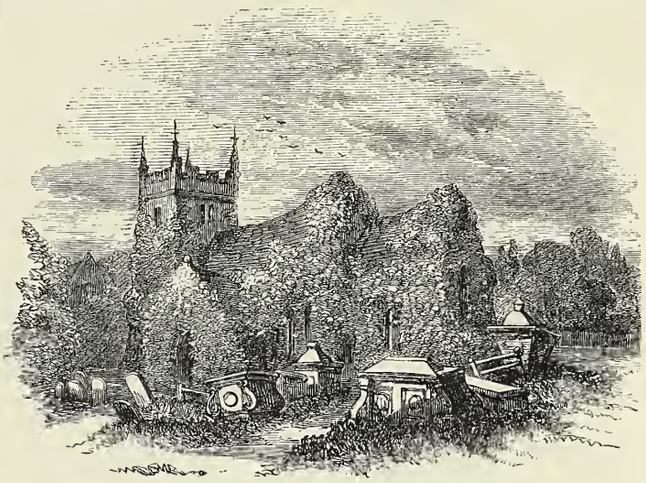
THE FIRST MILL.

While the artist was thus employed, we had leisure to rove about the adjacent meadows, and to examine the numerous wild flowers and water plants which, in this vicinity, assume forms more than usually large. Among the most prominent was the Comfrey (*Symphytum officinale*), which appears in great abundance on the river-bank, rearing its bold form above the lowlier herbage. When in blossom—every branch decorated with clusters of pendant bell-shaped flowers, varying in every shade of colour from white to deep purple—the comfrey is one of the most ornamental among the many floral beauties that grace the water-side, and it once held a high place in the herbal of our forefathers for its great healing virtues: but its reputation for these qualities, whether deserved or not, has passed away, in common with that of most of our native medicinal herbs, to make way for the drugs of foreign lands, which, if sometimes less efficacious, are at least more novel and costly.



THE COMFREY.

Hence a turn in the road (or through a pleasant meadow, if we prefer to cross it) leads to the village of SOMERFORD KEYNES, with its beautiful and graceful little church. It is covered with flowers—roses and honeysuckle intertwined with green ivy—from the base to the roof; and is lovingly cared for by its present incumbent; it is a model of cheerful aspect and simple beauty. It consists only of a nave and chancel, with a small side chapel. There is a small piscina by the altar; but the most curious features within are the fragments of paintings that once decorated its walls, and portray legendary histories of the Romish church. Thus, opposite the door is a gigantic figure of St. Christopher bearing the Saviour across an arm of the sea, his passage being assisted by the lantern held by a monk. So great a value was attached to the intercession of this saint in former times, that it was believed no peril could happen to him who during the day had offered a prayer before his image. Erasmus alludes to this superstition in his "Praise of Folly."*



THE CHURCH, SOMERFORD KEYNES.

From the church we traverse the river-bank; again through meadows, until we arrive at a graceful gravel walk overarched by trees, in the grounds of the ancient manor-house; and soon we reach the village of ASHETON KEYNES: the river here obtains a picturesque character by being arched over in numerous instances, forming footways to the various pretty cottages that skirt its bank. The church is old, but by no means picturesque—the interior being thoroughly modernised, and thus forming a contrast to the Church of Somerford Keynes. There are in this village the sockets of three ancient crosses.

Thence our path lay to WATERHAY BRIDGE, and then across several sloping fields laden with corn, from the elevations of which, above the river, are obtained many fine views:—and so we enter the ancient market town of CRICKLADE, in Wiltshire. It presents no feature of interest, except that at the bridge—a new bridge, outside the town—the rivers Churn and Rey† meet, and mingle their waters with the Thames. Its church-tower is, however, a "laudmark" for many miles round. It was a famous town in old times, and is said to have been inhabited by learned monks, from whom it derived its name of *Greeklade*, corrupted into *Creeklade*—another fanciful invention of the poets; and Drayton, following ancient historians, makes this town the predecessor of Oxford, where—

"To Great Britain first the sacred Muses sung."

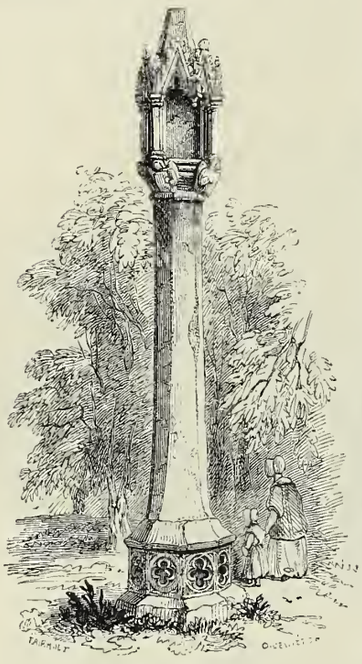
Its name is probably derived from the British *cerigwald*, a stony country; it has two churches, dedicated to St. Sampson and St. Mary; neither, however, advance any pretensions to architectural grace or beauty. The two crosses still preserved in Cricklade are unusually fine specimens of those sacred mementoes in England. That in our first engraving now stands beside an avenue of trees in the church-yard of St. Sampson's, but it formerly stood

* His legendary history declares him to have been a pagan giant of evil propensities, who used to destroy travellers by pretending to carry them across a river; but the Saviour appearing to him as a little child, miraculously surprised him by the almost immovable weight he was upon his shoulder. Christopher, astonished, inquired of him the reason, and was answered, "You bear now the whole world, and also its Creator." With much difficulty and fear he crossed the water; and, being christianised, performed as many good deeds as he had previously done evil. Our little engraving displays the ordinary manner in which this very popular saint was represented by mediæval artists, who in all instances worked to conventional rule; hence in England or upon the Continent there is a complete similarity of treatment for this saintly legend; in the same way the Greek Church at the present day preserves in its pictures the conventional forms of the tenth century unaltered. We constantly find traces of similar representations of the saint in old English churches; but in continental ones they abound: nor is it unusual to encounter gigantic statues of him at the gates of cities (as at Treves, on the Moselle), as if to cheer the parting traveller, or welcome him home on his return.



† The river Rey is of small account, although of some importance as one of the earliest tributaries of the Thames: it rises below Swindon, in Wilts. The Churn, however, demands especial notice, inasmuch as it advances claims to the honour of being the source, and not a tributary, of the great river. It has its rise at "Seven Springs," about three miles south of Cheltenham, and its course is above twenty miles before it loses itself in the Thames—"Thames Head" being not more than ten miles from the junction of the two waters. The Churn has changed its name but little—it is the *Chwyrn* of the British, signifying rapid. Drayton calls it "the nimble-footed:" it passes through the villages of Cowley, Colesbourne, North Cerney, and Baunton; then waters Cirencester, passes through Siddington and South Cerney, and so joins the Thames at Cricklade.

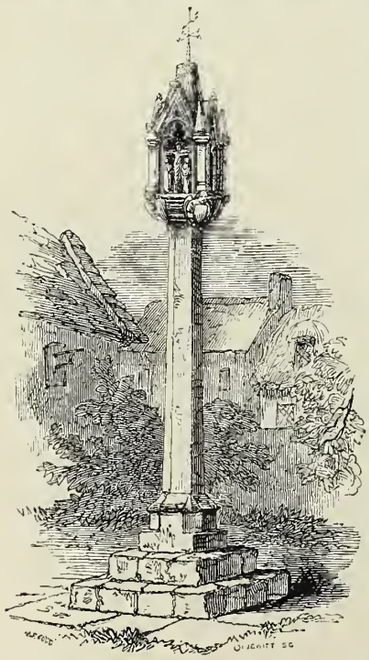
in the High Street of the little town. The finial has been broken, and the figures which once occupied the canopied niches have disappeared. Our second engraving exhibits the more perfect cross in St. Mary's church-yard, nearer the Thames. This remarkably graceful example has figures of saints in the niches, as well as a representation of the Crucifixion. Both appear to be works of the fourteenth century—a period when religious foundations flourished. It was at this time the custom in England (as it still is upon the Continent) to erect these sacred emblems not only near churches and in cemeteries, but by the road-side, to aid the devotions of the traveller, or ask his prayers for some other wayfarer who may have met death by accident or violence. They were also occasionally used to mark great events; such were the crosses erected to commemorate the places where the body of Queen Eleanor rested; or to signify where important battles had been fought.



CROSS AT CRICKLADE.

The town of Cricklade is about ten miles from the source of the Thames. "Thames Head," though in the county of Gloucester, is so near to its southern border that the river, after meandering a mile or two, enters Wiltshire—the village of Kemble being in that county: and it is in Wiltshire the great river first assumes the character of a perennial stream—for the meadows between that village and the source, are, as we have intimated, usually dry during the summer months; soon, however, the river re-enters its native county, which it continues to fertilise during many an after mile of busy toil and tranquil beauty.

Having rested awhile at Cricklade, we pursue the river on its course, and arrive at Eisey Bridge. At this bridge the traveller will pause awhile to examine the church, which, standing on a gentle acclivity, overlooks the stream, that here assumes a bolder aspect, and is navigable at all seasons for boats of small draught. A mile or two farther along its banks, and we reach Castle Eaton—a village now, but once a place of size and strength: "the grete ruines of the Lord Zouche's castelle" exist no more; but, here and there, some venerable walls bear records of "hoar antiquitie." A school, so aged as to have been the seat of learning of the great-great-grandfathers of the urchins we found within; and a church, very old and very curious; with a pretty bridge, more than sufficient for its traffic—these are the only points that demand notice in this secluded and most pleasantly situated spot, where the "busy hum" is rarely heard.

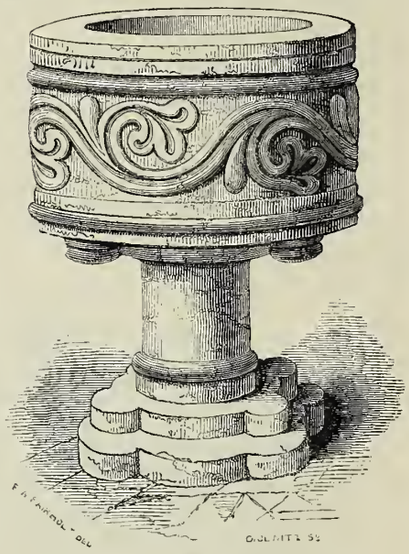


CROSS AT CRICKLADE.

The church is picturesque, but exceedingly simple in plan, consisting merely of a nave and chancel; the chancel arch is early English; but the general structure and the principal doors are Norman. The walls have recently been denuded of a thick coat of whitewash, and many of the ancient paintings that once covered them are again brought to light. They appear to be works of the fourteenth century, and to illustrate scripture history or saintly legends. The font is early English, with a simple wreath of foliage boldly carved around the basin, which is supported on a central pillar of carved stone. The church has boasted a fine cross at one period, but only the stone grooves now remain. Upon one of the bells is inscribed, "God prosper this place." The bell-turret is the most remarkable feature of the exterior; it stands upon the junction of the roofs of nave and chancel, and is entirely constructed of thick slabs of stone, the bell swinging on a massive beam withinside.

Our readers will have perceived that while we conduct them on their voyage down the Thames, we desire to "gossip" with them now and then, believing that "matters of fact" are rendered more impressive by indulgence in those "fancies" which are suggested by scenes and incidents described. Our visit to the school at Castle Eaton naturally suggested a comparison between the venerable adjunct of the village in old times, and that by which it is now-a-days usually "adorned."

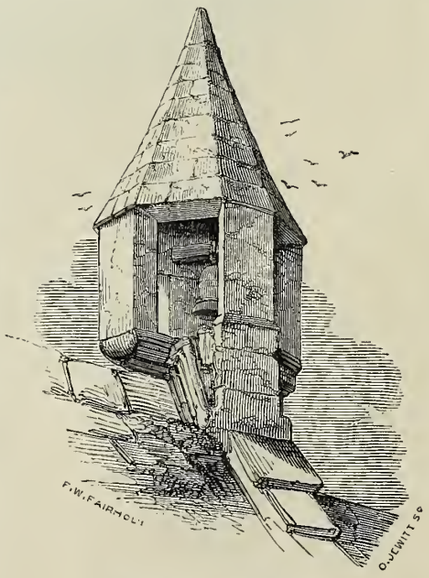
There are few things so changed in character throughout England, both internally and externally, as its village schools, which, in days not long gone by, were nearest in picturesque effect to the village church—simple, contemplative dwellings, covered with climbers, coroneted with flowers, a many-paned window at either side of the door, which was shaded by a covered porch, sometimes solid and thatched, or else open and matted with woodbine—this terminated the path whose line was carefully marked out, and guarded by a border of thrift or a box edging; while within the sanctuary flourished all kinds of "poseys"—wall-flowers, and stocks, and sweet-williams, and riband-grass, a white rose, and a red rose-bush; and, mayhap, a flaunting York-and-Lancaster, or tower of white lilies—the gift of sweet "Miss Mary," who married, and had children five, and now is in the church-yard underneath a marble tomb; "herb rosemary" grew there, and woody lavender, and lavender cotton—



FONT AT CASTLE EATON.

> "The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
> Fresh baum, and marigold of cheerful hue,"

and streaky pinks, and rich crimson cloves, and sage (a leaf in tea to make it wholesome), and feathery fennel, and such hot turnip-radishes, and little onions, whose silver bulbs disdained the earth, and shot their waving green and narrow leaves above their heads; the row of double parsley was a green banquet to the eye:—all was in harmony with the sweet low-roofed house, from which came the hum of young voices, sometimes low and sweet, sometimes shrill and troubled. The low palings, which divided the garden from the road, were green from age, and had, as it were, taken root and grown their own way, some remaining upright in their rectitude of purpose, others, like weak-minded persons, leaning to the right or left, and having no will of their own. Often a blackbird or a thrush hung in a wicker cage beneath the porch; an old cat on the window-sill winked at the sunbeams; and beyond, close to the yew hedge, whose centre was clipped into some monstrosity called a "peacock," or "flower-pot," lay a shelf of bee-hives, more than half concealed from public gaze by a row of broad-beans, or blossoming peas, upon which the bees under the straw thatch came to banquet. *Now* the school-house is generally a new, clean, trim two-storied house, of no particular order of architecture; but upon the external ornamentation of which enough has been spent to clothe, as well as educate, a rising generation. Money, it has been said, is not wealth, neither is size or elaboration beauty—and as yet our national schools look hard and dictatorial. When the softening hand of time passes over those seats of embryo learning—when the bright red brick, or the pure white stone, is toned down by the weather, and ivy and Virginia-creeper clasp the gables, and take off the sharpness of those corners—when, in fact, the new becomes old—the schools of the present time will better harmonise with the character of our beloved English scenery.



BELL TOWER, CASTLE EATON.

But, if the change is so apparent in the schools, what is it in the teachers? Shenstone has drawn with fidelity the picture of the "dame," in the old times of dames' schools:—

> "Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
> Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
> Her apron dyed in grain—as blue, I trow,
> As in the harebell that adorns the field;
> And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
> Tway birchen sprays."

She was old, and mild but firm; the nod was her help, the rod was her argu-

ment; the shake was her warning, the foolscap her disgrace; a kind smile or word, accompanied by a gingerbread-nut on rare occasions, her reward. We cannot but wonder how those bright, clever-looking women, sent from normal schools to diffuse education in our country parishes, would look in close mob-caps, "whiter than the driven snow," linsey aprons, and "russet stoles and kirtles!" Alas! for the back-headed bonnets and gay muslin—or *mousseline*—dresses, that sweep the school-room floor, and the air of superiority with which our simple questions, born of domestic wants, are often answered—making us sigh for the days when girls were taught by dames to mend stockings, darn invisibly, sew on buttons to remain on, and piece linen or broadcloth so that the rent became a myth.

Some twenty summers have come and gone since we were much interested by an aged woman, who for many years had kept a dame's school in a quaint little village not a long way from the Thames—indeed, you could see its placid waters from the school-house door, shining and shimmering through the trees. She was called "Dame Madam," or, sometimes, "Madam"—people said that was not her real name, but the "real name" nobody knew. She combined the calling of nurse with that of schoolmistress; but she would only engage to "nurse" at night, as nothing could prevail on her to neglect the charge of "her children." The school outside was like a garland, a tangled mass of clematis and all kinds of climbers; it was built on a knoll facing the south; the ground had never been levelled, so the school-room stood on an inclined plane—the "top" form being considerably elevated over the rest. The Dame said that was an advantage, as, her seat being on high ground, she could at a glance overlook every little urchin, creep he where he would. The children, and, indeed, the villagers, held "Dame Madam" in great respect. There had been a rumour, when she first took the little cottage—consisting of two rooms and a shed—a quarter of a century before our acquaintance with her—that she had been "somebody," who was "whispered about and watched;" but the rumour faded away. She would rise in the night to attend the sick poor—if they could pay her, well, if they could not, that was well also; and the most incorrigible of village children did her bidding without birching. The time of her coming seemed so long past that it had become a legend; and although her delicate frame was worn and bent, and the dimples round her sweet placid mouth had grown into wrinkles, no one ever thought the time of her going was drawing near. She never had much to give, and yet, when in the summer's evening she sat knitting under her great rose-tree, the labourers or wayfarers never passed her door without a greeting or a blessing; she said she liked that seat in the gloaming, when there was no call for her elsewhere, because she could hear the children's voices, as they played and shouted to each other on the green; one would have thought she had had enough of those "sweet voices" during the day; but no, she would listen and exclaim, "There, that's Jimmy Grey; what lungs he has! and that's Peggy Lloyd; how she screams—she will hurt herself by screaming; and that's Bat Thompson's growl—Bat is *so* like a lion." The cottagers declared that Madam, under the rose-tree, was "quite a picture"—and so she was. Her mob-cap, of spotless white, was tied beneath her chin with a bow of soft white muslin, a white "Rockspun" shawl folded over her bosom, the ends concealed by a white muslin apron; she wore an open dress of brown stuff, and a quilted black petticoat: there was certainly vanity in those neat-fitting Spanish-leather shoes, peeping out daintily on the straw stool. One thing I had nearly forgotten to mention—the dame always wore a green silk over her eyes, like a pent-house; so that, between the shade, and the wide border of her mob-cap, and the great soft bow under her chin, you caught only glimpses of her pale face, except her mouth and the dignified tip of a nose decidedly aquiline; yet nobody ever heard her complain that she was short-sighted. For some time past Dame Madam felt the "shadow of coming events," which is surely the shadow of an angel's wing; she became more silent and thoughtful, and the Bible had almost usurped the place of her knitting; her fame as a nurse continued, and though she was unable to do much, yet the doctor said Dame Madam's head was worth five pair of hands. The first sweet month of summer had passed, the evening of the first of June closed in, and the dame had vacated her seat under the great rose-tree, and gone into the cottage; the birds had ceased to rustle among the leaves—the stars were made visible by increasing darkness—there were bright phosphoric lights glancing over the placid river, giving an almost unearthly interest to the scene; the ray of Dame Madam's candle threw the shadow of stems, and leaves, and tendrils across the path; she heard her little gate "click" and open, and a step struck upon the pavement of "pretty stones," which her scholars had laid down, that their beloved Madam's path might be always dry. She closed her Bible, repeating the last words she had read therein—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"Dame Madam," said a rough voice at the window, "a gentleman at the inn be taken bad, and missus says please come up, for doctor wants ye."

"Has the gentleman no servant of his own, Giles?"

"Yes, his wife and a black-a-moor; but missus says they be fools—so come up, Madam, you 're bad wanted."

The dame tied on her black hood, threw her scarlet cloak around her, and, having extinguished her candle, hastened to the inn. She found the poor lady-wife nearly as ill and worn out as the sick gentleman. She prevailed on her to go to bed, received the doctor's instructions, and took her seat by the bed-side. The patient slept: when he awoke, his voice shook the dame as if she had been galvanised, and when he asked her to move his pillows, he thought she would have fallen on the bed. With trembling hand she gave him his medicine—and then some instinct prompted him to ask her name; and that told,—as it never had before been told in the village,—it became his turn to tremble. Excited beyond all power of self-control, he entreated the wife he had married and abandoned in the days of their youth to have mercy on him; he swore that some years after his desertion he sent from India, and heard she had disappeared, believed her dead, and again married. The dame heard him with seeming calmness; she had recovered her composure; she knew his excuses were untrue, but still her heart yearned to the white-headed, attenuated old man who had been the love of her youth. "He would make her rich," he continued, "give her gold"—anything so she would keep silence, and not destroy the mother of his children, and braud his sons with the name that blanches the cheek of honourable manhood. He would have crawled from the bed to her feet for pardon and mercy if he could. All this time she spoke not.

"If their child lived he would provide for it."

Then her mother's indignation burst forth—if her child *had* lived, she would have broken her vow of secrecy, and spoken out her honour to the world. No; her child watched for her in heaven!

The excitement and alarm was more than he could bear; he lay back gasping on his pillows, face to face with the woman whose peace and happiness he had destroyed; his hands clasped in supplication; every limb quivering with strong emotion. The Dame withdrew from beneath the folds of her handkerchief—where they had been concealed day and night during years of anguish—the certificate of her marriage, and sundry letters, yellow from age, and spotted with tears; one by one she opened them, and held them with her small transparent fingers before his bloodshot eyes—well he knew them,—and from his parched lips came the prayer, "Mercy, mercy! for HER and our children!" but he did not dare again to offer her gold. One by one she held those evidences of his dishonour and of her honour—those treasures of her life—over the candle, and saw them flutter and fall, in dark transparent flakes, upon the snowy sheets. She then drew out a riband, which passed round her neck and through a wedding-ring; she tried to break it—it would not yield. The man's heart was touched—"Noble, generous woman!" he faltered forth, and tears, hot scalding tears of remorse, if not of penitence, came from his eyes: "Not that—it is enough! Not that!" She fell on her knees by his bed-side, and her cheek, if not her lips, were pressed upon those yellow hands! There were no more words spoken between them; and when in the grey light of morning the lady, enveloped in her cashmere dressing-gown, stole gently into the room, she thought her husband's fever increased, and the old nurse, looking so ill, that she pressed a gold coin into her hand, and entreated her, in a soft low voice, to go home and sleep. When she turned from the bed, a ray of early sunshine was sporting with the coin upon the floor; and the nurse was gone. What power sustained her trembling steps until she arrived at her fragrant home, where every leaflet bore the wealth of jewels that Nature pours upon the sleeping earth—who can tell? She never shut the door, but laid her on her bed and died. The "gentleman" recovered, and, much to the amazement of the village, erected a monument to her memory; the text upon it is there still—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

In the meadows that lead by a somewhat steep ascent to Cricklade, our attention was attracted by a number of bright green insects flitting over the long grass: on capturing one, we recognised it as the moth known to entomologists as the Green Forester (*Ino statices*), by no means a common species in most localities, but here were thousands, either on the wing or at rest among the grass. The prevailing colour of this pretty moth is a very unusual one among the British lepidoptera—the whole surface, except that of the lower wings, being of a lustrous golden green, while the body glitters like a gem. The caterpillar feeds on the cardamine, dock, and some other semi-aquatic plants which everywhere abound in this humid district; we may thus account for the great abundance of the moth in this locality.



THE GREEN FORESTER.

The perfect transparency of the water, with its uniform shallowness, gives great facility for studying the zoological, as well as the botanical curiosities of this well-stocked aquarium. Several species of fresh-water shells (*lymneus, planorbis,* &c.) were plying about in great abundance on the sandy bed, or adhering to the herbage that fringed the water-side.

Again the river flows onward—again waters flat, but fertile fields—again affords a rich supply of water-plants, but undergoes no change of character; yielding no food for thought until re-entering Gloucestershire, the county of its birth, it passes under the beautiful church, and washes the foundations of KEMPSFORD—a palace of the Plantagenets long ago: of this there are some interesting remains, but of the dwelling of their Saxon predecessors there exists only a vague tradition, confirmed, however, now and then, by evidence gathered from adjacent earth-mounds.

The manor of Kempsford was the property of the great Harold; the Conqueror gave it to one of his Norman soldiers; it passed from him to the family of Chaworth; and from them, by marriage, to Henry Duke of Lancaster, who, in the year 1355, presented it to "the Church;" at the Dissolution, the crown granted it to the Thynnes, ancestors of the marquises of Bath; by whom it was sold to Lord Coleraine, whose tomb is in the church; by him the ancient mansion, erected by Sir Thomas Thynne in the reign of James I. (a quadrangular structure of large dimensions, of which two engravings exist), was dismantled and sold for the value of the materials, the trees were cut down, and a host of "fair memories" destroyed by the recklessness of one bad man. The place is, notwithstanding, full of rare associations; the foundations of the castle may yet be traced, the battlements being in some places unbroken.

The church is a noble structure, remarkable for the grand windows which light the junction of nave and chancel, and above which rises the tower. It was chiefly erected at the expense of Henry Duke of Lancaster, in the fourteenth century, whose arms, and those of other noble families, are conspicuously displayed amid the spandrils within. There are many fragments of fine painted glass in the windows, one of the most perfect delineating St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is also a characteristic altar-tomb of a priest in the chancel, upon which is sculptured the Rood, and the Virgin in glory; but they have been grievously injured by the hands of iconoclasts. The floor is remarkable for its early English tiles, and the roof for its timber-work. The

porch is early English, forming a framework for the earlier Norman door within it.

The vicar's garden, adjoining, was originally known as the Provost's Garden (probably the garden of the provost-marshal), and, until the year 1800, the road went to the ford across it. The level field on the opposite side is still known as "the Butts,"* and marks the site of the ground appropriated to the military exercises of the soldiery who once garrisoned the castle. "The Butts" were mounds of earth, marked with a ring like a target, and were used in practising archery. A strong arrow with a broad feather was necessary to be



THE CHURCH AT KEMPSFORD: AND THE GUNNER'S ROOM.

used; such bows and arrows as gave "immortal fame" to the archers of the English army at Crecy and at Poictiers.

Of the castle itself but a few fragmentary walls remain, and a portion of a tower, which is traditionally known as "the Gunner's Room." The windows command the river, and the embrasures defend the castle at an exposed angle, which seems to have received an additional amount of attention from the architect. The walls are very massive, and now afford abundant room for wild plants and bushes, overshadowed by patrician trees; we may almost imagine we are in the gloomy room of him who guarded the approaches in days long past, when security depended more upon stone walls than on "even-handed justice." A horse-shoe nailed to the church-door continues to sustain the legend that when Henry Duke of Lancaster was quitting it for ever, his steed cast a shoe, which the villagers retained as a memorial, and placed where it is found to-day. However much we may lament over scenes of grandeur passed away, it is a rare consolation to see the church, the rectory, the grounds, and the whole neighbourhood kindly thought of, and well cared for, by the incumbent, who preserves what time has left, and restores where restoration is desirable.

A few miles further, but with little to detain the traveller,—unless he linger awhile at Hannington Bridge, and hence obtain a view of the distant church of Highworth,—and we approach LECHLADE; but, within a mile or so of the town, we pause at a place of much interest; for here the Coln contributes its waters to the Thames, and here terminates that gigantic undertaking—the canal which unites the Severn with the Thames, and which, when steam was thought to be a day-dream of insanity, poured the wealth of many rich districts into the channel that carried it through London to the world.

The Coln—a river which the angler loves, for its yield of trout is abundant—rises near Withington, in Gloucestershire, and, passing by Foss Bridge, Bibury, Coln, St. Aldwin, and Fairford—a town rendered famous by the painted windows in its church†—runs its course of twenty-three miles, and finishes by joining the Thames at the place we have pictured, the terminus of the canal being close to "the meeting." The nearest village, that of INGLESHAM, has a very ancient church, small and rude in character, and strangely isolated in position, being at considerable distance from any cluster of houses. It consists of a simple nave and chancel, a bell-tower crowning the roof, somewhat similar to that we have already pictured at Castle Eaton. Beside the porch there is inserted in the wall the very curious piece of sculpture we here engrave. It represents the Virgin seated, and holding in her lap the Infant Saviour, who rests his left hand upon a book, while his right is extended, giving the benediction, as still practised in the Latin church. A similar benediction is given by a hand above, which is evidently intended for that of the first person of the Trinity. It is surprising how this sculpture (which may be a work of the thirteenth century, or earlier) has escaped the destruction awarded to so many monuments of early faith; but it is worthy of observation that these old villages on the Thames' banks retain many vestiges of a past age still unmolested: thus the steps and shaft of an old stone cross stand close to the porch at Inglesham, and we have already noted several such relics of the Romish faith in the earlier part of our tour.



CARVED STONE AT INGLESHAM.

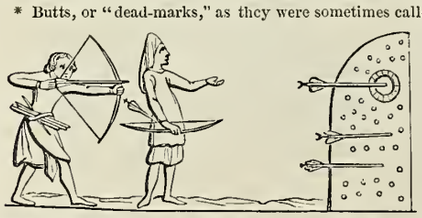
The Thames and Severn Canal was commenced in 1782, and opened in 1789; but, so far back as the time of Charles II., the scheme of thus uniting the two great rivers of England had been entertained; and Pope mentions that to effect this object was a cherished thought of Lord Bathurst, "when he had finer dreams than ordinary." In 1782 Mr. Robert Whitworth, an eminent engineer, "formed plans and estimates," and, in the following year, an act was passed for carrying them into operation; it was complete within seven years, the first boat passing through on the 19th November, 1789. "This navigable canal [we quote from Boydell] begins at Wallbridge, where the Stroud navigation ends, and proceeds to the immediate vicinity of Lechdale, where it joins the Thames, taking a course of thirty miles seven chains and a half. From Stroud to Sapperton comprehends a length of seven miles and three furlongs, with a rise of two hundred and forty-one feet three inches; from Sapperton to Upper Siddington, including the branch to Cirencester, nine miles eight chains and a half, and is perfectly level; and from Upper Siddington to the Thames near Lechdale, it continues a course of thirteen miles, four furlongs, and nine chains, with a fall of one hundred and thirty feet six inches; the general breadth of the canal is forty-two feet at the top, and thirty feet at the bottom."



JUNCTION OF THE THAMES, THE COLN, AND THE CANAL.

"THE ROUND HOUSE,"—for so the lock-house is named from its form,—the lock, and the two rivers, at their "meeting," are pictured in the appended cut.

* Butts, or "dead-marks," as they were sometimes called, were embankments of earth having marks, or "bull's eyes," upon the flat face, for practising soldiers in archery. They were in constant use in the middle ages, and erected near great towns, or where soldiers were stationed—hence the constant occurrence of the term "Butts," appended to names of streets and places near old cities. One of the most ancient pictures of the exercise is copied on a reduced scale in our woodcut. The original is a drawing in the famous psalter executed for Sir Geoffrey Louterell, who died in 1345. It exhibits an archer aiming at the butts, his arrow drawn to the head, several others are stuck in his girdle. His companion points triumphantly to an arrow fixed in the bull's-eye, and awaits the prowess of his companion previous to trying again, for which purpose he already holds his bow and arrow.



† Fairford is but three miles from Lechlade, and will amply repay a visit. The windows are in number twenty-eight, and are said to have been painted from the designs of Albert Durer; they are certainly of his period, and are not unworthy of so illustrious a parentage. They are all allegoric, the more remarkable of them exhibiting the persecutors of the Church, surmounted by dæmons; and its upholders and protectors associating with angels. Although some of them are much injured, chiefly by hail-storms, they are for the most part in a good state of preservation. The history of these windows is curious:—a sea-captain, named Tame, took them on one of his piratical voyages, and, his conscience not permitting their personal appropriation, he built this church for their reception.

BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

PART II.

ADAPTATION TO PURPOSE.

THE first question which presents itself to our minds relative to this important subject is, What are the circumstances in which the various vegetable structures are to be placed?

First, we notice that plants are to be situated on a globe of a certain magnitude, the matter of which is of a given density. Without entering into details relative to this part of our subject, we notice that this consideration is one which must have been of high importance in the original creation of vegetable objects, as adapted to our earth. The conditions which were hereby rendered necessary were, that the various vegetable structures should be of a given strength, and that their weight should not exceed their strength; or rather, that the cohesion of the particles composing the structure should be greater than the attraction of the earth should be able to overcome. Though this consideration may appear trifling, it was one of paramount importance in the adaptation of vegetable products to our globe; for were the magnitude of our earth greater, and the matter composing it of the same density, then our structures would be incapable of supporting themselves,—for the attracting power of the body increases with its magnitude, if the density is not decreased; therefore, what we commonly call the weight of the body, is the degree of influence which the attraction of the earth exerts upon it, and is governed by the magnitude and density of the sphere. Or were our planet to possess the same mass of matter, but be condensed into half its bulk, the attracting power would be greater —as this influence is exerted in an increased ratio as the attracted body approaches the centre of the attracting mass; and consequently the vegetable structures which now grow on our globe would not be adapted to such circumstances. Thus the organisms which are appropriate to our planet, would not be appropriate to certain other planetary worlds. In this point, therefore, we see clearly adaptation to purpose, as we know from daily observation that the strengths of the objects forming the vegetable kingdom of our earth precisely accord with the mass and density of our globe, therefore, with its attracting force.

The next condition of our earth which we shall notice is, that its temperature is not uniform throughout its entire surface, but is variable in various latitudes, and at different altitudes. This necessitates the vegetable products which inhabit it to be variously organised, in order that they may cover the entire globe: some must endure heat to a given intensity, while others shall require a very small amount of this agent. This is also beautifully carried out in the vegetable products of our globe, for some can, and do, endure much heat, while others flourish in the colder zones. Thus the vegetable products of our world are perfectly adapted to this necessity.

Moreover, this sphere is one composed of land and water, and if both are to be the occupants of vegetable life, plants must on this account be diversely formed. Both are to be cheered with vegetable forms, therefore some are adapted to form a mantle for the wide-spread plain, some stud the parched rock, some clothe the woodland's floor, while others are wrapped in the bosom of the ocean; some are to garb the shallow rill, and therefore, after fixing their roots at the bottom, as if to secure themselves as by an anchor, develope their gay foliage, leaf after leaf rising from out the limpid waters; others are to mantle the deeper lake, and are therefore furnished with ærial floats, and thus the little plant, like a tiny bark, undulates on the rocking wave, fearless of the depth of the dark blue waters: thus are plants adapted in this particular, also, to their destined purpose.

Again, the planet which they are to occupy is one which has periodical intervals of light and darkness, and these are variable in most latitudes. That the plants of our globe are so organised as to be perfectly adapted to this condition is at once obvious. Go forth and wander in your garden, and as night approaches you observe flower after flower closing up its blossoms, plant after plant folding up its leafy arms; yea, Nature is retiring—behold, she sleeps, for—

> "Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
> In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
> Her leaden sceptre."

But soon the sable goddess Night brings forth a son, a spark of light and joy. He wakes, and, flapping his downy pinions, rises on the wings of the morning, and, smiling on all nature, takes his place on his mother's throne. The birds arise to sing his song of welcome and of praise, all nature wakes; the flowers unfold their arms and raise their drooping heads, for the season of repose is again past; and so beautifully intimate is this relation between the physiological constitution of plants and the seasons of light and darkness, that it is probable, yea, certain, that if these periods were materially altered in duration, that death must ensue to a great portion of the vegetable world. And so precise is the harmony existing between the members of the vegetable world and the constitution of our sphere in this respect, that Linnæus, the immortal Swede, even ventured to propose a *floral clock*, which entirely rests upon this harmony. Thus the Day-lily opens at five in the morning, the common Dandelion at six, the Hawk-weed at seven, and so on; the closing of the blossoms marking corresponding hours in the afternoon. And Mrs. Hemans, in her homely verse, takes up the strain:—

> "'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
> As they floated in light away,
> By the opening and the folding flowers,
> That laugh to the summer's day.
>
> "Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
> And its graceful cup or bell,
> In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
> Like a pearl in an ocean shell."

The earth is also visited by periods of cold and heat, which are variable both in duration and intensity in various climates. To this condition of our sphere the products of the vegetable world are likewise adapted, for not only is nightly rest required by these structures, but a season of continued repose is also demanded, or a period in which a given work shall be completed internally, and the outer and more active life laid aside. This necessity is provided for by the existence of a period of cold, which is to vegetation a time of repose, or a period in which the outer and more active work of the organism is laid aside, and in which an internal work may be accomplished. The intensity of this variation of temperature being variable with climate, certain plants are adapted for given districts which may be exposed to the maximum or minimum of these variations: thus Lichens can flourish near the poles, Exogens in temperate zones (as our common trees), and Endogens in the tropics (as palm-trees).

The globe is also furnished with an atmosphere; hence with winds, clouds, rain, and snow. Therefore it follows, that as plants are exposed to winds, they must either be elastic or sufficiently strong to entirely resist its influence; to meet this requirement plants are possessed of elasticity, which is even so obvious in these structures, that elasticity is ascribed to the cell—which is the unit of the vegetable—as one of its particular attributes; therefore as the unit is elastic, the structure, which is a mere aggregation of these units, must be elastic also: but no system of reasoning is required in order to reveal fully this fact. See how the boughs yield to the whistling wind; they are rocked about by the storm, yet are not broken: this, therefore, is conclusive. However, another condition is hereby rendered necessary, namely, that if the vegetable structures are to proceed from the ground, and to occupy a vertical position, they must be in some way united with, or bound to the earth by some secure tie: this is beautifully accomplished in many ways by the various roots which are possessed by those developments which occupy this position. But time would fail us to examine the ways in which this is brought about, for nothing but a due examination of the diverse structures of this organ could fully reveal the manners in which this is accomplished: and as we must hereafter allude to this, we shall pass on, receiving the fact, taught by daily experience, that plants do rise vertically from the earth to which they are bound by some peculiar means of attachment, and that sufficiently securely to resist (as a rule) the influence of the wind. As clouds are casual, but still natural and frequent phenomena, and intervene between the sun and the earth, and hence exclude the direct solar rays, plants must also be adapted to this contingency,—and so they are in every particular: but it is probable, yea, certain, that clouds play an important part in other atmospheric operations, but for their every phenomena the vegetable race is suitably adapted. But these clouds are also the reservoirs of rain, and from them it is poured forth on nature; therefore are vegetable structures formed of such substances as are insoluble in this medium, and receive no injury from momentary contact with it. The action of snow would be somewhat similar to rain, though of a more chilling character; but so beautifully has nature adapted her vegetable structures to its influence, that they not only sustain no injury from contact with it, but it is to them an ermine dress to protect from the biting frosts of the bitter Boreas. Thus we see that the vegetable products of the earth are beautifully adapted to these varied circumstances.

Vegetables are also required to be produced on a world the surface of which varies geologically, therefore its chemical composition is not the same in every part. To meet this emergency, nature has designed that some should grow on clay, some on chalk, and others on varied soils. Thus one race of plants flourishes on one soil and one on another, and so the whole earth becomes covered with these lovely gems.

The last condition which we shall name under this part of our subject is, that it is a world to which nothing shall be hereafter added. This necessitates one generation to make way for the next; and how beautifully is this carried out in the vegetable world! at a given, though variable period, the life of plants terminates, and as soon as the active principle of vitality deserts the organism, decomposition commences, it is resolved into its elements, which are again to unite, and form the coming generation. Thus there are no after additions required: the circle being once formed is now endless, and will continue to revolve till it is snapped asunder by Him by whom it was formed. Thus beautifully do we see that not only in one particular, but in all, are the members of the vegetable kingdom accurately adjusted and beautifully adapted to the existing conditions of the globe. And not only are plants so formed as not to sustain injury from the varied circumstances in which they are placed, but from nearly, if not quite, all of these varied conditions they reap congenial aid.

We next notice whether the globe on which these structures are to be placed is to be inhabited by animals, and if it is, what are their characters. The sphere which is to be the abode of these various vegetable structures is to be inhabited by an animal race, the members of which are variously organised and differently constituted physiologically; but the only difference which it is necessary for us to notice is that some are wholly herbivorous, some binivorous, while others are carnivorous. The fact that some live wholly, and others partially, on the vegetable products of the world, requires that a certain number of the members of this kingdom should be composed or formed of those materials which should not be poisonous or injurious to those whom they are destined to feed: nor is this all, these edible herbs must also exist in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of the entire race of vegetable eaters. How beautifully is this carried out in the vegetable creation—for not only are numbers of these products not poisonous or injurious, but they are nourishing and invigorating; and, added to this, they are precisely adapted to the taste of the various creatures which they are destined to feed. Also the quantity is in the strictest harmony with the requirements of the herbivorous races, or at any rate there is no lack, but enough and to spare.

Not only are plants called upon to supply a large portion of the animal kingdom with congenial nutriment, but they are also destined to fulfil other conditions. The result of the respiration of animals

is the presence in the atmosphere of a large quantity of carbonic acid gas; now as this gas is poisonous to animals, and its presence in more than a given quantity in the air is detrimental to their well-being, it must be removed. This duty is devolved upon the vegetable race. In order to this, plants have been so organised as to absorb this fluid greedily; and it even forms a part of their food. Also, the principle of animal life contained in the atmosphere is the gas named oxygen; therefore plants are not only called upon to purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid, but likewise to decompose this latter gas, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, to retain the carbon, to exhale the oxygen, and thus continually furnish the air with a fresh supply of the stay of animal life. Not only do they furnish land animals with oxygen, but they also supply this element to marine creatures: thus upon the presence of these beautiful structures in the bosom of the deep, as well as upon the land, rests, to a great extent, the well-being and life of animals.

Another question relative to the physical constitution of animals may here be noticed: it is, that animals are the subject of diseases, whose energies, if not diverted, will terminate their existence. As antidotes to these maladies, many of the members of the vegetable race were formed, in whose system are accumulated those secretions which will alleviate many a woe, mitigate many a pain, and even defer the blow of Him who terminates the earthly existence of all animal beings. Thus beautifully are these requirements also fulfilled. We next notice the susceptibilities of these creatures for pleasure, and whence this enjoyment is derived: here we must confine our remarks chiefly to man, the masterpiece of creation. Experience teaches the fact, that man is susceptible of enjoyment of the purest and highest nature, which may be derived from various sources; thus certain forms, combinations of colour, odours, &c., yield enjoyment to this intellectual organism. Nature, that is the God of nature, in accordance with this fact, produced certain of the various constituent members of the floral world of such forms as should convey to man a maximum of delight when beholding them, and of such colours and such combinations of colours as should seem to him most beautiful and gorgeous; and also imparted to them such odours as should be most cheering and reviving: thus the vegetable race having to charm man by its forms, colours, and odours, is adapted to these requirements.

One other point relative to this part of our subject suggests itself, viz.: that as the animal race is to be perpetuated, and the life of each vegetable structure is limited, the latter must be endowed with the power of reproduction, in order to supply the wants of the higher races which they are to feed. This requirement is also beautifully fulfilled, for not only do plants reproduce themselves in embryo in the form of seed, which they have the power of scattering and setting, but diverse means of propagation are furnished by nature, which are too numerous to be here mentioned: provision is hereby fully made, not only for the perpetuation of the race, but also for its non-annihilation by the ravages of the herbivorous and binivorous races.

Thus beautifully do we see the varied products of the vegetable world adapted in every particular to the necessities of those animals, the life of which they have to sustain. Some, however, may object to this latter argument, as animals were formed subsequent to vegetables; to this we reply, by asking the question, whether it is at all probable that the greater was formed to suit the lesser? is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the lesser was formed for the greater. Again, it may be objected that, owing to vegetables being formed before animals, and therefore before their characters were developed, it was impossible to adapt them to the then unknown characters of future animals. To this we merely reply, that the Creator had a perfect knowledge of what he was about ultimately to form, and He prepared the world by clothing it in living vegetation for the reception of its more noble guests.

We next notice, that although the varied structures of the vegetable kingdom are so beautifully and perfectly adapted to their varied positions, nevertheless the constitution of this sphere is such as must necessarily prevent them (in certain cases) from occupying the position which they were especially designed to fill, therefore they must be adapted to these contingencies.

This point, though of great interest, we shall not dwell upon, but will merely view those circumstances which are of primary importance to the ornamentist.

First we notice, that although a plant may be designed for, and specially adapted to a given position, when its station is altered, hence the surrounding circumstances, it will even modify its manner of growth in order to adapt itself to this contingency.

For example, take a tree, and view it when situated in an open position, in which case nature appears to feel that it can, and is to be viewed equally from all sides, it is developed as a perfectly symmetrical structure, extending its arms equally in all directions. Now let a similar tree, when young, be placed close by a wall, and you have not the same result, for it is obvious that branches cannot be protruded in the direction of the wall without meeting with such an interrupting cause as would altogether mar the beauty of the structure; also, there is no necessity for the development of those branches which would protrude in that direction, for a wall being opaque cannot be seen through, therefore the buds thus situated remain undeveloped, the development taking place exclusively in the direction of the spectators, who must be on the same side of the wall as the viewed object. Thus, in this instance, we notice that the normal development of the structure is departed from in order to secure the greatest amount of beauty in the given position—for doubtless there is far more beauty displayed by that portion of the structure which is external being regularly developed, and the other portion being undeveloped, than in all being protruded and thereby forming a confused irregular mass.

Having now noticed that plants will modify their



Fig. 17. Goose-grass.—*Galium aparine.*

normal developing energy in order to adapt themselves to those stations in which they may be called casually to exist, we proceed to notice that the organs developed will also deviate from their normal

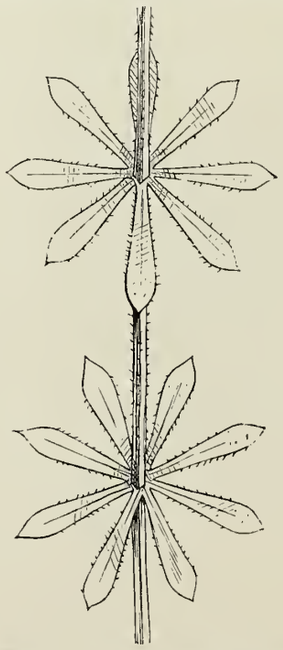


Fig. 18. Goose-grass.—*Galium aparine.*

positions, in order to perfectly adapt themselves to their particular stations. Thus, if we wander by a "*border*" (a strip of ground running in front of a wall), and gaze on the varied vegetable structures there situated, we observe that each leaf and every flower is turned outwards, or towards us, the spectators; now the normal position of most leaves is that in which one surface faces the sky and the other the earth, but here they are more or less oblique, which is certainly the most beautiful position when in this situation. Again, this variation in the direction of the leaves in some cases produces a modification which is well worthy of notice; thus the verticillate leaves of the Goose-grass—*Galium* (which was figured in our last paper, Fig. 2)—proceed at a given angle from the stem, each member of the whorl leaving the stem at the same angle; but this only takes place when the plant occupies a vertical position, which it gains by climbing hedges, &c., and this it can readily accomplish by means of the little hooks with which it is furnished. In some cases, however, it is compelled to remain prostrate, its stem being too feeble to support it, and no kindly friend offering its aid, in which case it has to become an horizontal decoration; it now no longer developes its leaves, so that each member of the whorl forms with the stem the same angle, but some form with it an angle which is very acute, and others remarkably obtuse; in fact the whorls of leaves, instead of being more or less at right angles with the stem, are almost parallel with it (Fig 17), appearing from above as a series of circles connected by the axis (Fig. 18).

But more than this, the normal arrangements of leaves is departed from, as well as their primitive directions. Thus, if a spray of the Ivy be examined which has grown in an open space, and hence is an object to be viewed on all sides, it will be seen that the arrangement of its leaves is spiral, two revolutions of the spiral thread encountering five

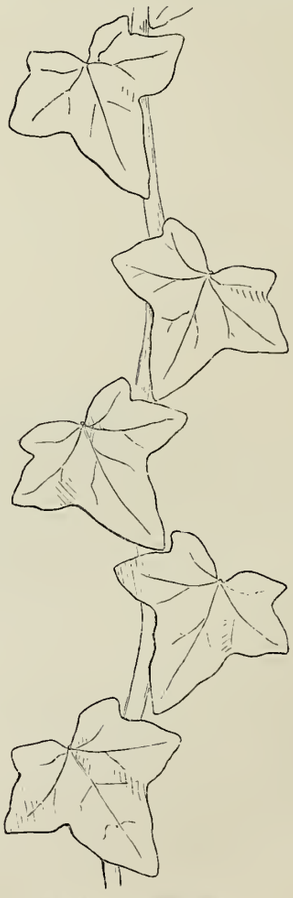


Fig. 19. Ivy.—*Hedera helix.*

buds, as was delineated of the Oak in a figure in our last paper (Fig. 6); but let us now take a branch of the Ivy which has grown against a wall, where it is an object to be viewed on one side only, and we no longer find the leaves disposed in a somewhat complex spiral manner, but they assume simply the alternate disposition, one being at the right, the other at the left of the stem (Fig. 19). Again, if a spray is taken from a plant of Jasmine which has

grown in an open space, its leaves will be found to be *opposite* and *decussate*, two proceeding from the same point of the stem in opposite directions, and each pair crossing those both immediately below and above them (Fig. 20); but take a spray from a plant which has grown close to a wall, and you will find that each successive pair is over those both immediately below and above it, and does not cross it (Fig. 21); this also occurs with the flowers. Thus we see that nature will adapt herself to her position. We must here justify ourselves before proceeding: we have said that the leaves of a plant, the arrangement of which is opposite and decussate (that is in pairs, each of which crosses the pair both immediately below and above), cease to form right angles with each other when placed against a solid background; also, that leaves have in their axils (the angles formed between leaves' stalks, and the stem) buds which, when developed, are branches; and yet that plants, whether their leaves be opposite and decussate, or otherwise, do not develope those buds which face the wall; this apparent contradiction arises from this, that plants with very strong stems will not often alter their leaves, if decussate, from the cross to the parallel series, whereas those with thinner stems readily do; also, if a young plant is moved to such a position (as against a wall) after the buds are formed, say just after the fall of the leaves, those buds only which are exterior will develope.

Having now examined, at as much length as space will permit, the manner in which the products of the vegetable kingdom are adapted to their varied positions, it only remains for us to make one or two general remarks upon this subject. First we notice that, in order to the perfect adaptation of the structure to its destined purpose, each part must perform its particular duty, and each part must be adapted to its particular office; for if one part is not adapted to its particular purpose, the beauty of the whole is sacrificed. Without entering into further detail, we proceed to apply these preliminaries to our purposes. Noticing first that we have dwelt longer on this point than we otherwise should, believing it to be one of those considerations which are most overlooked in the aggregate productions of the present day, and therefore deeming it necessary to dwell rather longer upon it, and also being a point of such high interest it demands due meditation. Need we say in the outset that all vegetable structures are relief decorations, and must necessarily be such, as a living structure demands a circulating system of fluids, &c., and that this necessitates thickness or rotundity; also, as these beautiful structures are destined to break the monotony of the plain, they must have magnitude, and therefore must be relief decorations? A permanent decoration, or one which is never to increase in magnitude or alter, may be without thickness, but a growing ornament must be relief. Nature, then, appears to have started upon this principle, and first, having taken all circumstances into consideration, produces a series of vegetable structures which harmonise, or form a beautiful contrast with all surrounding objects, and which are in every particular adapted to the varied positions in which they may be placed, as well as possessed of capabilities for performing their every duty: to accomplish this, she, knowing that rotundity was necessary, instead of trying to disguise it, fully reveals it; therefore every marking on the stem, and other members of the vegetable, go to express more definitely their solid forms. Need we go further to apply our subject? need we throw out the hint to all who are engaged in the lovely art of original composition, do as nature did?—first duly consider the purpose of the required object; secondly, the material at disposal for its formation; thirdly, the circumstances with which it will be continually surrounded; and lastly, let there be no shade of hypocrisy about any part of the production, but let every line go to express and give force to the intention of its every part, and this will be found advantageous rather than otherwise, if, having duly considered what was necessary, the most fitting forms have been employed, whether relief or otherwise, varying according to circumstances. If we have duly learnt the lesson of consistency, which has been the object of these paragraphs, we shall pardon their tediousness, and, we think, acquiesce in the proposition of Vitruvius where he says—"The perfection of all works depends on their fitness to answer the end proposed, and on principles resulting from a consideration of Nature herself."

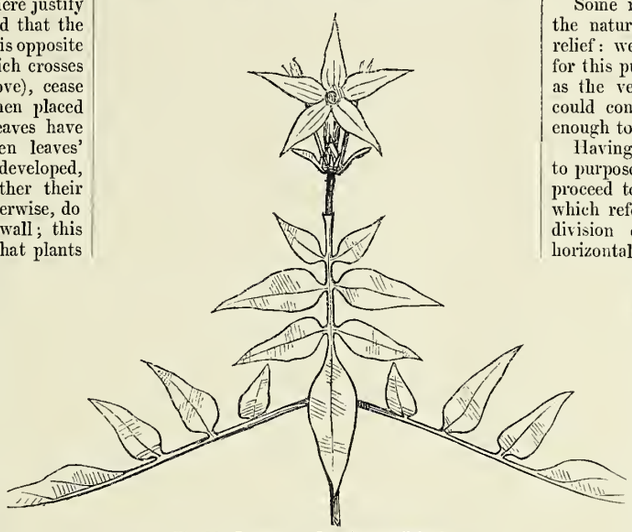


Fig. 20. JASMINE.—*Jasminum officinale.*

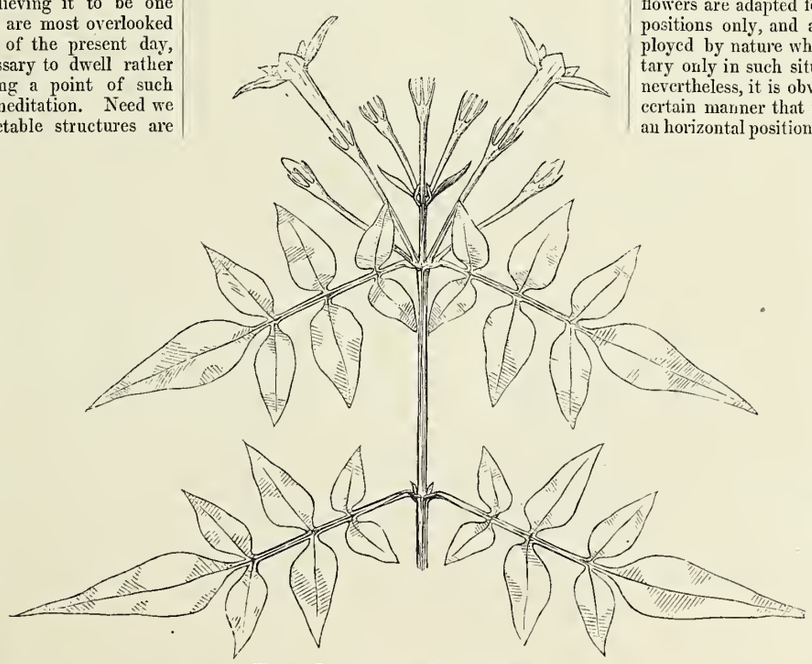


Fig. 21. JASMINE.—*Jasminum officinale.*

We need not say that all the products of the vegetable kingdom, being relief ornaments, furnish no proof that all ours should be such; on the contrary, the very fact that nature has employed relief decorations only, which were the only ones which would be adapted to her requirements, proves to our mind that we should in certain instances employ those decorations which are not only minus relief, but also the very appearance of such, as they, and they alone, can carry out, in certain cases, the principle of adaptation to purpose—for example, a floor is a plane, the beauty of which is its evenness, or why form it of smooth boards? why, then, should not the decoration carry out this delightful feature, and not convey the idea of a rough and rugged stony path; fully persuaded are we that, if Nature were assigned such a task, she would accomplish it in the above described manner: in this statement we are supported by all markings in flowers of various colours, as Sweet-williams, &c., for none are relief.

Some may, however, argue that grass, which is the natural carpet of the great floor of nature, is relief: we reply that that grass, which is congenial for this purpose, is short, and gives merely a texture, as the velvety pile of some carpets, which none could condemn; and those plants which are large enough to cast bold shadows we gladly avoid.

Having now worked out the principle of adaptation to purpose, as set forth in the vegetable world, we proceed to notice one or two points in this subject which refer to form only, carrying out our original division of plants, as destined for vertical or horizontal ornaments. We have noticed that a principle of symmetry is carried out in the developments of the vegetable world, but that this symmetry varies in quality or extent. Thus the Violet has only its two halves corresponding with each other, while the Stonecrop is composed of a series of similar units. Now it is obvious that where the structure is composed of a series of similar units that it is equally well adapted for an horizontal or a vertical ornament—say to adorn a wall or a floor; and this is carried out in nature, for the Primrose has an horizontal position, while the Cowslip has a vertical—that is, in the former case we view it from above, as a floor decoration, in the latter laterally, or as a wall decoration. On the contrary, those flowers the two sides of which only are alike, are solely adapted for a vertical position, such as a wall decoration, &c. However, though individually such flowers are adapted for such positions only, and are employed by nature when solitary only in such situations, nevertheless, it is obvious that when aggregated in a certain manner that they are perfectly adapted for an horizontal position. Thus the flowers of the Candy-tuft (Fig. 22), as well as those of most umbelliferous plants, are so formed that the two halves only correspond, nevertheless they enjoy an horizontal station, but here there are a number of flowers, arranged round a common centre in the most rigid order, and the smaller portion of each flowret points to the centre of the aggregation:—thus does Nature beautifully adapt her varied structures to their particular purpose. Although we have said that a composition composed of a series of similar units is equally adapted for an horizontal or a vertical position, nevertheless, there is a slight modification in these structures ofttimes brought about by nature when placed in these diverse positions; thus, if the flower is to stand erect or be horizontal, the central organ, or rod of the flower (the pistil) is usually erect, and is surrounded by a series of awl-shaped members (stamens), which are situated equidistant from it at all sides, whereas, if the flower occupies a vertical position (as adapted for a wall decoration), this central rod, with its accompanying members, usually recline on the lower portion of the flower, as in the Cactus.



Fig. 22. CANDY-TUFT.

These considerations we deem amply sufficient to fully establish the fact that the various vegetable structures are adapted in every particular to their fixed destiny.

RAMBLES IN ROME.

No. I.—THE MODERN ROAD TO ROME—FIRST IMPRESSIONS THERE—THE FORUM AND ITS MONUMENTS.

How much of truth, as well as poetry, is conveyed in the phrase by which we generally designate Rome —"the Eternal City!" Its interest is indeed immortal; the very earth upon which its palaces once stood is eloquent with history, and has inspired poets with their richest imaginings; while the relics of "the masters of the world" draw from all lands pilgrims as devoted as those who travelled in the past ages to Jerusalem. The student of history finds here the very monuments which make part of its records; the antiquary studies here the fragments which aid him in reconstructing its ruined temples and its past life, by which we may the better understand the historian's pages. The artist in his youth yearns towards the great old city—it is the hope and earnest struggle of his life to visit it, and in maturer age the memory of the sojourn there is ever present among his happiest experiences. The poet dreams amid its ruins, or rather, sounds his rhyme like a trumpet-call to the civilised world, gathering other devotees:—

> "With silent worship of the great of old!—
> The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

But yet let us not, while worshipping the past, forget the greatness of the present age, nor do it the injustice of not feeling its own peculiar power. It is not our necessity to construct a Coliseum, but our great commercial works are often as noble, and aid the march of civilisation in a manner unknown to any previous era. Thanks to "the iron road," and the power of steam, time, wind, and tide, are partially subdued, and their rule, once absolute, rendered more amenable to our necessities or pleasures. "Distance" has resolved itself into "time," and thus Rome is very much nearer now to us than it ever was before.

If the traveller be fond of classical antiquities—and it is not very likely that he would guide his steps to Rome without being so—he will find much to interest him on his way thither. The artist, also, who may have the Eternal City in view for its Art-treasures only, cannot fail to be interested by those *en route;* which will, in fact, prepare him for the grander ones he has to see. Less striking in quantity, the old Provençal cities contain some few antiques equal to those in Rome—nay, the *Maison Carrée,* at Nismes, is the most perfect Corinthian temple existing. If he be a lover of landscape, the banks of the Rhone are as grand as those of the Rhine; while the view from Orange across the fertile olive gardens of Provence toward Mont Ventoux has been compared to the scenery of Greece by travellers of taste and discrimination. To those for whom the mediæval era has charms, and the pages of Froissart delight, we would suggest a stay at Montelimart, Rochemaure, or Tarascon, where René of Anjou kept court in the old troubadour taste. All travellers of mind, be they artist or amateur, author or student, must own the influence of such scenes; and, while flying through them by the express train, regret that the passing glance should not rather be the leisurely survey. We whirl through life so rapidly in the present day that youth and old age are the only resting-places of "the fitful fever" we have made out of its great middle course. Let the traveller arrange for a due knowledge of the country through which his journey lies—it will well repay him. Avignon may detain the poet. Here Petrarch lived, and here first met his Laura; his classic home at Vaucluse is but a few hours distant, and is reached by travelling over a country of truly poetic beauty. Where the poet leads, the artist may safely follow, and if he be not detained by the grandeur of the old city of the popes, or the castle-crowned rock of Villeneuve opposite, the magnificence of the scenery around him, and the beauty of the home of Petrarch, cannot fail to charm. Its climate has been happily described in the proverbial words:—"Avenio ventosa, sine vento venenosa, cum vento fastidiosa."

But now let us imagine the dangers and difficulties of the journey over, and the traveller safely within the walls of Rome. He has settled the last extortion of the last conductor of the diligence, and may go to St. Peter's and return thanks that the *genus* is extinct where railways are laid down. The misery and expense of the old diligence travelling has made these "institutions" a greater blessing to the tourist abroad than among ourselves—but in Italy railways are comparatively unknown. A short line from Rome to Frascati, a distance of about seven miles, is all that is to be met with in the Papal States, and the visitor to Rome must be prepared for a city far behind in the race of improvement which characterises the great capitals nearer home.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe the conflicting feelings which crowd the traveller's mind on a first visit to Rome. The most indifferent experience this, the most enthusiastic are bewildered in expressing them. Conflicting they necessarily are—feelings of satisfaction or disappointment continually chase each other through the mind. Some celebrated things do not come up to a preconceived idea of them, others surpass expectation. Rome, as a city, is not striking, particularly on approaching it over the desolate campagna. A wearisome plain stretches from the sea, a few elevations occasionally break the monotony, but they are of no significance, nor do they present picturesque features. High walls shut in the city, above which is seen the dome of St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo; but the view is disappointing, the scene has little to interest the stranger, or give him a realisation of preconceived ideas of imperial Rome. The historic localities, the ruins which are part of the world's history, lie some distance on the other side of the Tiber, and away from the modern, or fashionable localities, where the richer classes reside. The city of the popes lies northward of the city of the classic Romans, and the column of Antonine marks the boundary of interest to the archæologist.

Upon the Capitoline Hill is a square of palaces, sacred to Art and Science. Here the ancient sculptures are enshrined, and modern *savants* hold their meetings. The noblest equestrian statue in the world occupies the pedestal in its centre: it is the bronze of Marcus Aurelius, which Michael Angelo worshipped with an artist's enthusiasm. Let us ascend the grand staircase, whose easy gradient was formed for the convenience of Charles V. of Spain, and passing the statue, mount the steps of the central palace beyond, known as the Palace of the Senator, which is built on the oldest structure in Rome, the "Tabularium," believed to have been formed in the days of its republic. High above this building rises a tower, which, when ascended, furnishes the best panoramic view of Rome. Immediately beneath us lies the Forum, "the heart" of the ancient city, but now nearly the southern boundary of the modern one. You still look upon the irregular masses of stone which paved the road, winding from the arch of Septimus Severus between the temples of Saturn and Vespasian, to the summit of the Capitol. The ruts of the Roman chariot wheels deeply impress these stones, and invest them with an almost sacred interest when we recall the history of past ages, and the scenes of triumph and glory enacted by the masters of the Old World in the classic ground beneath us. The rows of trees across the Campo Vacchino lead in a direct line to the Arch of Titus, famous for its bassi-rilievi commemorating the conquest of Judea. To the left, close to the Capitol, and below the Church of Ara Cœli (where Gibbon first conceived the idea of his immortal work) is the little Church of St. Pietro in Carcere. It is built over the famed Mamertine prisons, completed by Servius Tullius 578 years before the Christian era. Opposite this stands the Church of St. Luke, where the far-famed Academy meet, and in which is the noble figure of the Saviour by Thorwaldsen; and this is separated by a small street from another church, the brick front of which belonged to the Temple of Hadrian. A short line of plain modern houses leads to the centre of the Forum, and here we perceive the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, partially converted into the Church of St. Lorenzo. It was consecrated to their memories as deities by the adulation of the Roman Senate, and the inscription recording the act is still upon the frieze. Opposite is the walled garden of the Villa Farnese, bounding the Palatine Hill, and enclosing the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. In front of this stand the three solitary columns of a temple, which has already received as many names as learned men have contended it should do. The deep excavations recently made beside them reveal the marble floors of many noble buildings which once crowded the Forum, and so bring us back to the solitary column of Phocas, in the foreground of our view. If we carry our eye beyond the Arch of Titus, we shall see the vast circle of the Coliseum, and the gigantic arches of the Basilica of Constantine, rising far above the puny buildings around them; while gardens, churches, and houses, cover the rest of old Rome. Turning the other way, modern Rome, with its crowded houses, spreads to the foot of the Pincian Hill; the columns of Trajan and Antonine, the dome of the Pantheon, and the Castle of St. Angelo, being the only striking remains of ancient labour we detect in the midst of modern work.

Let us descend, and walk to the Arch of Titus, which bounds the view in the modern forum. How noble are the fragments (alas, that they are fragments!) which the artist of his day sculptured to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem. Little did the vainglory of old Rome consider that the representation of the half-despised spoils of the Temple should give one chief point of interest to their city, when the hated Christianity should flourish on the ruins of classic heathenism. The Coliseum could only be effectually preserved by consecrating it to the early Christian martyrs. How powerful are the lessons which history teaches! But let us not leave these damaged bassi-rilievi without an acknowledgment of their artistic beauty; it is an acknowledgment that we do not remember to have hitherto seen rendered to them—their great historic interest has absorbed all attention:—yet note the glorious beauty of these horses' heads, as they bear along the triumphant Cæsar; their eyes glow and nostrils dilate as if conscious of their charge. They are as fine as the Elgin marbles; nor will the chaste beauty of the heads of the attendants who crowd the scene suffer by a comparison with these glorious works.

We will pursue our way down the inclined plane of the *Via Sacra,* which Horace relates he used to make his favourite walk; and then let us study the older parts of the Arch of Constantine. These older parts are portions of the Arch of Trajan, which the unscrupulous Constantine "appropriated" to his own glory. They all represent events in the life of Trajan, with that fidelity of detail, that perfect *vraisemblance* so conspicuous in the finer works of antiquity, and which never injures the grandeur of their conception, or the breadth of their treatment. They are true pictures, and noble works of Art at the same time. Criticism has not yet done justice to the admirable figures of Dacian captives that surmount its columns. They look down upon you in dignified silence, erect and kingly, though bound by their conquerors; it is as if the Roman sculptor felt obliged to respect and express the innate nobility of the despised barbarian, and magnanimously accorded to their stony representatives the expression which was their due. They seem now rather placed to claim respect and pity, than to swell the glory of a conqueror.

Time has dealt leniently with these ancient works: to a northern eye, the cleanness and perfection of monuments which have been exposed to the weather during so many centuries, are most surprising. Age has merely tinged them with a warm rich glow; but has "written" no "strange defeatures on their brow." It is the barbarism of man alone which has done mischief; and the deep indents we perceive so constantly between the stones are the works of the old Goths, who chipped down to the clamps which held them together to get at the metal. Since their period, the popes and nobles used the monuments as stone quarries, and constructed from them palaces so enormous, that they have become a trouble to keep up. But the Roman people, however poor and debased, have never destroyed their monuments. We see now the finest works of ancient and modern Art fully exposed and unscathed. The old Roman Janus Quadrifrons, which gives the name to the Ponte Quattro Capi, is unprotected; so is the beautiful modern sculpture on the road up the Pincian Hill. Hundreds of other examples might be given of the most valuable works freely exposed night and day. The people are familiarised with them, and respect them as public property; they are the treasures of the poor in Rome, who jealously guard them, as the noble may his own works in his own palazzo. Let us be taught the lesson thus offered.

F. W. Fairholt.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXII.—ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

If historical records and associations were sufficient of themselves to create a great national school of historical painters, then assuredly the Scottish would stand second to none of the European schools, ancient or modern. The whole country north of the Tweed is a vast field of incidents, real and legendary, over which an army of artists might expatiate without weariness, and gather ample stores of material without exhausting its productiveness. Mountain and moor, loch and fastness, abbey and castle, town and city, are haunted with the spirits of past ages, whose deeds have been sung in ballad or epic, or narrated by the historian and the writer of fiction in language scarcely less inspiriting than that of the poet: the feuds of hostile clans, the contests of rival claimants of the throne, from the Pictish king, Angus MacFergus, to the last of the Stuarts; the public and domestic scenes associated with the histories of the great Scottish families; the peculiar habits, customs, and superstitions of the lower classes; the religious controversies and persecutions in which the whole people were at various times involved; their heroic endeavours during a very long period to maintain their position as an independent nation;—what a volume do not these offer to the observation and thought of the painter! and if, moreover, his eye surveys the romantic and picturesque beauties of the land in which these events were enacted, no country on the surface of the globe possesses so rich a heritage at the command of the artist, nor, as we said before, one so well calculated to produce a great national school.

It is a fact, however, that till the pen of the novelist had made the public familiar with Scottish history, it had rarely evoked the genius of the painter; the pages of Sir Walter Scott have been, and are, the great text-books which the latter has consulted; almost every picture drawn from recorded incidents is exhibited with a quotation from his writings, just as Shakspere appears to be the authority of the painter of English history, rather than Rapin or Hume: the dramatist or the novelist suggests the subject, sketches it out, gives it character and expression, and colours it—the artist transfers it to his canvas. Yet the latter is neither a copyist nor plagiarist: there may be as much originality of conception, as much depth of thought, as much poetry of feeling and truth of character in the language of the pencil as in that of the pen; and, after all, books are the only sources to which the painter can apply. We can but reiterate a wish often expressed, that our historical painters would look a little farther than they are accustomed to do for what they require; their world is almost limitless in extent, as it is infinite in variety and inexhaustible in wealth.

If Scotland has produced but few painters of history, it certainly has not arisen from a scarcity of subject-matter in her annals. Wilkie and Allan are generally considered to stand foremost in the ranks of the Scottish school; yet there are others, and among them must be included the name of Alexander Johnston, who are not unworthy followers of these leaders, and whose works are even more strictly "historical" than those of either Wilkie or Allan. And if the country of Bruce and Wallace has a shorter array of great artist-names among her sons than England can show, her glorious records and her magnificent landscape scenery have been the means of adding many bright leaves to the laurel crown of the Southron. We do not intend by these remarks to make any invidious distinction between the two countries, and altogether repudiate any idea of contending about nationalities; Scotland has been, and will always be a great benefactor in every way to British Art, and what she has not created, she has fostered and matured; over her mountains, amid her glens, and through her palaces and fortresses, the English painter has found the path that led him to the temple of fame.

Alexander Johnston was born in Edinburgh, in 1815: his father, whom he had the misfortune to lose at a very early age, was an architect of considerable repute. At the age of fifteen his son was placed with a seal-engraver of that city, and, having displayed considerable talent, as well as taste, for Art, he was, at the expiration of a year, admitted a student in the Trustees' Academy, then



Engraved by] THE ARREST OF JOHN BROWN, A LOLLARD. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

under the presidency of the late Sir William Allan. Here he continued for three years, when he left Edinburgh for London, bringing with him an introduction to Wilkie, who recommended him to enter the schools of the Royal Academy, into which he was admitted in April, 1836. Hilton at that period filled the office of "keeper," whose principal duty it is to superintend the studies of the pupils; under this judicious teacher and fine painter the young Scotch student made good progress, and gave favourable evidence of the latent talent which future years were destined to unfold and develop. We will venture to assert that, notwithstanding the neglect that Hilton himself experienced as a historical painter, such was his enthusiasm for this noble department of Art, he would never have attempted to dissuade a young artist from pursuing it when he saw promise of ultimate success.

Previously to his quitting Edinburgh, Johnston had devoted his attention to portraiture; and on the first year of his arrival in London he exhibited at the Royal Academy a portrait of the youngest son of Dr. Morison, and, in the year following, a group of portraits of Dr. Morison's family. In 1838, he exhibited at the Academy another portrait, and a little picture called "The Mother's Prayer;" this was his first approach towards historical painting. In the same year he sent to the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, a small painting entitled "Scotch Lovers," now in the possession of Sir George Crewe, Bart.: and to the same Gallery, in 1839, a picture called "The Mother's Grave:" it was the first time the works of this artist had attracted our notice—or rather, we should perhaps say, that inasmuch as the *Art-Journal* was only established in that year, it was the first opportunity afforded us of publishing our opinion

of any picture. We spoke thus approvingly of the painting in question:—"'The Mother's Grave,' by A. Johnston, whose name we meet for the first time, is one of the sweetest and most effective pictures in the Gallery. It represents a forlorn orphan-boy standing beside the humble grave of his parent. It is touching to the highest degree. The mind that conceived it, and the hand that painted it can be of no ordinary character. There is nothing in the collection that we so much covet, and sure we are it will not be long unsold." His contributions to the Academy, in 1839, were two portraits, and a "subject-picture," called "The Departure."

In 1840 he exhibited at the Academy "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD," a charming composition, which forms one of our engravings; it was bought by Mr. E. Miles: and in the Edinburgh Exhibition "The Departure," just mentioned, and "The Happy Contest," a well-composed and cleverly executed picture, representing a group of rustic urchins amusing themselves with swimming tiny boats in a tub. Another painting of this year, a commission from Mr. H. Britton, was never exhibited: the subject is a "Highland Bagpiper."

In our notice, last month, of Mr. E. Bicknell's Collection, we spoke of the "Sunday Morning," by this artist; it was hung in the octagon-room of the Academy, in 1841; yet, even in that "den," it could not escape the eye of this discriminating collector. To Edinburgh, Johnston sent a small, but sweetly-painted picture of a girl with a lamb, to which he gave the title of "Affection," and a work of far greater importance, the first of his historical works, "The Interview of the Regent Murray with Mary Queen of Scots;" the picture is characterised by truthful and masterly drawing, and by the varied and appropriate expression of the heads; it is altogether a work of great merit, and was purchased by the Edinburgh Art-Union. In 1842, he exhibited at the British Institution two pictures—one the "Braw Wooer," as sung by Burns; the other a large canvas, "The Landing of Jeannie Deans at Roseneath," a picture of considerable ability, yet scarcely equal to some of the artist's earlier performances: it was bought by a prize-holder of the London Art-Union. "The Martyr's Grave," exhibited in Edinburgh this year, found a purchaser in a subscriber to the Art-Union of that city. "The Covenanter's Marriage" was purchased from the Royal Academy Exhibition by Mr. G. Virtue, and is still in the possession of that gentleman; this admirable picture, which so truthfully and painfully describes the perils to which these persecuted champions of a religious faith were exposed, was engraved for the "Gems of European Art." The ceremony—one can scarcely call it joyous under the circumstances—takes place under the open canopy of the blue heavens, in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills; the friends of the bride and bridegroom are many of them armed, to repel any hostile attack that may be made upon them; others are on the look out, and one seems to be making a signal of danger, arising from the appearance of two or three horsemen riding up in the distance, whose object, it may be presumed, is not that of congratulation on the event that has assembled together the picturesque group in the composition.



Engraved by] THE MAGDALEN. [J. & G. P. Nicholls.

Of two pictures exhibited by Johnston at the British Institution in 1843, that which stood first on the catalogue has our preference: it is called "The Highland Repast," suggested by a passage in "Waverley," where the hero of the tale is seen listening to the song of the young Highland girls. The other is a composition of two rustic figures, to which the title of "Rural Life" was appended. At the Royal Academy this year his single contribution, "The Highland Home," was again assigned to the octagon-room; nevertheless, the stalwart Highlander, who is represented in the picture as playing with his child at his cottage-door, soon found an admirer in a prize-holder of the London Art-Union, who paid one hundred guineas for him and his bairn.

A solemn and affecting subject, treated with characteristic feeling, is "The Highland Lament," exhibited at the Academy in 1844. Campbell's lines—

> "O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
> Where the band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?"—

form the argument of this composition, which is replete with touching sentiment, expressed in the most poetical language that the pencil can supply. The picture is in the possession of Mr. R. Twentyman. In 1845, Mr. Johnston exhibited at the Academy his picture of "Lord William Russell and his Lady receiving the Sacrament:" it was bought by Mr. Vernon, and is now at Marlborough House. Most of our readers are, of course, acquainted with the work from the engraving we published in our "Vernon" series: in truthfulness of feeling, united with simplicity yet beauty of composition, we have ever regarded this as one of the most successful productions of this artist; it is painted with vigour and firmness, while the light and shade are most judiciously managed.

"Prince Charles's Introduction to Flora MacDonald, after the Battle of Culloden," we have not seen since it was hung at the Academy, in 1846; the impression it made upon our mind at that time was not the most favourable—owing chiefly to the varnish upon the canvas having unfortunately "chilled," which proved very detrimental to the colouring of the picture; the composition we remember to have been good. The scene—which the history of the period tells us took place when the English government offered a reward of £30,000 for the apprehension of the prince—is laid in what our northern countrymen call a "bothie:" Flora MacDonald, attired in the ordinary costume of a Scottish maiden, is introduced by a gentleman, one of the prince's party; Charles appears as if he had just left the battle-field, unshaven, wan, and weary: the point of the subject is well sustained, though it leaves a painful impression from its peculiar character. In 1852, the committee of the Glasgow Art-Union awarded the premium of fifty guineas to Mr. Johnston for this picture, which he very honourably declined to accept on the ground of the work having been painted so long previously.

From Scottish history the artist passed, in 1847, to a mournful incident in English annals, by exhibiting at the Academy a picture of "The Burial of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor." The authority whence the painter derived the treatment of the subject which he adopted, is Rapin, who says that the interment took place in the presence of the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, and Bishop Juxon, who had attended the unhappy monarch during his last moments on the scaffold. Whitchot, the Roundhead governor of the castle, was also present; and when the bishop, who was attired in full episcopal robes, was preparing to read the burial-service, according to the rites of the Church of England, over the body, the governor peremptorily forbad him, and the mutilated remains of the king were consigned to their resting-place like those of a dog, without an audible prayer for the peace of his soul; Whitchot keeping his hat on while the noblemen, uncovered, placed the coffin in the vault. The picture is most carefully studied, and painted with great power of execution: it is in the possession of Mr. E. Pemberton, who must congratulate himself upon possessing a fine work of Art.

The year 1848 was almost a blank with Mr. Johnston, the only appearance he made being at the British Institution, where he exhibited a pretty little picture of a Highland soldier, just returned from the wars, embracing his wife at the door of a cottage. But he was not idle during this period; on the contrary, he was girding up his strength for the following year, having received a commission from Messrs. Graves to paint a large picture of "The Trial of Archbishop Laud," which was hung at the British Institution. The picture greatly enhanced the reputation of its author: it is, we believe, in

the hands of the engraver at the present time. Another work, exhibited at the same time, was a scene from the "Gentle Shepherd," entitled "Roger and Jenny;" a small "domestic bit," painted with much delicacy of feeling: it was purchased by Mr. C. Cope, of Euston Square. The Academy picture of this year illustrated a passage from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," that wherein the poet describes Douglas separating the "struggling foes," Græme and Roderick, in the presence of Ellen, Margaret, and the aged harper. This is a most spirited composition, sustained by perfect and powerful individuality in the characters, and offering a charming contrast in the fierce and angry attitudes of the one group, and the serenity of the other. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Wallis. It is right we should add that it obtained the premium of £50 from the Academy of Liverpool, where it was exhibited in the autumn of 1849.

Speaking of two cabinet pictures, "The Novice," and "A Highland Shepherd and Maiden," exhibited at the British Institution, in 1850, we made at the time the following remarks:—"The 'Novice' is seated, and apparently engaged in divesting herself of her worldly attire. The treatment is exceedingly simple; the colouring is remarkable for its unassuming propriety, and the clean working and neat touch afford a rare example of masterly execution:" of the other it was said:—"The figures are drawn with the usual firm touch of the artist, and many passages exhibit extraordinary power." His contribution to the Academy this year was entitled "The Hay-field," suggested by two lines in the old ballad of "'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' town,"—

> "Bonny Jockey, blythe and gay,
> Kisses sweet Jenny, making hay."

There are many other figures in the composition than the two principal characters, and the whole are most felicitously placed with regard to pictorial effect, heightened by the luminous and brilliant colouring which the painter has given to his canvas. This work was painted for Mr. Wallis; who is also the possessor of "Family Worship," exhibited at the Academy in 1851, representing a Scotch family group engaged in their evening devotions: we do not recollect any picture by Johnston that bears stronger evidence of his skilful disposition of figures, and masterly arrangement of light and shade: it is certainly one of his best works. A brilliant example of colouring, and most happy in its general treatment and expression, is a small picture exhibited in the same



Engraved by] THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

gallery, of a lady with a guitar, seated with a music-book before her; it was called "Music" in the catalogue.

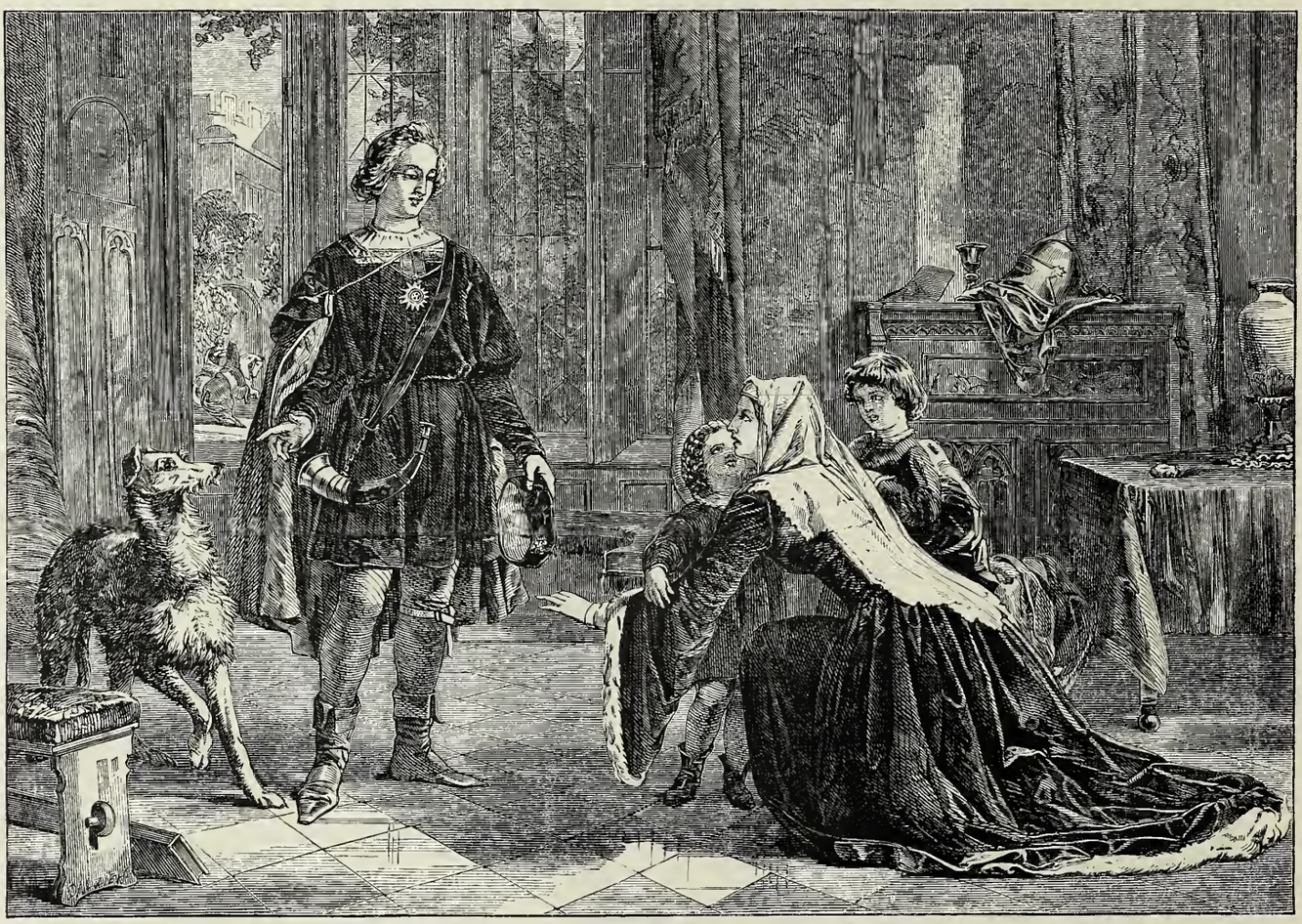
We have spoken of a picture, painted in 1841, called "The Coveuanter's Marriage;" a kind of companion to this, though the respective narratives differ so widely, is "The Covenanter's Burial," exhibited at the Academy in 1852. What a tale of persecution and distress does that scanty assemblage of mourners furnish, as they stand in the midst of their native hills to lay their dead in ground consecrated by no priestly ceremony! language never spoke to the ear in more pathetic and poetical accents, nor more impressively, than this mute interpreter of real sorrow and tribulation—the painter's canvas—makes its striking appeal to the heart. Throughout the composition there is a solemnity of feeling and sentiment befitting the occasion: it is seen not only in the group of mourning friends or relatives, but also in the absence of all glare and obtrusiveness of colour, though the strong contrast of light and shade, forcibly opposed to each other, gives the picture a brilliancy which the most positive colours could scarcely produce. The painting is in the possession of Mr. Baily of Cornhill, for whom it is being engraved. Certainly not less pathetic as a subject than this picture is another exhibited at the same time, "The Flitting" (Scotch); it represents a young female, in the garb of widowhood, quitting the home she has enjoyed but for a brief period: the cottage seems to have already been emptied of its humble furniture, and the husbandless, accompanied by her pastor—on such an occasion a true minister of consolation—turns to take a last look on her late home. The narrative is both eloquently and artistically described: the picture adorns the gallery of an eminent collector of British Art, Mr. Bashall, of Manchester.

In the north room of the British Institution hung, in 1853, a small picture, a female figure, to which the title of "Genevra" was appended: the work is a gem of its class. To the Academy exhibition of the same year Johnston contributed two works, both of them important in size and character. One, entitled "Melancthon," illustrates an incident in the life of Luther's friend, as related by D'Aubigné in his "History of the Reformation;" where we are told that a French traveller, calling on Melancthon, found the great "Preceptor of Germany" rocking his infant to sleep with one hand, while in the other he holds a book he is reading. In the picture Melancthon is seated, beside him is his wife, and the visitor stands near the door: the character of the work is very truthful yet dramatic, the colouring rich, luminous, and transparent: it was painted for Mr. J. N. Turner, but is now in the possession

of Mr. Gibson, of Saffron Waldron. The other picture forms the subject of the engraving on this page, "The first Interview of Edward IV. with Elizabeth Grey," not Woodville, as it was described in the catalogue. The lady was daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, and married Sir John Grey, who was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, fighting on the side of the Lancastrians against Edward: her two children by this alliance form part of the group in Mr. Johnston's picture. The king, coming accidentally to the house of her father, where she was residing after the loss of her husband, the young and beautiful widow flung herself at the feet of the monarch, and entreated his clemency on behalf of her children. The result of the interview was—as most of our readers know, it is presumed—that Elizabeth became the wife of Edward. Like the majority of the pictures by Johnston, this is distinguished by great simplicity of treatment; there is in it little of accessorial subject to divert the attention from the chief points of the narrative, and what there is, serves some useful purpose in the entire composition. It is a picture that will please as much from its elegance of design—no other term seems adapted to our meaning—as from the power with which the design is carried out. It is in the possession of another eminent provincial collector, Mr. J. Leathes, of Leeds.

At the British Institution in the following year, Johnston exhibited a small *replica*, with some slight alterations, of his "Melanethon," and a picture of two figures, entitled "Peggy and Jenny," in an open landscape; figures and landscape are painted with extraordinary brilliancy. D'Aubigné was again referred to for the Academy picture, and a subject was found in "Tyndale translating the Bible into English:" Tyndale was at this time in exile, but so sought after for persecution's sake, that he was forced frequently to change his residence to avoid arrest: a companion is introduced into the picture—another of the sufferers in the cause of truth—Fryth, who had escaped from confinement in the prison of Oxford, and had joined his friend. "The force of the picture lies in the painful earnestness with which Tyndale devotes himself to his task. The composition is in excellent taste, and the execution has that remarkable precision which is found in all the works of this artist." It is the property of Mr. J. Cressingham, and has been engraved, we understand, by G. R. Ward, for the London Art-Union, for future distribution.

"Hope," a finished study for a large picture, very small, yet very sweet in colour, was hung at the British Institution in 1855. It was followed, at the Academy, by "The Abdication of Mary, Queen of Scots," which she is forced to sign by Lord Lindsay, her most bitter and relentless enemy, who is seen grasping the wrist of the unfortunate Mary in his gauntleted hand, so firmly as to cause, it seems, severe torture. There is but one other personage intro-



Engraved by] EDWARD IV. AND ELIZABETH GREY. [Dalziel Brothers.

duced on the canvas, the queen's female attendant; and more would only have appeared intrusive, so admirably has the painter excited the interest of the spectator in those that are before him. A greater ruffian, with an aristocratic mien and in knightly costume, than the fierce zealot Lindsay, never was pourtrayed; nor could queenly beauty, under the influence of pain and terror, be more truthfully rendered by the pencil. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Penn, of Lewisham, the eminent engineer.

"The Arrest of John Brown, of Ashford, a Lollard," and one of the first martyrs in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., was exhibited at the Academy last year; it is engraved on the first page of this notice. Brown was a gentleman of Kent, of comparatively slender means, and living at Ashford in quiet retirement: he and his family were among the earliest converts to the new doctrines promulgated by Luther: his arrest, at the instigation of Archbishop Laud, is thus described by the French historian of the Reformation:—"Brown's wife having been churched that same day, a feast was prepared for their friends, as was usual on such occasions, and they had all taken their seats at table, joy beaming on every face, when the street-door was abruptly opened, and Chilton, the constable, a cruel and savage man, accompanied by several of the archbishop's apparitors, seized upon the worthy townsman—all sprang from their seats." This is the precise moment chosen by the artist for illustrating the story: the assembled party manifest, in various attitudes and actions, their surprise and agitation, Brown alone retaining his self-possession and calm bearing on hearing the business on which the officials of the episcopacy have forcibly entered his dwelling; the incident is graphically placed on the canvas. Another of our engravings we can only briefly refer to; it is that of the "Magdalen," a picture in the possession of Mr. Wallis: the finished sketch, from which our print is taken, is in the collection of Mr. Twentyman; we have introduced it to show the artist's treatment of a class of subject that differs so entirely from his usual works. The larger painting was exhibited at the British Institution in 1849.

Ours is little else than a running comment on the works of this excellent artist: but enough, it is hoped, has been said to show that he is one in every way worthy of being included in our series of eminent British painters. His subjects, it will be seen, are almost invariably selected from the history, public or domestic, of the country to which he owes his birth. He never attempts to grasp at more than he is equal to,—grand and complicated themes, requiring the powers of the greatest masters of art: nor, on the other hand, does he content himself with the ordinary and commonplace. Furthermore, whatever he undertakes is done well and satisfactorily; his pictures are always welcome and most pleasing contributions to our annual exhibitions. We think Mr. Johnston has deservedly earned a title to academical honours, which we hope soon to learn have been conferred on him.

OBITUARY.

MR. FREDERICK CHRISTIAN LEWIS.

We regret to have to record the death, from an attack of apoplexy, of this excellent artist and most inestimable man, which occurred on the 18th of December, at Enfield. Mr. Lewis was in the 77th year of his age. He was born in London, in 1779, and was placed by his parents at an early age with an engraver of some celebrity, named Stadler. Subsequently he became a student of the Royal Academy, and a most diligent one; he here formed friendships with most of those great artists, his contemporaries, who were then his fellow-students, and whose esteem he had the satisfaction to retain during life. At the commencement of his profession on his own account, he contracted an intimacy with Girtin, and engraved his "Views of Paris." Shortly after this the late William Young Ottley, who was publishing his "Italian School of Design," engaged him to engrave as *facsimiles* most of his celebrated collection of drawings by Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, &c. He now felt that his sympathies were excited, and admirably did he perform his task, for it is admitted that no modern engraver has ever produced such transcripts of such great works. While thus occupied, he lived for five years at Enfield, and when the *burin* was not employed, he was sketching early and late from nature. Returning to London, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who thoroughly recognised the talent which had reproduced "Ottley's Raffaelles," &c., placed in his hands some of those exquisite chalk drawings of portraits, so celebrated for their delicacy and refinement, and which then no engraver had succeeded in imitating. But here Mr. Lewis was at home, and until the death of his friend Sir T. Lawrence, in 1830, he was almost wholly occupied in engraving from his works. Mr. Lewis had the honour of being appointed engraver to H.R.H. the late Princess Charlotte, and successively to their majesties George IV., William IV., and the present Queen. Mr. Lewis, in addition to his talents as an engraver, was a landscape-painter of no ordinary excellence. Till within some few years, he exhibited at the Royal Academy regularly, and frequently at the British Institution. His engravings from his own sketches of Devonshire rivers will be well recollected by many of our readers. Nothing could exceed his delight when, in conjunction with the "Sketcher" of *Blackwood's Magazine* (the Rev. John Eagles), he was exploring some Welsh waterfall, or Devon moorland.

He has left three sons: the eldest, John F. Lewis, President of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; the second, Charles G. Lewis, the well-known engraver of some of Landseer's most important works; and the third has pursued his career as an artist in India. Two daughters are also left to deplore the loss of their venerable parent.

MR. FREDERICK NASH.

We are now enabled to give our readers some account of this artist, whose death was announced in our last number. Mr. Nash was the son of a respectable builder, and was born in Lambeth in 1782: he early displayed a taste for drawing, which ripened into an unconquerable desire to become an artist, steadily rejecting the advantages that were offered him by a wealthy relative to pay all the costs of a legal education, and to advance him in the law. The boy "thought to be an artist was greater than to be a king;" and his parents, finding him bent upon following his favourite pursuit, yielded to his desire, and placed him with an architectural draughtsman, of some reputation in his day, of the name of Moreton, under whom he acquired a thorough knowledge of perspective, and received the bias for architectural subjects, to which, in after life, he devoted himself. As a young man, he was occasionally employed by Sir Richard Smirk, and other eminent architects, to make drawings from their designs. In 1808 he was elected into the Society of Painters in Water-Colours at the same time with Copley Fielding and Dewint, and soon after was appointed architectural draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries, which office he retained for many years, and executed for the Society some important works; one of the principal being a series of drawings of the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, York, afterwards lithographed by himself for that Society's publications. In 1810 Mr. Nash commenced his work on St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which obtained for him an introduction to his late majesty George III., who received him most graciously, and presented the young artist to the queen and the princesses; conducting him through the rooms, to show him the works of Art which graced the walls of the palace. In 1819 he executed the drawings for the work well known as "Nash's Paris," for which he received five hundred guineas: these drawings were afterwards purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence. In 1824 he visited France, to execute a series of views of the "Environs of Paris" for a gentleman of fortune, and for which he was paid three hundred guineas; and in 1825 he was again in Paris at the urgent request of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was there painting the portraits of the French king and royal family, to assist the court painter in the accessories of his work. The throne in perspective, and certain other parts that came within the speciality of Mr. Nash, were painted by him. In 1837 he narrowly escaped destruction whilst at work upon his picture of Arundel. A heavy stack of chimneys being thrown down by a hurricane, broke in the roof of his painting room, burying him in the ruins, from which he was with difficulty extricated.

Switzerland, Normandy, the Moselle, and the Rhine, were successively visited upon sketching tours: sometimes Mr. Nash was accompanied by his amiable wife, who read to him, or recorded in her journal the passing incidents, whilst the painter sought to fix in varied colours the beautiful scenes that lay spread out before them. An ardent lover of his art, he lost no time in seeking to make himself acquainted with the diversified aspects of nature. An early riser, he might be constantly seen between five and six o'clock in the morning, portfolio under his arm, wending his way to some favourite scene that had attracted his attention, and where he laboriously worked out the day. His practice on such occasions was to make three studies of the same subject, under the different effects of "early morning," "mid-day," and "evening," a habit that might be beneficially followed by landscape-painters generally. But it is upon his architectural subjects that his reputation will mainly rest; and we may judge of the estimation in which his works of this class were held by the character of the purchasers, and the high prices that were paid for them. So early as 1811, a hundred and fifty guineas was paid by Mr. Wheeler for the drawing of "The Inside of Westminster Abbey, with a Funeral Procession." A few years later Mr. Allnutt purchased another drawing of the "Interior of the Abbey, with Monks," for one hundred and twenty-five pounds; and Sir Thomas Lawrence a third "Interior" of the same edifice for one hundred and fifty pounds. These were sums rarely realised by artists in water-colours at that period. Turner is reported to have pronounced Mr. Nash the finest architectural painter of his day—a high compliment from one who had given no little time and study to the examination of the monastic remains of this country. To judge fairly of the merits of an artist, we must look to the works of his best period, and not to those executed in declining years and failing health. Those who have only seen the recent works of Mr. Nash can ill judge of his talents. Of his industry it may be stated that, from 1810 to 1856, he exhibited no less than 472 drawings in the Water-Colour Society's exhibitions alone.

Devoted to his profession, which he loved above all things, he used to say that he should die with a brush in his hand, a prediction in some measure realised,—for in the delirium that accompanied his last illness, his hand moved as though at work, and he complained of the fatigue which he had undergone by painting upon his picture all night: exhausted with the effort, he gradually sank, and calmly expired on the 5th of December, 1856, at his residence at Brighton, to which place he had retired from London in 1834.

A good husband, amiable and upright in all the relations of life, we are not often called upon to record the death of one who leaves a worthier name behind him.

MR. JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.

This veteran antiquarian and architectural artist is among those whose death it is our melancholy duty to record in our pages this month. Mr. Britton died on New Year's Day, at his residence in Burton Street, Burton Crescent, having nearly reached the advanced age of eighty-six, and retaining almost to the last his mental and physical qualities in an extraordinary degree of vigour: he has gone down to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. Only a few weeks prior to his death we were in his company, enjoying his animated and kindly conversation, and witnesses of his constant desire to afford pleasure, and to promote the happiness of others.

A remarkable man was Mr. Britton. Born at Kingston St. Michael, Wiltshire, in 1771, the first few years of his life were passed either at the village school, or in assisting his father, who carried on a sort of general business, and also cultivated a small farm. In 1787 he was brought to London by an uncle, who apprenticed him to the then host of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell, where his chief employment seems to have been in the wine cellars. He spent nearly six years of his life in this ungenial occupation, and then engaged himself as cellarman at the London Tavern. His next employment,—as we learn from the *Builder*, in an article written, we presume, by the editor of that publication, who, like ourselves, had for many years the pleasure of enjoying the friendship of Mr. Britton,—was with a hop-merchant in the Borough, to which succeeded a three years' service with an attorney in Gray's Inn. Notwithstanding the obstacles which these various occupations offered to mental improvement, Mr. Britton continued to find a few opportunities for reading. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Essex, the bookseller, father of the well-known enamel-painter, and also had become intimate with Mr. E. W. Brayley, who was afterwards connected with him in some of his publications. "He was now able," says the writer referred to, "to give time to reading at booksellers' stalls and shops, and he frequented debating societies, where he attained a fluency of speech which never failed him."

In 1799 Mr. Britton was engaged by a Mr. Chapman, at a salary of three guineas per week, "to write, recite, and sing for him, at a theatre in Panton Street, Haymarket." This engagement brought him into association with theatrical persons, and was probably the origin of most of his early literary productions, pamphlets, song-books, &c. We must pass over these matters, however, to others of more importance.

Mr. Wheble, a publisher in Warwick Square, persuaded Mr. Britton to undertake an illustrated work on the "Beauties of Wiltshire." With the aid of Mr. Brayley, it was completed in two volumes, and published in 1801. This was followed by the "Beauties of Bedfordshire," and, in succession, by the "Beauties" of all the other counties; the whole embracing twenty-six large volumes, occupying twenty years in their production. Mr. Brayley and Mr. Nightingale were associated with Mr. Britton in the production of this work, but the last-mentioned author had by far the largest share of the labour.

In 1805 he engaged with Messrs. Longman to publish his "Architectural Antiquities of England," a work extending to five quarto volumes, containing 360 engravings. It was followed by his "Cathedral Antiquities," in fourteen volumes, folio and quarto, with 300 engravings. It was commenced in 1814, and completed in 1835.

We have no space even to enumerate the numerous publications of minor importance to which Mr. Britton's name was attached, either as author or editor: it must suffice to say that his contributions to the antiquarian literature of the present century are a library in themselves: it is wonderful how much his energy and perseverance accomplished.

From 1845 to nearly the last day of his life, he was occupied in preparing his "Autobiography:" we believe it had almost approached completion; and there is little doubt of a very curious and entertaining volume resulting from the experience of so long and so chequered a history as that of Mr. Britton's life.

About a fortnight after his death, the Institute of Architects voted unanimously that a tablet should be erected to his memory in Salisbury Cathedral, provided the Dean and Chapter will give their assent—of which there can be no reasonable doubt.

MR. ARTHUR WILLIAM HAKEWILL.

Though several months have elapsed since the death of this gentleman, whose lectures and writings upon architecture are well known beyond the profession, we did not chance to hear of the event till quite recently. The following brief sketch of his life, by one who knew him well, cannot fail to be interesting.

The late Mr. Arthur W. Hakewill was born in the year 1808; inheriting the genius of his mother, under whose watchful care he grew, he at an early age responded to her desire by discovering a decided talent for literature;—well would it have been for him had he never deserted that profession, for which nature intended him. Seldom, however, do we find circumstances favour our wishes. He was, contrary to his inclinations, placed with Mr. Decimus Burton for the purpose of studying architecture, where, under the chilling influence of an office, his sensitive mind pined, as it were, after his favourite studies, and he became perfectly incapacitated. This painful circumstance rendered it necessary for him to visit Italy, where he remained for the space of three years: nevertheless, without deriviug permanent benefit, in consequence of his being compelled to follow the same profession upon his return to England. Being forcibly struck by the graceful buildings in Rome, he devoted some time to the study of classical architecture, and upon his return published several works of great merit, consoling himself with the conviction of it being a worthy task to preserve and to hand down to generations to come the works of great men. He confiued his notice to the architecture of the seventeeuth century, the productions chiefly of Iuigo Jones and Wren. His ability in design equalled his judgmeut in that which was the work of others. At the competition for the Nelson Memorial, he produced a design which, to use his own words, "should make the silent language of art eloqueut." In 1848 he was appointed lecturer to the Architectural Society in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. His contributions to various periodicals, the *Art-Journal* among them, were numerous, and for the last few years he fulfilled an engagement with the *Daily News*. Worn by the fatigues and cares of life, his strength gradually declined, but his hope brightened as his end drew near; he died in peace June 19, 1856, aged 48.

Among the published works of which Mr. Hakewill was the author are "Modern Tombs," "Architecture of the Seventeenth Century," "An Essay on Porticoes," &c. &c. His lectures include one on Barry's Paintings in the Adelphi, and another on the proposal for the Shakspere Monument.

MR. THOMAS SEDDON.

Scarcely six months have elapsed since we noticed the exhibition, in Bond Street, of a considerable number of pictures and highly finished sketches, painted on the spot, in Egypt and the Holy Land, by Mr. Thomas Seddon; and now intelligence has recently reached England of his death, near Cairo, after a few days' illness: his age was only thirty-five.

Prior to his first departure for the East, Mr. Seddon exhibited occasionally at the Academy; his pictures chiefly consisting of scenery of Brittany. About four years since he left England, in company with Mr. Holman Hunt, for Egypt; the paintings exhibited in Bond Street, and also three which were hung at the Academy last year, were the results of this first visit. Having disposed of these works, and receiving commissions for others of a similar character, he again set out for the East, and was actively pursuing his labours when he was attacked by dyseutery, which his constitution was unable to resist. In noticing the death of this artist our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, narrates an incident so honourable to his memory that we cannot forbear quoting it:—"Our readers will probably remember that we especially drew their attention to 'Sunset behind the Pyramids' as a picture of siugular beauty. Connected with this very beautiful work of Art, is a little history, which, now that death has placed his seal upon the hand which paiuted it, sheds a glory over the painter and the picture. In the Desert Mr. Seddon had accidentally met with a young Englishman who was near to death; and, in order to soothe his last weeks of suffering, took up his abode with the invalid in the true spirit of the 'good Samaritan,' and never left him until he had closed his eyes in peace. It was during this time of watching beside the otherwise desolate bed of a stranger in the Desert that this beautiful picture was commenced and almost entirely painted. It is lovely to recognise how, when the hour of his own need arrived for the painter, also in the Desert, a ministration of human love was raised up for him who had, on a similar occasion, so nobly acquitted himself of the last sacred duties towards a fellow-sufferer." To render the last paragraph intelligible to our readers, it will be necessary to state that when Mr. Seddon was attacked with the disorder that proved fatal, he received every attention from the Rev. Mr. Lieder and his family, who caused him to be removed from the village iu which he was staying, to the Church Mission House in Cairo, where he expired.

MR. JOHN MIDDLETON.

This rising artist was born at Norwich, in 1828, and having evinced very early a taste for Art, he received some instruction from the late J. B. Crome, and also from Staunard, in Norwich. His feeling for paintiug increased with his years; so much so, that in 1846 he determined to pursue Art as a profession. Accordingly he became a pupil of Bright, with whom he studied until the death of his father caused him to return to his native city, where he resided till his deatb, which took place on the 11th of November last. From 1847 to 1855 he was a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the British Iustitution. During the last two years of his life the declining state of his health denied him the gratification of longer practising that art from which he had derived so much enjoyment. Among his best works may be mentioned, "A Study, in March, on the Norfolk Coast," which was exhibited in 1852, and is now in the collection of Mr. Arden; "Weybourne, on the Norfolk Coast;" "Summer," exhibited at the British Institution in 1852. His last work was in the Royal Academy in 1855. Having generally resided in Norwich, he was not personally known to many of his brother artists; but those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance cherish a warm remembrance of his kiudly nature, and regret sincerely the decease of one who, had he lived, would have signalised himself in his profession.

MR. ROBERT RONALD McIAN.

This excellent and estimable artist died at his residence, in Hampstead, on the 13th of December, at the age of fifty-four years; and he was interred at the cemetery, Highgate, on the 23rd of that month, according to the ritual of the Church of England. He was a true Scottish Highlander, one of the ancient and renowned race of the McIans or Macdonalds, of Glencoe; and he loved, with a hearty and manly affection, the solitary home of his ancestors, whose persecutions he felt as a personal grievance two centuries after they occurred. The earlier years of McIan's life were passed upon the stage; and he obtained high repute as an actor of parts associated with his native country, especially as the Dougal Creature iu "Rob Roy." About fifteen or eighteen years ago, however, he quitted the profession, and adopted that of Art, in which he arrived at considerable excellence, applying himself with the indomitable energy that was the leading feature iu his character. A writer in the *Literary Gazette* thus speaks of his pictures:—"The results were visible in his fine pictures of 'The Battle of Colloden,' and of 'An Encounter iu Upper Canada,' in which a party of the clan Fraser made a gallaut stand against a greatly superior force of French and American Indiaus. His picture of 'The Coronach' will also be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. His pencil never seemed so much at home as in painting scenes of savage life, or of violent conflict. There was no posture-making or child's play in his battle-pieces. It was all genuine work. You felt that every shot told, and every stroke left its mark. Mr. McIan was a warm-hearted, honourable man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. Both as actor and paiuter, he was held in respect by his brethren, for he pursued both arts with enthusiasm, aud with elevated aims. His friends mourn the loss to their circle of a kind aud manly heart, a gallaut spirit, aud an independent mind; and the English school of Art has lost a devotee, who, in his own particular department, gave promise of adding to its renown. Mr. McIan leaves a widow, the able mistress of the London School of Design, herself well known by her admirable pictures, of which, unfortunately, the public has of late years seen too few."

To these remarks we might add much; but we prefer to occupy our space with the following tribute to his memory from the pen of one of his many friends, Mrs. S. C. Hall, by whom his frieudship was largely estimated and valued:—

A Memory of the late R. R. McIan.

While we write the bells are ringing the old year out!—the year which commenced as a giant to run its course, and is now departing amid the damps and dreariness of a dim winter's night, while rejoicing bells are loudly calling on their fellows from steeple to steeple, after the world's fashion, to spurn the old aud triumph with the new. Pass away old year! you take much with you we have loved and cherished—to our grief, but to the deliverance and exceeding joy of those we loved. Our last "brother" whom you called "home" was a true, cordial, earnest man, who would rail at an enemy openly, and shield the honour of a friend with his life. It is impossible to gather rapidly the memories that extend over fifteen years; but the past is pleasant to recall; and it was so ordered that, deeply as we regret his departure, to *him* it was an act of mercy. For more than two years the frame of the Highland painter wrestled with au illness that would have vanquished an ordinary man in as many months; the spirit of life beat warmly in his pulses, and at times so triumphantly that his medical attendants hoped he might yet regain all he had lost; but the palpitating hope, the desolating fear, have settled into the stern reality:—on the 23rd of December the mortal part of Robert Ronald McIan found its last resting-place in the cemetery at Highgate. It seems but yesterday when we first made the acquaintance of the painter and his paintcr-wife—two who went hand in hand, and heart with heart, together through the world, two in one—one in the same pursuit, one in truth and faithfulness, in love and friendship, one in life, aud all but one in death,—for their friends feared that Mrs. McIan's devotion to her husband would have brought her to a premature grave before *his* time for departure arrived.

Our memory goes back to a time when the theatre rang with well-merited applause at McIan's delineation of a particular class of character, more particularly of "Dougal," in "Rob Roy;"—the actor so identified himself with the wild Highlander that a great tragedian is said to have directed that no weapon should be placed within McIan's reach during his performance of the "Cataran," for that he was so "terribly in earnest" as not to be master of himself. It was a singular transition from the brightness and glare, the excitement and exhilaration of the foot-lights to the calm and quiet, the seclusion and repose, the "inner life" of the artist's studio; but though McIau quitted the stage, his sympathies remained with his old profession—he took a lively interest in theatrical affairs, and was ever ready to help a brother of the buskin. His miud was essentially dramatic, and uneonsciously he "dramatised" with equal power on the canvas and in the social circle; his portraitures of character, his developments of Scottish national scenes and circumstances were amongst his most successful pictures, and there was always some touching and delicate episode, which told the story with eloquent power and pathos. Those who have heard him sing "Donald Caird," or "We are na fou'," can never forget the inimitable reading he gave to both Burns and Scott. On one occasion, while a guest—as he often was, aud ever a welcome one—at our house, he so perfectly acted the passage—

> "We are na fou',
> We're not that fou',
> But just a drapie in our ee,"

that an old servant, thinking the gentleman quite unfit to remain in society, whispered to his master, with a glance towards Mr. McIan, "If he should go for a cab?" When in health and spirits he was a charming companion, his memory well stored and ready, and his keen appreciation of the beautiful, fiuding words in enthusiastic language, created an

interest which a cooler or calmer person could never achieve;—he talked pictures even faster than he painted them. He was too rapid in his judgments, too often suffered his heart to run away with his head, not to have been frequently mistaken in his estimate of personal character; but it was difficult to make him relinquish what he had once adopted, and even when deceived, the kindness of his heart permitted him to be deceived again; and, if his prejudices were strong, his affections were stronger. There are few greater treats in the world than to witness the zeal of a friend in a friend's cause, and, however hurt McIan might have been at times, at his pictures being "badly hung" on the crowded walls of the Royal Academy, it was delightful to see him forgetting it, even on the "first day," in the enjoyment he experienced at a great "success;" and to observe how he dragged up one critic after another to see some "marvellous bit of nature," or "wonderful effect" (never his own), which, but for his zeal, might have failed to attract notice. At such moments his eyes would flash like lightning, and, if his earnestness induced smiles, it also called forth sympathies; people were sure to be the better for his good word, for it was spoken to the world before the world, and not whispered in a corner. It is some years since we journeyed through the Highlands together, and enjoyed with him their matchless scenery; the heather grew in his heart, and there was no music he loved so well as the bagpipe on the wild hill-side. There are people who would open their eyes in wide astonishment if you assured them that all his experience of the foot-lights had not chilled an atom of McIan's love of nature; that though he enjoyed deer-stalking, and has lived weeks amongst the hills in the "shooting season," he would shed tears over a sick dog; indeed, his tenderness towards beast and bird was the tenderness of a girl: this may not be considered "consistent" with his hunting and shooting, but we believe no Highland gentleman could withstand the chance of hooking a salmon or shooting a deer—certainly our friend never passed a river without peering and "speering" as to the chance of finding a salmon within its depths, and he was just as keen in his inquiries after the deer and blackcock. He seemed to us to know every inch of the Highlands; he accompanied us both by daylight and moonlight through the "Pass of Glencoe"—through the wilds of Arasaig—round and over the well-known lakes, and to the renowned islands of Staffa and Iona—paused and pondered and conjectured, with us, beside Rob Roy's grave, and listened to the rush of the waters and the sough of the wind in the island burying-ground of the Macnabs—where the last grave has been made, for the clan has sought its home in the new world. How we enjoyed Blair-Athol, and revelled in the pass of Killiecrankie! McIan's ready and rapid pencil caught every passing scene, and transferred it to his sketch-book; and then, in the mountain inns, he would tell us stories and sing us songs, all in keeping with the time and place. We shall never forget the spirit with which he poured forth, from the summit of the monument in Glenfinnan, his friend Bennoch's song of "The old Highland Gentleman," or how eloquently he described *there* the march, in costume, of the clans to meet their prince. It seems almost impossible that high-beating heart, so warm and true and earnest, should have ceased to palpitate. The loss of so many of his dear and loved friends—those noble Highland officers who fell in the Crimea—affected him greatly; his friendships were wound about his heart—they could not change; his friends' sorrow was his sorrow; and he mourned the loss of those gallant gentlemen as if they had been his brothers. These losses worked upon his excitable temperament in a way which more evenly balanced natures would find it difficult to understand; his illness came on gradually but surely throughout, and especially during the last few months. He was keenly alive to the watchful tenderness of his loved and loving wife: who, before and after her daily duties at the Female School of Design, was blessed with strength to watch him day and night; her presence became more and more his light, his joy, his life, and nothing could exceed his gratitude to her. His deep and earnest affections remained in full activity to the last,—they were the strongest elements of his nature.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 2.—THE USE OF MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINES IN PLATING AND ORNAMENTING METALS.

We have, by the steady advances of electrical science, proved the identity of the several forms under which this force presents itself for our consideration.

Man, through a long period of time, witnessed with terror the phenomena of the lightning, and heard with superstitious awe the rolling thunder, little thinking that the age would come when this agent of destruction should be applied to the uses of humanity. The fossil resin *amber*, the *electron* of the Greeks, was long exhibited as a rare curiosity, from the remarkable property it possessed of gathering up light bodies which floated near it when it was rubbed. The province of Magnesia, in Greece, was known to produce a singular iron ore, which exhibited strange powers of attraction and of repulsion; and there is good evidence to show that this *loadstone*, or *leadingstone*, was employed by the oriental tribes, at an early period, to guide them over the desert and the ocean.

There was no suspicion that the principle or power of the thunder-cloud had any relation to the amber or the loadstone. Eventually, however, came the time for the birth of a new truth. Then Franklin rose his kite into the air, and the spirit of the storm, answering to his call, revealed the secret to man, that the flash of lightning, and the attractive power of the amber, were identical. Man thus learned how to protect himself and his temples from the "angry bolts of Jove," and the phenomena of frictional electricity were carefully studied by Franklin and his followers. Galvani then discovered that chemical change would develop a peculiar force; or, rather Volta, correctly reading the results which Galvani obtained, showed that a metal undergoing oxidation, gave out a power analogous to the electricity of the machine. Galvanism, or voltaic electricity, became, in the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy, a most important element in the investigation of nature. This philosopher, who has not yet obtained his true position amongst the great ones of the earth, succeeded by the voltaic battery in proving the true composition of the earths and alkalies—lime and magnesia, potash and soda, were shown to be metals combined with oxygen: and Davy opened the road which has led us to the discovery of that peculiar and valuable metal *aluminium*, the base of the most common of the substances which constitute the superficial coating of the earth—clay.

Œrsted, of Copenhagen, demonstrated that a current of voltaic electricity possessed the property of compelling a magnet to place itself at right angles to its direction: and Sturgeon taught us that such a current converted a piece of soft iron into a powerful magnet. Thus, step by step, we became acquainted with the fact, that the lightning of the air, the electricity of the machine, the galvanism of the battery, and the attractive power of the magnet, were but modified forms of one principle. There was still one question to be replied to—Could we from a magnet develop a force which should have the powers of that developed by friction from the electric machine, or by chemical action from the voltaic battery? Faraday, by a series of beautiful inductive experiments, proved that every motion of a copper wire near a magnet, or of a magnet near a copper wire, produced an electrical disturbance, which circulated as a current. The identities of the electricities were thus fully proved: and, yet more recently, improved arrangements in coil machines have shown that all the intensity of statical electricity can be produced by securing perfect insulation of the arrangement; and thus that a very small quantity of current electricity may be developed as electricity of high tension. Such is a brief outline of the progress which has led to the construction of magneto-electric machines, to which we desire especially to direct attention.

If a reel of copper wire, covered with silk, be placed in front of the poles of a good steel magnet, with some arrangement for giving it motion, we shall find, when motion is established either in the magnet or the coil, that an electric disturbance is produced,—that an intense current traverses the wire. The intensity of this electric force is regulated by the strength of the magnets employed, the extent of the wire, and the rapidity of motion. This curious electrical disturbance may be produced by very simple means. If a loop of copper wire is merely passed up and down over the poles of a magnet, an electric current will circulate through the wire; and if the wire is connected with a galvanometer, the needle of the instrument will be deflected every time the loop of wire is passed in either direction, up or down, over the pole of the magnet.

For practical purposes a number of magnets are fixed in a circle, and the armatures, carrying coils of copper wire, are made to move rapidly in front of their poles: thus is generated a current of any power, capable of effecting any amount of electro-chemical decomposition. Arrangements of this kind are employed in many establishments, instead of the voltaic battery, for all the purposes of the electrotype; and to some new and peculiar processes we have to direct attention.

It is important to the correct understanding of what takes place when a magneto-electrical current is produced, that the philosophy of it should be, as far as possible, understood. A magnet is a reservoir of power, as far as we know, quite inexhaustible; and the force—intensity—with which that power is developed, depends upon the mechanical force applied to move the machine, the rapidity of motion determining the working value of the current. All compound bodies appear to have their constituent elements held together by some electrical condition. One of the most beautiful of the laws established by Faraday being this—*The quantity of electricity which is required to decompose any substance exactly represents the quantity which that body contained previous to decomposition.* Now, if the terminal poles of the coils of copper wire which are in motion in front of a magnet are dropped into a solution of a salt of gold or of silver, the electricity passing through the fluid liberates the metal, which appears at one pole, and the acid, which escapes at another. The rapidity with which this is effected depending upon the mechanical power employed to drive the machine. Magneto-electric machines have been for many years in use in the electro-plating and gilding establishments of Birmingham, and it is found that, notwithstanding there has been a constant demand upon them for electricity, yet they exhibit no diminution of the supply.

Recently, on the Continent, some novel processes have been introduced, by which ornamentation of various kinds are produced on metals. A plate of steel, brought to a very high polish, is connected with one of the poles of a magneto-electric machine, and the other is brought to a fine point; when the point—the pencil of the artist, which is fixed in a handle of glass or ivory—is brought within a certain distance of the plate of steel, a brilliant spark passes; this is due to the combustion of the steel, and it will be found that after every spark, a white spot is left on the polished surface of the steel plate. As these sparks may be produced with any degree of rapidity, a line is soon formed, and any design traced upon the steel. The result is extremely pleasing, and we learn that the process is employed in France and Austria to ornament sword blades and other articles of steel.

M. Alex. Henri Dufresne, of Paris, has patented an invention which relates to the gilding, silvering, and ornamenting of metals not susceptible of direct amalgamation. This invention embraces any of the means now in use for producing coatings of the metals, by either chemical, electro-chemical, or mechanical means, or for removing portions of the coatings thus formed. The invention divides itself into several parts:—First, the precipitation by a magneto-electrical machine, or by voltaic batteries, of one or several metals. Secondly, in the application of protecting matter, such as varnish, printer's ink, &c., upon the intermediate metals, to form the reserves to be gilded, silvered, or ornamented: such reserves being produced by photographic means, or by a general coating of some kind sensitive to light. Thirdly, in the destruction of the intermediate unreserved metals by baths of different kinds—such as ammoniacal or acid solutions, applied so as to preserve the polish, or to act on the surface of the metal to be gilded, sil-

vered, or ornamented, for the production of flat or of relievo designs. Fourthly, in the removal of the protecting matters which have served to preserve the surfaces operated on. Fifthly, in gilding or silvering the surfaces by means of mercury, according to the ordinary processes of gilding and silvering by amalgamation; and, finally, the volatilization of the mercury by heat. The details of this process may be described in a single example—the ornamentation of steel. A sheet, or any object of polished steel is taken, and by means of the magneto-electric machine, it is coated with copper. If any of the alkaline salts of copper are used, the steel beneath the copper loses little of its brilliancy, and, when the copper is eventually removed, it appears again in its true colour and brightness. If the object of the artist is to obtain an elaborate design, it is best effected by photography: either of two processes may be employed:—1st. The coppered surface of the steel is covered with bitumen of Judea, by warming the plate, and pouring upon it the resin dissolved in French oil of lavender, the heat being still continued, the essential oil is evaporated, and a sensitive coating left upon the plate. The design, drawn upon paper—an engraving or otherwise—is placed upon this sensitive tablet, pressed close by a glass, and exposed to sunshine. The parts which have been covered, and those which have been exposed, acquire unequal degrees of solubility—so that one portion can be dissolved off by means of ether or naptha, while the other remains unchanged. 2nd. Bichromate of potash and gelatine may be used instead of the bitumen of Judea, in the same manner as it is employed by Mr. Fox Talbot for engraving upon steel, and by Mr. Pretsch in his photogalvano-graphic process. When this coating is exposed to sunshine with any object superposed, all those portions which were preserved in shadow are capable of being dissolved off by water, while the chromic acid liberated by the solar action combines with the gelatine, and renders it insoluble. By either of these processes we have the design formed on the plate, the metal along certain lines being left quite bare. It is desired to remove the copper from those exposed parts—chromic acid is poured on the plate, and the copper is readily removed, while the steel is not affected by it. The exposed steel may now be left bright, or it may be bitten into by acids, or any design may be worked upon it; and if we choose to gild it, we have but to connect it with the magneto-electric machine, and place it in a solution of gold, by which means any thickness of gold can be thrown down. If we desire to have silver in relief on the steel, that metal is *roughed* by an acid; the plate is put into a solution of the oxide of silver in cyanide of potassium, and by the electro-chemical action any thickness of the metal can be deposited along the exposed lines, the other parts being still protected by the resin or the gelatine. If with a resinous varnish any design is traced upon the exposed steel, those parts will be protected from the action of the deposit, and the resin being subsequently removed, bright steel remains in the midst of the design traced out by the gold or silver. Now the resin or the gelatine remaining on the plate can be removed, and we thus expose the copper surface. We may treat this as we have described in respect to the steel, and precipitate upon it any metal we may desire.

To operate upon platinum, that metal is covered with copper by the battery, and then the design is formed as already described. The unprotected parts of the copper are then dissolved out by nitric or any other acid, and the varnish being removed, any process of ornamentation, by amalgamation or otherwise, can be applied.

To operate on silver the processes are modified. First, there is deposited on the silver surface a triple metallic coating—copper, then iron, and then again a coating of copper. This is done by the magneto-electric machine. Produce by photographic processes, or otherwise, the reserves on this, the last coat of copper; and then destroy in succession the unreserved parts of the superposed metals, so that the iron, which presents itself on the removal of the upper coat, prevents the mercury from adhering to the first copper or silver surface during the amalgamation. The iron is subsequently removed by any suitable solvent. The object of interposing the iron between the two copper surfaces is to facilitate and shorten the operation, by limiting the employment of the reserves to the surfaces to be gilded or ornamented. This object is effectually attained by the agency of chromic acid, which readily dissolves the copper, without at all interfering with the iron.

Instead of employing an interposed coating of iron between the two coats of copper, there may be employed, and in many cases more advantageously, a surface of nickel or antimony, which are readily acted on by chromic acid. The last surface of the copper may be removed by an ammoniacal solution, which has the advantage of leaving the silver untouched.

It will be seen that this invention involves the agency of electricity, light, and chemical affinity. It is surprising how greatly these processes can be varied, and what an infinite number of beautiful effects can be produced. To all who are acquainted with the electrotype and the photographic processes, it will be evident at once that they are here combined in practice, with much apparent advantage. We are enabled to produce the most complicated arabesques and designs in a variety of metals. Upon the same tablet we may have steel, copper, platinum, gold, and silver, in any thickness we please. For such purposes as these, the electricity of the magneto-electric machine, being of higher intensity than that of the battery, is found to be the most effective. We regard this as a step in advance, in the direction of employing the physical powers of nature for the purposes of Art-decoration. By the agency of the sun-beam and electricity we have already several beautiful and useful processes; this process of Dufresne is another added to the list, and we expect ere long to see it become of general application.

ROBERT HUNT.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

ALNWICK.—A window of stained glass to the memory of Hugh, the late Duke of Northumberland, has recently been placed in St. Paul's Church, Alnwick, an edifice erected and endowed, at a cost of nearly £20,000, by his grace. The window was designed by Mr. Dyce, R.A., and executed at the Royal Manufactory at Munich, under the direction of Professor Ainmüller. The subject of the design is the preaching of the Apostles Paul and Barnabas, at Antioch; it occupies the five lower lights of the window, the tracery lights being entirely filled with ornamental patterns. The scene is represented as taking place within a recess or shrine of Gothic architecture, the back of which is pierced with windows, through which the blue sky appears; the front is open, with the exception of an overhanging, flat-fronted canopy of delicate workmanship which terminates the upper part of the composition, and the base of the canopy, which terminates the lower part of the window, and upon which are represented the family coat-of-arms of the Percy family, and the arms of the several baronies to which the duke was entitled, as well as the following inscription:—"In the year 1856 this window was placed, by public subscription, to the much-valued memory of Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland." The principal group occupies the centre light; the two apostles stand upon the raised step of a throne, or canopied chair of state, and are in the act of addressing the unbelieving Jews, who are grouped together on their left, some seated on a bench on the foreground, others standing in various attitudes behind. On the right of the Apostles is a group of male and female figures, and from their expressive countenances, while listening to the preaching of Paul and Barnabas, who are directing the attention of the others to them, it is easy to perceive they are converts to the new religion. The window, both in design and execution, is considered a very fine example of the art of glass-painting.

LOWESTOFF.—Somerleyton Hall, the new mansion recently erected by Sir Morton Peto near this town, contains some excellent specimens of modern wood-carving, in the style of the period of James I.: the library is entirely lined with carved oak, the whole of which was, we understand, designed and executed by Mr. J. M. Willcox, of Warwick; the furniture in that apartment, as well as that in the drawing-room, boudoir, &c., was also executed by him.

WORCESTER.—The number of pictures, &c., recently exhibited in the Gallery of the Worcester Society of Arts was four hundred and thirty-one, including paintings by Creswick, E. W. Cooke, Frith, Hollins, Davidson, Peel, Havell, Callow, Boddington, H. Dawson, Duffield, Noble, Mrs. Oliver, &c., &c. The sales were comparatively few in proportion to the number exhibited, yet sufficient to inspire hope for the future. Thirty-four pictures found purchasers, realising upwards of £580.

THE FRUIT-GATHERER.

FROM THE STATUE BY E. WOLFF.

AMONG the foreign sculptures exhibited in the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, are several by E. Wolff, a distinguished German sculptor: we will briefly refer to them. They consist of—"Telephus suckled by a Hind," a group smaller than life-size, the original of which was executed for the King of Prussia; a life-size statue of a "Nereide," or rather of a nymph, fishing—she is reclining on the sea-shore, with some shell-fish near her; a small life-size statue, entitled "Winter," who is symbolised by a boy, dressed in a lion's skin, and holding in his hand a cone of the fir-tree, with which the Italians light their fires; "Diana," standing and resting on her bow, also small life-size; "A young girl in German costume, with a lamb;" and "The Fruit-Gatherer," that forms the subject of the engraving. This statue, which is executed in what is generally called the "ornamental" style, is a bold and well-designed composition. The form and limbs of the figure are not modelled from the figure of a Greek Venus, graceful in outline, and delicate in expression; they are those of one who has laboured in the vineyards of Italy, aiding to pluck and gather in the purple fruits of the vintage; her limbs are strong and vigorous, yet not masculine. The sculptor has placed her in a picturesque, natural attitude, as if stopping to rest for an instant; but much of the "repose" of the figure, and its "breadth" of effect is lessened by the multitude of lines into which the sculptor has thrown the drapery. On the other hand, such a treatment rather assists the florid and ornamental character in which the statue is designed.

Emile Wolff was born at Berlin in 1802; he studied first under J. G. Schadow, director of the Berlin Academy, and afterwards went to Rome, where he had the advantage of attending the *atelier* of Thorwaldsen. Since the death of Rudolph Schadow, in 1822, Wolff has occupied the studio of that sculptor in Rome, where, under the direction of Thorwaldsen, he completed Schadow's last great work, left unfinished, "Achilles defending the body of Penthesilea." He was also entrusted with the execution of the marble monument erected to the memory of Schadow, in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, Rome. On a bas-relief, in front of the monument, Schadow is represented standing before his unfinished statue of "*La Noueuse de Sandale:*" the angel of death arrests him at his work, while Fame places on his head a crown of laurel. The composition is fine, though it exhibits much of that ultra-poetical feeling we so frequently meet with in foreign monumental sculpture.

Several of Wolff's principal works we have pointed out already; others, deserving of especial mention, are the following:—In the possession of the King of Prussia is a "Sportsman." In the same collection is a "Shepherd" playing the flute as he rests against a tree; his dog lies by his side. A *replica* of this group is, we have heard, in the possession of a gentleman in England, a Mr. Douglas. His Prussian majesty was also the purchaser of Wolff's "Fisherman," a nude figure, holding a line in one hand and a fish in the other.

At the country mansion of the Prince Royal of Prussia, Charlottenhof, near Potsdam, is a charming group of "Thebe and Ganymede."

There are two statues by this sculptor, we are informed by Raczynski, in his "*L'Art Moderne en Allemagne*," in the possession of an English gentleman, Mr. R. Holt. One is an "Armed Warrior," the other a "Huntsman holding back his Dog." Wolff, we may remark, is distinguished for his clever sculptures of animals. For the Countess Wielhorski he executed a "Thetis seated upon a Dolphin, with the arms of Achilles;" and, in 1837, a fine group, the destination of which we have not learned, representing a "Wounded Amazon leaning on the shoulder of another female warrior." A "Pandora" may also be mentioned as among his best works.

In 1841 Wolff was in England, and obtained the patronage of the Queen and the Prince. He executed a statue of the latter in the costume of a Greek warrior.



THE FRUIT-GATHERER

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY E. WOOD

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

THE OLD CHURCH OF TRINITY COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

The Town Council of the "modern Athens" have been justifying the right of their city to its self-assumed title after a fashion which, as regards the taste, is borrowed from the Vandal, and, as regards the morality, from the Carthaginian. Luckily, there is a protesting element among the people, which affords some prospect that the matter in dispute may yet be redressed in the interests at once of Art and of good faith.—The old church of Trinity College, in Edinburgh, was founded about the middle of the fifteenth century by Mary of Gueldres, the widow of the Scottish monarch James II. It is one of the most remarkable fabrics in Scotland, and dear to the antiquarian heart as nearly the only surviving specimen of the Scoto-French development of Gothic architecture which that kingdom affords. Well, the great modern iconoclast, our readers know, is the Iron Horse. The grass will not grow where its hoof of fire has been, and column and fane go down before the rush of its headlong career. One day, it will ride down St. Peter's itself, unless St. Peter's successor will open up a pathway for it to go round. Coming through the Calton tunnel, some years ago, the Iron Horse found the old college church standing right in its way. Then, poured down the wise men of the northern Athens,—the priests of Art, and the worshippers of the picturesque,—and in the name of Mary of Gueldres they exorcised the Iron Horse. In plain language, the North British Railway entered into negotiation; and the then Lord Provost, Mr. Black, intrusted with the city interests in the British Parliament, of which he was a member, accepted a compromise in the matter. Seeing that the impatient monster, who stood pawing by, would fairly bury the old church beneath his tread, if the latter were allowed to stand where it then did, and *he* came in upon a higher level, it was agreed between the parties, that the railway company should remove and rebuild the church on a convenient site, as near as might be to the site on which it then stood, and on the model of the ancient monument,—or, as an alternative, that the magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh should accept a sum of money from the company as compensation, and take the rebuilding on themselves. In pursuance of this agreement the railway company, in due time, presented plans for a new church, at a cost of £16,371; and these plans, we beg our readers particularly to observe, the Council opposed, chiefly on the ground that *they were not a restoration of the ancient edifice*. So, the above sum was, then, offered in money, instead of the plans, and was accepted on behalf of the city of Edinburgh,—the church was taken down in 1848, and, its restoration being still kept in view, the stones which composed it were carried to the slope of the Calton Hill, and there left to await their place in the reconstruction. Delays and disappointments have since succeeded one another in the matter of procuring a fitting site; and now, at this distance of time, a new Town Council have arisen,—to whose proceedings we desire very particularly to call the attention of our readers. First, let us observe, Mr. Black distinctly informs this Council, that he rested his case for compromise and compensation before the parliamentary committee on the ground of restoration alone:—and let us observe, also, that a sum exceeding £16,000 was far beyond what would have been needed for the erection of an ordinary church, and was paid with a direct view to the reconstruction of the old edifice of Mary of Gueldres. And avowedly, as we have seen, because the plans offered instead *were not such reconstruction*. What do our readers think, then, of a Town Council who now declare, that, having got this large sum of money into their hands for a specific purpose, they consider themselves at perfect liberty to apply it to another,—that, having increased the compensation on the ground of restoration, they are under no obligation to restore! The conditions of their trust they affirm to be satisfied when they shall have built a "suitable church" for the parish where and at what price they will. Let the old monument perish as a fact:—it did its work as a pretence when it extorted a few thousands more from the railway company!—The members of the Society of Antiquaries protest,—the bar protests,—the men who represent literature, Art, and taste in general, in the metropolis of the north protest. A public meeting resolves, that "the rebuilding of the church in strict accordance with the original model was not only desirable on grounds of Art and history, but was imperatively demanded by the obligations of public faith." In vain! Vainly does Colonel Mure plead for the true model, as an old relic,—vainly does Mr. Robert Chambers, with a shrewd apprehension of civic susceptibility, insist on the *advantage* of preserving to Edinburgh the elements of its beauty and *attraction*,—vainly does Mr. Black affirm, that "he could no more have thought of not restoring the church with the money than he could have thought of not paying an honest debt." Certain it is, that if Edinburgh be the modern Athens, the present Lord Provost is not Pericles. The old church of Trinity College is lost to its Acropolis, unless the law courts shall come in aid of the Scotch Minerva, or the British Parliament, before whom the matter will in all probability be brought, shall give now an explicit and authoritative interpretation of its own previous oracle.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—On the 12th of December the members of the Royal Academy met for the election of an academician in the place of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, and filled up the vacancy with the well-known name of Mr. Alfred Elmore. The contest lay principally between that gentleman, Mr. Frederick Richard Pickersgill, and Mr. Sydney Smirke; though a few scattered votes were given to men whom this Academy seems unaccountably to have left behind,—and some to men whose claims are yet comparatively young, and who can well afford to wait. Mr. Elmore's election to their full honours by his academic brethren is one which the public voice will very cordially ratify. It is probable that his fine picture in the last year's exhibition—"The Emperor Charles V. at Yuste"—had much to do in determining the present contest in his favour against such competitors.

The Royal Academy has, we hear, adopted, through the Council, the following resolutions:—"That with a view to the instruction of students, lectures may be given in the Royal Academy, by the members, irrespective of the professorships. That such instruction may comprehend, not only painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also engraving, and such other subjects as, when submitted to the Council, may be deemed by them desirable. That such instruction may consist of short courses, or even of single lectures, to suit the convenience of members. That members, including associates of the Royal Academy, and honorary members, on testifying their wish to the council, may, with the sanction of the council, be authorised to give lectures accordingly." This is another step—the election of engravers into full membership was the first—towards that change in the laws and constitution of the Royal Academy which the artists of the country, and the public, too, have so long required. We shall look with some degree of anxiety and curiosity to ascertain what use will be made of the privilege now granted, and who among the members and associates will step forward as a voluntary and gratuitous Art-teacher.

The "Varnishing Days" at the Royal Academy.—We have learned with great regret, and certainly not without some surprise, that an attempt is making within the body of the Royal Academy to restore to the academicians the most obnoxious of all the privileges which, for so long a series of years, they exercised under the diploma,—that of painting on their pictures after they were hung in the place of exhibition. The rule under which this injustice—so unworthy of the rank and character, and in most instances, let us add, the talent of those who benefited by it—was perpetrated, was as follows:—"Three days or more, according to the convenience of the arrangement, and the discretion of the Council, shall be allowed to all the members of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of varnishing or painting on their pictures, in the places which have been allotted to them, previous to the day appointed for the annual dinner in the Exhibition Room." When, a few months ago, we offered a somewhat lengthened comment on the defective constitutions of the Royal Academy, and the abuses which had grown up under them, we purposely abstained from all allusion to this offensive rule and practice, because the academicians themselves had not long before made a voluntary surrender of so unhandsome an advantage over their brother artists, and it seemed to us ungenerous to refer to a wrong, however long persisted in, which had at length been redeemed by an act of grace. We desire to use no harsher terms in reference to this academic privilege than we have heard applied to it by academicians themselves. There were many of the body who sat uneasily for years under a prerogative which, while it inflicted a wrong on others too glaring for the public to overlook, lent itself to a world of epigram against themselves. If the pictures of the Royal Academicians could not be made to show advantageously on the walls of the Academy without this process of naturalisation, what could be thought of the men who kept the process for themselves, and left their brethren to the disadvantage from which *they* thus, in the matter of their own works, escaped? What could be said for those who, being the strong on the authority of the diploma, compelled those who by the inference of its absence were comparatively the weak, thus to carry weight in the race for fame and for bread. Practically, the wrong was a double one. The academician who painted up his own picture, usually painted down his neighbour's. The original defect of tone in both works became increased in the one by the means taken in the other to redeem it. The academician's *plus* was the non-academician's *minus*. The legends of the varnishing days are many of them sad, some ludicrous, and none to the credit of the Academy. The attempt to revive so unquestionable an abuse, just at the moment when public attention is likely to be particularly directed to the doings of this Academic body, is singularly injudicious; and we hope—and, indeed, scarcely doubt—that the Council, to whom, for the present, the matter is referred, will deal with it in that higher spirit which so recently resigned the privilege. If it be found that it is really desirable, for the gain at once of the artist and of the public, that the former should have the opportunity of touching on his picture with reference to the accidents of its place, then, we trust that arrangements will be made for extending the opportunity to all. Either way, there *must* be equality in this matter. Those of the academicians who felt strongly, before, that the privilege could not be retained, will surely think with us, now, that it cannot be restored.

The Houses of Parliament.—Another statue, that of the Earl of Chatham, by Mr. MacDowell, R.A., has recently been added to the number of similar works which stand, like watchful sentinels over the laws and constitution of the British empire, in the grand entrance of the Houses of Parliament. The figure of the illustrious statesman is a fine example of portrait-sculpture, dignified in its action, and truthful as a likeness. This makes the tenth statue, if we mistake not, which has reached its final destination; two more are to follow, those of Burke and Grattan, whose impassioned speeches shed such brilliancy over the senatorial debates in the lower house, in an age when parliamentary eloquence was the rule and not the exception.

The Statue of the Late Lord Hardinge, the work of Mr. J. H. Foley, A.R.A., is now completed, and will, ere long, be forwarded to its destination at Calcutta. The members of the United Service Club are about to have a meeting to consider a proposal for erecting a "replica" of the statue in some conspicuous part of the metropolis.

Photography.—We have examined a series of landscape photographs by Mr. Henry White, which for delicacy of detail, choice of subject, and artistic taste and feeling, surpass all that we have yet seen in this way. They comprise sketches of wood and water, distance and foreground, studies of foliage and river scenery, which cannot fail to charm the amateur of this delightful art, and to the artist must be invaluable, bringing as they do Nature herself in her most beautiful and varied forms into his studio—depicted, too, with such fidelity, minuteness of detail, and accuracy of drawing, as the graver can never hope to equal. This may be especially remarked of the studies of ferns and brambles, corn, and other natural objects. Mr. White obtained for some of these works a first-class medal at the Paris

Universal Exposition, in 1855; and we are happy to see that he has again obtained the highest prize—a medal with special mention—at the late Universal Exhibition of Photography at Brussels, where, among upwards of one hundred photographers of all nations, only seven obtained this high distinction, two of whom were our countrymen, Mr. Fenton and Mr. White, whose landscapes are placed by the reviews of that Exhibition—lately published in the bulletin of the French Photographie Society, and in the *Cosmos* of October last—at the head of all English landscapes, which they, at the same time, admit to surpass those of all other countries.

The British Museum has recently received some interesting accessions of antiquities, found in the Crimea during its occupation by our armies. These objects consist of Greeian vases of various shapes, material, and colour, sculptured figures, and fragments of monumental decorations, the latter being chiefly flowered ornaments carved in wood, sculptures in ivory, and wall-paintings rich in colour. The Roman antiquities consist of numerous glass vessels; while some objects of Anglo-Saxon date and workmanship show, as a contemporary remarks, "that in remote times our ancestors had habitations on the same spots which have been occupied by our troops during the recent war."

Mayall's Ivory Photographs.—The want of a tablet for photographic pictures, which should be, at least, equally as absorbent as paper, and free from those inequalities and impurities which are such constant sources of annoyance to the photographer, has long been felt. Mr. Mayall appears to have succeeded in producing a surface possessing all the required qualities—perfect whiteness, uniformity of absorption, and chemical purity. This well-known photographic artist has very properly used the term ivory to express the character of the surface upon which he now produces his pictures. Except ivory itself, we do not think a more beautiful medium could be produced. It appears to be composed of barytes and albumen; and this, when solid, is well rubbed down and polished. The photographic portraits which are printed upon this surface are in themselves remarkably fine productions. It is, however, the purpose of Mr. Mayall that all this class of picture should be finished by the hand of the artist. We have examined several portraits, which possess the highest degree of finish—being, indeed, in scarcely any respect inferior to ivory miniatures of the highest class. These are produced at one-fifth the cost of the work of the miniature-painter—the sun, by one impulse, works in all the beautiful and minute details, so that a wash of transparent colour from the artist's hands is all that is required to produce these truly beautiful pictures. Beyond these points of excellence we were much pleased with the artistic and picturesque arrangement of Mr. Mayall's figures, each one of which was evidently a careful study. In the place of the cold and formal daguerreotype portrait which used to perplex us, we may now possess portraits of our friends which are truly artistic productions, pleasing in whatever light they may be viewed, and truthful beyond the artist's power.

Wallace and Hume Memorials.—We have seen in a Dundee paper, and quoted in some of the London journals, a notice that the sums subscribed for these monuments have only reached, in the one case £2000, and in the other £1300—indicating them as failures, and thence taking occasion to say that we attempt too many public memorials of this nature! Why any one can be so "superfluous" to use our old friend Falstaff's expression, as thus to check the encouragement of a noble Art inadequately fostered as yet in this country, and also akin to the records of literature, we cannot imagine. Government, through its board of trade, applies several tens of thousands a year in direct efforts to inculcate public taste, and promote its spread; but these costly endeavours were worse than vain, if no eventual high rewards are to be held out; and, it must ever be remembered that the highest classes of Art *must* be encouraged, or we can never hope to pull up to their due level the lower, though wider spread, grade of ornament. We are the more surprised at the remark, as it bears on its face its own refutation. £2000 is quite enough for a fine bronze statue of the Scottish Hero; and in the case of Hume, what could be a more fitting memorial to him than a marble statue in the Houses of Parliament, the scene of his honourable labours; and why should it cost more than the seven foot statues in St. Stephen's Hall already erected at a cost of £1,000 each? What could his nearest friends and chief admirers desire more fitting than this; and, supposing the fund reached no more than the sum quoted by our contemporary, does not that leave £300 surplus for extras? We do not, as we have said, understand the animus that has dictated the remark to which we allude, but we are glad to perceive that it is calculated to bear different fruits from those contemplated, and rather to encourage than repress public monuments to the good, the wise, and the great; inasmuch as it might well be said, if such worthy consummations are the results of failure, what would be accomplished by a success?

The Art-Treasures Exhibition.—The interest of this great undertaking increases from day to day: there is absolutely a glut of Art-treasures; and the Committee will now have to encounter the irksome duty of selection, for the building cannot contain half the proffered contributions. The new appointments are very judicious: Mr. Delamotte undertakes the task of selecting and arranging Photographs; and Mr. Holmes, barrister, will select and arrange the Engravings, assisted by Messrs. Smith and others. The Royal Academy has decided on lending some of the diploma pictures—another departure from "rule" which does credit to that body. The Committee are indefatigable in their exertions, and are getting satisfactorily through their herculean labours.

Baron Marochetti, whom, we presume, may be designated the "Court Sculptor," has completed, and erected in St. Thomas's Church, Newport, Isle of Wight, the monument to the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. The monument was a commission from the Queen; it represents the figure of a young female reclining in a kind of recess, the head resting on an open Bible, which forms its pillow. The princess died in Carisbrook Castle, in 1640, and was buried beneath the chancel of the church in which the tomb is erected.

Wall Cloth Hangings.—Mr. Joseph Adshead, of Manchester, has patented what is described as a durable and economical substitute for plastering, papering, painting, &c., called "Anti-moisture Cloth," to supersede ordinary paper-hanging, &c. The material is in imitation of woods, marbles, &c., and also flower-groups; and several examples of it are placed in one of the rooms of the Mechanics' Institution. The imitations of the woods include most of the kinds known in this country, with specimens of granite, painting, marble, &c. The surface is varnished, and can be cleaned even with hot water without injury. The cloth is a warm fabric, and of fine quality, and, as a cloth-hanging, appears to be admirably adapted for all the purposes of house decoration, and peculiarly suited for the panelling and ornamentation of public buildings, &c. The extra cost of the material is by no means considerable, while the advantages are obvious. The invention is, indeed, a near approach to the ancient tapestry, for the material is capable of receiving any amount of art. The specimens shown at the inauguration of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution were of great merit, and attracted general attention; but since then several important improvements have been introduced; and although not yet perfected, the invention already holds a high place in public favour. We shall probably be enabled to furnish a more detailed report on this subject at no distant period.

The Plays at Tavistock House.—It has been made known by the public press that Mr. Charles Dickens has been receiving "company" at his residence, and has been there entertaining them by the representation of plays, in which he acts the leading characters. A drama of very great excellence, entitled "The Frozen Deep," was written by Mr. Wilkie Collins expressly for these occasions; and it is unnecessary to say the audience—exclusively the friends and acquaintances of the great and popular author—were gratified to an extent inconceivable by those who were not of the invited. The invitations, however, were very numerous—on each of four evenings the guests numbered nearly 150, including a very large proportion of the men and women of "mark" who are the "celebrities" of the age and country—statesmen, judges, artists, men of science, poets, and authors of all classes. To meet such an assembly was, in itself, a rare intellectual treat. Much of the scenery was painted by Mr. Stanfield, and the "*mise en scene*" was as perfect as we can imagine it to be in a private house. The dramatic powers of Mr. Charles Dickens have been the theme of frequent comment; they are unquestionably of the very highest order; there can be no doubt that if he had been an actor he would have been as truly great as he is in that higher and more enduring art of which he is the leading professor in modern times. This is saying much, but not too much. We can conceive nothing finer than his performance of the part allotted to him in Wilkie Collins's play. There were other parts—those, especially, that were sustained by Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Augustus Egg—of rare excellence; and, altogether, an evening more agreeable, more intellectual, or more entirely instructive it would be impossible to pass under any roof, public or private.

A Sale of Drawings took place last month at the rooms of Messrs. Foster: the principal were:—"The Gallant Act," Stanfield, 25 guineas; "Grapes," W. Hunt, 31 guineas; "Newark Castle," Cattermole, 15 guineas; a pair by J. D. Harding—"Aurillac" and "Bologna," 30 guineas; "Shooting Pony and Dogs," F. Tayler, 32 guineas; "The Rustic Toilet," P. F. Poole, 28 guineas; "Grapes, Plums, &c.," W. Hunt, 57 guineas; six tinted drawings, by Turner, from Dr. Munro's Collection, £27 8*s.*; and, lastly, Turner's "Windermere," engraved; this, after an eager competition, was knocked down to Mr. Gambart for 255 guineas—about one fourth of the entire sum realised by the whole collection. With the exception of this work, and Hunt's "Grapes, Plums, &c.," the drawings seem to have realised an unusually small sum.

Mr. W. Simpson, whose pictures of the recent war have become universally known, has been commissioned by the Queen to paint a picture of the visit of her Majesty to the Arctic ship, the *Resolute*, to receive the courteous gift of the American government. Permission has been accorded for an engraving to be executed from the painting.

Hampstead Conversazione.—These agreeable *reunions* recommenced for the season on January 21st, after our sheets were closed for press. If we may be permitted to judge of the future from the past, we augur that the subscribers and visitors may anticipate exceeding gratification from what the committee will provide for their inspection. These "Evenings at Hamptead" are well supported by the numerous artists and amateurs resident in the vicinity.

The Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione holds its first meeting for the season on the 5th of the month, at Willis's Rooms. Four meetings are arranged for, to take place respectively on the first Thursday of each month, commencing with the present. This Society includes among its members many names of good repute in our circles of Art, and of amateurs of scarcely inferior talent: its president is Mr. J. D. Harding. An annual subscription of one guinea for each season qualifies for membership. We ought also to add that ladies are very properly admitted into the society as members.

The Foundling Hospital.—Mr. Calder Marshall's statue of Captain Coram, the founder of this institution, has recently been placed at the entrance-gates, in Guildford Street; the funds for the work were raised by public subscription. Hogarth's portrait of the benevolent seaman has furnished the sculptor with a model for the head and features: the work well sustains the reputation of Mr. Marshall.

The Earl of Suffolk's Pictures.—No clue has been obtained to unravel this mystery: we are therefore inclined to think the proper steps have not been taken to discover the thief—a liberal reward to an efficient "detective" would surely have traced the lost treasures to any part of the globe. It is probable they have been painted over in distemper, with a view to their exportation: but they can be valuable only when their value is made known; and although they may be out of sight, cannot be "out of reach." It is the opinion of those who know something of such "doings," that Lord Suffolk's pictures have found their way into Russia, a sure market for good ancient pictures. A correspondent—"H. Clark, M.D."—suggests that of all fine pictures in private collections photographic copies should be made, inasmuch as successful thefts would then be much more difficult.

REVIEWS.

THE GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT. By OWEN JONES. Illustrated by Examples from various Styles of Ornament. Drawn on Stone by F. BEDFORD. Printed in Colours and published by DAY & SONS, London.

On looking over this work, the concluding parts of which, with the explanatory text, have just reached us, we are almost astounded at what the artists and publishers have accomplished. Such a publication would have been considered, not many years ago, the labour of a life, and the project of a Lorenzo de Medicis, or some other powerful and liberal patron of the Arts. But to produce one hundred folio plates, each containing several subjects—in some instances twenty, thirty, and even more, the whole three thousand in number, and all full of delicate and intricate details, coloured, too, with the utmost brilliancy and delicacy,—to effect this within the short space of one year is a marvel, as it is also a sign of the enterprising spirit that actuates the producing classes of the day, from the capitalist and master down to the lowest "hand" he employs. Having explained the character and nature of Mr. Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament" towards the close of the last year, it seems only necessary now that we announce its completion, with the remark that a more valuable publication for the instruction and gratification of the man of taste, and for the use of all engaged in ornamental work of every kind, has never been put forth in any age or country. A few words are, however, due to those who have aided Mr. Jones in his gigantic and laborious undertaking, and have enabled him to bring it to so successful a termination. In the formation of the Egyptian collection, he was assisted by Mr. J. Bonomi and Mr. J. Wild, the latter gentleman contributing also the materials for the Arabian collection. For the plate of stained glass he was indebted to Mr. T. T. Bury; from Mr. C. J. Richardson the principal portion of the materials of the Elizabethan collection was obtained; those of the Byzantine collection were contributed by Mr. J. B. Waring, who also wrote the valuable essays on Byzantine and Elizabethan ornament. Mr. J. O. Westwood assisted in the Celtic collection, and wrote the interesting history and exposition of the style. Mr. C. Dresser, a contributor to the columns of the *Art-Journal*, provided the plate that exhibits the geometrical arrangement of natural flowers. Mr. Digby Wyatt is the author of the essays on the ornament of the Renaissance and the Italian periods. The drawings, not hitherto mentioned, were chiefly executed by Mr. Jones's pupils, Messrs. A. Warren and C. Aubert, who, with Mr. Stubbs, reduced the whole of the original drawings, and prepared them for publication. To Mr. Bedford and his assistants—Messrs. H. Fielding, W. R. Tymms, A. Warren, and S. Sedgfield—was assigned the onerous and most important task of reproducing the drawings upon the stone; how well it has been executed the publication itself will testify. And, lastly, Messrs. Day and Son are entitled to no small commendation for the manner in which they have performed their duties as printers. None but a large establishment conducted with vigilance, care, and attention could have accomplished a work of such magnitude and beauty—one as well adapted for the library and drawing-room table as for the studio of the ornamentist; in truth, we cannot imagine a few hours more agreeably passed than in the examination of its multitudinous and varied examples of Decorative Art.

NOTES ON THE TURNER GALLERY. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The first impression made by the Turner bequest upon its proprietors, the public, is by no means favourable, principally from the fact that they are hidden rather than exhibited in Marlborough House. Nevertheless, and invisible though they be, much has been written and said about them. From Mr. Ruskin's prolonged silence, we expected a volume from him on the subject of the Turner bequest—but we have only a *brochure*. In a few prefatory observations, the writer assigns four periods to Turner's career of art—but these refinements of distinction are by no means easily determinable. In the artist's earlier time, everything he did had more or less relation to the contemporary English school; this is more observable in his water-colour than his oil-pictures; and when he departed from this affinity everything was transitional, approaching nearer and nearer to that style of Art which was his own only. Every painter who ceases to be a student becomes a hopeless mannerist. We cannot think that Turner ever ceased to look at Claude; but it is very probable that in age his physical powers of constraining nature, as they did also in earlier years, failed him. We hear continually of artists who "do not paint so well as they did." These have either ceased to be guided by nature, or there is some physical defection to account for the failure. Mr. Ruskin notices the works in their chronological order, commencing with the "Moonlight, a Study at Milbank," then succeeds "View in Wales" (1800), "View on Clapham Common" (1802), "Jason" (1802). Of the "Shipwreck" the writer says—"The sea painting in both this and 'The Calais Pier' is much over-rated. It is wonderful in rendering action of wave; but neither the lustre of surface nor nature of the foam—still less of the spray—are marked satisfactorily. Through his whole life, Turner's drawings of large waves left them deficient of lustre and liquidity; and this was the more singular because, in calm or rippled water, no one ever rendered lustre or clearness so carefully." It is not fair inference that reflection is wanting in such a picture as this, because it is abundantly found in his still water. Now the colour, and light, and shade of still water is all reflection, but in water violently agitated broad reflection is superseded by form. "In the Goddess of Discord in the Gardens of the Hesperides," Turner breaks new ground; having visited Switzerland, he introduces into this picture his impressions of that country. We find him, therefore, painting (1802-3) "Bonneville, Savoy, with Mont-Blanc," "The Chateau de St. Michel, Savoy," "Glacier and Source of the Arveren," &c. "The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire" is not favourably spoken of; it is certainly an anomalous work, but yet possesses many beauties, and like so many others of Turner's works that may be objectionable in colour, would tell effectively in black and white. In speaking of "The Bay of Baiæ," Mr. Ruskin says—"The colour of this picture, take it all in all, is unsatisfactory; the brown demon is not quite exorcised; and although, if the foliage of the foreground be closely examined, it will be found full of various hue, the greens are still too subdued." This picture was painted in 1823, and in this brown colour which is here spoken of is nothing more than that qualification of burnt sienna or burnt umber which was used by all the painters of that time: the recognition of any grey earth in a foreground at that time was a foul heresy. Pictures successively dwelt on are—"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (1829), "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Apollo and Daphne," "Phryne going to the Bath," "Agrippina," "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Venice, the Bridge of Sighs," "The Exile and the Rock Limpet," &c. Of the "Fighting Téméraire," it is observed—"Of all the pictures of subjects not involving human pain this is the most pathetic that was ever painted." Our notice of these criticisms is necessarily too brief; but we cannot close it without saying that it is as powerfully written as anything its author has ever put forth, and the spirit of the criticism is the most just and genial that has ever animated Mr. Ruskin's writings.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA: 1st & 2nd Series. From the Drawings of JOHN SIMPSON. COLNAGHI & Co., London.

These two volumes are of the deepest interest to all who hold dear the honour and glory of Great Britain. Dismal as the story is, the war in the Crimea may be referred to with national pride: our soldiers and sailors did their "duty" there as everywhere; but there especially it was discharged under discouragements and disasters that would have crushed the spirit of any other army of the world. Its memory, therefore, will always be a retrospect of glory and shame. Those who examine these books will do so with a mingled sensation of sorrow and joy. The letter-press descriptions are gathered for the most part from the written accounts of Mr. Woods, published in the *Morning Herald*, and those of Mr. Russell, the "famous" correspondent of the *Times*. To these gentlemen the country owes much: think what a rich treasure would have been gathered for us from the bloody fields of Spain, if there had been writers so active, intelligent, and enlightened, to follow the march of our armies in the Peninsula—following to observe. The lithographic drawings of Mr. Simpson are well known: these volumes are formed of reduced copies, convenient in size, and sufficiently large to convey accurate notions of the several pictured details. There are no less than forty prints, and the subjects are so varied as to present all the leading incidents of the war. The artist has obtained a reputation high among the highest—not alone for his professional skill, but for the bold, daring, and resolute courage he displayed in the prosecution of the important task he had undertaken; he was literally everywhere;—no peril alarmed him; no difficulty discouraged; the point of danger seemed ever to be the point most attractive. If to the authors we owe much, our debt is even larger to the artist, who has given us the real where formerly we had but the ideal—facts in lieu of fancies; in short, whose pictures are histories. Messrs. Colnaghi have therefore issued two volumes that cannot fail to achieve extensive popularity.

THE BOOK OF JOB. Illustrated with Fifty Engravings, from Drawings by JOHN GILBERT. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

In the search which for some years past has been made for writings suited to form illustrated volumes, it has seemed surprising that the book of Job should so long have escaped the attention of publishers; perhaps, however, they have considered, that as it forms a portion of the sacred writings, it would attain a less degree of popularity than a work of pure fiction. And yet what a treasure-house of rich pictorial matters does this grand poem contain!—a poem which, whatever a man's religious creed or belief may be, must, if he can appreciate sublimity of thought and eloquence of expression, win his highest admiration. "It sets before us," says the writer of the preface to this edition, "pictures wonderfully vivid of the husbandman, the warrior, the traveller, the sportsman, the stately magnate, and the starving outcast of that departed era. And, not to mention that it contains some of the most magnificent descriptions of natural objects and phenomena to be found in any language, we must search its page in order to find the earliest forms of those sublime and beautiful images which delight us in the poems of our own day; and in which Job anticipated by many ages Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles."

Whether Job was a real personage, which some writers have denied, though he is affirmed to be such by the far larger number of commentators, and among these the most learned and orthodox, all agree in pronouncing the book which treats of him as the most ancient poem on record. The chronology of the Bible dates the trials of the patriarch about the year 1520 before the Christian era, or about thirty years before Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. But from the absence of any allusion to great historical events which happened in the vicinity of Job's country, Idumæa,—such as the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, and which it is presumed Job would scarcely have passed over, had those events occurred during his early lifetime, or anterior to it,—many writers conjecture the poem was composed before Abraham undertook his journey into Canaan. The authorship of the work, as well as its date, has given rise to much curious speculation: the latter we believe to be, inferentially, more easily determinable than the former; but either, or both, are of little comparative importance; it is sufficient that in it the Christian world possesses the noblest poem that was ever penned; and that "while the memorable records of antiquity have mouldered from the rock, the prophetic assurance and sentiments of Job are graven in scriptures that no time shall alter, no changes shall efface."

With so vast a fund of pictorial matter at the command of the artist, Mr. Gilbert's most difficult task must have been that of selection. The fifty subjects he has chosen might be enlarged to five hundred without exhausting the materials; but the examples he has taken are judiciously made, both as to interest and variety. As a figure draughtsman Mr. Gilbert is too well known and appreciated to require a word of commendation from us; but here he seems as much at home among the beasts of the field and the desert, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, while in landscape he would break a lance with Birket Foster; nothing, in fact, appears to be beyond the reach of his facile and elegant pencil. All is beautiful in his designs; and Messrs. Dalziel, Whymper, and Thomas, have engraved them in a way that does full justice to the artist, and great credit to their own taste and skill.

The explanatory notes and poetical parallels introduced into the volume add much to its interest, as does its outward adornment of blue and gold to its value as a gift-book. We will only add our hope to that expressed by the editor—"That some may be induced to read in the present edition this most ancient of poems who have never yet given to it what it so eminently demands, and will so richly repay, a continuous perusal."

THE COURSE OF TIME. By ROBERT POLLOK. Illustrated Edition. Published by BLACKWOOD & SONS, London and Edinburgh.

A poem which has passed through twenty editions in about thirty years has received a public verdict that places its popularity beyond doubt; such has been the case with Pollok's "Course of Time"—a work which fully merits the tribute of praise accorded to it by the general voice, though, as it has

been remarked by one of the poet's own countrymen, "it is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of the many splendid passages and images that are scattered throughout the work." It should, however, be remembered that the poem was the production of a young man—one, too, nurtured in a church whose religious tenets are peculiarly strict and unalluring; hence, perhaps, the spirit which casts a shadow of gloom over the imaginative thoughts and powerful language that are found in so many passages of the "Course of Time." Years, and a more enlarged acquaintance with the world, would probably have tended to modify his views of mankind; certainly time would have ripened his poetical genius, so that we might have seen it hereafter produce fruits of a more engaging and refined nature. It was otherwise decreed: Pollok died the same year that his poem was published, in 1827, so that he scarcely lived to hear the first blast of the trumpet of fame, which was destined to carry his name wherever his native language is spoken.

The richly-ornamented and illustrated edition now published by Messrs. Blackwood can add nothing to the poet's reputation, but it will cast a beautiful and unfading light upon many of the scenes and descriptions which his pen transcribed. The designs are by Messrs. Birket Foster, Tenniel, and J. R. Clayton, whose drawings on the wood are engraved by Messrs. Evans, Dalziel Brothers, H. N. Woods (a new name to us), and Green, who seem to have all worked in wonderful harmony of spirit and feeling.

It may appear invidious to select one of the artist-designers for especial notice where all have done so well; but we direct attention to Mr. Foster only to remark that two or three of his subjects remind us of John Martin's Miltonic compositions. We have often admired the pencil of Mr. Foster when delineating the simple and beautiful pastoral scenery of nature; it is here equally successful in its representation of the grand, the terrible, and demoniacal.

Pen and Pencil Sketches. By Thomas Hood. Hurst & Blackett, London.

"Tom Hood"—*redivivus!*—the Murillo-like boy we knew in petticoats—grown beyond boyhood—gone to college—and publishing a volume! Out upon Time! and it passes so stealthily! The poet prettily said that—

> "Noiseless falls the foot of Time—
> That only treads on flowers."

In sooth it treads as noiselessly over flints. Had this volume been very different from what it is, it would have been received cordially by press and public; the child would have been "kissed for the sake of the nurse." Tom Hood the Second would have been honoured for the sake of "Tom Hood" the First; but there is so much feeling—so much genius—in many of the fugitive pieces which both in prose and poetry fill this volume, that there is little to do except to praise; and even while we record our disapprobation of slang and smoking—we feel we are hard-hearted, because in time the author's mind will cast off, by a natural effort, the affectations which here and there vexatiously mar what, but for them, would be really beautiful. We hardly know a more powerful and exquisite sketch in the whole range of literature than the "Gatekeeper of the City of Tombs;" it is full of the gentlest feeling, blended with the kindliest sympathy and the soundest philosophy. The poems scattered here and there are bright with smiles or tears, and it is no dishonour to the father to say that many of these compositions would have done credit to the author of "The Song of a Shirt," and the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies."

Les Bons Amis. Engraved by F. Revel and A. Blanchard, from the Picture by Meissonier. Published by E. Gambart & Co., London.

This is a small print, but one of rare excellence, showing qualities of engraving that are seldom found in the Art of the present day—solidity, brilliancy, and delicacy, throughout every part of it, and all so manifest, and yet so harmonious, that it is impossible to say which quality is most attractive to the eye; the tone is perfect. *Les Bons Amis* are three respectable middle-aged men, of the *ancien regime* of France, seated at a table in the centre of an apartment, who are discussing, over their pipes and glasses, some subject which excites their close attention; one is evidently laying down a proposition to which the others listen most unabstractedly: the three heads are admirable studies—intelligent, serious, as at present engaged, and individualised in character. The original picture, which is, we believe, in the possession of the Queen, is of the old Dutch School in subject; but the occupants of the room are not boors, they are gentlemen spending a social evening together; perhaps talking over the financial schemes of Mirabeau, or the last bit of scandal from Versailles or St. Cloud. We should naturally look for this unique print in the portfolio of every collector of taste and judgment.

The Good Old Times: a Tale of Auvergne. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by Hall, Virtue & Co., London.

"The Good Old Times!" All the publications of this accomplished lady bear the impress of a high and holy mind—turned into a peculiar channel; thinking old world thoughts, and expressing them in old world language, she has made the quaint style her own; and so true and earnest is she, that the "quaintness" is entirely devoid of affectation. We will not anticipate the story, for we hope it is in everybody's hands by this time; if it has a want, it is the want of a sacrifice—but our fair author has no heart towards blood-shed; she has too great a desire to make all sects turn towards "Peace in the Lord" to show the dark side, even of persecution; she delights to make things end well, and would be positively miserable at leaving any one at the last page in trouble or perplexity: perhaps this is one of her great charms; for her warmest admirers are among the gentle and the good. We have exceedingly rejoiced to welcome her again at this happy season.

Curiosities of History. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Published by Bogue, London.

Mr. Timbs has followed up his first volume of "Things not Generally Known" by this upon our table; but *here* he has dealt with the "Curiosities of History," and we can conceive no more amusing book for the drawing-room table, or one more useful for the school-room. The author commences with a quotation from Ritson's "Polychronicon," which states that "Damascus is as much as to say, shedding of blood, for there Cain slew Abel, and hid him in the sand;" and after devoting a few pages to Sacred Writ, proceeds into Egypt, Greece, Rome, &c.; but we must protest against Mr. Timbs calling the Bible "The Sacred Story." We quite believe he intends no disrespect to the holy volume; but in the ears of the young, for instance, it might become generalised with other "tales," and suffer in its sacred character.

Library Edition of the British Poets. The Poetical Works of William Shakspere, and the Earl of Surrey. With Memoirs, Critical Dissertations, and Explanatory Notes, by the Reverend George Gilfillan. Published by J. Nichol, Edinburgh; Nisbet & Co., London.

Four years have now elapsed since the publisher of this edition of the British Poets issued the first volume; it has progressed, as originally announced, at the rate of six volumes each year; so that we are enabled by this time to form a tolerably correct opinion of the manner in which its conductors have kept faith with the public. Their avowed object was to produce a work which, for excellence of typography, quality of paper, neatness of appearance, and judicious editing, should, combined with cheapness, entitle it to the patronage of all classes: this object they have hitherto effected in a way that cannot fail to satisfy even the most fastidious. On referring to the twenty-four volumes which have now been published, we can confidently assert that, as a whole, the poets of Great Britain have never been made so accessible to the people of Great Britain, and in a form more agreeable to every kind of reader. Unencumbered by long, and too often valueless, notes—yet always of sufficient length to elucidate the meaning of any obscure passage or obsolete word,—the text is printed in a bold, clear type, so that he who runs may read. The prefaces are written by Mr. Gilfillan, with taste, judgment, and impartiality—three qualities essential to good editorship. This work deserves a circulation commensurate with the style in which it is produced, and the cheapness of its cost.

Saarbourg, near Treves, on the Moselle. —Scene in Wales. Chromolithographed by M. N. Hanhart, from Pictures by J. D. Harding. Published by E. Gambart & Co., London.

A pair of large coloured lithographs, executed, we should presume, from their bold and dashing style of handling, from sketches by Mr. Harding. Saarbourg is a picturesque scene, with a mountain torrent tumbling and boiling over its rocky bed, between piles of old buildings and precipitous banks. —The Welsh subject also shows a mountain stream, somewhat less angry however, winding its way between masses of rock, among which, on one side, tall trees have taken root and sprung upwards, while an over-shot mill, almost concealed by foliage, contributes, on the other, its scanty supply of liquid to the narrow watercourse. Both these prints are very gay in colour, the latter especially so, as the scene is lighted by a rich sunset. Framed and hanging on a wall, they would tell most effectively; they are just the kind of chromolithographs for such a purpose.

The Ocean Child: or, Showers and Sunshine. A Tale of Girlhood. By Mrs. Harriet Myrtle. Addey & Co., London.

We remember Mrs. Harriett Myrtle's "Pleasures of the Country" as one of the most charming of juvenile books. Writers do not sufficiently remember how few children in our towns and cities really know anything of country life, and that every species of information from thence must be of value, because it is a record of nature's works. We can trace the same sweet and benevolent mind in "The Ocean Child" that prompted a record of "Pleasures of the Country;" and congratulate our young friends on possessing an interesting story, fraught with the especial lessons which children ought to learn without the sensation of "being taught."

Ocean Gardens. By H. Noel Humphries. Published by Low, Son, & Co., London.

Mr. Humphries has produced a most charming little volume on the history of "Marine Aquaria," which cannot fail to be welcomed by those who bring a miniature ocean into their drawing-rooms; the illustrations are of course beautiful; and "the flowers of the sea" were never before seen to so much advantage—upon paper.

The information Mr. Humphries has drawn together is correct, and given with intelligence and simplicity; but as we anticipate a very speedy second edition for the book, we would intreat the author, for the sake of those who will seek *all* the necessary information in his pages, to be more explicit upon certain points. We know by experience that one class of those beautiful sea-creatures thrive best in deep water; another do best in very shallow pools, overhung by sea-weeds; while others, to be kept for any length of time, ought to be out of the water for an hour or more each day, and two or three times a week be slightly sprinkled with *fine* gravel. We are glad to find how vehemently Mr. Humphries insists on the use of the syringe; it can hardly be too frequently resorted to. As a rule however, we believe that all zoophytes thrive best in shallow water, particularly if they are frequently syringed.

Some of these creatures are found in greater beauty and abundance on one part of the coast than on the other, and a knowledge of their "whereabouts" is of value to the collector.

Mr. Humphries states that "artificial salt water has been found sufficient for zoophytes, but not for fish and others of the higher class of marine animals, except for a given time."

We have non-artificial water made *fourteen months ago* by Mr. Lloyd's prepared salt. We have occasionally added a little fresh water to the tank when the evaporation caused it to be required, and it is perfectly clear. It now contains, besides the usual marine plants, zoophytes and serpula; two hermit crabs and a swimming crab, who have lived there in health and prosperity for nearly three months. A wrasse enjoyed its existence for two months in the same water, and would most likely have been alive now, but for the very hot weather in July, when, owing to the tank not being properly shaded during the absence of its mistress, the water became turbid, and the fish and more delicate creatures, such as prawns, &c., died. The tank was kept in darkness, and well aerated for several days, and the water regained its present clearness.

Jessie Cameron. By the Lady Rachael Butler. Published by Blackwood & Sons, London & Edinburgh.

This "Highland Story," which introduces a new author in what may be called "domestic fiction," is replete with simple pathos and beauty. The style is well suited to the story—graceful, and free from the affectation of bending too low, as if the feelings and affections (which are altogether different from the knowledge and information) of the upper classes differed from the feelings and affections of the lower, and the pretty volume is equally free from stilt and intolerance. We hope for good as well as great things from the pen of this accomplished lady; she is one of the proofs of the sympathy felt by the rich for the poor,—a sympathy which it is the practice of a clique entirely to deny.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, March 1, 1857.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION, 1857.

THE Exhibition of this Institution was opened, as usual, early in February. The private view took place on the 7th, and the rooms were opened to the public on Monday, the 9th. There are altogether 579 works, of which fourteen are sculptural. The entire collection presents no serious essay in what is known as "high Art"—no thoughtful adventure in history; but this is not (as we have a hundred times before said) the fault of the painters, but of the public taste. We are fast approaching a period of miniature in oil; truly the smallest pictures are the best, and some of these present heart-breaking instances of microscopic manipulation; but this is the character of a majority of the works in every exhibition of the season. The subject-matter of the most carefully-wrought productions does not reach the dignity of what the dealers in, and collectors of, the elder schools call "conversation-pieces;" but enough has been said on this subject—proceed we, therefore, at once to specific instances.

No. 1. 'The Colossal Pair, Thebes,' Frank Dillon—

> "Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
> The lone and level sands stretch far away."

These are the two sedent statues of the vocal Memnon and his wife on the sandy plain of Thebes, which here rise in sullen grandeur against the twilight sky. The vast solitude deepening in gloom is very impressive, and even painful is the effort made by the eye to penetrate the mysterious distance. A living figure, to show the magnitude of the statues, would have vitiated the feeling the artist has been desirous to preserve. The skeleton of a camel, ingeniously placed at the base of the nearer statue, serves in some sort to show the size. The picture may be classed among the most admirable of modern works.

No. 2. 'Sunny Hours,' Louis Haghe. The subject is a party assembled at dessert within a large bay-window, which looks into a garden. We cannot help, of course, comparing this work with Mr. Haghe's triumphs in water-colour, and wonder that he should ever think of touching oil, standing alone as he does in the splendours of his own particular art.

No. 3. 'The Devonshire Coast,' H. Jutsum. A very ordinary section of sea-coast scenery, painted in an unbroken breadth of daylight. The nearest site is a harvest-field, which slopes downward to the shore, and the retiring passages are, on the left, the tranquil sea, and, on the right, a succession of grassy headlands, which, until the utmost distance is accomplished, succeed each other in green slopes down to high-water mark. It is highly successful in its local and aerial colour, and simplicity of daylight effect.

No. 10. 'Dutch Boats in a Calm, off Antwerp,' E. Hayes, A.R.H.A. A small picture showing principally a Dutch sailing-boat in the stream of the Scheldt, abreast of the entrance to the inner basin. The boat is drawn with elaborate minuteness.

No. 22. 'The Pet Rabbit,' R. Buckner. This is a group of portraits of the size of life—those of three children, one of whom shows the "pet rabbit." The great object of the painter is refinement, personal and characteristic.

No. 25. 'The Mountain Despot,' R. H. Roe. The despot is an eagle that is perched on a rocky peak, with a duck that he has borne to his retreat from the lake below. The picture is true to nature, and very beautifully painted; it is indeed one of the most meritorious and attractive works of the Exhibition.

No. 27. 'The Island of Murano, Venice,' G. E. Hering. This is the place where the famous glass was made, and where, we believe, the cemetery is. We see the place as if from Venice, with a solitary gondola bearing some curious stranger to the landing-place. It is not a crowded composition: there are but two principal quantities, each of which assists the other. The artist has produced many charming pictures of Italian scenery, but we think this the most elegant, chaste, and truthful version he has ever exhibited.

No. 32. 'The Landing-Place, Top-Hanè, Constantinople,' E. A. Goodall. This looks a very honest representation of a veritable locality, deriving life from numerous figures which, in costume and character are, we are certain, scrupulously accurate. The great merit of the work is such a realisation from materials really not very striking.

No. 33. 'The Molo, Venice,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. A small picture in which the line, with its buildings, runs transversely into the composition from the left, showing the library and the palace, the buildings further to the right being screened by a group of boats, on the whole skilfully managed; but we really have such a surfeit of this subject that we turn refreshed to a moderately well-painted Highland bothie.

No. 35. 'Watermill near Llanarmon, Denbighshire,' P. Deakin. A small and rickety structure, built, or rather thrown together, so as to receive a thread of water, which drives the wheel. It is carefully painted, but, perhaps, too foxy in colour.

No. 42. 'Corinne,' H. Weigall. This is a life-sized head and bust in profile, coloured with infinite sweetness and brilliancy, and remarkable for its elegant simplicity.

No. 48. 'In the Highlands,' A. Cooper, R.A. The subject is an agroupment of a man in Highland costume standing with a grey pony; the latter is well drawn and painted.

No. 51. 'Vesuvius, from Capri,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. Capri is generally painted at a distance, but here we are tenants of the rock, looking forth upon the sea, beyond which, in the distance, lies Vesuvius with its eternal wreath of smoke. The sea and distance are carefully wrought, but the rocky dwelling of the fisherman is very sketchy.

No. 52. 'Cochem, on the Moselle,' G. C. Stanfield. On the Rhine we may believe ourselves as of to-day, but on the Moselle we cannot help feeling very mediæval—living under the mild discipline of some William the Lion or Otho the Tiger. Houses were of the same pattern as these five hundred years ago, and why may not these be as old? Then there are the well-known castellated peaks, each some time the den of one of those fierce priests or princes who, like the dragon of a chivalrous tale, was the scourge of the neighbouring country. We can never mistake the Moselle; the picture is somewhat hard, but of much excellence.

No. 57. 'Athens,' W. Linton. This view of Athens is taken from near the site of the Temple of Jupiter, the remaining columns of which rise in the foreground. Athens is sufficiently pronounced in the picture; the Acropolis can never be mistaken.

No. 58. 'Beautiful in Death,' G. Lance. The subject is a dead peacock, the plumage of which, especially that of the tail, is painted with the nicest imitation of nature.

No. 59. 'The Village Farrier,' R. Brandard. Mr. Brandard has painted this class of subject with extraordinary power of colour and effect, but this is not equal in quality to others that have preceded it.

No. 62. 'A Monk of Old,' H. Moore. Simple, substantial, and characteristic. The monk is coarse in favour and coarse in attire; he sleeps over his wine—thus for him the good things of this life are not its outward show, but its creature comforts.

No. 64. 'Too late!' J. G. Naish. This, we are told, is an incident of the late war, and it is intended, perhaps, to express that the peace comes too late, as the two figures which constitute the subject (two girls) are in mourning.

No. 65. 'The Evening Drink in a Mountain Lake,' F. Danby, A.R.A. It cannot be supposed that the allusion points to anything but cattle. So it is; but the herd is only accessory; it is a lake and mountain subject, the expanse of water being enclosed by mountains which rise in various ridges, and so conclude the view. The glow of the evening sky tints the entire scene with an endless variety of mellow harmonies. We feel continually that really fine execution has much to do with sentiment—here, for instance, the theme is tranquillity, but our goodwill to fall in with the sedative disposition of the painter is disturbed by here and there some importunities of touch; and again, the water rushes past in a dancing stream, dazzling the eye by its coruscations, and vexing the ear with its everlasting and monotonous tale. The work is nevertheless a production of much excellence.

No. 66. 'The Gamekeeper's Daughter,' W. Underhill. She is circumstanced as if in a larder plucking a fowl, and surrounded by varieties of game. It is superior in execution to antecedent works.

No. 75. 'The Gallant Action fought by the British 18-pounder 36-gun Frigate, *Penelope*, Captain Henry Blackwood, and the French National Ship, *Guillaume Tell*, Captain Saulnier, bearing the Flag of Rear-Admiral Decrès, on the Morning of the 31st of March, 1800,' E. Duncan. In this picture the story is only of two ships, and the narrative is perspicuous and most circumstantial. On the 30th of March the *Guillaume Tell*, taking advantage of a strong southerly gale and the darkness that succeeded the setting of the moon, weighed and put to sea from the harbour of Valetta. The *Penelope*, a small fast-sailing frigate, gave chase, and coming up with the French ship at half-past twelve, luffed under her stern, and gave her the larboard broadside. In this manner the fight was continued all night. It is now daylight; the Frenchman is sailing out of the picture, pitching heavily over a rolling sea, while the little frigate is crossing his wake and delivering her larboard broadside. The maintop-mast of the *Guillaume Tell* has just come down, causing immense confusion on the upper deck, the mizentop-mast having been shot away some time before. The *Lion* and the *Foudroyant*, two of our line-of-battle ships, are seen in the distance, and on their arrival the *Guillaume Tell* struck. We understand at once

the merits of the "situation," as here set forth; it is one of the best and most intelligible sea-fights we have ever seen.

No. 76. 'A Regiment of Royalist Cavalry at Edgehill,' J. Gilbert. In these days of infinitesimal touch, it is a relief to see something vigorously independent. This strikes us at first as a sketch for a larger picture, and again as not the work of the artist whose name follows the title, because he has ever seemed given over to the luscious fruitiness of transparent colour. However, that the shadows are opaque may be attributable to the fact that they have been painted at once, and there is an identity of feeling in the carriage and presence of the figures. It is a large canvas, and the whole of the near site is occupied by cavalry in the equipment of the cavalier time. The picture has been painted entirely without models, and as such must be considered as an evidence of great power and knowledge.

No. 82. 'Rain Clearing Off,' H. Dawson. The sky in this picture is a passage of sublime expression. The retirement of those menacing and teeming clouds is a description which we rarely see accomplished in terms so grand and majestic as we see here. The scene is an ordinary wooded river-side with a church and water, and reflections of masterly truth. The picture is generally mellow; even the clouds are not cold; but this is carried to excess, especially in a principal tree, which is too much forced with warm colour. The sky is magnificent, so much so as to make us discontented with the domesticity of the lower material. Had the landscape been of elevated character, the work had been one of vast epic power.

No. 89. 'Hazy Morning, View near Sonning,' G. A. Williams. Characteristic of the banks of the Thames, and entirely successful as describing the phase in the title.

No. 90. 'The Fish-market, Rome,' E. A. Goodall. The textures and surfaces in this excellent work are the result of much careful labour, and strike the eye at once as singularly true. The composition consists of a few broad, important, and prominent parts, really and truly the principle of an impressive style. This memorable old arch has received ample justice at the hands of the painter; its veritable Roman bricks and facing of mortar, broken here and there, are most conscientiously described. There are but few figures; those, however, are types of various classes that inhabit Rome, that is, of the more picturesque classes. The reality, breadth, force, and earnestness of this work rank it the best the artist has yet produced.

No. 94. 'A Picnic,' H. O'Neil. A lady with, perhaps, her children and an attendant, within the shade of a beech wood. It is careful but hard.

No. 95. 'Dalgetty and Gustavus,' H. Barraud. The subject, it will be remembered, is from "The Legend of Montrose." The horse is exceedingly well drawn and painted.

No. 96. 'The Evening Hour,' E. J. Niemann. This is a composition presenting the ruins of a castle situated in a wooded country, and apparently moated. We look down on the ruin, and over the trees into the twilight distance, out of the shade of which the birds seem to come to claim a home in this spot, which seems forsaken by man. The sentiment is poetical and touching.

No. 104. 'Interior of a Stable,' A. J. Stark. The animals in this picture (three horses) are successfully painted, and in the stable appointments nothing is forgotten.

No. 108. 'Vale of Aden, Warwickshire,' C. Marshall. A small picture offering an extensive view over a rich and well-wooded country. A small stream flows in the foreground, but is quickly hidden by intervening trees. It is an agreeable subject, and would paint well as a large picture.

No. 109. 'Fruit,' G. Lance. Consisting of grapes, a melon, some plums, and a piece of matting—all painted with the wonted skill of the artist.

No. 115. 'Autumn, a Morning Study in Sussex,' H. Moore. A group of trees, with the freshness and feeling of nature, brought forward without treatment, and just as they are.

No. 116. 'Venice, the Porto,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. This picture was painted in 1850, and has since remained in the possession of the artist. The principal subject is one of the Venetian craft at anchor, and with her sails up to dry. In the distance are seen all the well-known buildings on the Molo and elsewhere. It is a gem,—a work of rare excellence.

No. 118. 'Abbeville Cathedral,' W. Callow. The view is taken from the back of the building, so that the cathedral itself, a screen of trees, and the river, constitute the picture, which is small.

No. 126. 'The Monopolist,' P. R. Morris. The Monopolist is a boy, who, seated with his sister at the foot of a tree, greedily devours the whole of a large apple without offering her any. The figures are minutely wrought, but feeble in drawing.

No. 127. 'A Sketch from Nature, near Medmenham, on the Thames,' E. Boddington. The definition of the distance in this picture is very judiciously managed.

No. 129. 'A Kentish Interior,' R. Elmore. Full of the usual material of a rustic abode, and inhabited by an aged pair engaged in reading the Scriptures.

No. 133. 'On the Grand Canal, Venice,' J. Holland. We look up to the Dogana from a church on the right, whence emerge two ladies who have been to confession. Really the Podesta must have had artistic effect in view when the edict was issued for painting all gondolas black—how admirably the gondola hue cheers up everything around! This is a charming work. The architecture selected is fantastic, and the artist selecting it as a principal had no small difficulty before him, but it is here disposed of with masterly judgment.

No. 134. 'Peaches,' M. Groenland. A small picture containing a couple of peaches, one of which is divided. The imitation of nature is most perfect.

No. 136. 'A Nymph,' E. Hughes. A study of a small female head, extremely bright in tone, and finished like a miniature.

No. 138. 'Between Dolgelly and Tal-y-Lin, North Wales,' A. W. Williams. A small picture, but deep, forcible, and clear. It represents a stormy effect, with masses of rolling clouds of the most imposing character; these indeed are a picture of themselves.

No. 139. 'A Farm in Sussex,' J. Stark. A small round picture of much freshness and impressive simplicity. The materials are trees, farm-buildings, and water, coming together in a manner much more agreeable than we find those objects generally.

No. 140. 'Happy Joe,' Harry Hall. It is the perfect success of this essay in low life that induces us to notice it. This "Happy Joe" is cantering on a donkey across a heath with a pipe in his mouth—the best of roughs, the most impudent of ticket-of-leave-men, a gipsy—smuggler—poacher; the poor donkey reels under the overweight of truculent iniquity.

No. 150. 'Child with a Book,' L. Walter. A small study accurately drawn and successfully coloured in the shaded passages.

No. 151. 'November Morning at Torry, near Aberdeen,' J. Cassie. This is a small picture consisting of common-place material, but realising a feeling consistent with the title.

No. 153. 'Boys Fishing for Minnows,' J. Burnet. We have never before seen an essay in oil by Mr. Burnet. It is an upright picture, with a group of boys fishing in a shallow pool in the shade of lofty trees. It reminds us of an early and good period of our school.

No. 162. 'Ruins of Dunstanborough Castle—a Calm Evening,' S. P. Jackson. The spectator here looks southward, having on his right, at a little distance, the green slope on which the ruin stands, with an intervening portion of the beach at low-water. The near section of the composition is in shade, but the ruin and its site are lighted up by the setting sun. The force of the picture is the foreground, in which occur two boats and a coasting-sloop, with the line of the low-water wave as it breaks gently on the shore. It is a picture of rare merit, possessing many beauties, but too "clever;" we had rather see less but progressive quality in the works of those who have as yet turned but few pages of the book of nature.

No. 163. 'Hope,' G. D. Leslie. A female figure wearing a white hood enwreathed with ivy; she holds a bramble, from which she plucks the thorns. The scene in which she is circumstanced is open, and the trees are leafless as in winter. The picture is very highly finished, but we cannot recognise the figure as an impersonation of Hope.

No. 164. 'A lost Lamb in a fat Place,' T. Danby. A section of wooded scenery, with trees in form and character so rough that they can be no more than natural curiosities. The picture has every evidence of having been worked entirely from nature.

No. 166. 'An English Interior,' D. W. Deane. A cottage, in which a young mother is nursing her child, having her back turned to the window, whence a strong light is cast upon the figure, so as to produce a very spirited effect.

No. 171. 'A successful Day on the Tweed,' H. L. Rolfe. A piscatorial essay consisting of a couple of small gilse and some fine orange-fins, taken perhaps in one of those tempting rapids above Norham Castle, or it may be near Melrose; their scales yet glisten with moisture, as if five minutes had not elapsed before they were transferred to the canvas.

No. 172. 'A Refreshing Draught,' C. Dukes. The subject is a rustic mother giving her child a draught of water; it is very satisfactory in colour.

No. 173. 'A tranquil Stream in Autumn, North Wales,' C. Branwhite. This composition is picturesque, nay, even imposing, and the promise of the title is fulfilled on the canvas. There is a sheet of water shut in by trees, backed by mountains, without which nothing Welsh is painted. There is everywhere evidence of power, that fascinating power of sketching, which becomes an intemperance from which a victim can scarcely ever rescue himself.

No. 174. 'Waiting for the Ferry,' T. Underhill. A group of market-people; one of the ladies, young and interesting, mounted on a donkey. The figures are substantive realities, painted with great firmness.

No. 180. 'The Pliant Hour,' W. P. Frith, R.A. The subject is Othello declaring his love to Desdemona.

> "She bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
> I should but teach him how to tell my story,
> And that would woo her. Upon this hint
> I spake."

The motive of the subject—that is, the story of Othello, and the love of Desdemona, are most pointedly set forth. Most earnestly does he discourse, and most attentively does she listen. His left hand rests upon the chair on which she sits, while with his right he is ready to take her unreluctant hand. It is a small picture. The composition is rich, and the circumstances appropriate.

No. 181. 'Riva Degli Schiavoni, Venice,'

E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. This, like the picture already noticed, was painted some years ago; it is in everything a suitable pendant to it.

No. 183. 'A Lesson with Grandmother,' E. J. Cobbett. The scene is a cottage interior; the grandmother is repairing some textile item of household utility, and the grandchild sits upon a stool reading her lesson. The light from the window is very effectively broken on the two figures. There is less colour here than we have generally seen in the works of this painter.

No. 185. 'The Town-hall and Market-place of Orta, Piedmont,' G. E. Hering. Next to the neighbouring town of Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore, this little place is the most beautifully situated of the lake towns of the district. The town-hall is a little square building standing on arches, and comes into the composition as a principal about which the spectator would feel some curiosity were he not told it was a "town-house." The water, with its many coloured reflections, is most successful.

No. 186. 'Mendicants,' W. Underhill. A misnomer, we apprehend; the principal figures being a stalwart shepherd lad, and his well-conditioned dog, together with a woman nursing her child. The figures are forcibly painted.

No. 192. 'The Highland Fisher's Home,' J. Mogford. This home is a bothie with all the outward signs of the vocation of its inmates, and situated on the pleasant shore of a narrow arm of the sea shut in by mountains. In the treatment of the sky there is much fine feeling.

No. 193. 'A Cattle Shed,' T. Sidney Cooper, A.R.A. Containing a calf, two or three sheep, and a lamb. This, although we have already several times seen it, is preferable to the oft-repeated group on the knoll.

No. 197. 'The Hay-field,' H. Jutsum. This composes so well that it may be supposed to have been for the most part translated from nature. The hay-field, occupying the breadth of the nearest site, lies on a declivity descending to a little river which appears here and there through the trees on its banks. From the river the ground rises again, and on the right a rich and beautiful distance opens until objects are lost in the descent of the sky tints. The hay-field is one of the most perfect representations of the subject we have ever seen.

No. 200. 'At Padua,' W. N. Hardwick. A block of old and picturesque houses, such as we see only in Italy. It is a picturesque subject, admirably rendered, but somewhat too crudely coloured.

No. 202. 'Trarbach on the Moselle,' G. C. Stanfield. A study of old houses with never-ending bay windows, and slate sides and roofs, all painted with singular substance and reality.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 210. 'A View near Port Madoc, North Wales,' J. Danby. The subject is a bay at low-water, shut in by a mountainous shore presented under the aspect of evening. On the shore lies a schooner which has been stranded in a late gale.

No. 211. 'X.Y.Z. at the Post-office,' T. M. Joy. A young lady applies at a post-office for a letter addressed to her under the above superscription. She receives it; and in the pendant, 'X.Y.Z. at Home,' we find her "devouring" the missive with kisses—inexplicable transport.

No. 216. 'Place Cordelier, Dinant Brittany,' L. J. Wood. These are not the most picturesque buildings in Dinant, but they are most agreeably painted; they are like houses that people can live in.

No. 225. 'Fruit,' E. Ladell. White and black grapes, accompanied by an old glass goblet; the fruit are closely imitated from nature.

No. 230. 'Maternal Love,' G. E. Hicks. A group of a cottager with her child. There is much careful manipulation in the picture, but the head of the mother is too large.

No. 234. 'Ænone,' J. E. Collins. The subject is accompanied by a quotation from Tennyson's poem. Were it not so, we should have thought the title an accidental misnomer, because the figure before us is a woman of high refinement; she is elegantly draped, and holds a lyre, on the strings of which her fingers rest. This tenderly nurtured lady never could say to Paris, lighter than the autumn leaves, more inconstant than the winds that blow them—

"Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti;
Mistaque cum foliis prælbuit herba torum."

No. 235. 'The Stranded Ship,' W. A. Knell. This is a large picture showing a ship grounded, and boats plying to and fro in the breakers rescuing the crew. There is ample space to show the raging sea and the threatening sky, both of which features are depicted with singular force.

No. 237. 'Entrance to Hastings, Sussex,' P. W. Elen. This shows the descent upon the town by the old London road. In the extreme right distance we obtain a glimpse of Beechy Head. In firm manipulation this is much superior to antecedent works.

No. 240. 'Meditation,' F. Weekes. In this study there is a certain tone of caricature unbecoming the subject; it is, however, very minutely manipulated, and shows that the artist has high capabilities.

No. 246. 'Winter Evening,' E. F. D. Pritchard. An open composition, showing a small water-mill under the aspect described in the title. It is a clever work. The sky is highly successful.

No. 247. 'Through the Welsh Woods,' H. J. Boddington. This is a large upright picture showing a path through a wood, the trees of which close the composition. The foreground is a most skilful passage of Art, indicating the most perfect command of the kind of material of which it is composed.

No. 250. 'Sunshine,' W. Bromley. A small picture of a shepherd-boy lying on the ground; most agreeably painted.

No. 253. 'The Interview between Charles XII. of Sweden and the famous John, Duke of Marlborough, in the Camp at Altranstadt,' W. Cave Thomas. This is a small composition, perhaps an essay for a larger work; it seems to have been sketched without models.

No. 254. 'The Love-letter,' C. J. Lewis. The subject is properly a cottage-garden, in which are introduced two girls. The trees and flowers are very successfully painted, but the picture wants the substitution of grey for a portion of the too prevalent green.

No. 255. 'The Covey,' J. Wolf. The snow covers the ground, and the birds nestle beneath a bush. It is a large picture, with the breadth of the snowy mantle almost unbroken. The birds are painted with a marvellous feeling for plumage-painting. On the sprays above the partridges there is a little colony of finches, which, we submit, are out of place there.

No. 256. 'Imogen,' W. Fisher. A life-sized study in the act of kissing the gem which is afterwards lost. It is an elegant conception, well painted, but less Imogen than any devoted wife or *fiancée* of our own time.

No. 261. 'The Young Naturalist,' W. H. Knight. A small picture presenting a country boy with a butterfly in his hand—worked out with infinite nicety of touch.

No. 266. 'Mother and Child,' G. Smith. An every-day subject, but qualified in this little work with infinite sweetness.

No. 267. 'Early Summer—Mowing,' H. Jutsum. In the freshness of this picture the season is very definitely described.

No. 268. 'Interior of a Welsh Farm-house,' A. Provis. The small window, and the primitive fire-place, with the light coming down the chimney, together with the usual catalogue of cottage furniture, are painted with taste and feeling.

No. 269. 'The British Mother,' Countess of Westmoreland. This is a large portrait of Lady Mornington, the mother of the late Duke of Wellington. It is the largest oil picture we have ever seen by a lady; and the principal portrait, together with the busts of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Wellesley, are so well painted as to be at once recognised. It is well known from the engraving, and has ever been esteemed a valuable acquisition to the world.

No. 270. 'Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire,' G. C. Stanfield. This subject is about three miles from Leeds, on the banks of the Aire; and the artist in presenting his view has succeeded in excluding the manufactories. It is very like the ruin.

No. 274. 'The Dairy-maid' (figure by J. Colby), G. Horlor. The subject of this picture is a group of calves, which are extremely well drawn and painted.

No. 275. 'Hamsey Church, Sussex,' C. R. Stanley. The subject is not perhaps very attractive, but the effect of a summer afternoon is rendered with much sweetness.

No. 280. 'Anxiety,' C. Couzens. An invalid, a young man, apparently the victim of consumptive disease, lies stretched on a sofa; a wife or sister sits by watching him with affectionate tenderness, and a lady enters the room and enjoins silence to a child that accompanies her. The narrative is circumstantial and perspicuous.

No. 281. 'A Contemplative Youth,' J. Lucas. A life-sized figure of a boy wearing a black doublet, and like perhaps what Milton might have been in his youth. It is painted with judgment and matured skill.

No. 295. 'Cactus,' &c., Miss Mutrie. Overpowering in colour, and rivalling the transparent brilliancy of nature.

No. 296. 'Spending a Ha'penny,' G. Smith. A child has been conducted into the shop of an old dame who sells sweets, and the window is thronged by a crowd of children, who feel themselves interested in the event. The serious whimsicality of the incident and the manner of the narrative are very amusing. The figures, faces, and accessories are charmingly painted.

No. 310. 'On the coast of Amalfi,' Harry J. Johnson. The subject is a portion of the coast the most rugged and romantic, consisting of many fantastic forms which the artist has imitated closely from nature. The picture is large, highly coloured, and very spirited in execution.

No. 315. 'A Boy's Head—A Study,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A. A small, full face, exquisitely finished.

Nos. 316 and 317, 'Summer Time' and 'An Angel,' W. Gale, are two small pictures, stippled with the utmost *finesse* of miniature-painting.

No. 330. 'Bamborough Castle,' S. P. Jackson. The castle is upon our left, we look, therefore, northward, towards Holy Island and Berwick. A heavy sea is rolling in, and a vessel has dragged her anchor, and is cast ashore. The subject can be mistaken for no other than Bamborough.

No. 332. 'Il Penseroso,' Sidney Hodges. A life-sized female figure, and rather *la penserosa*—wearing, of course, sad-coloured raiment. The features are agreeably coloured.

No. 337. 'The Village School,' J. Gilbert. The figures here are an aged and Rosicrucian-looking "Dominie," who hears a ragged group of pupils their lesson. The impersonations are original in character and spirited in execution.

No. 338. 'Landscape with Calves,' G. W. Horlor. Well drawn and extremely clean in execution—*mais pourquoi toujours veau?*

No. 342. 'View on a Common, near Worth, Surrey,' H. Weekes, A.R.A. A very extraordinary subject, painted, we may presume, as a *divertissement* amid severer sculptural studies.

No. 348. 'Roman Boy with a Pitcher of Water,' R. Buckner. This figure has been studied from a native Roman model; the head is really charming.

No. 359. 'Holding, as it were, the Mirror up to Nature,' W. Hemsley. The scene is a cottage-interior, in which an aged dame, having fallen asleep, some children are amusing themselves by throwing the reflected sunlight on her face by means of a looking-glass. The figures are most carefully drawn and painted, and the reflected lights are most felicitously dealt with.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 374. 'Interior, Westfield House, Ryde, Isle of Wight,' C. H. Stanley. This is a study of a large room lighted from a skylight. It contains pieces of sculpture and objects of *vertu*, which, with the elegant furniture, are painted with the utmost exactitude.

No. 375. 'Lane Scene, October,' T. J. Soper. A production far in advance of everything already exhibited under this name.

No. 383. 'Bianca,' T. Gooderson. Rather Brunetta, being a study of one of the dark daughters of Italy—a Roman model for all the world, and attired as simply as the other famous Bianca, though more forcible in tone.

No. 389. 'The Dream,' J. A. Fitzgerald. A small highly-finished picture representing the dream of an artist, about whom are flitting numberless partycoloured elves—a fantastic conception most successfully carried out.

No. 393. 'The Mother's Grave,' Miss E. Brownlow. Firmly painted, but the extremities of the figures are imperfectly drawn.

No. 407. 'Janet Foster,' Frank Wyburd. She is presented erect, and carrying a small tray. The figure and the elaborately-ornamented apartment constitute a most charming miniature.

No. 408. 'The Vintage,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A. Also a miniature, but of another class. There are two principal figures—a woman bearing on her head a basket of grapes, and accompanied by a child. In praise of this little picture too much cannot be said.

No. 415. 'Thy Will be Done,' H. Le Jeune. This is likewise a small work, the subject of which is the Saviour praying in the garden. It is enough to say that it is strikingly Correggesque in feeling.

No. 437. 'Partant pour la Syrie,' N. J. Crowley, R.H.A. Interpreted by a life-sized figure of a little girl who has donned a steel scull-cap, and grasps her papa's sword with an air of extreme self-satisfaction.

No. 436. 'A Florentine Holiday,' J. D. Wingfield. This is a garden composition, with figures in picturesque costume—a class of subject in which this artist excels.

No. 441. 'Calcutta, Government House, Town-hall, Ochterlonie Monument, and part of Chowringhee' (taken from the fort), Marshal Claxton. This, we doubt not, is a faithful representation of the place which it professes to describe. It is a large picture.

No. 446. 'The last Scene in the Merry Wives of Windsor,' G. Cruikshank. The scene at Herne's Oak; we find, therefore, Falstaff on the ground tormented by the fairies. If there be any difference between this and former works, it is that it is more careful as to forms. Cruikshank is comparable only to Cruikshank.

No. 457. 'The Old Cavalier,' T. Morton. A small and brilliant picture of a well conceived character.

No. 458. 'Molière reading his Comedies to his House-keeper,' T. P. Hall. A good subject; but its earnestness is enfeebled by the multitudinous minute incidents brought into the composition. It is, however, full of point and character, and gives promise of greater excellence hereafter.

No. 464. 'View in the Environs of Albano,' E. Duval. The view is picturesque, and forcibly treated in the manner of the French school.

No. 465. 'Leith Hill, Surrey, looking towards Ewerst, Hascombe, and Hind Head,' G. Cole. A noble subject, and most characteristically English; the distances are happily described.

No. 471. 'On the Thames, Maple Durham,' G. W. Sant. For the sake of breadth the whole of the incident is worked out within a few grades of a monotone; the foliage is too grey, but it is withal what is generally understood as a "clever" picture.

No. 476. 'Spanish Ballads,' P. H. Calderon. A study of a lady playing the guitar; an attractive picture, entirely English in feeling.

No. 483. 'The Two Extremes—the Post-Raphaelite,' H. O'Neil. This and 'The Pre-Raphaelite,' by the same artist, illustrate these opponent Art-theories, with some causticity of allusion to the latter.

No. 484. 'Off to the Lido, St. Agnes' Eve,' J. Holland. Another of those inimitably brilliant Venetian essays from the exhaustless portfolio of this artist.

No. 491. 'The Banks of the Machno,' J. Dearle. The water is more successful than in antecedent works, but the leafage is less so.

No. 500. 'Church of St. Pierre, and ancient Portal de la cour at Auxerre, France,' L. J. Wood. This is, perhaps, too deeply glazed; but the building cannot be mistaken, for there is no other like it in Europe.

No. 506. 'A Music Lesson,' E. Hopley. The master and pupil are two boys, one of whom whistles the air which the other is to follow on his tin pipe. The point of the narrative is sufficiently obvious.

No. 510. 'May and Sheep,' F. W. Keyl. A very small picture, executed with a fine feeling for the freshness of nature.

No. 511. 'The Corn Flowers,' Louis Huard. The scene is a corn-field, in which is a group of children decking each other's heads with wild flowers. The light and shade of this picture are very masterly.

No. 519. 'An Old Water-Mill,' Alfred Montague. So old that it seems about to fall into the shallow stream; it is, however, very like many we have seen.

No. 525. 'A Little Scarecrow,' T. F. Dicksee. A study of a rustic child in the act of using a clapper to frighten the birds; the figure is well drawn and firmly painted.

No. 539. 'A Letter requiring an Answer,' W. Cave Thomas. We see here a lady seated in profound reflection, and the letter which has caused her so much thought lies at her feet. The figure is admirably drawn, but the colour of the features is not sufficiently fresh.

No. 543. 'Killeagy Church, above the Lakes of Killarney,' Captain J. D. King. The picturesque material of this little picture is very forcibly represented.

Of sculpture there are fourteen pieces—'Ariel,' W. Calder Marshall, R.A.; 'David playing before Saul,' J. S. Westmacott; 'The Refuge,' W. Calder Marshall, R.A.; 'The Skipping Girl,' Mrs. Thorneycroft; 'Happy as a Queen,' T. Earle; 'Instruction,' R. A. Wilson; 'England's Hope,' Carleton M'Carthy; 'Repose,' Alexander Munro; 'A Study,' Ross Harvey; 'A Statuette of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.,' Hamilton M'Carthy; 'Il Penseroso,' G. Halse; 'Sunshine,' J. Durham; 'L'Allegro,' G. Halse; 'Leap-frog,' G. Abbott.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.

Van Dyck, Painter. F. Joubert, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 5¾ in. by 2 ft. 9 in.

Van Dyck stands forth at Windsor Castle in all the glory of portraiture: "No gallery in the world," says Dr. Waagen, when speaking of the Van Dyck Room in that royal residence, "can display so large a number of portraits by this great master; there are no less than twenty-two. As a portrait-painter he was, without doubt, the greatest master of his age. His conceptions are almost always pleasing, and often fine; the attitudes easy and unstudied; the general effect admirable; the drawing of the heads and hands refined. To all this is added a great clearness and warmth of colouring, and freedom and yet softness in the handling, so that his portraits are in the highest degree attractive and elegant. As he passed the last ten years of his life (from 1631 to 1641) with but little interruption in England, and as the English have also procured many master-pieces of his earlier time, his talents in all the various stages can nowhere be so well studied as in this country."

The education this painter had received in the school of Rubens enabled him to bring to the ennobling of his portraits those principles which confer a dignity and consequence on the portraits by Titian; and from his giving a greater attention to detail, both in the colour and minutiæ, and a grander delicacy in handling, his works, especially those painted before he came to England, are the perfection of this branch of the art. His earlier portraits, painted in Flanders, possess great delicacy and finish, yet a fine, manly, historic character; those he executed in Italy, and after his return from that country, more firmness, and the luminous style of the Venetians; while in England he gradually became slighter in his finish, from the multiplicity of sitters, and often less imposing, from his painting many of his heads in an ordinary light, with the window not sufficiently high to give importance to his shadows.

Charles I., that unfortunate monarch, was yet happy in finding a painter who could hand down to posterity, as Van Dyck has left us, such noble records of a countenance royal amid all its sorrows. The head of the king, by the hands of any other artist, looks meanly peevish, and the several features are defined with trifling terminations; in the hands of Van Dyck those features assume dignity from the style of drawing, and appear suited to form part of an historical composition, which requires grandeur and largeness of proportion; even the masses of the hair, and the manner in which the beard and moustache are arranged, contribute to this character.

There are in the Van Dyck Room, at Windsor, four single portraits of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., besides a picture in which she is represented with her husband and two of their children. This royal lady was the youngest daughter of Henry IV. of France; she was born in 1609, and was only a few months old when her father was assassinated by the fanatic Ravaillac. She was married to Charles in 1625, when she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year, and died in 1669 at the convent of Chaillot, near Paris, which she had founded soon after her return to France, on the imprisonment and execution of the king. One of her historians describes her as "a clever and fascinating, but superficial and volatile woman."

"Of the numerous portraits," writes Mrs. Jameson, "which Van Dyck painted of her this is the most attractive, and gives us a strong impression of the lively, elegant, wilful Frenchwoman, whose bright eyes and caprices so fascinated her husband. Davenant styles her, very beautifully, 'the rich-eyed darling of a monarch's breast.' This picture hung in Charles's bedroom." Dr. Waagen says: "The head is extremely attractive and delicate; the conception of the utmost elegance. The broad treatment of the remaining portions is almost too slight." She is represented in a dress of white silk; her hair is adorned with pearls and a red band; the royal crown and a red rose are on the table on which the right hand rests. The initials of the queen, surmounted by the crown, are seen on the distant wall.



ON THE CRYSTALS OF SNOW,

AS APPLIED TO THE PURPOSES OF DESIGN.

As any original source derived from nature for originating new forms of truth and beauty is scarcely to be overlooked in this age of progress, we wish to draw attention in the following columns to the crystals of snow observed by James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich—a gentleman whose scientific acquirements are well-known throughout the country. In the course of his examination of these snow crystals, it occurred to Mr. Glaisher that they would furnish novel and most beautiful suggestions for the ornamental designer; and, our attention having been directed to them, Mr Glaisher has kindly placed in our hands a few of the numerous blocks he has caused to be engraved, and has also supplied us with the interesting and valuable communication that accompanies the engravings. We may, perhaps, be allowed to add that the drawings from the crystals were made by Mrs. Glaisher; their extreme accuracy and delicacy are most striking; some coloured examples we have seen, by way of application to manufacturing purposes, exhibit a thorough knowledge of the true value of colour. As these crystals form a comparatively new subject for investigation, it is necessary briefly to explain the principles of their formation, both in reference to the position they occupy in regard to scientific inquiry, and in reference to their power of adaptation to the purposes of the designer, who, possessed of a knowledge of the rules guiding their arrangement, instead of copying from the published examples, may create fresh combinations for himself suited to any purpose he may have in view. On this subject Mr. Glaisher writes as follows:—

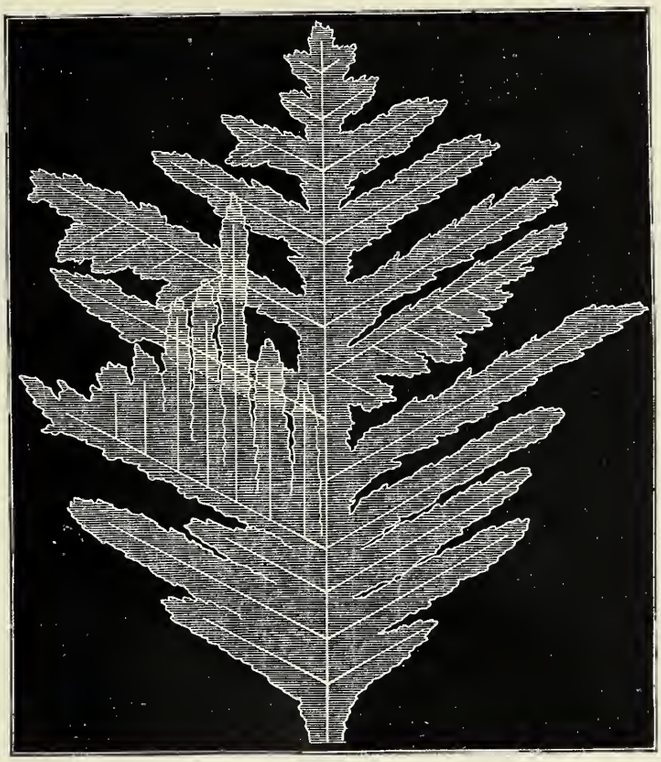


Fig. 3.

Snow, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is suggestive of a soft flocculent matter of considerable opacity, falling in flakes, and, as compared with water, of little density—a foot of fresh-fallen snow producing but from a tenth to a twelfth part of water. Snow, however, does not always fall in flakes; under certain conditions of atmosphere and temperature it occasionally falls in groups of slender needle-like particles or spiculæ; under the microscope they exhibit no structural detail worthy of remark, but are irregular and jagged in outline. This is one of the most imperfect forms of snow crystallisation, and occurs generally at a temperature but little above freezing, and at the commencement of a severe and continued frost, or immediately preceding a general thaw.

At other times a light feathery snow may be seen to fall, composed almost entirely of stars of six spiculæ or radii, united in the centre by a white molecule. These are seldom less than from four to five tenths of an inch in diameter, and are generally collected in tufts of half-a-dozen or more together, which in calm weather waft uninjured to the ground; sometimes these are mixed with other stars of more intricate figure, to be spoken of presently. Fig. 1 illustrates this variety, and is enlarged to double the proportions of the original.

Sometimes a heavy fall of ordinary snow may be accompanied by a number of minute specks, glistening among the flakes like fragments of talc, or mica, as seen sparkling in a mass of granite. On careful investigation, these prove to be thin laminated hexagons of the most perfect delicacy and symmetry of form, as shown in Fig. 2.

The hexagon and star being the base of all the crystals of snow yet observed, we will proceed to show how the more elaborate figures are compounded of these two primary elements.

To explain various peculiarities of structure which occur in several of the larger drawings, we will refer to the process of crystallisation as carried on at low temperatures, on the surface of still or gently-moving water.

Water freezes at an angle of 60°. On its first congelation, under favourable circumstances for observation, we perceive in parts, generally about the centre and around the margin, a corrugation of its surface. This corrugation presently discovers a series of distinct figures, needle-like in form, and analogous to the spiculæ of snow. As the process continues, to each of these needles, while yet forming, a serrated incrustation of leafy or arborescent character is attaching itself, so that in time the greater number of them, become each the centre of a crystalline pinna, not unlike a frond of the Lady fern. Fig. 3 is a sketch of one, the size of the original, as observed by T. G. Rylands, Esq., of Warrington, and sent to us during the severe winter of 1855. The overlapping, observable on one side of the pinna, is a peculiarity generally to be found in three out of the six leaves forming the entire crystal.

Fig. 4 (on the following page) represents the crystal when complete; the drawing was made by ourselves in the winter of last year, and gives with great exactitude the figure of the needles, which, it will be observed, diverge from the main stem uniformly at an angle of 60°. The position maintained by them around the centre of the crystal is beautifully adaptive, and well worth examination.

It is not always that the primitive spiculæ are divergent in groups of six. At times they arrange themselves irregularly in clusters, and crystallisation proceeds with results of a character somewhat different, but scarcely less beautiful, of which Fig. 5 (on page 75) may be considered a type. This is analogous to the fanciful forms of frost seen on the interior of a pane of glass, and is frequently to be found where the water is very shallow, and where its mixture with some gritty substance, or blade of grass, or other obstruction, has in all probability interfered with a more geometric arrangement. By degrees the whole surface of the water becomes interlaced with needles and pinnæ, whether singly or in groups, and thin laminated surfaces of ice which cover all interstices. Then, according to external influences, the ice either thickens, obliterating all this beautiful tracery, or it melts away before the rising temperature of the day. It often happens, however, that these processes occur after dark, or that the water freezes so rapidly as to disappoint the wishes of the observer. At moderate temperatures these changes are best observed; but, in our opinion, they are somewhat dependent on other atmospheric conditions. The formation of the needles is common to the freezing of water under all circumstances, and they vary from a few inches to a few feet in length.

To return to the crystals of snow. Fig. 6 is another elementary figure, common to temperatures about the freezing-point; it is not often less than half-an-inch in diameter, and is a miniature copy of the water crystal.

Another simple order of figures, and containing within themselves the germ of the most symmetrical combinations, is that of which Figs. 7 and 8 are types; they exhibit secondary spiculæ diverging from the principal radii at an angle of 60°.

Around the simple star it frequently happens



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

that a secondary and smaller star is arranged, as in Fig. 9, the radii of which are intermediate between those of the former. An angle of 30° is, however, of unfrequent occurrence, and it seems probable that in this and similar cases, it is the union of two crystals of distinct hexagonal formation.

Sometimes it happens that the secondary spiculæ, which we see in Figs. 7 and 8, are continued down the main radii, until they form a contact with each other, as in Fig. 10. The star thus inclosed about the centre, generally becomes laminated and of great transparency. In other varieties, as in Fig. 11, it is intersected by the rays of the secondary or intermediate crystal.

Having traced the elementary principles of these figures to the first formation of a simple nucleus, we will proceed to the consideration of the more compound varieties, in which the nucleus is a conspicuous element of construction.

The figures we have been considering, although possessed of unity of design in a high degree, are found to exhibit no great perfection of structural detail when examined beneath a lens; those that we are about to inquire into belong to a more perfect order, much more minute and very compound.

Fig. 12, is a figure of this class, much enlarged and drawn as seen beneath a microscope. It was highly crystallised, and the angles and planes of which it is composed were sharply and well defined. The prisms at the end of the radii were cut into facets, and glistened with brilliancy, as did the six prisms around the centre. The radial arms were sharply cut, six-sided shafts, very different to the snowy rounded spiculæ of the elementary figures. It was easily discernible to the naked eye, and principally those parts which are white in the engraving, and which communicate to the copy very much the effect of the original when under the full influence of direct light; the centre is laminated, hexagonal in form, and within it we perceive the secondary star of prisms, also that each addition to the radii diverges at an angle of 60°.

Fig. 13 is another, highly crystallised, and composed of parallel prisms, divergent from the radial arms at an angle of 60°, and without nucleus. The irregular blade-like terminations arise from an ill-advised eagerness in the observation of their originally very complicated structure, by which they were in a moment dissolved, without injury, however, to the symmetry of the figure.

Fig. 14 is a beautiful compound of the higher order of crystallised bodies, with the more elementary, the nucleus belonging to the former, and the radii at their extremities to the latter. This, at first sight, appears an anomaly; but we explain it on the supposition that the entire structure of the original crystal has been of a high order; the shafts, six-sided, as they remain still at their base, and the leafy incrustations to have been regularly distributed prisms, as in the preceding figure. That the crystal, in its descent, has passed through various temperatures of intense cold, probably exchanged for a warmer at one instant of time, in which it has partially thawed, and again passing into a cold stratum in approaching the ground, has been once more congealed, giving rise to the white opacity and irregular form of its terminations. And this explanation is the more reasonable, as will be gathered from a description of the dissolving or thawing of these bodies.



Fig. 4.

Fig. 15 is a crystal seen just previous to its returning to the primitive drop of water. Originally composed of the ordinary radial arms, each supporting prisms of the form seen in Fig. 13, and with a simple hexagonal nucleus, under the influence of a very slightly increased temperature, the rigidity of each line has become relaxed, whilst the crystalline matter, all but fluid and no longer heaped up into prisms, is distributed over a wider area, according to the laws of attraction and corresponding area of surface.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.









A very different order of figures are those of which Figs. 16, 17, 18, and 19 are types.* The originals were exceedingly small — so minute, indeed, that the specks containing all these beauties of detail were almost inappreciable to the naked eye. It will readily be perceived that they differ greatly from the order arising out of the primitive star, or its secondary radii. The base of these must be referred to the hexagon as shown at Fig. 2. The most highly elaborate of our illustrations shown at Fig. 17, exhibited a succession of planes raised one above another, the centre of each radial arm intersected by a slender crystalline shaft laden with delicate prisms. Fig. 19 preserves more the form of the ordinary hexagon, and was cut very regularly into facets. Of Figs. 18 and 19, we were unable to observe the exact disposition of the raised surfaces, and have delineated the outline only; these figures fell, with several others far more complicated, during the continuance of a very unusual degree of cold for these latitudes.

We have thus far endeavoured to show the true bases of construction, and how that crystallisation proceeds onwards from the simple forms to the more complex, and have selected from numerous varieties a few types the best illustrative of this progress. Our limits will scarcely permit us further to individualise these beautiful creations; yet, not to mislead, it is necessary to refer to an intermediate order, in which the hexagon star is laden with divergent spiculæ intermediate between groups of prisms. Fig. 20, selected from this very numerous class of figures, was one of several observed during the cold weather, following upon the general thaw, which terminated the long-continued and severe frost of 1855. The spiculæ were icicle-like, of the utmost delicacy, opaque, and well defined; the prisms on the contrary were watery, almost rounded, and, as it seemed, on the verge of dissolution. The entire figure had the appearance of two distinct orders of formation—the prisms, which belong to a very low temperature, and the spiculæ, which are commonly formed at, and about, the freezing-point. It is much to be wished that a return of favourable weather may enable us to elucidate with more precision the governing laws and peculiarities of these bodies. Fig. 21 is another of the same class, and in a very intermediate state, the additions to the main radii are neither prisms, nor spiculæ, yet partaking of the character of both: its peculiarity consists in the tertiary incrustations being placed downwards towards the centre. This form has been observed only during very severe cold.

Fig. 22 is somewhat analogous to the crystals of water; its centre is hexagonal, but the prisms are irregular crystalline incrustations of the utmost delicacy and transparency; it was of large size, fully half-an-inch in diameter, and glistening like a fragment of talc among the snow flakes, was discernible at a considerable distance.

Fig. 23 is a specimen of a double crystal; that is, two similar crystals united by an axis at right angles to the plane of each. It is highly complex, and the effect of each is more than doubled by the arrangement. Crystals so

* These illustrations, and all others that are referred to, will appear in the next following number of the *Art-Journal*, in which this most interesting article will be continued.—[Ed. A.-J.]

united were not unfrequent during the severe weather.

During the winter, our observations numbered nearly two hundred varieties; it is sufficient, however, for our purpose, to refer those of our readers interested in the fact, to the "British Meteorological Report of 1855," and to announce that we propose very shortly to publish the entire number of these figures, with the addition of several from Canada; also explanatory letter-press concerning the circumstances of their formation.

The series of small drawings was made with a lens of moderate power, but they are not equal in value or structural detail to those drawn beneath the microscope. They are among the most elementary figures observed; and as illustrative of the first principles of formation, are chiefly worthy of consideration.

The idea of observing snow crystals is by no means original. We know for certain that Aristotle observed them, also Descartes, Grew, Kepler, and Drs. Nettes and Scoresby of modern times. Sir Edward Belcher also devoted a considerable degree of attention to the study of the crystals of snow in the Arctic regions; there the radial arms were seldom less than an inch in length, and might be seen, according to Sir Edward Belcher, drifted in heaps, into the crannies and recesses of the ice; they were seldom to be obtained in a perfect condition, generally separating by reason of their weight and size on descending to the ground.

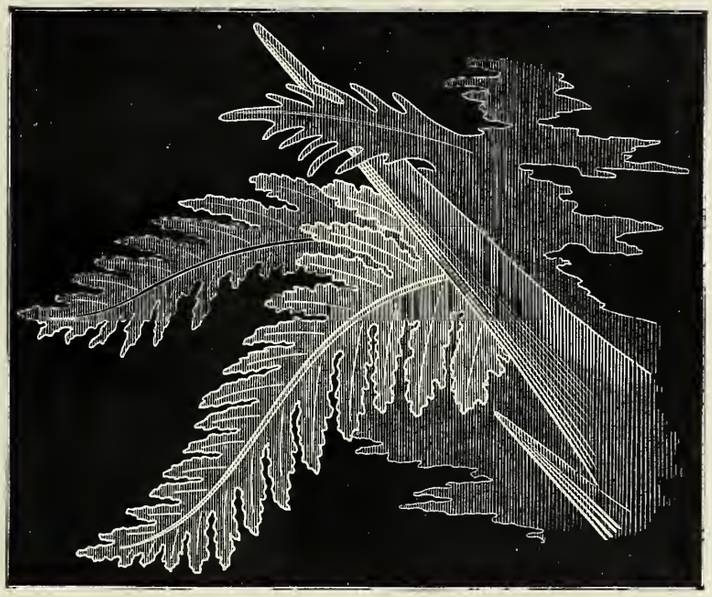


Fig. 5.

Having brought to a close all that is here necessary to say respecting the formation of these bodies, and the position they occupy in regard to scientific inquiry, we may now turn to a consideration of their capabilities to suggest new forms in decorative design, as applied to the Industrial Arts. Being ourselves desirous to promote the adoption of the appropriate, as well as the simple beauty of truth in ornament, we will first inquire how far these figures are in accordance with those general principles of arrangement of form, which, in all ages and countries have constituted the truly beautiful in Art.

These are summed up briefly in the propositions contained in the opening chapter of the magnificent work by Owen Jones, Esq., just completed, and entitled, "The Grammar of Ornament;" we extract the following:—

"Proposition 3.—As Architecture, so all works of the Decorative Arts should possess fitness, proportion, harmony, the result of all which is repose.

"Proposition 5.—Decoration should never be purposely constructed: that which is beautiful is true, that which is true is beautiful.

"Proposition 8.—All ornament should be based upon a geometrical construction.

"Proposition 9.—As in Architecture, so in the Decorative Arts, every assemblage of Forms should be arranged on certain definite proportions, the whole and each particular member should be a multiple of some particular unit.

"Proposition 10.—Harmony of Form consists in the proper balancing, and contrast of the straight, the inclined, and the curved." Further on, from the same high authority, we receive as an axiom—"That there can be no perfect composition where either of the three primary elements are wanting—the straight, the inclined, and the curved, or where they are not so harmonised that the one preponderates over the other two." In the crystals of snow we perceive these last conditions are implicitly fulfilled, inasmuch as they include the varieties, straight, angular, and curved, of which the angular has a decided preponderance.

With regard to the proportions of number on which these figures are based, we shall find them almost all deficient in the maintenance of a ratio, water crystallising at an angle of 60°, a fact exemplified in the radial arms, and the secondary and tertiary additions, which, always produced at the same angle, are characteristic of the greater number of these crystals. Thus they can be considered suggestive only of more complete designs—the centre, in fact, of a bordering or pattern-work, to be completed round them according to the intended application, and with due reference to those ratios of number which are found most acceptable in composition.

Founded upon a strictly geometric base, and a uniform repetition of a certain harmonious irregularity of parts, bound together in one harmonious unity by the laws of circular composition, which serves to lend beauty to their constructive details, and constitutes the archeus of the figure, we are impressed with a conviction of their truth, and conformity to the natural principles of beauty.

The impulse created in their favour is thus subsequently confirmed on rational and acknowledged grounds of admiration; this is the more satisfactory that, belonging to no school of architecture or design, they may be considered as originating a new order of forms for the further supply or extension of those so long acknowledged and admired. We do not, however, consider that they will equally well assimilate with all or any of the orders of Decorative Art. It appears to us, according to the means placed at our disposal for arriving at a conclusion, that they are analogous in many respects to the numerous specimens of angular composition which belong to the mediæval period of Byzantine Art.

It may not be altogether foreign to the subject briefly to consider the united power of geometric figures, in conjunction with colour, to produce the striking and beautiful effects which form so important a feature in Byzantine and Moresque mosaic (but particularly the former) specimens of Art.

The base of Byzantine mosaic is principally the relation of the hexagon to the triangle, upon which base almost innumerable combinations have been constructed. In the Byzantine Court at the Crystal Palace are a large number of these compositions, arranged in borderings round panels of porphyry or serpentine. They are extremely simple in structure, some being made up entirely of the triangle, others of stars, either six or eight rayed, singly or enclosed in a hexagon or octagon, placed at intervals and united by the more simple figure of the triangle, which, arranged in groups, serve as connecting links from one to the other. The whole composition is rendered either sparkling or monotonous according to the employment of contrasted effects, or a limited and uniform range of colour; and are admirably illustrative of how the uniformity of the geometric figure may be broken up and destroyed, its very character changed, indeed, according to the system of colouring employed; an illustration still further confirmed by a study of the varied and evolved designs on a part of the encaustic pavement of the Court, which, described in shades of neutral tint throughout, upon a ground of the same colour, renders it difficult for the eye to detect any variation of pattern.

The specimens of Moresque mosaic with which we are acquainted, differ somewhat in character from that which we have been considering. Based upon the square and its affinities, it is constructed mainly with reference to the ratios of eight, four, and twelve, as may be seen in the Court of the Alhambra. It is less glittering in colour than the Byzantine, and attracts the eye more to masses than to fragments.

The figures of snow are nearly allied to the principles of these decorative styles of Art, based, as they are, upon a system of angular geometry; we perceive, also, that the primitive base of the crystals is the leading figure of mosaic, founded, as most of it is, upon the hexagon and its combinations, though occasionally admitting, with great effect, the employment of the octagon. Thus they seem naturally sug-



gestive of an extension of the forms common to mosaic, and may be the means of eliciting fresh combinations scarcely less beautiful than those transmitted to us from the past.

The fitness of mosaic for the purposes of decoration is evident, on the ground of its conformity to certain fixed principles of truth, which scarcely permit of deviation. One of the oldest of the mechanical arts, originating in experimental combinations with cubes solid and transparent, subsequently improving as the science of geometry became more generally understood, it is now in the hands of some of our most eminent manufacturers not the least important among the industrial agents of the present day, as may be seen in the beautiful encaustic and painted tiles for pavements and decorative purposes generally, executed by Messrs. Minton and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent.

One great fault of the decorative designs of the present day is, the want of "appropriate" ornament to the purposes in view, and the mixture of schools, or styles of Art, which characterise so many of the patterns commonly

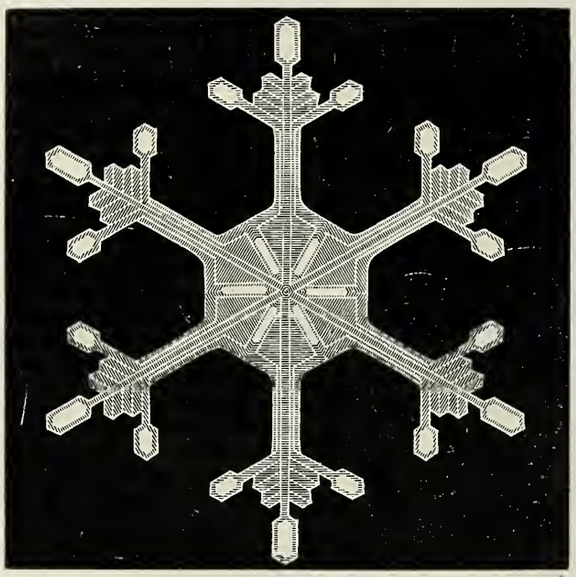


Fig. 12.

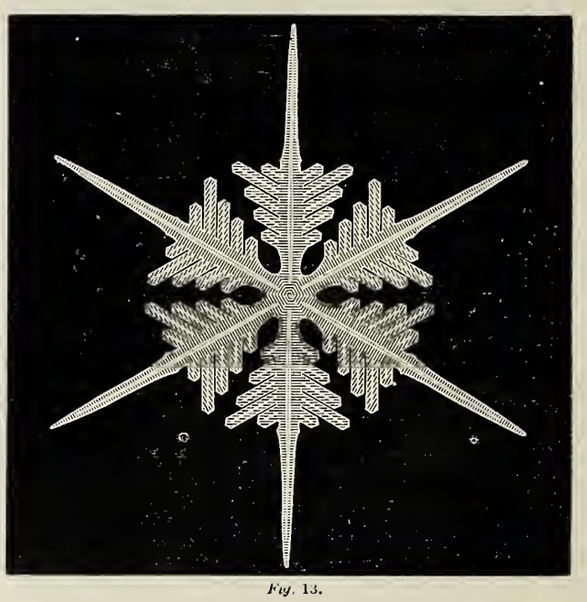


Fig. 13.

produced for domestic and even higher applications,—a mixture too often involving the entire destruction of truth, fitness, and proportion, the three essential elements of beauty. Now that we have open to us, in the Courts of the Crystal Palace, and in the magnificent work on the "Principles of Ornament," by Mr. Jones, an entire history of the past in architectural design, classified into schools, the origin and progress of each, either traced or traceable in connexion with the period at which it flourished, and the people who gave it birth, we may surely anticipate that the pure and beautiful so made known and naturalised amongst us, may exercise an important and beneficial influence on design, from its highest to its lowest applications.

We do not forget, however, that the art of mosaic, taking its rise beneath the sunny skies of Italy and Greece, and glittering even now on the walls and beneath the cloisters of the Byzantine churches of Italy and Sicily, and within the mosques and palaces of the East, accords rather with the genius of the South and the gorgeous taste of the East, than with the less florid tone of more northern lands; and a thorough understanding of the conditions under which it so long assimilated with, and continued to constitute a dazzling feature in, the decoration of two, if not three, of the highest

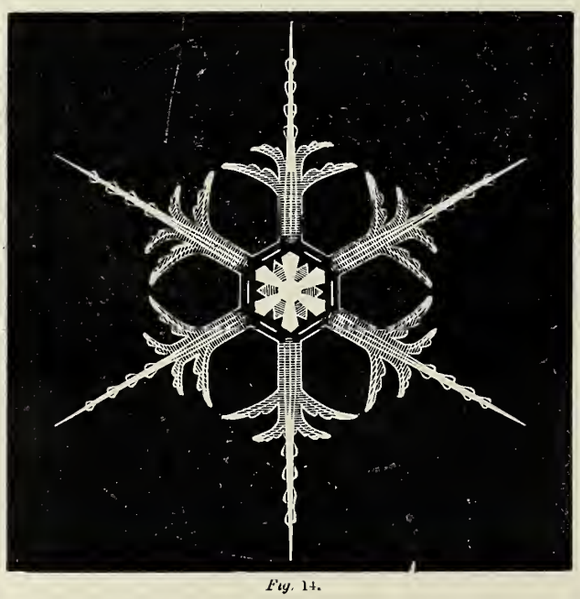


Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

styles of architecture—the Moresque, Byzantine, and Arabian,—is necessary to enable us to profit to the full by its capabilities as an industrial agent; nor do we forget that the rise of mosaic (we are speaking of its conventional varieties) was accompanied by, or was rather the result of, the decline of Art, when for a period a mechanical process usurped the place of higher efforts of design and fancy.

For the very reason, however, that the art and its imitations must be to a great extent mechanical, we could wish to see its range of utility still further extended; not admitting of wide deviations from fixed principles, we would prefer to see it substituted for the large mass of nondescript patterns to which we have already made allusion. And our facilities are great for introducing it into more general use; for in the same way that the painter's art has, with the utmost truthfulness of effect, reproduced for our study and admiration on the walls of the Byzantine Court representations of the elaborate inlayings of marble and glass, with which the originals, centuries ago, were constructed, we may carry its imitation successfully into almost every branch of manufacture or decoration; and, whilst preserving the spirit of the combinations, unfettered by the constructive difficulties of the original work, we may engraft new figures, and originate new styles of pattern perhaps available for a variety of applications.

(*To be continued.*)

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER III.

Sala del Gran Consiglio, Veniee—Battle of Cadore- Sketeh in the Uffizi—Landscapes of Titian—Just Praise of the Authorities—All Honour for the Work done—Regrets for the Work left undone—Portraits of Titian—Their Historieal Value—Ippolito de' Medici—Pope Paul III.—The Child of Roberto Strozzi—Portraits in the Uffizi—Laura de' Dianti—The Master's own Portrait—Question of the Visit to Spain—Works of Titian in that Country—Wilkie at the Escurial—Soeial Life of Titian—Suppers of the Garden—Contemporary Deseription—Plague in Venice—Death of the Master.

In the year 1547, that hall of the ducal palace, in Venice, called the Sala del Gran Consiglio, was destroyed by fire; many valuable works of Art then perished; and among them was the great Battle of Cadore, painted by Titian at command of the Venetian senate. The battle was fought between the imperialists on the one hand, and the Venetians, led by Alviano, the general of the republic, on the other. The composition of this work is rendered familiar by the engraving of Fontana; and Ridolfi, who declares himself to have seen a good copy, and may have known persons acquainted with the origiual,* has given a minute description of the whole. Of this the reader will find certain parts in Northcote's life of Titian, already quoted. The Italian author, alluding to the various parts of this lamented work, declares the landscape to have been faithfully depicted from Cadore—Titiau's native place. He enlarges on the grand effect produced by the Castle of Cadore, which had been struck by lightning, and had taken fire. The building pours forth dark masses of smoke, "these, rolling in heavy clouds from the half-burnt structure, contributed greatly to the force of the general effect," says Ridolfi, "adding new terrors to those of the tempest roaring above, and of the conflict raging below." In the Florentine gallery of the Uffizi there is a sketch, made by Titian for the Battle of Cadore; in this, if the writer remember clearly, the general holds the baton of command; Ridolfi (*Maraviglie dell' Arte*) describes him as leaning on his sword.

To the pre-eminence of Titian as a painter of landscape the authorities have borne unanimous testimony. Speaking of the landscape, in a "Flight into Egypt," painted for "*Messer Andrea Loredano, che sta da S. Marcuola*," Vasari has the following:—"Nel qual quadro è dipinta la nostra Donna che va in Egitto, in mezzo a un gran boscaglia e certi paesi molto ben fatti, per averc dato Tiziano molti mesi opere a fare simili cose, e tenuto perciò in casa alcuni Tedeschi, pittori di paesi e di verzure." †

Du Fresnoy, alluding to the landscapes of Titian, remarks that, "No man ever painted landscape in so great a manuer, so well coloured, and with such truth of nature." ‡ English commentators are equally lavish of their praise. "As a painter of laudscape," says Haydon, "Titian was never surpassed." Northcote, speaking also of Titian, enumerates, among the many other qualities of the master, "his excellence in landseape-painting: whether introduced as an aeeessory or predominant," says the eulogist, "landscape is always treated by Titian in the grandest and most picturesque style."

Assenting cordially to all this, and most particularly to the "great manner and look of nature" claimed by Du Fresnoy as characteristic of this master, there is still a want, felt, if not by the painter, who may content himself with the indisputable excellence of what Titian did, yet always by the lover of nature—of nature in those external forms wherein the Greeks of old did well to suppose divinity, for are they not informed by a spirit which is indeed divine!

To Nature, in some of the holiest and most inspiring of her material forms, Titian, if not insensible, was at least cold; he did but mark in them what sufficed for his purpose of the moment; but shall this be accepted? Can he whose soul bends reverently before the shrine, whose whole heart is cast all lovingly on the steps of the altar—can he content himself, for the object of his worship, with such homage as is paid by the mere crowd? He cannot, and does not.

Yet but little beyond this was offered by Titian. He does not approach the fanes with the simple reverence, the touching humility that win the very heart from one's bosom, as one lingers long sweet hours with the older masters; neither has he for one moment devoted to them that passionate love by which certain of our modern artists are lifting themselves above the mass.

Every other quality I grant him, and in abundance. How grandly do the many proofs he has left us of his truth and power rise in their well-remembered beauty and stateliness to the charmed and lingering memory! Yet, admitting this—this and more, for much more might well be affirmed—I repeat that Titian did not give enough of his heart to the world without. A child of the mountains, he loved his native Cadore, and frequently returned to refresh his spirit amidst the deep glens and rich woods of his home, as certain of his works amply prove: yet did the life of the city too quickly resume its influence, and the pleasures of her interior existence, rather than the beauties of her outward aspect, then ruled the ascendant. Nor let Pietro Aretino bear all the blame—Titian's companionship (I do not say friendship) with that bad man did not commence until he was fifty years old, and Aretino was much younger than himself: neither are these strictures to be called mere cavilling, they are at least made in no spirit of cavil; let the objector rather tell me, has he watched the sunset or the sunrise from that point whence Titian had the privilege of daily seeing both; has he felt the dews of mingled gladness for himself and gratitude to their Creator dim his eyes as the purple and the gold, the pearly tints and the delicate paly green, or rather all those indescribable hues—some faint semblance of which we seek to convey by these poor names, for lack of words more befitting—the hues of a rich Venetian sky; has he seen these when the sunset of Venice is making earth all holy with its beauty? Or, even more impressive, perhaps, have you, who are content with so much as the master has given, have you marked those broad, bright fields of space, that seem indeed to be opening the rejoicing plains of heaven itself to your reverent gaze, as you stand—not marvelling that the Persian knelt, nay, bending in heart and soul as he bent when that glorious sun declined—have you seen all these, as Titian must have seen them, from the spot where he stood daily? If you have not seen them, go then, give to your eyes that festival of beauty—beauty in its most entrancing, yet most sacred, most awe-inspiring loveliness; do this, and you will at least regret that, having all these glories for his Vision, the man so favoured should have died and left the world no sign. Yet this has Titian done. So far as the writer's knowledge of his works extends, he has in no case given their full value to those heights, fair rising for then fortunate Venice, with all their ever-changing wealth of beauty. He has left all but untouched the rich stores spread before him, and stretching, aye, from his home* in the radiant city, across the glittering waters and across the fruitful plains, even to the Euganean Hills, and the far, far Alps of the eloquent Rhetia. Beauties which, but to see as the mere stranger and sojourner sees them, suffice to fill him with regret that the power of reproducing their pure loveliness for the eyes and hearts of all men, hath not been of his inheritance. All these, seen daily, hourly, with all their enchanting variations of phase, never to be loved enough—at morn, at noon, in the purpling sunset, and beneath the one sweet star of early evening—with the fair moon looking in charmed delight over all, and again in the deep blue midnight, when the darkness is but in seeming, and the eyes of love are still potent as at noon-day to discern the divinity ever present:—all these were his, yet his in vain. Never, so far as we know or can ascertain, was the master inspired to seize his powerful pencil, and to say, "Not fleeting, not evaneseent shall be now thy glories, oh beauty! adored and made for adoration. Not for this bright moment only, but for all time shall be thy loveliness, heart-gladdening, for to this end hath man been touched by the fire of genius." Titian did not say this; he did not feel it.

"Nay, but perchance he knew that even the might of *his* power would strive in vain to reproduce that splendour of beauty, and so the hand fell by his side nerveless and trembling: no Hymn that he could raise was holy cuough, and he kept silence in his despair."

Ah! so be it; and if you *can* hold thus of Titian, take that faith to be your consolation. Happily, the beauty for which his eyes were blind remains eternal. Still does it smile along the plain, still light the distant summits, for him whose joy at once and privilege it is to stand where once the famed Venetian stood, regardless. Happily, for when the hour shall bring the man, some faint, pale shadowings of that beauty may yet bid the outer world rejoice in the rich treasures of its spiritual loveliness.

And now you will say, "We have no need to seek far regions for the glory of the sunset, we fortunate English;" and you are right, we have *such* beauty—purple banks of clouds combining to form one of its many phases—as in some of its characteristics, will be found in no country beside. The writer retains remembrance—may Heaven be praised for memory!—of some few instances, gathered in a loving lifetime, of certain examples that no other land has approached; but for those vast infinitudes of spaee, those limitless regions laid open by an Italian sunset, to Italy you must go. *Here*, rich as we may be—as we are—in our varying beauty of clouds and sunshine, each enhancing the glory of the other, we have not the breadth of Venetian skies. Do you doubt this? *libre à vous*, and it is in charity, not in resentment, that I bid you go and see.

To the perfection of this master's portraits, writers of all lands do and have done sueh justice as repeated plaudits, echoing from all sides, may avail to secure; nor, as regards their fidelity, and the value they possess in their relation to the history of the period, could they be overrated. Kugler does but echo the general voice of authority when he affirms Titian to be "the finest portrait painter of all times." "He was not content," says the German writer, "with giving his subjects all that was grand and characteristic in style,—he also gave them the appearance of diguified ease. He seems to have taken them at the happiest moment, and thus has left us the true conception of the old Venetian, by the side of whom all moderu gentlemen look poor and small."*

Poor and small indeed! and well would it be for modern portraiture if even this were the worst that could be said of the look imparted to its subjects—its victims rather—if, indeed, it be not the paiuter who is made the victim of his subjects' paltry vanity. Yet, if that be so, wherefore will he consent to the degradation? Is it for Art—the redeeming, the refining, the elevating—is it for her to put on fetters at command of the earth-born Vanity? But let us forget the matter,—there will come the remedy when Art shall have assumed its true place among us. The dawn of that day approaches; desiring eyes behold faint gleams iu the distance; they become brighter: we have but to take patience, and the light shall come.

Of Titian's portraits, Du Fresnoy says, "They are extremely noble, the attitudes being very graceful, grave, and diversified, and all are adorned after a very becoming manner.†

True and forceful exposition of individual character is likewise among the precious qualities justly attributed to the portraiture of Titiau. That of Ippolito de' Medici is thus contrasted by Hazlitt with one of a young Neapolitan—both in the Louvre when Hazlitt wrote—"All the lines in the face (of Ippolito), the eye-brows, the nose, the corners of the mouth, the contour of the face, present the same sharp angles, the same acute, edgy, contracted, violent expression; the other portrait, that of a young Neapolitan noble, has the finest expansion of feature and outline; it conveys the most exquisite idea possible of mild, thoughtful sentiment."‡ A

* Ridolfi, as we learn from Lanzi and others, was born in 1596.

† See "Opere di Giorgio Vasari," Parte Terza, vol. v. p. 193.

‡ Dryden's Translated Works, "Sentiments on the Works of the Best Painters, by C. A. Du Fresnoy."

* In the Abate Cadorin's work, "Dello Amore ai Veneziani di Tiziano Veeellio," the reader will find many circumstances of great interest as regards the domestic life of Titian, and his residence of some forty-eight years in the Via di San Canciano; but new buildings and other circumstances have now greatly altered the localities, and the character of the whole district is changed; the house itself remains, but the interior would not be recognised by its former dweller, were he now to revisit his earthly abode.

* Schools of Painting in Italy, part ii. p. 447.

† "Sentiments," *ut supra*. Dryden's Translation.

‡ See "Painting and the Fine Arts," p. 22.

quality of inestimable value in the painter who is the exponent of history, is truth of expression; nor is the advantage confined to the countenance only in the works of Titian—it extends to the whole work, and pervades every part of the person.

Of Paul III., painted a second time by Titian, with his grandsons, the Cardinal Farnese, and Octavio, Duke of Parma—Fuseli, examining the work, in company with Northcote, at the Capo di Monte, agreed with the latter, that it was, indeed, one of the finest examples in the world, "more particularly in regard to the expression, which is inimitably fine." Fuseli concluded his remarks by exclaiming, "This is true history."

Speaking of a portrait not known to the present writer—that of Pope Paul IV., namely—Mrs. Jamesou remarks, and with truth, that "There are hands of various character; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked, or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Arragon, in Raphael's picture.

"Let any one look at the hands of Titian's portrait of old Paul IV., though exquisitely modelled, they have an expression which remiuds us of claws; they belong to the face of that grasping old man, and could belong to no other."*

That so much eloquencc of expression as we find attributed to the portrait in qucstion may be found in a pair of hands, when those hands are painted by Titian, will surprise no one; the word grasping must, however, here denote, not avarice, but tenacity of character, or such hands as those above described could scarcely be attributed, with truth, to Pope Paul IV. Even in Pope Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese), whose portrait, painted by Titian, is kuown to all,† the grasping of avarice was no distinctive characteristic; although, for his son, the ill-fated Piero Luigi, and for his grandsons, that pontiff was insatiable of honours and dignities, and in pursuit of these may have been led to the desire for treasure, as a means to his end; but to Paul IV., the determined reformer, the zealous restorer of the then dying Inquisition, the founder of the festival in honour of St. Dominic, and of the rigid Order of Theatines, the debasing vice of avarice was absolutely unknown. Many wrongs had he to expiate, many errors to bewail; but a grasping love of gold was not among them. It is true that the reforms he sincerely desired to make were permitted to suffer interruption from the fierce war waged by that pontiff against the whole might of Spain, and the Empire; it is also true that he, whose whole previous life had been a protest against the nepotism of former popes, no less than against all other abuses in the Church, was by that war betrayed into according undue ascendancy to his own nephews, for whom the house of Colonna, and other great families, were despoiled of their possessions. But this took place in a period of difficulty and danger: when the return of peace gave him leisure for learning the truth, Paul IV. did not spare the guilty because they were those of his own household; above all, in no case did he appropriate any portion of the spoil. Again, if the statues, once erected to his glory, were torn from their pedestals and dragged through the streets by a furious populace, before the eyes of the pontiff had well closed in death, that was not because of oppression induced by avarice; but because the nobles, pursued by his uncompromising justice, resorted to their well-known custom of inciting the people to revolt, and also, perhaps, because these last had suffered cruelly from the consequences of the Spanish wars. It was, in fact, the Pope's first care, on the cessation of those wars, to reduce the taxes, and remit every impost bearing hardly on the people: to amass treasure was at no time one of his aims, and of the papal avarice none did or could complain. The ruling passion of Paul IV. was, without doubt, love for the Church—the Church, not in its abuses, as he found, and, unhappily, left it also; but in its primitive lustre and purity, to which he had fondly hoped it might be recovered by his means. Fain would Giovanni Pietro Caraffa have restored whatever, in doctrine or discipline, was, in his opiniou, calculated to euhance the true dignity of the Church. To her services he would faiu have imparted an elevation worthy of those days when all was best and fairest. For her ritual he had conceived hopes of an ideal perfection, the devotional splendours whereof none had previously beheld: neither was he permitted to witness them. Not only did he exhort the princes of the Church to perform the duties of their office faithfully, he gave them the example iu his own person, and compelling his cardinals to preach publicly, the pontiff also ascended the pulpit, and taught them how the duty should be performed. On this poiut we have the testimony of the Venetian ambassador, Mocenigo:—"Nelli officii divini poi, e nelle ceremonie, procedeva questo pontefice con tanta gravità e divozione che verameute pareva degnissimo vicario de Gesu Cristo. Nelle cose poi della religione si prendeva tanto pensiero, et usava tanta diligenzia, che maggior non si poteva desiderare."*

Hear, also, what another ambassador from the Venetian Republic to the papal court, Bernardo Navagero, namely, reports to the Signori, his masters, of this same pontiff:—

"Ha una incredibile gravità e grandezza in tutte le sue azioni, e veramente pare nato al signoreggiare."†

Of Titian's success in the delineation of children we have many proofs. Ticozzi relates the following anecdote:—"In the year 1542, Roberto Strozzi was in Venice with a beautiful child, whom he tenderly loved, and now would he have Titian paiut him her portrait at full length. Then it chanced, somethiug more than a century later, that this portrait was placed in the open gallery of St. John's Church, on the day of the Baptist's festival, and was there seen by the young Count, Lorenzo Magalotti, then a boy of six years old, who has himself told us how his 'whole life was ever afterwards haunted by the recollection of that picture.'" In the sixtieth year of his age he writes to Leone Strozzi, a desceudant of Roberto, entreating, and not for the first time, that a copy of his beautiful kinswoman may at length be granted for his solace; he eites many proofs of "the terrible ascendancy this little girl has had over him;" and if the reader be not very hard-hearted, he will rejoice to hear that the copy so long desired was ultimately sent him.

In the Florentine Gallery of the Uffizi is a work in which are the portraits of the Duke of Urbino, of Francesco della Rovere, and of the Duchess, his wife—this is considered to be a masterpiece in its kind. The duke is in armour, and in the perfectiou with which the metal is portrayed, as well as iu the delicacy and transparency of the colouring throughout—the face of the duchess beiug more particularly remarkable for these qualities—foreign critics find au inexhaustible subject of eulogium. The portrait of Catharine Cornaro, Queen of Cypress, is likewise here; she is presented under the semblance of Catharine of Alexandria, and the work is one of great beauty.

The picture called "The Flora of Titian," likewise in the Uffizi, has been much discussed, and is well known: this also is a portrait, and is considered to be a replica of that in the Louvre called "Titiau's Mistress"—they are cousequently both likenesses of Laura de' Dianti, second wife of Alfouso, first Duke of Ferrara. The appellation, "Titiau's Mistress," is now understood to be a gratuitous assumption, iu this instance as in so many others; it is from Ticozzi, not always to be depended on, that we obtain the settlement of this question: he declares himself to be convinced by a careful comparison of medals and well authenticated portraits with those now in question, and in this instance is supported by collateral evidence of so much authority, that no reasonable doubt of his accuracy can, as we think, be entertained. In an earlier work mentioned by Vasari,‡ and still, as is believed, at Ferrara, Titiau had already depicted "The Siguora Laura;" but when, after the death of his first wife, Lucrezia Borgia, the duke married this secoud duchess, the great painter was called on to deliueate her features once more, together with those of her well-pleased lord, who had bestowed on her the name of "Eustochia," to intimate his entire satisfaction with that second choice.

That the master's own portrait, painted by himself, is in the Uffizi, our readers know: this, also mentioned by Vasari,* was sold to the Bellunese painter, Marco Ricci, at some time early in the last century, by a certain Osvaldo Zuliano, guardian to Alessandro Vecelli, a minor of the painter's family, from whom it was in fact purloined by Zuliano, under the pretext of haviug it valued in the interest of his ward. Taking the portrait to Veuice, he next declared it to have beeu sent back to Cadore—where it had been carefully preserved by Titian's earlier descendants—haviug been found, as he said, of no value. But the messenger entrusted with the valuable deposit never arrived. The picture, transferred by Ricci to the Florentine Gallery, was discovered there by Alessandro Vecelli, by whom a process was instituted against his treacherous guardian to recover the value, but the result is not known.

Three times did Titian paint the portrait of Charles V., and on the last occasion the Emperor declared himself to have been thrice immortalised in consequence. The story of the fallen pencil, with the declaration of his imperial majesty, that to wait on Titian was a fitting occupation for the Cæsar, is well known, as are the princely honours conferred on the favoured master in Rome, at the court of Ferrara, and at that of Urbano.

Portraits of Francis I. of France, Sixtus IV.,† Popes Julius II. and Paul III., with those of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, Guidobaldo II., the old Cardinal of Lorraine, Solyman, Emperor of the Turks,‡ and many more, are enumerated as among the works of Titian, by Vasari, who proceeds, until, losing breath, he says—"Ma che perdimento di tempo è questo? Non è stato quasi alcun Signore di gran nome, nè principe, nè gran donna, che non sia stata ritratta da Tiziano, veramente, in questa parte, eccellentissimo pittore." §

Whether Titian did or did not visit Spain, is a question frequently mooted among Italian aud Spauish writers; the latter affirming, the former deuying, that he did so. Ceau Bermudez,‖ almost always correct, maintains that his country *was* so favoured, adducing various facts in support of his assertion—that of Titian haviug taken the portrait of the Empress Isabella, for example; Bermudez eontending, that as the empress did not leave Spain after her marriage, and could not have sat to him elsewhere, so the painter must needs have taken her likeness in Spain. But his opponents find a reply to this, as they do to the affirmations of his countryman, Palormino ¶—not so much to be depended on as himself, and manifestly in error, even by his own showing, since he declares the patent of Titian as Count Palatiue to have been signed by the Emperor, and by him presented to the master at Barcelona in the year 1553, Charles being then confined by illness at Brussels: the true date of the patent is, besides, 1535, as correctly given by Ceau Bermudez. But whether Titian did or did not visit Spaiu, most essential is it that all who would form a fair judgment of his works should go thither. Speaking of the Venetian school in the Royal Gallery of Madrid, Ford, the most important and most valuable of our authorities for Spain, has the following:—"By Tiziano Vecellio of Cadore, there are forty-three pictures—a museum in themselves. . . . . Titian's own portrait is among them, as is the renowned Apotheosis of Charles V. and Philip II., painted in the best period of the master, and considered by many to be his masterpiece. By his will Charles directed that this work—known as the

* See "A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected," p. 289.

† Of this portrait there is a replica of undoubted authenticity in Lord Northwick's Collection at Thirlstaine House.

* Mocenigo, Rilatione alla Serenissima Republica di Venezia. 1560.

† Rilatione di Messer Bernardo Navagero alla Serenissima Republica di Venezia, 1558.

‡ "Similmente ritrasse la Signora Laura, che fu poi moglie di quel Duca (Alfonso) che è opera stupenda." [He also painted that Signora Laura whom the duke afterwards married; a truly wonderful work.] See Opere, vol. v. p. 198.

* "Delle buone cose che siano in quella casa, è un suo ritratto che da lui fa finito quattro anni sono, molto belto e naturale." [Among the excellent works in that house (the house of Titian) is a portrait of himself, finished four years since, very beautiful and faithful.] Opere, p. 214.

† Pope Sixtus died in 1484: that pontiff could, therefore, not have sat for the portrait here in question, Titian being then but eight years old.

‡ In this case Titian did not paint from the life.

§ "But what a waste of time is this? There is scarcely a noble of high name, scarcely a prince or great lady who has not been portrayed by Titian—truly a most excellent painter in this branch of Art." Opere, vol. v. p. 208.

‖ "Diccionario Historico de los mas ilustres Profesores de las Bellas Artes en España."

¶ "Vidas de los Pintores Espaffoles." The work is not for the moment within reach of the present writer, nor is that of Bermudez, cited above; but the reference to either will be easily made.

Gloria—should always be hung where his body was buried; it remained at San Yuste accordingly until Philip removed the body of his father to the Escorial." *

In the same gallery is, or was, another of Titian's great works, Charles V. on horseback. "This," says Ford, "before its recent restoration, was the finest equestrian picture in the world."

Of the noble "Last Supper," also in the Escurial, one of the grandest of Titian's religious works, and "on which," says Stirling,† "his pencil lingered lovingly for seven years," there is an affecting anecdote, told by Southey, as follows:—"When Wilkie was in the Escurial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, an old Jeronomite said to him, 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off one after another—all who were my seniors, all who have been my contemporaries, and many, or rather most, of those who were younger than myself: more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think it is *they* who are the realities, and we the shadows.'

"I wish I could record the name," adds Southey, "of the monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and so strikingly expressed." The reader will join him in that wish. The anecdote will be found—with how many other strange things rich and rare!—in that strangest of all strange books, "The Doctor." ‡

Ford, speaking of this painting, when describing the *Iglesia Vieja*, declares it to have "hung flapping in its frame for years, like a hatchment in our damp country churches." He adds:—"It has recently been repainted." § Repainted! the unhappy word! When Ford wrote the above, some twenty-two years since at least, the picture was still in the refectory where Wilkie had seen it; but we learn from Stirling that it is now in the Queen of Spain's gallery at Madrid. The same author, speaking of the Palace of the Pardo, tells us that "the Hall of Portraits contained no less than eleven from the easel of Titian; likenesses of the Emperor and Empress, of Philip II., of the great captains, Duke Emanuel, Philibert of Savoy, and Fernando, Duke of Alba, with several princely personages of Germany, all of which perished by fire in the next reign." ‖

It was this conflagration whereby the renowned Venus of Titian was endangered, and which gave rise to the anxious inquiry of the king for its safety, so frequently cited, with his as often repeated declaration, when relieved from his anxiety, to the effect that, "Since this was safe, every other loss might be either repaired or endured."

Returning for a moment to the question of Titian's visit or no visit to Spain, Mr. Stirling, the first authority we now possess as to all *cosas de España* connected with the Arts, has the following words:—"In age, as in fame, the venerable name of Titian stands first on the list of Philip's painters. *Although he never set foot in Spain*, he may, for his works, be fairly enough ranked among the artists of the Escorial." ¶ In a preceding passage, Mr. Stirling, referring to what Northcote has said on this subject, complains of that else most useful writer's defective arrangement, and that he does so with reason is most certain, for do but hear how that dear Northcote treats the matter: first he says—"Carlo Ridolfi, the biographer of Titian, declares that he never came into Spain, but in this he is mistaken. It was not, however, until the year 1553 that he visited that country. During his residence there he executed many admirable works, and received many princely rewards for them." This in the first volume, and at page 109; but what do we next find? Turn to volume second, and you shall see.

"With respect to Titian's visit to the court of Spain, it is necessary to take some slight notice of the subject, were it only for the obstinacy with which the Spanish writers, incautiously followed by others, have given weight to this popular tradition. Don Antonio Palomino Velasco did not hesitate to enumerate Titian among the Spanish painters, asserting that he remained in Spain from 1548 to 1553. It would be lost time to set seriously to work to confute an opinion so void of all probable foundation. I ask those who have still any doubts about it, to read the letters written to Aretin by Titian, and others respecting Titian, from 1530 to 1555, in which will be found from month to month an account of the places in which he was in the course of those twenty-six years. To this is added the testimony of those who have written his life, who all positively affirm that Titian declined the invitations of King Francis to visit France, and those of Charles V. and Philip II. to go to Spain. The anonymous author says, 'He was also, after the death of Charles, invited by Philip his son, but in vain, for he would not go to any distance from his native place. But he consoled Philip in a very satisfactory manner by some pictures of more than common perfection.'"

These last words are those of "L'Anonimo;" but, as the reader will perceive, our Northcote had with his own hand effectually demolished the assertion of his first volume.* There is, besides, yet further testimony in a letter from Aretino to the sculptor Leone Leoni, wherein, replying to an intimation from that artist of Pope Paul's desire that Titian should visit Rome, Aretino assures Leoni of the great master's willingness to do so, "although he declined the request of Charles V. to the effect that he should visit Spain." The question may therefore be considered as set at rest. It was in Vienna and Bologna that Titian held his well-authenticated intercourse with the "Cesarean majesty;" but not in Spain, where, to conclude with the words of Stirling, "he never set foot."

The private and social life of Titian are well known, that of his later years more especially so. We have minute details respecting it from contemporary writers. Lodovico Dolce, his intimate friend, and his less worthy associate, Pietro Aretino, among the number. Of the latter, M. Louis Viardot has a few words that go far to explain what has been called the friendship subsisting between Aretino and the great master. Viardot is speaking of the portraits by Titian in the Pitti Palace, and among others, he names that of "Pietro Aretino, le poète satirique et *redouté*, l'ami et le conseiller du peintre, *qui le craignait cependant plus encore qu'il ne l'aimait*." †

The contemplation of his earlier and more difficult, if not more laborious, days, has still greater interest in the estimation of the present writer; but their character has been sufficiently intimated, and, remembering who was the presiding genius of the festive assemblies enlivening his later years, few, perhaps, will listen with indifference to what Francesco Priscianese says of "a sort of Bacchanal feast" to which he had been invited. This was held "in a delightful garden," says Prisciauese, "belonging to Messer Tiziano Vecelli, a most excellent painter, as everybody knows, and a person truly fit to provide with his affability every honourable entertainment. With the said Messer Tiziano were assembled—as like always desires like—some of the most rare geniuses at present in this city; and of ours, principally, Messer Pietro Aretino, a new miracle of nature. Next to him, the great imitator of it with the chisel, as the provider of the entertainment is with the pencil, Messer Jacopo Tatti, called Il Sansovino; then Messer Jacopo Nardi; and, lastly, myself. Thus I was the fourth part of such great wisdom. Here, before they spread the tables, as the sun, though the place was shaded, still made the force of his beams to be felt, the time passed in contemplation of the most excellent paintings, of which the house was full, and in talking about the true beauty and loveliness of the garden, which every one was singularly pleased with and much admired. It is situated at the furthest part of Venice, on the edge of the sea, looking over to the lovely isle of Murano, and other beautiful places. This part of the lagoon, so soon as the sun had gone down, was covered by a thousand gondolas, adorned with the handsomest ladies, and resounding with divers harmonies, with vocal and instrumental music, which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper." There is much more, but this shall suffice; not that the picture is anything less than charming, taking the site and the master of the feast well into the account, but because all can now prefigure to themselves the delights that followed.*

Then come the "Suppers"—no inconsiderable part do they perform in that period of the master's life which he passed with Aretino, Sansovino, and the rest—the suppers, I say, to which "Messer Tiziano" was, in his turn, bidden.

"A brace of pheasants, and I know not what else, expect you at supper with the Signora Angiola and myself," writes Aretino, "therefore come, that Old Age, the spy of Death, affording us continual amusement, may have nothing to tell his master, save that we are old."

Or if any be further curious as to the *menu* of these "feasts of intellect," let him know that the grosser material need not be wanting even now; let him see only that he gather the guests befitting them, and the Titianesque supper may yet be imitated, come what may of the rest.

"For the fine and excellent turkey your true kindness sent me from Padua," writes Aretino to an occasional *convive*, "I give you as many thanks as he had feathers in the tail and wings. The ambassador of Mantua, Monsignor Torquato Bembo, Sansovino, and Titian, enjoyed the turkey, bestowing blessings on the giver at every mouthful." And again—"It seemed to Titian, who gives life to colours, and to Sansovino, who gives breath to marble, that it would be almost ungrateful for me alone to thank you for your gift of pickled fennel and spice cakes; they, then, both now with me, sending their words, and adding the testimony of their good appetite in the eating thereof—they being fond of such savoury food—confess to be much obliged to you for it." To another of their comates the same writer says—"The pears you sent from Vicenza are fine and juicy; nor need you ask whether Titian shares them with me, for it is well known to you that we sup almost always together."

Is that enough? or will you have a continuance of these details? They are in sufficient abundance, but the sources are accessible to all; wherefore, and for the present time, I beg you to agree that those given may suffice.

No lover of Art remains long in Venice without turning his steps towards the ancient dwelling of Titian, in the Via di San Canciano; but the first visit of the present writer was also the last: although more than once in Venice since that first was paid, we have not again returned to the desecrated dwelling of the honoured master. Sordid chambers were at that time crowded by threes and fours within the space of those wide halls, once resounding to the majestic step of Titian. This state of things contrasted painfully with what we had just before seen, and again beheld long afterwards, in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, and altogether offered no temptation to return.

Painful and saddening is the contrast presented by the closing scene of this great man's life, extended to within a few months of a century, to be extinguished at last amidst the horrors of pestilence and the desolations of abandonment: but the details are fully known, and we need not dwell on them. Some writers have spoken of Titian's son Orazio as squandering the rich patrimony left him by his father in scenes of unworthy riot; but these have confounded the younger son Orazio, with the elder, Pomponio, who did, without doubt, permit his father's priceless works to be disgracefully scattered, and was himself unworthy to be called the son of Titian. As regards Orazio, if he did not expire on the same bed with his father, as many affirm, but was carried forth to the public hospital, with some faint hope of saving his life, as is declared, and with a better show of truth, by others, yet is it known that he did not long survive the effects of the plague, so fatally raging; nor, had he done so, was Orazio of a character to offer so much dishonour to his father's memory, as was inflicted by the heartless conduct of Pomponio.

* Ford's "Handbook for Travellers in Spain," pp. 429, 430. Edit. 1847. This reference is to the *second* edition, but let him who loves to see a good author at his best, obtain the *first* for his general use, that of 1845, namely.

† Annals of the Artists of Spain, vol. i. p. 184.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 235.

§ See Handbook, p. 469.

‖ Stirling, "Annals of the Artists of Spain," vol. i. pp. 184, 185.

¶ Annals of the Artists of Spain.

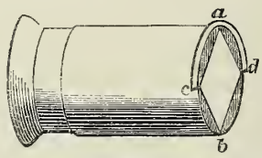
* See "Life of Titian," before cited, vol. ii. pp. 178, 179; also vol. i., chap. xx., p. 309.

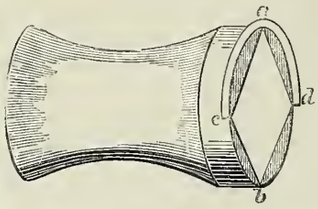
† See "Les Musées D'Italie," par Louis Viardot, p. 180.

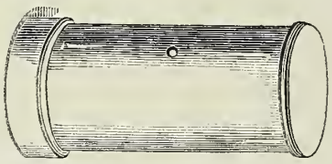
* See "Northcote's Life of Titian," vol. ii. pp. 141—224, *et seq.*

THE PICTORIAL TUBE.

Every one who has seen a good dioramic exhibition must have remarked the closeness of its approach to reality; and some, like ourselves, may have been even deceived for a time into the belief that the natural picture was itself before them. Yet these dioramic pictures are generally much inferior to the works of highest Art. Does not this, therefore, prove the more, how necessary it is, when we are looking at paintings, that we should try to eliminate in every way we can the multiplicity of objects which usually surround them, distracting our attention, mingling with their proper lights, and disturbing their effects? The diorama effects these eliminations by cutting off, as absolutely as possible, the light of day, and substituting for it an artificial illumination of high power, which, by passing through the picture alone, carries, as it were, a more perfect semblance of the reality to the retinæ of our eyes. In this way all canvas reflections are entirely obviated, and the vision of circumjacent objects largely suppressed.







The tube, which is here engraven in two forms, has been designed to render to the higher Art-pictures the same service which this elimination so effectively yields to dioramic, without displacement of that only perfect compound light which the sun so bountifully sheds and the atmosphere so equally diffuses around us. As a mere invention, it claims little regard—its principles are so simple and its structure so easy; but it will have, none the less, some considerable claim to usefulness, if, as its author takes leave to affirm, it shall prove available to increase our enjoyment and our discrimination of the world of Art-painting.

The contrivance may be said to spring from, and claims kindred with, the almost universal custom of connoisseurs in looking at pictures through such tubes as the bent hand, rolled paper, and the like; and simply consists of a short tube of any material, blackened inside, and having at its wider end a band of india-rubber, which can be distended at any two fixed and diametrically opposite points *a* and *b*, and also by means of a semicircular ring of wire, at two varying points *c* and *d*, whose variation will accommodate the figure of the opening to that of a *square* or any *oblong* picture. By undoing the distension, it gives a *circular* opening, and this can be changed into the *elliptical* form by giving the band, or, which is better, another diaphragm inside it, a partial motion on one of its diameters as an axis.

The whole instrument need not be much longer than a watchmaker's eye-piece, and may be used singly or in pair. It becomes an optical instrument at once, if a diverging lens be inserted for the eyeglass, and a tube be affixed to the other end containing an object lens of longer focus than the tube itself. The focal image will then take the place of the picture itself; and though, as in the Galilean telescope, the image will be only virtual, yet the consequences will be unaltered, while the band or diaphragm will be smaller and the picture will be magnified. In every case the eye-piece should be in the form of a slider, so as to adapt the tube to the varying sizes of pictures and the different distances of the beholder. L.



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal."

AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO CORSICA.

As I have been acquainted with your valuable *Art-Journal* ever since its commencement, I am fully aware that occasionally you insert brief details of artists' ramblings, and having recently returned a second time from the Island of Corsica,—a country which gave birth to two of the greatest generals of their time, Paoli and Napoleon Buonaparte,—I feel anxious to add my testimony to the fact, that now a sketcher may safely ramble without the danger of being either murdered or taken prisoner to Monte Rotondo, or, as it is sometimes called, Monte d'Oro—a desert mountain rendered noted ever since the maternal parent of the great Napoleon hid herself with a few chosen compatriots, in consequence of dread of the English troops, who had obtained possession of Ajaccio. This circumstance took place only a very short time before the birth of Napoleon.

The principal families have lately sworn a religious oath, in the presence of the authorities, to forego for ever the fatal custom of the Vendetti, and have complied with the orders of Government to deliver their arms. They were returned to a few persons whose honour might be trusted; but even they were compelled to make oath that their arms would be used by the *cacciatori* (sportsmen) only.

There is a peculiar beauty in the scenery of Corsica not to be found even in Bel Italia. The objects that more especially call the attention of the artist are the crystallised caves of Bonifacio, and the splendid rocky scenes of its shores. The general landscape is rich in picturesque beauty; and on the road between Bonifacio and Sartene is seen an extraordinary freak of nature in the object of a "*Lione di pietra*," set majestically on a rocky cliff. He appears to have a crown upon his head, and rests at his ease like the king of the forest, but here the king of the rocky mountains. In making a coloured drawing of this most marvellous object, I found I had only to copy literally what I beheld, and I should have as true a resemblance of a lion as was possible. It is probably six times the size of the actual monarch, but from the road it appears of natural dimensions. The scenery of Corte, the wild passes between Saint Fiorenza and Bastia, are replete with the grand works of nature.

It has been incorrectly remarked, that the Buonaparte family do not respect the Island of Corsica, which gave birth to their illustrious relative Napoleon. This is not true, as there is now a mansion near Calvi belonging to Prince Napoleon, who spends a portion of every year there as a *cacciatore*. And the present Emperor of France has erected a marble statue of his great uncle, Cardinal Fesch, and another of Napoleon Buonaparte. There is a third statue of an eminent person lately raised in Ajaccio, placed there at the expense of the present Emperor. He has also employed an artist of Bastia to make a series of drawings of Corsica, for the purpose of embellishing a grand historical work of this island. Besides, he is *now* at the expense of improving and repairing most of the churches and public buildings. And it is in my power to relate that even foreigners also participate in his liberal patronage, by receiving commissions for drawings of Corsican scenery. This I can vouch for as correct. Surely the present Emperor has some love for Corsica.

Feb. 1857. Wm. Cowen.

ARTISTIC REPRESENTATIONS OF DEATH.

Sir,—I trust to be permitted, through the medium of your invaluable Journal, to call the attention of artists of to-day to one great and grave subject that hitherto seems to have been allowed to remain in all the darkness and error in which heathenism might have clothed it. I say *might*, for I think that in one period of ancient art Death was personified as a beautiful youth. If so, is it not strange that the heathen should have dreamed and depicted beautifully what becomes a reality to the Christian; and yet more strange that the Christian should continue to depict what might have been a reality to the heathen, but is to him a dark falsehood? Is it not wonderful that in this Christian world, among men claiming the grand name of *Christian artist*, Death should still be found reigning triumphant as the King of Terrors?—should be pictured a grim, ghastly, grinning skeleton?

That these representations do infinite evil in the world, especially to the poor, there can be no doubt, for all falsehood ever will, and *must;* and as the truth rises in its grandeur and brightness, so the ugliness of the falsehood that denies it increases.

It is only diseased human nature that prefers to contemplate the horrible and revolting; the healthy mind instinctively recoils from it, and seeks only the beautiful and true; and yet you set up this grim skeleton for a symbol of that which it is essential, both for present and future well-being, we should learn to look on and grow familiar with. How can we? even the most darkly frowning life has more smiles and beauty than that stern, cruel monster.

Is it not time this error was dead? Is there not *one* defender and lover of truth in Art to be found in all Christendom who will devote his whole energy and power to the rooting out of these fallacies, and substitute a noble *Christian* ideal of Death? not one who will so picture Death that all may feel in their inmost souls there is *no* King of Terrors; that men may learn that Death is an angel sent by God to close the gates of mortal life, and open those of life eternal; to take off our earth-garments, the body, and clothe us in garments of immortality; that looking on this new picture men shall feel the fulfilment of those words, "Whosoever liveth, and believeth on me, shall *never die;*" and thus, instead of shrinking away from Death, filled with terror and despair, they shall take it to their hearts, a holy and sustaining thought shining through the toil, joy, and gloom of present life, and telling of that Heaven that *is*, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And graver and more important than all this, the ever-present thought of death shall imperatively demand a careful, watchful life—a continuing preparation to stand upright, unshamed, within the sight of God.

What nobler work could a Christian artist seek? or how better render his name immortal? I trust that Art may not long be darkened by this error—this skeleton of days when man had no sure hope beyond the grave—when Death (for aught he *knew*), indeed, triumphed over beauty, love, and life.

An Art-student.

TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM."

Sir,—Allow me a small space in your valuable periodical to make a few inquiries relative to the "Liber Studiorum" of the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—a work which perhaps, just now, may possess an additional interest, seeing that it contains the sketches or original ideas for more than one of the Turner pictures recently bequeathed to the nation, and now exhibiting at Marlborough House. A copy of the work in my possession consists of fourteen numbers, containing, with the engraved title, seventy-one plates, and which I have understood formed the complete work; but an advertisement, recently met with, dated February 1st, 1816, states that "the whole work will be comprised in *twenty* numbers, forming two volumes." Will you, or any of your correspondents, kindly inform me if the whole twenty numbers were published, or whether the issue was confined to the fourteen numbers.

In *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts*, 1833, p. 322, it is observed that "many years ago Turner executed a series of engravings called the 'Liber Studiorum,' but with a desire to render the work hereafter more valuable and scarce, after a certain number of impressions, he destroyed every one of the plates."

Can you further inform me whether this statement is correct? P.

[Perhaps some one of our readers can furnish us with a reply to the above queries, for we are rather uncertain. —Ed. *A.-J.*]

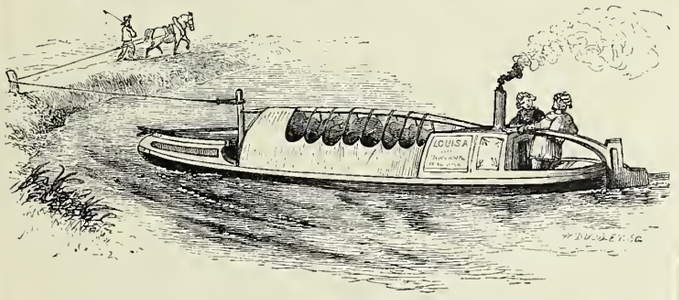
THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART III.

WE have now arrived at that point in the Thames where it becomes navigable for boats of burthen; the canal conveys in barges, each from thirty to sixty tons, the produce of the four quarters of the globe into several parts of England; the port of Bristol is thus united with that of London; other canals are combined with this: and so an internal communication was formed, the value of which may be readily estimated before the introduction of steam. But the railways have placed this mode of traffic almost in abeyance—the canals are comparatively idle, and ere long, perhaps, will be altogether deserted. The passage of a boat through the lock is now an event of rare occurrence; it is seldom opened more than once or twice in a week. Greater speed is obtained by the railway, of course, but the chief impediment arises from the cost incurred in passing through the locks and weirs along the Thames—strange as it may seem, the expense hence arising to a laden boat of sixty tons burthen, between Teddington, where the locks begin, and Lechlade, where they terminate, is not less than thirty pounds. The natural consequence is that steam absorbs all the traffic, except to places remote from stations; and then boats are in use only for heavy cargoes, chiefly timber and coal. The barges here used are necessarily long and narrow—the appended engraving will convey an accurate notion of their form; they are generally drawn up the river by two horses, and down the river by one, along the



THE BARGE.

"towing-path"—a footpath by the river-side. The towing-paths between Lechlade and Oxford, in consequence of the causes we have observed upon, are so little disturbed as to be scarcely perceptible; they are for the most part so "grass-o'ergrown" as to be distinguished from the meadow only after a careful search. Indeed, all along the Thames' bank to Lechlade, and much lower, almost until we approach Oxford, there is everywhere a singular and impressive solitude; of traffic there is little or none; the fields are almost exclusively pasture-land; the villages are usually distant; of gentlemen's seats there are few, and these are generally afar off; the mills are principally situated on "back-water;" and but for the pleasant cottages, nearly all of which are peasant hostelries, which, in their immediate relation to the locks and weirs, necessarily stand on the river-bank, with now and then a ferry-house, the whole of the landscape for nearly forty miles from the river-source would seem as completely denuded of population as an African desert. Between Kemble and Lechlade we did not meet two boats of any kind, and only at the lock-houses did we encounter a dozen people—except at the few villages of which we have taken note. This loneliness has its peculiar charm to the wayfarer; it will be long ere we lose remembrance of the enjoyment we derived from a reflective saunter beside the banks of the grand old river, where solitude invites to thought—

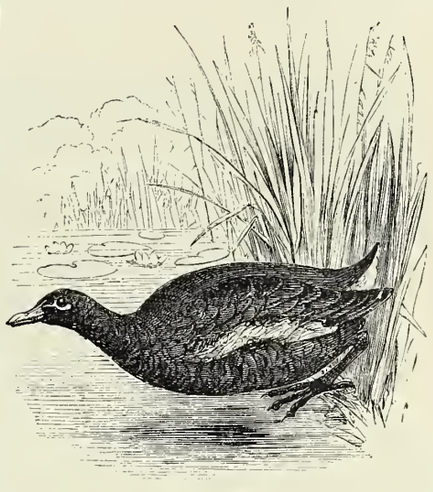
> "The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
> And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
> Warbles his heaven-tuned song."

The moorhen revels here in security, for it is her own domain—if a footstep shake the shelving bank, it is that of a peasant, of whom the shy bird has no fear; it was a rare pleasure to note this liveliest of all our water-fowl darting from side to side, or plunging midway in the channels, to rise in still greater security among the reeds and rushes farther off.

The Moorhen (*Gallinula chloropus*) is commonly seen not far from its reedy haunts, swimming along with a peculiar nodding motion of the head, and picking up its food first on one side and then on the other. It feeds generally on aquatic plants, insects, and small fishes. Mr. Selby mentions that he has frequently known this bird to have been taken on a line baited with an earth-worm, intended for catching eels or trout,—from which he infers that it is by diving it obtains the larger water beetles and the larvæ of dragon-flies, &c., upon which it is known to feed. Shenstone refers to the recluse habits of the moorhen, and its frequent associate, the coot:—

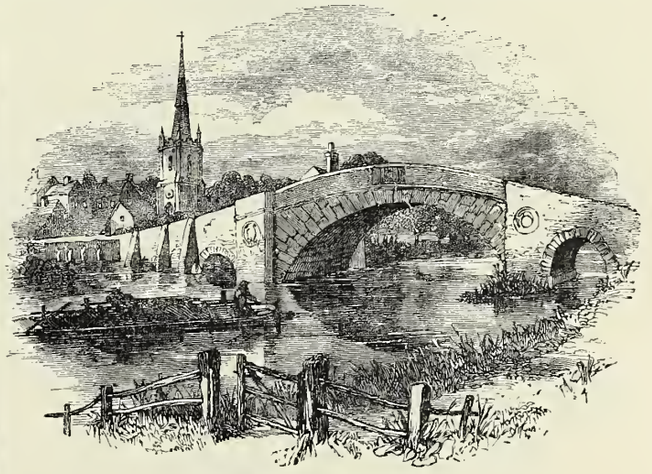
> "To lurk the lake beside,
> Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
> And moorcocks shun the day."

The colouring of the moorhen, quoting from Yarrell, is as follows:—"The beak yellowish-green; the base of it, and patch on the forehead, red; eyes reddish-hazel; the back, wings, and tail, rich, dark olive-brown; head, neck, breast, and sides, uniform dark slate-grey; under tail-coverts white; legs and toes green, with a garter of red above the tarsal joint. Contrary to the almost universal rule among birds, the female is frequently more richly coloured than the male. The length of the moorhen is usually about thirteen inches.



THE MOORHEN.

We are, however, now at LECHLADE, where the Thames is a navigable river, and a sense of loneliness in some degree ceases;—effectually so, as far as Lechlade is concerned, for, as the reader will perceive, its aspect is an antidote to gloom. Lechlade is a very ancient town; it derives its name from a small river that joins the Thames about a mile below its bridge. The Lech is little more than a streamlet, rising in the parish of Hampnot, in the Cotswold district, and passing by Northleach and Eastwich. The name is derived from the British *lech*, signifying "stone," "from the petrifying nature of its water"—a quality, however, of which we could neither see nor hear anything. The proofs of its antiquity are now limited to its fair and interesting church, dedicated to St. Laurence. Close to the north porch is an interesting relic of the olden time, "a penance stone," on which formerly offenders against the discipline of the church stood enshrouded in a white sheet to do penance. The spire is a pleasant landmark all about. It is now, as it was when Leland wrote, two hundred years ago, "a praty old toune," where those who love quiet may be happy; it is clean and neat, and has a well-ordered inn, where a "neat-handed Phyllis" strives to make the way-worn traveller at ease and in comfort. The priory of "Blake Chanons, at the very end of St. John's Bridge," is gone; of "the chapelle in a medow" no stone remains; the bold barons—from



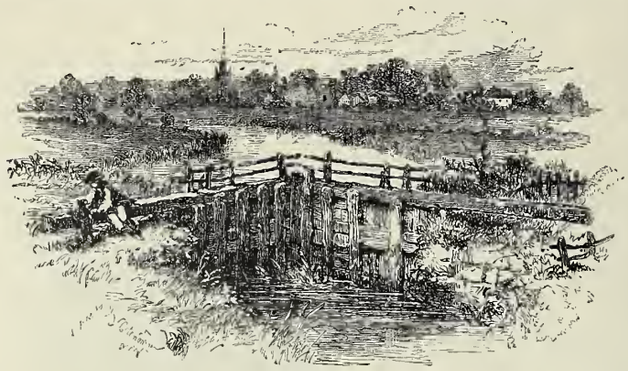
LECHLADE BRIDGE AND CHURCH.

Baron Siward, who slew Tofte, Earl of Huntingdon, to Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and Roger Mortimer, the Talbots, Spensers, and Hollands—who once lorded over the district, are forgotten there; but the Thames still rolls its waters round the town, and blesses a generation to whom rumours of war are but far-off sounds—

> "All glory to the stern old times,
> But leave them to their minstrel rhymes."

A mile from the town—much less to the pedestrian—and another and much older bridge is reached—ST. JOHN'S BRIDGE, beside which is "The Angler's Inn;" and here "a hop, step, and jump" will lead from Gloucester into Berkshire, and from Berkshire into Oxfordshire. But bridges are now becoming numerous; it is here we first meet a point of greater interest—the first lock on the river Thames. It is rude enough to be picturesque. This lock occurs, however, in a back-water, or rather an artificial cut, the main branch of the river flowing through the arches of St. John's Bridge, and passing the village of BUSCOT, where is found the first example of the lock and weir in combination. As it will suit our purpose better to treat this topic somewhat further on, we shall continue our voyage, leaving the fine house and grounds of Buscot, and the pretty villages of Kelmscott and Eaton Hastings, and continue still by the river-side, by green meadows, which, in their solitude, seem to progress unaided by the art of man. At Buscot "the river

quits the open meads for a more secluded progress, and, having been from Inglesham a boundary of Berkshire, it now leaves for ever its native Glou-



THE FIRST LOCK.

cestershire, and begins to mark the limits of the county of Oxford." Our next point of interest is a venerable relic of antiquity—RADCOT BRIDGE.



RADCOT BRIDGE.

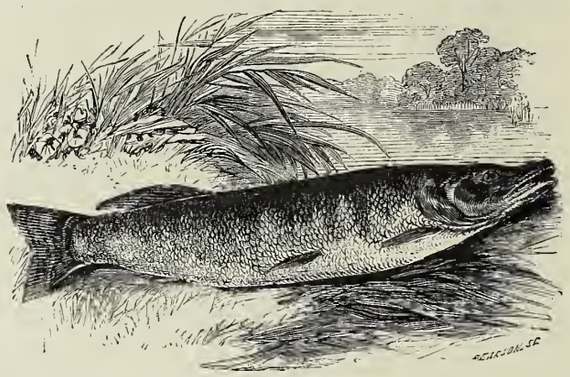
We have leisure, however, just now to ask the reader's attention to circumstances and objects that will have occurred to him, or have been presented to him on his journey. After passing Lechlade thousands of glittering Dragon-flies, of the species figured (*Calepteryx virgo*), kept up an incessant flutteriug over the water-side herbage; their graceful and rapid movements, with the metallic brilliancy of their green and azure colouring, gave an unwonted vivacity to the scene. It is to these insects, the *demoiselles* of the French, that Moore alludes—though in reference to a far different scene:—



THE DRAGON-FLY.

"Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems."

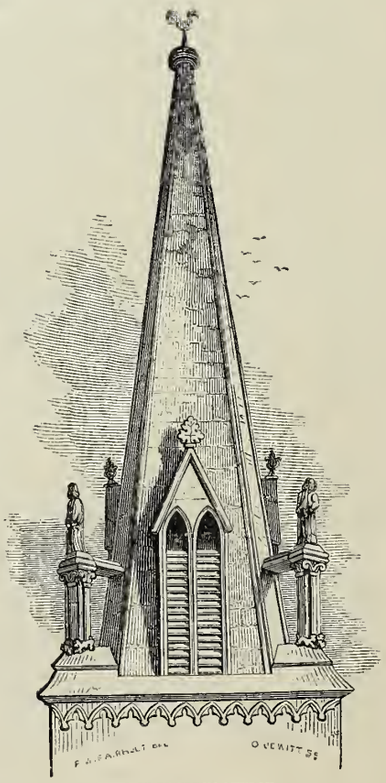
The Pike (*Esox Lucius*) is abundant in this neighbourhood, and the troller may have ample sport. It is the wolf of pond, lake, and river; and any mode by which he can be taken is considered right. The longest-lived of all the fish of fresh-water, he is the largest and the most ravenous, growing sometimes to enormous size—often to fifty, sixty, or seventy pounds; in the Thames, we believe, none have been caught of greater weight than thirty-five pounds. The body of the pike is elongated, nearly uniform in depth from the head to the commencement of the dorsal fin, then becoming narrower; "the head is elongated, depressed, wide;" the colour dusky olive-brown, lighter and mottled with green and yellow on the sides, and passing into silvery white on the belly. The angler takes this fish by trolling; but, sometimes, also with "live bait;" in the latter case a gudgeon, a small dace, or, better still, a small trout, is placed on a double hook; the pike seizes it sideways between his jaws, and makes off to his lair; time must be given him to "gorge" it before the strike. But trolling is the more common practice, on the Thames especially; in this case, a dead fish is impaled on a "trace" of hooks—*i. e.*, six hooks so arranged as to embrace the bait from the head to the tail, the mount being gimp wire, for gut would be instantly snapt in twain—nay, it is by no means rare for the pike to snap the gimp asunder, and make off with the six hooks; but so voracious is the fish, and so insensible to pain, that frequently another trace of hooks will be immediately taken by the fish, and the lost trace be thus recovered. We have known instances in which two traces have been thus expended, a third being successful. When the troller sets to work, he usually lets his boat glide gently with the tide, or impels it very gradually; the bait having been dropt overboard, is drawn quietly through the water at a distance of between fifteen and twenty yards. When the pike is hooked, and the angler has what is called "a run," it is not easily taken, but makes a bold struggle for life. The trace of hooks must, however, be mounted with a swivel, in order



THE PIKE.

that, by frequently turning in the water, it may more nearly imitate the motions of the living fish; artificial, or imitation fish, are in frequent use, and are of very ingenious make—they are sometimes good substitutes, but anglers well know that the actual fish is *the* thing. Unless a breeze ruffles the surface of the water there is but little chance of a run. The pike is also called the *luce* (it is the lucie of heraldry), and in Scotland its name is the *gedd*. The jack is, properly, a young pike. The pike is a solitary fish—even two of them are rarely seen together; his usual haunt is a dark and comparatively still nook, thick with rushes or close water plants; here he remains, seldom moving an inch until his eye fixes on his prey, when a sudden rush is made, and back again to consume it at ease and leisure. Some startling anecdotes are told of his voracity—he will swallow a fish of nearly his own weight. The pike is said to be a good fish for eating, and many are fond of it; the flesh is certainly hard and sound; much, however, depends upon the skill of the cook—old Izaak gives a receipt for its dressing, which he says "makes a dish of meat too good for any but anglers or very honest men."

We have delayed the tourist too long. At RADCOT BRIDGE he has a view on the right of Faringdon Hill, and on the left of Bampton Church spire; either place may lure him awhile from the river-bank—each being distant about two miles. The wood-crowned heights above FARINGDON have, indeed, been pleasantly in our sight for a long time along our course. Faringdon is well entitled to a pilgrimage; although the house is gone which so bravely withstood the army of Cromwell, when the assailants were led to the attack by the owner of the mansion himself—Sir Robert Pye, who had married a daughter of the patriot, John Hampden. Of a far older castle, which "the favourers of Empress Matilda erected, and King Stephen pull'd down," there remains nothing but tradition. There sleeps, however, in the village church a brave knight, whom England chronicles among the worthiest of her worthies—that Sir Edward Unton, who, while Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to France, upheld her honour and that of his country by sending a challenge, couched in memorable words, to the Duke of Guise, who had slandered the fair fame of his adored queen and mistress, and who, in speaking basely of her, had "most shamefully and wickedly lied."



SPIRE OF BAMPTON CHURCH.

Bampton, in Oxfordshire, on the left bank of the river, but distant about a mile, is a pretty village town, remarkable for its interesting church, which has the singular peculiarity that it has three rectors, who are all presented by the Church of Exeter—"to which certain lands were given by Leofric, Chaplain to Edward the Confessor, and first bishop of the see, about the year 1046." Bamptou steeple is so very conspicuous for many miles on this part of the river that we have deemed it right to delineate its features, which are in themselves sufficiently remarkable to warrant their introduction. The tower is square, from which rises an octangular steeple with four belfry windows. Pinnacles are at each corner, supported by slabs resting against the steeple, and forming basements for statues which surmount them. This unique arrangement is very striking; the church is well worthy a visit—as, in the characteristic language of Skelton, it is affirmed to contain "examples of almost every period of architecture, from the Conquest to the reign of King George III."

At Radcot Bridge the Thames is divided—a circumstance of frequent occurrence in the course of the river—a new cut and a "short cut" having been made to facilitate navigation—thus also deepening the channel. The tourist will take the old stream, which passes under three venerable arches; although it is considerably choked up with weeds, and closely overhung with branches of the water-willow; he will here have occasion to pause and admire the foliage that adorns the banks, or rises from the bottom of the slow current: a nosegay of wild flowers may be gathered here, such as might deck a maiden's brow, and vie in beauty with the rare exotics of the conservatory. We direct attention to some of them—first asking observation to the Great Water Dock (*Rumex aquaticus*), the luxurious growth of whose flamboyant foliage gives to it a gigantic character among its lighter and more graceful neighbours. The astringent root of this plant formerly had a considerable reputation as a medicine, but its use is now almost obsolete.



THE DOCK.

Our course may be rapid between Radcot Bridge and New Bridge, although the distance is some ten miles; for there is no village along its banks, but one small bridge—Tadpole Bridge—and but one ferry. There are, however, several weirs that act as pathways for foot-passengers; and these weirs break the monotony of the river, afford "rests" to the voyager, and add materially to the picturesque of the scenery—nearly all of them being old and somewhat dilapidated. These are Old Man's weir, Old Nan's weir, Rushy weir, Kent's weir, Ten-foot weir, and Shefford weir: they occur during the first half of the voyage, Rushy weir being the only one that has the adjunct of a lock. A stone's throw from the river, a small cluster of houses, scarcely to be called a village, points out the site of ancient Sifford, or Shefford; yet, on this lonely and isolated spot, now apparently far removed from human intercourse, the great Alfred held one of his earliest parliaments. "There sate, at Sifford, many



NEW BRIDGE.

Thanes, many bishops, and many learned men, wise carls and awful knights. There was Earl Elfriek, very learned in the law, and Alfred, England's herdsman—England's darling. He was king of England: he taught them that could hear him how they should live." What a dream might have been enjoyed, resting under a hayriek the mowers had raised in a corner of the meadow in which this memorable event is said to have taken place!

Arrived at New Bridge, we again pause awhile to look around us—to ponder and reflect. The neighbourhood is unchanged since Leland described it as "lying in low meadows, often overflown by rage of rain:" a small inn stands on the Berkshire side, and a busy mill on that of Oxfordshire; in the time of the venerable historian, there was here "a fayre mylle a prow lengthe of;" and it is probable a hostel also entertained the wayfarer. Age has preserved only the bridge, which was "new" six centuries ago, and is now, we believe, the oldest of all that span the river. A short distance below, the Windrush contributes its waters to the Thames,—one of the prettiest and most pleasant of English rivers; it rises among the hills of Cotswold, near Guiting; and, passing through Bourton-on-the-Water, Burford, Minster, Lovel, Witney (so long and still famous for its blankets), fertilises and flourishes rich vales, quiet villages, and prosperous towns; having done its duty, and received grateful homage on its way, it is lost for ever—absorbed into the bosom of the great father.

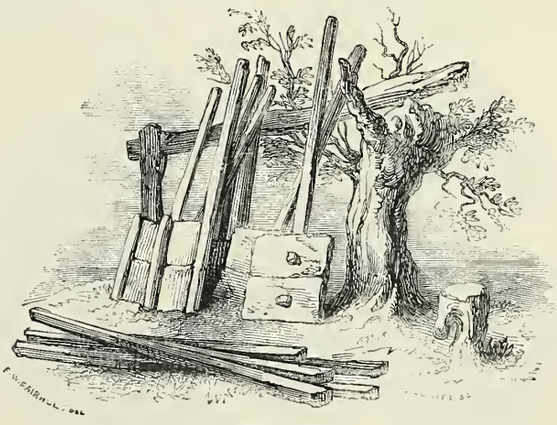
Again the locks and weirs pleasantly and profitably bar our progress—the principal of these are Langley's weir and the Ark weir—until we reach the ferry, which continues the road between the village of Cumnor and that of Stanton Harcourt—the former in Berkshire, the latter in Oxfordshire—each being dis-



HART'S WEIR.

tant about two miles from the river-side. To visit one of these weirs—Hart's weir—we must ask the reader's company before we proceed farther on our route. In describing this, we shall make him sufficiently familiar with an object, to which it will be requisite frequently to direct his attention during his progress.

Sometimes the weir is associated with the lock; but, generally, far up the river, where the stream is neither broad nor deep, the weir stands alone. We shall have occasion hereafter to picture them in combination. The weirs are artificial dams, or banks, carried across the river in order to pen up the water to a certain height, for the services of the mill, the fishery, and the navigation. A large range of framework rises from the bed of the river; this supports a number of flood-gates sliding in grooves, and connected with a sill in the bottom. Our engraving represents a group of these flood-gates as they were drawn upon land, and resting against the support rudely constructed for them beside Hart's weir. They are thus used:—The square piles in the



WEIR PADDLES.

foreground are first struck at regular distances in the sill under water: between each of these one of the gates is placed by means of the pole attached to it—the boards completely stopping the space, and forming a dam across the river. Two forms of dams are used: one with the board full upon the centre of the piles, and secured to them by strong plugs, over which the boat-hook is sometimes passed to aid lifting; the other has the water-board on one side, with a groove attached to it. Both of these are shown in the cut, as well as the rude stay for the rope of a barge to pass through, and which is generally formed of the branch of a tree. Such are the usual accompaniments of a weir in the upper Thames. When these dams, or paddles, are drawn up, the whole body of the stream, being collected into a narrow space, rushes through with great rapidity, and gives a temporary depth to the shallows, or,

by the power of the current, forces the barges over them. It is obvious that care is required to prepare the boat for the descent; for there is some danger to be encountered.

The weir is ever picturesque, for the water is always forcing its way through or over it—sometimes in a huge sheet, forming a striking cascade, at other times dribbling through with a not unpleasing melody. As we have elsewhere observed, there is usually a cottage close beside the weir, for the accommodation of the weir-keeper; generally this is a public-house, pleasantly diversifying the scenery, and not the less so because often rugged and old.

The tourist, to visit either Cumnor or Stanton Harcourt, must moor his boat at the very pretty ferry of Bablock Hithe. He will turn to the right on his way to Cumnor, and to the left on his road to Stanton Harcourt; the latter, especially, will amply recompense him for an hour's delay in the progress of his voyage. Cumnor has been made famous by the novel of "Kenilworth," the scene of which is here principally laid; but neither history nor tradition do more than supply a few dry bones, to which the great magician gave life. A few vestiges only indicate the site of Cumnor Place; but the "haunted towers" are down; a "Black Bear," still exists; and it is not likely that Cumnor will ever be without a village hostelry so named.



STANTON HARCOURT.

Stanton Harcourt, the old seat of one of the most ancient and honourable families of the kingdom—a family with much to dignify and less to discredit it than perhaps any other of which England boasts—is but a relic of its former magnificence; but that relic suffices to indicate its early grandeur, and retains much that cannot fail to create deep and absorbing interest. The Harcourts have possessed this manor of Stanton for more than six hundred years; the original grant was from Henry I. to "Milicent, the kinswoman of the Queen," whose daughter Isabel, marrying Roland de Harcourt, the deed of gift was confirmed by the Kings Stephen and the second Henry. It ceased to be their dwelling in 1688, and fell gradually to decay, until, in 1770, it was taken down—all except the porter's lodge, now the residence of the rector, the "kitchen," and one of the towers—the tower some time the residence of the poet Alexander Pope, and where (as he has himself recorded) he translated the fifth book of Homer. On the ground floor of this tower is a private chapel, the walls still bearing indications of painted story; the small room on the second floor, to



POPE'S STUDY, STANTON HARCOURT.

which ascent is gained by a narrow stone staircase, is called, and will ever be called, "Pope's study;" it commands a fine view, and must have given to the poet that happiest of all enjoyments—quiet in the country. On a pane of glass in one of the windows he wrote an inscription, recording the fact and date that here he "finished the fifth book of Homer."* The kitchen is best described by Dr. Plot, the old historian of Oxford county:—"It is so strangely unusual that, by way of riddle, one may truly call it either a kitchen within a chimney, or a kitchen without one; for below it is nothing but a large square, and octangular above, ascending like a tower, the fires being made against the walls, and the smoke climbing up them without any tunnels or disturbance to the cooks, which, being stopped by a large conical roof at the top, goes out at loop-holes on every side, according as the wind sets, the loop-holes at the side next the wind being shut with falling doors, the adverse side open." This description is accurate now, as it was then; it is still used by the gentleman who farms the estate, whose dwelling-house, formed of the old materials, adjoins the kitchen. It is surmounted by a vane, the crest of the Harcourts.



THE VANE.

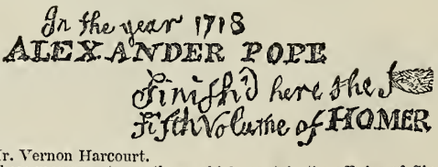
The church is a fine and very interesting structure; much of it is of Saxon architecture: it is among the most beautiful of the many beautiful churches of Oxford. Through one of the doors the men have entrance, while the women enter by another, in accordance with "a custom established there from time immemorial." The decorations of the interior are of very early date: the oak wood-screen being considered the oldest, of wood, in England. A small chapel contains the dust of many of the Harcourts*—a race honoured and esteemed, always and without exception, from the founder of the family to the present representative of the name and honours of the illustrious family. It is surely something to be a gentleman of six hundred years! In the church-yard is a monument to the memory of an affianced pair who were struck dead by lightning: the epitaph is from the pen of Pope; so also is an epitaph to the only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt—the good and learned peer who was the friend of Pope and the other poets of the age. This epitaph contains the touching lines of lament—

"How vain is reason—eloquence how weak!
That Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak!"

We crept up the narrow stairs which led from the chapel—where, no doubt, the poet often worshipped according to his faith—and, seated in this small chamber, pondered over the many great works that have made his name immortal. It is a theme for a volume, but must be treated briefly. There is ample evidence that many of his letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were written here; one of them, in particular, is intimately associated with his residence in this retirement. "I have a mind," he writes to the lady, "to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he has lent me; it overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a hay-cock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one, let it sound as it will, was John Hewett, the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. *Their love was the talk, but not the scandal of the neighbourhood,* for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes, and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last day of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a hay-cock, and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those who were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. They first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were dead. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them." The poet then quotes the epitaph he had written to their memory—lines not worthy of him, and which still stand in the church-yard just above their grave.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Stanton Harcourt are two large stones, popularly known as "the Devil's Quoits:" all earlier writers mention three; there are now but two, and these are distant nearly a quarter of a mile from each other. They are said to commemorate a battle fought at Bampton between the British and the Saxons, A.D. 614.

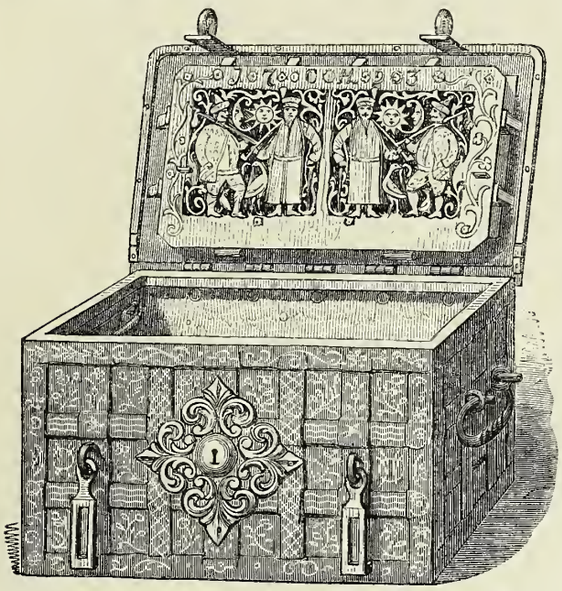
* This pane has been removed to Nuneham Courteney, the seat the Harcourts now occupy, a few miles below Oxford, and which we shall visit on our voyage from that city down the Thames. The pane measures about six inches by two; it is of red stained glass. We append a copy of the inscription, taken from "Ireland's picturesque Views," and which we compared with the original, courteously shown to us by Mr. Vernon Harcourt.



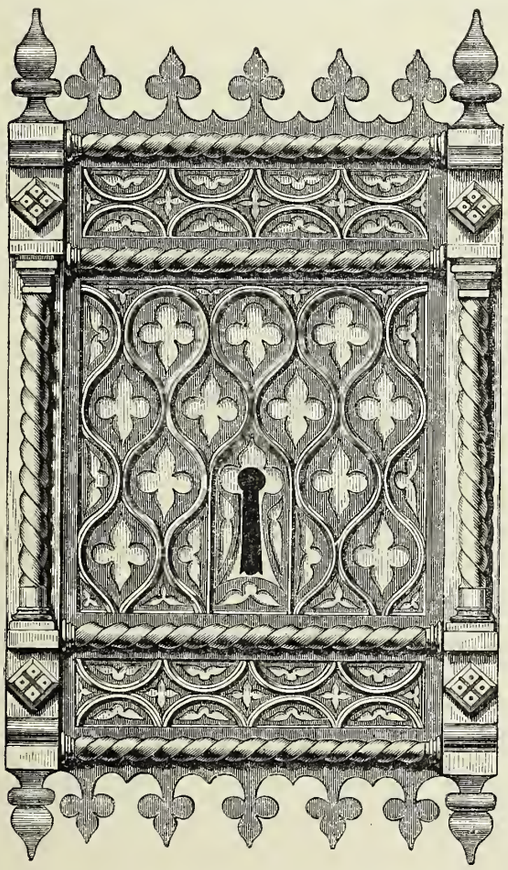
* The most interesting of these monuments are those which contain the effigies of Sir Robert Harcourt, and Margaret Byron, his wife. The knight received the Order of the Garter about the year 1463. His lady, who reposes by his side, is also, like her husband, adorned with the mantle of the order, and has the garter on her left arm, just above the elbow. This is one of only three examples of female sepulchral effigies thus decorated.

LOCKS AND KEYS.*

In a great commercial country like our own, where the security of valuable property, that scarcely comes under the denomination of "goods and chattels," and that offers every facility to the depredator, is of primary consequence, it is not surprising



that the attention of the manufacturer and of the scientific mechanician should be earnestly directed to its safe custody. Only within the last

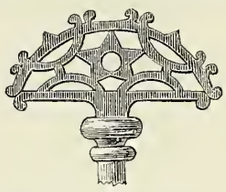


few weeks, the public mind has been occupied with proceedings in a court of justice, which have shown us how much ingenuity and perseverance are exercised by the dishonest to accomplish their object, and how successfully they have worked to baffle every scheme of presumed safety—so true is it that "the strong man armed" can only keep his goods in peace till a "stronger than he cometh, and taketh away from him that wherein he trusted." Impressed with the importance of providing a secure depository for our valuables, Mr. Price, the proprietor of the "Cleveland Safe Works," at Wolverhampton, has been at the pains of writing and publishing a large volume of matter pertinent to the subject, for, as he says—"It is almost incredible in these days, when the Arts and Sciences are lectured upon in almost every provincial town in the kingdom, when the artisan is taught not only that such a result follows a certain law, but the why and the wherefore—the cause as well as the effect—that persons of general intelligence and scientific knowledge should place their valuable convertible property in a *cast-iron* safe, with a *box of wards* for a lock, expecting that it will preserve such contents from destruction by fire and abstraction by thieves; that others, for the sake of saving a few shillings in the primary cost of a lock for the safe-keeping of their property in an iron safe or other receptacle, will purchase one that can be readily picked with a quill or a skewer, not only by the accomplished burglar, but by an ordinary mechanic or intelligent artisan, as well as by the amateur lock-picker."

Though Mr. Price's volume necessarily, and to a considerable extent, treats of the specialities of his manufacture, his manner of introducing the subject, and the curious history connected with it, are powerful antidotes to what would otherwise be considered dry and uninteresting reading. The first portion of the book, occupying about one-fourth of its pages, discusses the subject of Fire and Thief-proof Depositories; the remainder that of Locks and Keys, including a lengthened account of, and commentary on, the great lock controversy, with which Mr. Hobbs, the American, agitated the public—or, at least, a large portion of the public—soon after the closing of the Great Exhibition of 1851. All these matters, however, scarcely come within the prescribed limits of our Journal; we must, therefore, refer our readers desirous of information upon them to the volume itself, contenting ourselves with a few brief observations on the *Art* connected with the manufacture of locks and keys, for even in such comparatively insignificant objects there is ample room for the exhibition of the taste of the ornamental designer: we have examples of this in the annexed engravings, selected from a large number with which the author of the volume before us has illustrated its pages.

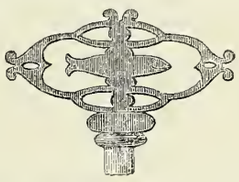
The first is from an old iron coffer, of foreign make, in the possession of Mr. Price, who purchased it a few years ago at a custom-house sale at Gloucester. Both externally and internally it is richly ornamented. The lock was engraved from a modern specimen exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851 by the manufacturer, Mr. James Gibbons, junior, of Wolverhampton. As Mr. Price has introduced it into his volume, we follow his example here, although it will be found in our *Illustrated Catalogue* of the Exhibition. It is a very beautiful example of Gothic design applied to this branch of manufacture.

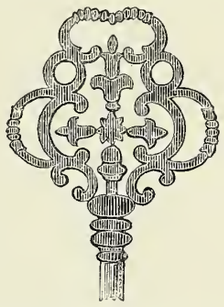
On the last column are several examples of key-handles drawn from ancient examples, though, probably, not earlier than the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: they show the taste and ingenuity which the artisans of those days employed on works of so comparatively trivial a character. In the second example an heraldic design is introduced; we find several similar instances among the engravings in



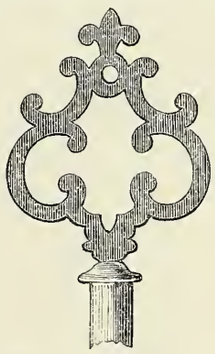
Mr. Price's work, as a lion *passant*, a grotesque figure of a man, a "spread eagle," a cross springing from large leaves, &c. &c.

There is little doubt but that the cost of producing these ornamental keys has been the chief cause of the simplicity of those now commonly used. Mr. Price is of opinion that the value, at the period of their production, of some of the

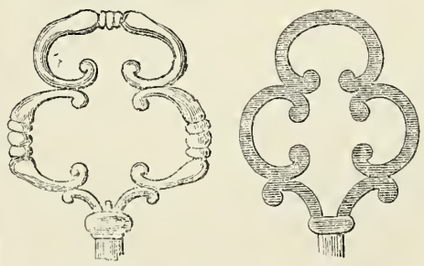




specimens exhibited at Marlborough House could not have been less than from ten to twenty guineas each. We have some idea of the cost of producing them at the present time, when he tells us that



the handle alone—or bow, as it is called—of the fourth cut on our page is valued at six shillings; and of the fifth, fourteen shillings: the key itself forms a distinct charge, and is made by quite a different class of workman.



This brief notice of Mr. Price's treatise will show that it contains much curious and not uninteresting information.

* "A Treatise on Fire and Thief-proof Depositories, and Locks and Keys." By George Price. Published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., E. and F. N. Spon, London.

BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

PART III.

IN continuing our investigation of the laws of nature as manifested in the vegetable world, with a view to ascertain the cause of the beauty of the varied structure, and from whence that beauty is derived, we proceed to notice that although symmetry is one of the leading principles in her compositions, that the symmetry of individual parts is sacrificed to the general symmetry and beauty of the whole. We endeavoured to show in our last paper that the varied vegetable structures, as well as their every part, are perfectly adapted to their given positions, and that nature would vary the manner of her developments in order to more fully fit herself for given situations. It is this cause which brings about the effect described in our last proposition, and therefore which necessitates us to dwell upon this subject. We noticed in our first paper that, by growth, a plant merely repeated itself; therefore, whatever is the nature of the primary development, such is also the nature of the parts of the matured structure, it being but an aggregation of members similar to the original; though this is a beautiful truth, and reveals at once in the most simple manner the structure of the entire vegetable development, nevertheless modifications are brought about, which more or less influence the normal forms or dispositions of certain parts, as well as their original tendency, as we have already shown. To illustrate our proposition, take the central twig from the summit of any tree, say that of a Horse-chestnut, and we find that its leaves in protruding form a given angle with the stem—the angle formed by each of its opposite leaves being equal; but if any lateral arm of the same plant be examined (especially one of the lower, its position approaching most nearly to the horizontal), the angle formed by the union of the leaf-stalk of either of the opposite leaves with the stem is not always equal, for where the leaves are above and below, the angle formed by the stalk of the lower leaf and the stem is much more acute than that formed by the upper and the axis (Fig. 23); also the stalk of the



Fig. 23.

under leaf is much longer than that of the upper, and the lateral axes are all more or less curved, whereas the central, and that alone, is straight: now the cause of this curious circumstance is the effect of light upon vegetation, for plants manifest a strong tendency to approach that agent, or to elongate in the direction from whence they receive the greatest supply of its influence. Now, in order to show the correctness of our proposition, which says, that a matured vegetable structure is a mere repetition of the earlier state of the same organism, we notice, that although the lateral axes are more or less curved, they nevertheless coincide in every other respect with the primary axis. Their leaves are developed on the same principle, and buds are found in the axils of these leaves just as in those of the primary axis, the deviation being merely in the curvature of the stem, or axis, and the variation in the direction and length of the leaf and leaf-stalk. Next we notice that although the lateral axes are not symmetrical in their parts, nevertheless the symmetry of the entire structure is not in the slightest interfered with, for the arm proceeding to the right is exactly like that which extends to the left, and that protruded in the front is exactly like that developed at the back. So exact, therefore, is the symmetry of the whole, that were the entire structure divided down the centre, the two halves would be precisely alike, those cases being excepted where the disposition of the lateral developments is spiral, in which case the symmetry is not departed from, but assumes a diverse character. By this arrangement infinitely more beauty is gained in vegetable organisms than were each not merely a repetition of the parent axis in principle, but literally; as, were this the case, all the lateral arms of the varied structures would be parallel—for whatever is the original angle of our branch, such is the angle at which all are protruded, and this repetition of parallel members would be far from beautiful. This fact, viz., that the central branch only of the structure is symmetrical in itself, demands that if we wish to have a truthful representation of a spray which is to occupy a central position, and can only procure a lateral arm, that we should restore the required symmetry in our delineation, which is perfectly legitimate; in verification of which we may examine a plant when only one or two years old, according to the size of the required spray, and we shall see a similar structure, designed for a central position, in which, therefore, this symmetry is present. This fact also leads us to the conclusion, that it does not follow because a structure is beautiful as a whole that its component parts are, if taken singly, when their positions are altered. This is obvious, inasmuch as it destroys the necessity of the important principle, namely, adaptation to purpose. This beautiful law has even more to accomplish than the giving grace and beauty to the arms of the structure, for it is upon this that the following curious fact to a great extent rests, namely, that the leaves or foliaceous organs of plants, though so extremely numerous, never clash (accidents excepted), but each one is so situated as not to interfere with the others. A little consideration will show how this is brought about. It is obvious that this curving towards the light—for this is the cause of this departure from symmetry—gives to the various arms diverse curves; thus those which are nearest the apex of the structure being the shortest are the lightest, consequently most erect and least curved; whereas when we approach the base of the structure the arms become lengthy, and are therefore more or less weighed down by their weight, and are consequently more or less lateral, hence their apices are drawn or curved up more towards the light. As, therefore, the curve of each arm varies, so the direction of the organs proceeding from these lateral members must vary also; hence, instead of meeting, as they would if they were parallel, they pass between one another, and consequently, instead of producing a mass of confusion, an orderly well-arranged structure is the result.

We have next merely to glance at a fact, which, though of paramount importance in ornamental composition, is so prominently set forth in the varied vegetable structures that it is familiar to all, therefore we shall not dwell on it here. This fact is, that all parts of the structure or composition, however distant, are traceable through the branches to the root. Again, plants elongate at both extremities; yet, although this is the case, the downward elongation is of a decidedly different nature to the upper, and must necessarily be present, as it, and it alone, oftimes supports or holds the plant in its required vertical position, and also procures food for the organism. Now, whether this growth in two opposite directions would occur to any extent if these necessities were absent, is a difficult question to answer; this, however, we say, that a number of the *Algæ*, which adhere to rocks and do not require a regular root, are possessed of a mere circular disk at their base, similar to the "sucker" of the school-boy, which completes its required union with the body to which it adheres. The object of these remarks is merely this, to reveal, as fully as possible, the principle on which Nature works; and we notice from this latter consideration, that in no case in the vegetable world are foliaceous members protruded in the two directions—that is, from the base and apex of the structure.

We now proceed to notice one point which at once manifests the high character of the design displayed in the various vegetable organisms—viz., that no portion could be removed from the composition and improve it, or leave it equally good, (we speak in an ornamental point of view only). For example, take a spray, as that figured of the Guelder-rose in our first paper (Fig. 1), the leaves of which are opposite, and what leaf could be removed, and yet leave the spray equally good? The same would apply to verticillate leaves (Figs. 2, 3, 6, Part I.), alternate, spiral, &c., in any of which, if one were removed, the chain would be broken and the beauty destroyed. Apply this principle to the arms of the structure, and the result is similar; if they are opposite, remove one and you remove the beauty; if they are alternate, the beauty is still destroyed, and it matters not what is the principle of order on which these organs are arranged, if one is removed the beauty of the entire structure is marred, just as much as the beauty of an animal is by being deprived of a limb. It may be urged that our beautiful garden-flowers are repeatedly cut by the gardeners; this we admit, but are also fully confident that each application of the knife to the structure leaves a more mutilated stock; and it is only the shooting out of the young branches with their accompanying symmetrical developments, which more or less hide the deformities that render them tolerable; and we would here avail ourselves of the opportunity of recommending the student of nature to study those structures which are unmutilated, and, consequently, whose beauty is unmarred; for it is no more preposterous to accept a peacock cut out of a holly-bush as a standard of beauty—where, instead of a beautiful vegetable structure, you have a *gardener's idea* of that handsome bird—than to receive other structures deformed to an almost unlimited extent as your guide. Our proposition may be objected to by some on the ground that we may often take a leaf from a plant, or even a spray, and it not be missed, or, if it is at first, it soon becomes imperceptible. To this we reply, that one cause of this is, that plants are necessarily exposed to such numerous disturbing causes, from which their want of locomotion prevents their escape, that nearly all our hardy vegetable structures are more or less deformed, or rather the normal positions of the organs are disturbed, and hence it is not so obvious; the cursory way, too, in which these structures are ofttimes observed, is another cause, as is also the ignorance of the mass of spectators, which arises from a want of studious observation.

We next notice that the union of all lines, as of axes with axes, leaves with axes, &c., is tangential—that is to say, if a leaf, or other member, leave an axis, it leaves it at a tangent. Although at first sight exceptions to this proposition may appear numerous, we believe that there is no principle more fully carried out in the various vegetable structures than is this; for, from the very principle on which plants grow, it cannot be otherwise, as could readily be demonstrated would space permit; suffice it to say, that all lateral organs appear on the axis first as little bell-shaped promiuences—a rude idea of which may be derived from placing the finger in the interior of an indian-rubber tube, and pressing it outwards at a particular point—the tube will represent the axis, the finger the vital energy protruding a lateral development, and the prominence caused by the finger the first appearance of the lateral organ. As this, therefore, is the principle on which lateral members are protruded, and their after-growth is a mere expansion and enlargement of this tumour in given directions, it is obvious that there cannot be a direct angle at the point of union of one axis with another, but a small curve will connect them, which gives rise to the tangent. This, though often small and insignifi-

eant, is the cause of much beauty; for nothing can be more offensive than to see arms uniting with the primary axis in a decidedly angular manner, as if a hole had been bored in the axis, and the lateral arms stuck in, and the only variation between them is, that in the one case the union is tangential, while in the other it is angular.

We have next to eall attention to a very interesting part of our subject, inasmuch as it is one which plays a prominent part in giving rise to the beauteous effects of the various vegetable structures—namely, that not only are the parts of the vegetable structure beautiful in form, and the disposition of those parts is pleasing, but the general form produced by the entire structure is magnificent. Now it is said that all compositions, a group of figures, for example, should fall into a given general form, or rather, that the beauty of the composition is thus much enhanced; this principle, which eannot be carried out by Nature in the animal world, owing to the subjects being possessed of locomotion, is beautifully accomplished in the aggregation of the parts of the vegetable structure; for, although a tree is composed of a number of similar arms, or branches, and may, therefore, be regarded as an aggregation of smaller plants, nevertheless, they are so aggregated as to compel the whole mass to form a pleasing general figure. And this is in accordance with that admirable proposition of Mr. Owen Jones,* where, in giving the general prineiples to be regarded in design, he says, "The general forms being first cared for, these should be subdivided and ornamented by general lines; the interstices may then be filled in with ornament, which may again be subdivided and enriched for closer inspection." Now, the general form of vegetable structures is usually somewhat conical, or egg-shaped—that is, the general form of each structure is usually a modification of a cone, or is of an ovoid form: thus the general form of the Poplar-tree is that of an elongated egg; shape of the Horse-chestnut-tree, a shortened egg; shape of the Scotch Fir, an elongated cone; others, however, are more or less globular (Fig. 24). Now this general form is of paramount importance; for it is the only form which can be distinguished at a distanee, it being the general contour of the entire structure, and being thus conspicuous it demands primary consideration. The full weight of these remarks it is difficult, however, to appreciate, as the vast majority of trees have, during some portion of their existence, been deprived of some of their primary arms, which has necessarily destroyed their primitive figure.

Having just alluded to the general form of the structure, we notice the manner of its formation, or whence its origin. Now, it is obvious that the angle at which the axes are protruded from the primary axis plays the most prominent part in bringing about the general form. Thus in the Poplar-tree, the lateral axes are developed, forming a very acute angle* with the primary axis, while in the Horse-chestnut it approaches nearer to the right angle. And we may here just say, that the original tendency of all lateral axes is such as to form an acute angle with the axis by which they are generated, although ofttimes they ultimately assume such a position as to form an obtuse angle with their upper surface and the stem. Now this angle, viz., the angle formed by the upper surface of the branch and the primary axis, has lately been shown to be of such botanical interest that the species to which the plant belongs can almost be told by this alone; and although this truth has comparatively recently come to light, yet it has long been acknowledged more or less in practice by even the most casual observers, for many can recognise a tree at a distance, of which the general form only can be distinguished; and as it (the general form) is the result of the angles formed by the arms with the trunk, it has, therefore, long been employed as the means of recognising individuals. This leads us to notice that the arms of tall and narrow vegetable structures are more or less vertical, while those which are *pronounced* in width are more or less horizontal; that is, in the former the arms form with their upper surface and the trunk, or central axis, a very acute angle, while in the latter they approach nearer to a right angle. This, then, should



Fig. 24.

be expressed in even the most rude sketches of these varied organisms, for a false line may hinder the observer from receiving the desired impression.

Having now considered the general form of the vegetable structure, we must just glanee at the manner in which this mass is divided or enriched for closer inspection. First, we notice that the general lines which cut up the structure are furnished by the primary arms of the organism, and that a secondary form is furnished by each arm with its attendant members, which form is a mere modification of the general form of the entire structure, as we have before shown. These divisions are again divided into smaller parts, as the leaves, &c., which organs are also frequently cut up by indentations, which, being of diverse character, yield varied effect. The leaves are also traversed by beautiful markings, or veins. Thus when we behold a tree at a distance, we see its general form only, which is pleasing; as we approach it we gradually distinguish the primary divisions, which are again beautiful; then the smaller members; till ultimately we discern the detail, which is sufficiently fine to bear the most scrutinising examination, and is even then stamped with beauty. Thus the mind is gradually led on from the primary or general form to the detail, and thus the monotony of observing the same thing is destroyed; for it is fresh to an extent at every variation of the distance of the spectator, as well as at every lateral alteration of the observer's position.

We have now to notice the curves of the parts of plants, which consideration is one of deep interest to the ornamentist, as all are aware that the lines entering into a composition materially influence its appearance. It has been said, and probably justly, that all compositions should, to be perfect, contain the right line, the angle, and the curve; this, though carried out in the vegetable world, if not absolutely, yet in effect, is not the part on which we wish to dwell, we merely desire to call attention to the character of the curves employed in the various vegetable structures. It is held by the highest authorities that that curve is the most refined, and therefore most agreeable, the origin of which is the most difficult to detect. Thus Redgrave teaches that an ellipse is more beautiful than a circle, because it has two centres, while the former has but one; its origin being, therefore, the more difficult to discover. The oval (egg-shape) is more beautiful than the ellipse, because it has three; the cardeoid than the egg-shape, which has four, and so on; the origin of each necessarily becoming more complex and more difficult to detect, and the curves becoming more beautiful as they become more subtle. Now the curves of the parts of the vegetable structure are of a most subtle character, for they are ever-varying curves, and we argue that this is one great cause of their beauty. If we look at a flower, we at once perceive that its parts are not circular, nor are they formed of any number of segments of circles; but the curves of the parts are of exceedingly complex origin, and are therefore of an exceedingly refined nature. Contrast the two, and all will be struck with this truth. We are informed that one of the architects of the present day, who is renowned for his tracery, feels this so forcibly that he delineates his by hand, rather than with the compass. Not only do the parts of the flower possess these peculiar curves, but they are common to every part of the vegetable organism—thus the leaves, though so varied and diversified, are invariably formed of curves of these subtle ratios; and so universal is this in the vegetable world that we even venture to say that a sphere cannot be found in the entire vegetable kingdoms, not even in the seed or fruit. Not only are the curves of the bounding lines of the various members of the vegetable organism of these refined forms, but the same class of curve is found in the inclinations of the arms. Respecting the causes of the curves of these members being thus subtle, we have remarked relative to the arms of plants that, although all are protruded in an upward direction (we speak of those bearing foliaceous appendages only), or so that they form with their upper surface and the axis a more or less acute angle, that nevertheless, in virtue of their length, their weight weighs them down; also that light draws them in the direction from whence they receive their greatest supply of that agent, which is usually from above, therefore the curve must be subtle, for there is an arm protruded of an elastic nature, the entire mass of which bends down in virtue of its weight, or is drawn down by the attraction of gravitation, and the apex is drawn up by the influence of light. Now there is one point at which both these influences act most powerfully: thus, the influence of light is the greatest at the apex of the arm; and at a point situated nearer the centre of this lateral development, but varying with its direction and form, the attracting influence of the earth is most powerful. This effect can be studied by experiments of a simple nature: first as to the direction of the member. If a string be fixed by its extremities in a horizontal position, and not stretched very tightly, it will be seen that its centre is the lowest—consequently that the point at which the influence of the earth's attraction is most apparent is in the centre of the length; but let one end be gradually raised, it will be observed that the point of maximum curvature gradually passes towards the other, or lower extremity of the line:—due observation will also show that the curve thus formed is of an exceedingly subtle ratio, which could be demon-

* See Programmes of Lectures on the Articles in the Museum of the Department of Science and Art, by Mr. O. Jones, from whence I have derived several of the ideas which I have introduced into these paragraphs.

* In using the term angle we speak of the general relations of the axes, and not of the exact union.

strated did time and space permit, we merely throw out the hint for individual consideration. This simple experiment is of great value in giving the desired class of curves and their variation when the arm producing them varies in position, but should the exact point at which the maximum of influence is observable be required, it may be found by placing a weight of any description (a brass ring, for example) on the line, which must then be of a smooth character, when it will find this point, and remain stationary at it. Having now briefly alluded to this circumstance, which plays a powerful part in bringing about the varied curves of the arms of vegetable structures, we proceed to notice how far these considerations apply to our circumstances. We notice that the arms of vegetable productions are not fixed at both extremities, as was our cord in this experiment. Although this is the case, yet being fixed at one end, and the other being held up, as it were, by the influence of light, the curve is made to assume somewhat the nature of the result of two fixed extremities. Another fact which can readily be observed by experiment is, when one end is fixed only. If a flexible rod be fixed by one extremity in the earth, rising not perpendicularly, but at a given angle, the apex will be drawn downward, and the curve will be convex with the earth's surface rather than concave, as in the former experiment, and the point at which the maximum of curvature takes place will again be variable with the direction of the rod. Now this influence modifies the former in certain cases, and acts most powerfully when the subject is most concealed from the operation of light. One other consideration which must not be overlooked, is, that the majority of stems are of a conical form, which must necessarily alter the curve of the arm as it moves the point at which the curve is most intense; thus, taking up our last experiment of the rod being raised from the earth, we observe that the shorter the cone, the nearer to the apex the point of maximum curvature is transferred. These considerations, however, we have already pursued to a greater length than is consistent with our allotted space, therefore must leave it with our readers to apply these hints to practical purposes, and to trace out the degree in which these various modifications are exhibited in certain positions.

If these influences bear so powerfully and so beautifully upon the vegetable products of our sphere, as to produce such beauty in the curvature of the varied arms of her productions, or rather to cause these varied lateral arms to assume such refined directions, and if these curves of the arms are always in harmony with their direction—which must be the result from the manner in which they are brought about, verifying our former proposition relative to adaptation to purpose—we notice that if in our compositions we would attain like beauty with Nature, we must duly consider the relation existing between curve and direction.

Having now noticed the causes of the curves of the arms of the varied vegetable structures, the question urges itself upon us, What is the cause of the peculiar curves of the boundary lines of the various members of these organisms? To this enigma we can give no solution. The cause of one leaf assuming one form and another having a different contour is altogether unknown, therefore we lay aside surmises, and content ourselves on this subject with the fact that the curves are of the subtle nature above alluded to.

We have now to call attention to a fact which is carried out in the vegetable products of our sphere, viz., that in a composition the parts are not all of the same magnitude. Thus, in looking at vegetable products as a whole, we not only observe some large (trees for example), others small (herbaceous plants), and others of a medium stature (shrubs), but in the individual organism we usually find, as we do in the heavens, parts of the first, second, and third magnitudes. Thus, if we take a flower, we notice usually one ring of comparatively large parts, another of medium size, and another of small; or these are made up in effect by the varied aggregations of parts of nearly the same magnitude. To parts of the same size this effect may also be imparted by the members being diversely coloured; thus, one series of parts if of a primary colour would be more conspicuous than another series which might be of a secondary colour, and this again might be more conspicuous than a third series which might be of a tertiary colour. This effect may also be produced by the variation of the surface; thus, in one instance it may be glossy, or such as will powerfully reflect light, in another such as will diffuse it, while in the third it may be such as will absorb these ethereal rays; but as these will ultimately be considered under the head of texture and effect, we shall not longer dwell upon them.

Having now dwelt so tediously upon preliminaries, which, however, we have deemed necessary for the right appreciation of our subject, we shall in our next paper proceed to consider the vegetable organism and its parts.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The embellishments of Paris continue on a large scale; in a few years all "Old Paris" will have been demolished. The *Hôtel de Cluny*, which is joined to the ancient Roman Thermæ, called *Thermes de Julien*, will shortly stand in the midst of gardens, and will form a pleasing object in that antique part of Paris, the *Pays Latin*. In pulling down the houses in *Rue de la Harpe*, several large portions of Roman remains have been brought to light; these will be preserved, and ornamented with appropriate shrubs and trees. The *Hôtel de Cluny* will hereafter have on two sides the Boulevards of Sebastopol and St. Germain.

Munich.—The King has confirmed the election of the honorary members of the Academy of Arts, and the result will be officially made known on his Majesty's birthday. This nomination has long been due to Ernst Förster, who has been so long distinguished by his writings on the new school of German Art. Of native artists, the patriotic battle-painter, Dietz, is one who has been chosen; as also Kierner and Edward Shleich—the former well known by his genre works, and the latter by his landscapes. Besides these there are two Prussian artists:—Meyerheim, whose works are illustrative of national habits and manners; and Richter, who, as a portrait painter, enjoys an extensive reputation.

Geneva.—An artist of some celebrity has lately died here—a lady named Henrietta Rath—the survivor of two sisters of that name, to whom is due the honour of having founded the "Musée Rath" in this city. Henrietta Rath was a pupil of Isabey, and at an early age she produced works of great merit, especially in miniature and enamel, and even as early as 1801, she was elected an honorary member of the Society of Arts—a distinction accorded to only another lady besides herself.

Nuremberg.—A short time since, a rude country boy was seen in the Museum at this place, carrying in his hand a box—himself less remarking the visitors than he was observed by them. When brought before the President of the Museum, Baron Von Anfsetz, he showed him a small figure carved in wood, representing a horseman, which he himself had made. The boy is an adopted child of the schoolmaster of Waldsassen, on the Bohemian frontier, and his talent having been recognised by the son of the Baron, he sent him to Nuremberg for improvement. The carved figure is intended for a portrait of his patron, and it is acknowledged to be in some degree like him. But the carving was the admiration of all who saw it. Although the boy was entirely ignorant of drawing, the proportions were correct, and the execution spirited, and in every way corresponding with the conception. When he was asked if he had carved the figure with a pen-knife, he drew from his pocket a knife of the rudest form, such as are purchased at village fairs for a few pence. At such an instance of his genius for Art, he was provided with instruction and the means of living until his education was completed. He was, however, subjected to another trial: a chessman of the fifteenth century was set before him, and he was furnished with the best carving-tools that could be procured; but all these he set aside, and drew forth his pocket-knife, with which he executed a copy of the chessman qualified with all the exquisite feeling of the original. Since the days of Gibbon, we have never heard of a carver of precocity equal to this Nuremberg genius.

Amsterdam.—A committee has been formed to conduct a subscription opened with a view to the erection of a public monument in memory of the poet Tollens, lately deceased; and so cordially has the project been received as to leave no doubt of ultimate success. Tollens was a native of Rotterdam, where he always resided, and there the monument will be erected; but, as he was the poet of the nation, it is decreed that the testimonial shall not be local but national.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE RIVER-BANK.

Vander Heyde, Painter. J. Outhwaite, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 11½ in. by 1 ft. 6½ in.

The name of this distinguished Dutch painter is generally written "Heyden;" but as his pictures are, we believe, invariably signed "Heyde," it is only right to assume this to be the correct way of writing it, and therefore it is adopted here. John Vander Heyde was born at Gorcum, in 1637: his father, a glass-painter in that town, instructed him in the rudiments of drawing, with the idea of introducing him to his own business, which consisted chiefly in staining glass for church windows. The knowledge he thus acquired, however, was turned to a different purpose: his studies naturally included the science of perspective, and from this he imbibed a taste for painting architectural subjects, instead of those which commonly appear in illuminated windows. The notion of following the profession of his father was soon given up, and young Vander Heyde began to draw and study from nature, and to perfect himself in the art of oil-painting on canvas; and, ere long, his pictures began to be eagerly looked after in his own country as works of a very high character in his peculiar department of art. Subsequently he travelled in Germany, Flanders, and, according to Mr. Stanley, in England. "At Cologne, Brussels, London, and other places," says this writer, "he took interesting views of their remarkable monuments." The accurate minuteness with which he delineated every object on which his pencil was employed "would have awakened admiration only at the excessive labour of the artist, had he not added to his work the beauty of colour in all the suavity of which it is capable. The delicate lightness of his pencil coincided with the microscopic objects; the colours melt and blend with each other; and the delusive chiaro-oscuro, heightening the charm, gives force and vigour to every part, making it true to nature. The beauty of his skies, whether clouded or serene, or illumined by sunshine, has great attraction. The light, floating, silvery vapour relieves the intensity of the azure, or, gilded by the sun, enriches by contrast the verdure of his foliage." *

Vander Heyde, as a painter of architecture combined with landscape, was a thorough pre-Raffaelite; but without the hardness and cutting outlines that characterise the style of painting which in these days has obtained that cognomen. Had he lived in a time when photography had been discovered, it would have been said he painted from sun-pictures—so truthful are his delineations of each brick and stone, leaf and blade, spray, stem, and branch. He selected as his subjects the most remarkable edifices in cities—the churches, town-halls, and mansions of the wealthy—not representing them, however, as isolated objects, but as forming the principal features in his views. His favourite subjects were small towns, and villages situated on the banks of rivers, or country houses, similarly placed—like that in the picture which is here engraved. Mr. Stanley also states "that he made many highly-finished drawings of conflagrations;" we have never chanced to see one of these drawings, nor, indeed, do we remember to have heard of them; but do not for these reasons question the accuracy of the statement made by his biographer. The far larger number of the pictures by this painter are embellished with figures and animals by A. Van de Velde, and some others by Eglon Vander Neer, or Lingelbach. Vander Heyde died in Amsterdam, in 1712, at the advanced age of seventy-five.

All the excellences of his style, and those of his coadjutor, Van de Velde, are seen in the picture here engraved. The colouring is beautifully transparent and silvery; the various objects are pencilled with the utmost delicacy and minuteness, while the trees show less formality and stiffness than are usual with this painter; the view is evidently copied from nature—one of those suburban mansions, probably, to which the wealthy burghers of Amsterdam were accustomed to resort when the "hours of 'Change" had passed.

The picture is at Buckingham Palace.

* "Synopsis of the Dutch and Flemish Schools," by G. Stanley. H. G. Bohn, London.



VANDER HEYDEN, PINXT.

J. OUTHWAITE, SCULPT.

THE RIVER-BANK.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 3.—CLAY, ALUM, AND ALUMINIUM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prominence which has been given in our scientific literature to the discoveries in chemistry, which have been made since the days of Sir Humphrey Davy, there appears still to be but a very imperfect knowledge of the wonderful part played by oxygen in the great economy of nature.

It is true, every school-boy learns that our atmosphere is a compound of two gaseous elements, oxygen and nitrogen; and that water is oxygen in mysterious combination with hydrogen. All who are in the habit of attending the lectures of our popular institutions hear of oxygen combining with the metals to form oxides. Possibly they may have been interested in witnessing the strange combustion of a globule of potassium upon water, or the brilliant scintillations of sodium upon a sheet of ice; and have learnt that these phenomena are due to the combination of these metals with oxygen.

If we carefully examine the phenomena of the animal world, we shall find that, upon the combination of oxygen with carbon in the system, the temperature necessary for health depends; and analysis shows us that this element forms an essential part of the solid and of the fluid principles of the body. Most curiously, under the influence of light, does the vegetable world act as an agent of reduction. Oxygen is separated from some of its combinations, and sent back into the air; and, at the same time, many of the proximate principles are formed by the combination of this agent with carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. In the mineral world we find, again, oxygen combining with every ordinary metal; gold and platinum alone appear to resist the oxidising influences. Our mountains are but combinations of this oxygen with strange metals; the sub-soils which rest upon the rocks are usually rich in clays, which are oxides, while the fertile soils above them are constituted, not only to combine readily with oxygen, but mechanically, to condense it within its sponge-like pores.

No element in nature is more active than this one. In air, in earth, and in water, it is the main constituent; and all the conditions of fire, unless under extraordinary circumstances, are the result of combinations with oxygen. Lavoisier first brought us acquainted with the true character of oxygen, and Sir Humphrey Davy rended it from its chemical compounds by voltaic agency. This last chemist taught us that potash and soda—well-known alkaline salts—possessed metallic bases. At this day, even, when we are familiar with the powers of voltaic electricity, it cannot be otherwise than instructive to recur to the discoveries made by Davy exactly fifty years since. We have no better description of these than that given by Dr. Paris,—we therefore quote it in part.

"After numerous trials, during the progress of which the difficulties which successively arose were as immediately combated by ingenious manipulation, a *small piece of potash*, sufficiently moistened by a short exposure to the air, to give its surface a conducting power, was placed on an insulated disc of platina connected with the negative side of the battery in a state of intense activity, and a platina wire communicating with the positive side, was, at the same instant, brought into contact within the upper surface of the alkali. Mark what followed! A series of phenomena, each of which the reader will readily understand as it is announced—for it will be in strict accordance with the laws which Davy had previously established; the potash began to fuse at both its points of electrolisation; a violent effervescence commenced at the upper or positive surface; while at the lower, or negative one, instead of any liberation of elastic matter, which would probably have happened had hydrogen been an element of the alkaline body, *small globules resembling quicksilver* appeared, some of which were no sooner formed than they burnt with explosion and bright flame. What must have been the sensations of Davy at this moment! *He had decomposed potash, and obtained its base in a metallic form.*"

The decomposition of potash having been effected, the steps were comparatively easy; consequently, we advanced rapidly to a knowledge of the true composition of the alkalies and of the earths. Not only was soda shown to be like potash, an oxidised metal, but lime, barytes, and magnesia were decomposed, and their metallic bases exposed; and alumina, the pure earth of all clays, and the principal constituent of alum, was determined to be a metal, also in combination with oxygen.

The alkalies and earths were at first decomposed by the power of stupendous voltaic batteries; it was, however, soon shown that the decomposition could be effected by chemical means. In 1808 Gay-Lussac and Thénard proved that fused potash, being run into a gun-barrel containing red-hot filings, gave up its oxygen, and potassium was distilled over. It was subsequently produced by igniting potash with charcoal. The remarkable characteristic of these metals is their specific gravity. We ordinarily associate the idea of much density with any metallic body. The ruling power of this conviction—once much stronger than it now is—is manifested by the following anecdote. Shortly after the discovery of potassium, Dr. George Pearson happened to enter the laboratory in the Royal Institution, and upon being shown the new substance, and interrogated as to its nature, he, without the least hesitation, on seeing its lustre, exclaimed—"Why, it is metallic, to be sure!" and then balancing it on his finger, he added in the same tone of confidence, "*Bless me, how heavy it is!*" We must remember that the metal so balanced was lighter than water. The two metals, potassium and sodium, have been regarded as chemical curiosities, and until very recently they have not found any application in the Arts. Sodium—the metallic base of soda having, however, of late rendered important service in the preparation of a metal which promises to be of great importance in the economy of manufactures—requires a little further notice.

The common mode of preparing sodium has been to unite, by trituration, caustic soda and charcoal. This mixture is introduced into an iron bottle, which is then placed in a wind-furnace, supported on bricks. To its mouth is adapted, by a screw, or by grinding, a short iron tube, the other end of which passes into a receiver. This receiver consists of two copper boxes, one fitting into the other. The upper one is a thin parallelopepid, ten inches long and five or six inches thick, shut at top and open at bottom; and is divided by a diaphram passing to a third of the bottom. An iron wire passes through this partition, opposite the end of the iron tube, for the purpose of keeping the iron tube from being blocked up by the volatile matter in the iron bottle. The upper vessel dips into another vessel, open above and shut below, to which it is exactly adapted so as to pass to the bottom of it. A few inches of mineral naphtha are placed in it, and the air excluded by means of a fat lute. An aperture in the top allows gases to escape. Heat being applied to the iron bottle, the charcoal removes the oxygen from the soda, and carbonic oxide is formed, while the sodium drops into the naphtha in brilliant globules.

Both sodium and potassium are remarkable for the readiness with which they take oxygen from the air, or any body containing it; hence the necessity of keeping them in naphtha, which is a compound of carbon and hydrogen only, its formula being, carbon 6, hydrogen 5.

ALUMINIUM has been within the last year or two exciting considerable attention; and, naturally, much interest has been felt in the discovery that a permanent metal could be obtained from every variety of clay.

The proportions in which the pure earth alumina exists in clays and in clay shales vary considerably; hence, although all kinds of clay, and nearly all rocks, contain alumina, yet it is not economical to attempt the preparation of the metal from any except such as contain the alum-earth in large quantities.

The well-known substance alum is a combination of the earth alumina with sulphuric acid. Strictly speaking, alum is a compound of sulphate of potash or soda, or ammonia and sulphate of alumina. We prepare alum in this country by two methods. The porcelain clay of western England, or the clay from the coal-measures, is first calcined, and then it is heated with sulphuric acid in wooden vessels by passing steam through the mixture; the liquor thus obtained is evaporated, one of the alkalies named is added, and, on further concentration, beautiful crystals of alum form. The largest quantity of alum is, however, made from the alum-slate, which is generally found associated with the coal-measures. At Hurlet and Campsie, near Glasgow, alum was formerly made by waiting for the spontaneous decomposition of the alum-shale in these exhausted coal-mines; but, from the increased demand, it is now necessary to accelerate the process of oxidation. At those two places, and also near Whitby, large manufactures of alum are carried on. Alum-slate has a dark blue colour; it is a siliceous clay, combined with coaly matter and the bisulphuret of iron. When this rock is exposed to the air, the iron pyrites are rapidly converted into sulphate of iron, and the excess of sulphuric acid unites with the alumina of the clay. Heaps of this alum-shale are carefully constructed, and fire applied to them. The carbonaceous matter of the slate is sufficient to keep up a moderately quick combustion, so that, indeed, means have to be adopted to prevent the two rapid inflammation of the mass. Such heaps as are usually prepared require from one year to one year and a half for perfect calcination. The calcined mineral is now placed in a "*steep*" to dissolve out the soluble salts formed; these are sulphate of alumina and protosulphate of iron. A process of evaporation now follows; the iron is separated from the alum, and the necessary quantity of potash is added to form the crystallisable alum of commerce. If we take a solution of alum, and add to it any body having a strong affinity for sulphuric acid, such as caustic ammonia, we throw down the pure alumina, which is a white powder of a very infusible character, having a chemical composition of two equivalents of alumina united to three equivalents of oxygen. Although Sir Humphrey Davy indicated the true composition of alumina, he does not appear actually to have produced the metallic base of this earth. Wöhler obtained it as a grey powder by placing alumina, or rather the chloride of aluminium, in a platinum crucible, with alternate layers of potassium. It was reserved for M. St. Clair Deville to produce ALUMINIUM in a perfectly coherent form. He found sodium preferable to potassium as a means for its production. From alum this metal is obtained in the following manner:—Alum, freed as much as possible from iron by repeated crystallisations, is converted into burnt alum in the usual way. The mass is then reduced to a coarse powder, and this is exposed for about two hours to a strong red heat in a crucible. The substance thus obtained is alumina, still retaining a trace of sulphuric acid. Some carbonate of soda being added, and the mixture again calcined, pure alumina is obtained. This alumina is then converted into a fluoride by being exposed at a high temperature to the fumes of hydrofluoric acid. This fluoride of aluminium is employed to prepare the new metal.

We have numerous examples which serve to illustrate the position that every truth has its fixed time to be born; and we may frequently observe that when one discovery has been made, others rapidly follow, which render the first of real value. The following passage from a paper by M. St. Clair Deville, published in the *Comptes Rendus* will illustrate this:—

"Nearly two years ago I undertook a series of experiments to determine the precise equivalent of aluminium, by operating upon small quantities of the metal in a state of absolute purity; subsequently, in order to check my first numbers, I have had to try different methods of obtaining pretty large masses of unexceptional material. For a long time I failed, in consequence of the nature of the vessels employed. . . . . A second obstacle is caused by the foreign matters which always accompany aluminous compounds; *fortunately, within the last few months, considerable masses have been found of a mineral which has hitherto been very rare, the kryolite of Greenland*, a double fluoride of aluminium and sodium, which appears to be nearly pure."

This mineral, in powder, is put into a porcelain crucible with alternate layers of sodium mixed with a little common salt. The porcelain crucible is placed in an earthen one, and heated to a bright red heat until complete fusion is effected. The material is stirred with a rod of earthenware, and allowed to

cool. All the aluminium is collected in a lump, which is found at the bottom of the cold mass.

The metal which is thus obtained has a colour between that of lead and silver, it is exceedingly light, not being heavier than flint-glass; but, perhaps, its most remarkable property is its resistance to oxidisation, and the manner in which it retains its colour under circumstances in which silver rapidly tarnishes—sulphuretted hydrogen gas producing no effect upon the metal aluminium. When wrought, aluminium exhibits greater resistance than silver, its tenacity approaching that of iron. Its fusing-point differs but little from that of silver, and its specific gravity is 2·56, silver being 10·5. It can be smelted and cast without being perceptibly oxidised; it is a good conductor of heat. As regards the action of gases, &c., on it, Deville says, "It is not in the least affected by moist or dry air, does not tarnish, but remains bright by the side of zinc and tin freshly cut, which soon become dull; sulphuretted hydrogen has no action upon it, cold water does not alter it, boiling water does not tarnish it; it is not acted upon by nitric acid, weak or strong, or by weak sulphuric acid, employed cold. Its true solvent is hydrochloric acid, with which it forms chloride of aluminium. Heated to redness in hydrochloric acid gas, it furnishes dry volatile chloride of aluminium. It will be readily understood what important uses such a metal, which is white and unalterable like silver, which does not blacken in the air, is fusible, malleable, ductile, and tenacious, and has, in addition, the singular property of being lighter than glass, may be turned to if it can be readily obtained. This there is every reason to believe will prove to be the case, for the fluoride of aluminium is decomposed with remarkable ease by the common metals at an elevated temperature; and a reaction of this kind, which I am attempting to carry out on a large scale, will solve this question in a practical point of view."

Professor Rose has devoted much attention to the preparation of aluminium, and he also strongly recommends its preparation from the Greenland mineral kryolite. The result of the continuance of Deville's researches, and those of Rose, has been the great reduction in the cost of production. Kryolite appears to have been first brought from Greenland, by way of Copenhagen, to Stettin, under the name of *mineral soda*, and sold at about 9*s.* per cwt.; it is now obtained at a much cheaper rate. The present price of the metal aluminium is about 7*s.* 6*d.* the ounce; but it must be remembered that an ounce of aluminium is of nearly five times the bulk of silver.

The alloys of aluminium promise to become of great value; the most remarkable which have yet been examined are the following:—An alloy of 10 parts of aluminium and 90 parts of copper produces a metal having greater hardness than the ordinary bronze, and as the quantity of aluminium is increased, the hardness becomes greater still. Both gold and copper lose their colours when alloyed with aluminium. If with aluminium we unite small quantities of zinc, tin, gold, silver, or platinum, it becomes very brilliant, and acquires increased hardness, remaining, at the same time, perfectly malleable. It may, indeed, contain as much as 10 per cent. of copper without losing its malleability. The aluminium-bronze unites, with the property of being forged when hot, that of great impenetrability in the presence of hydrosulphate of ammonia. An alloy of 85 per cent. of copper and 15 per cent. of aluminium has been recommended for telescope mirrors. The resulting metal is beautifully white, and it will not tarnish. An equal portion of aluminium and silver produces a material as hard as bronze. If with 99 parts of gold, one part of aluminium be united, the resulting metal is very hard, and of the colour of green gold; while ten parts of aluminium render the mixture colourless and crystalline. If five parts of aluminium be united with 100 parts of silver, the metal is as hard as the silver of our coinage; the properties of the silver being quite unaltered, except that it resists all tarnishing agents. One-tenth of aluminium with copper gives an alloy of the colour of pale gold, of great hardness, possessing high malleability, and which will take a polish equal to steel.

Aluminium has been employed in the manufacture of some of the imperial eagles which surmount the regimental colours of the guards; here lightness was a great object. Experiments have been made with success on employing aluminium for coating other metals. From its lightness it has been used for making small weights, and also in some parts of watchwork. When a bar of aluminium is properly suspended and struck, its vibrations are of the most musical character. It has therefore been suggested that it should be employed for pianoforte wires.

With time, and that reduction of price which must follow the manufacture of this metal on a large scale, there can be no doubt that so valuable a metal will find numerous applications in the Arts. At present its production mainly depends upon the cost of the metal sodium, still employed to decompose the alumina; but, with the increasing demand for sodium, the price of that article has been reduced to less per pound than it was a few years since per ounce.

Thus we steadily advance. Science makes a discovery; its applications are studied and realised, and then the manufacturer seizes upon the labours of the philosopher, pursues his experiments on an enlarged scale, probably finds new natural sources from which to obtain the raw material, and cheapens the whole process of production.

ROBERT HUNT.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE PICTURES OF CHAS. FREDK. HUTH, ESQ., UPPER HARLEY STREET.

WITH a view to relief and variety in these notices, we propose, as may be already understood, to alternate the metropolitan collections with those in the country; and have accordingly selected one from the former, distinguished rather by the excellence than the number of the pictures; yet including a very considerable catalogue, among which occur the names of the magnates of our school,—as Etty, Turner, Constable, Linnell, Frith, Wilson, Holland, Collins, &c., &c. Mr. Huth is also in possession of a judiciously selected series of water-colour drawings, containing, at least, one example of every distinguished member of the water-colour school; but these, we regret, we cannot describe at length in consequence of our usual notice of the British Institution—which compels us also to limit our notice of the oil pictures.

'Sancho tells a Tale to the Duke and Duchess to prove that Don Quixote is at the bottom of the Table,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This subject occurs in the thirty-first chapter of the second part. "Then thus," quoth Sancho, both of them being ready to sit down, "the husbandman contended with the gentleman not to sit uppermost, and he with the other that he should—as meaning to command in his own house; but the husbandman presuming to be mannerly and courteous, till the gentleman, very moody, laying hands upon him, made him sit down perforce," &c. This picture was painted for Mr. Huth, and will be remembered as one of the remarkable productions of the exhibition of 1850. In the Duke, Duchess, and Don Quixote, there is much thoughtful description; but the emphasis of the composition rests upon Sancho, who differs from every other Sancho we have ever seen, as possessing more of the patent simplicity of the philosophic squire. The arrangement is without complication, and the figures are well relieved by a background of tapestry on which appear the armorial bearings of the Duke.

'Rebecca,' F. HURLSTONE.—A half-length figure of the size of life, supporting with her left hand a water cruse on her left shoulder, which she steadies with her right raised over her head, constituting a very beautiful play of line, although the pose seems difficult.

'The Dinner Hour,' J. LINNELL.—A study of a section of rough roadside bottom, with all its wealth of wild herbage, ruts, and broken ground. The foreground rises, and is erested by trees which immediately close the subject. A woodman is seated by the wayside, to whom his wife brings his mid-day meal. It is a most conscientious study of a very common-place piece of subject-matter to which value is given by the treatment, especially in colour and drawing.

'Cupid in his Chariot drawn by Doves,' W. ETTY, R.A.—The figure stands upright, grasps a bow in his left hand, and raises an arrow triumphantly over his head. There is a quality in this small and sketchy picture equal to the best works of the most eminent men of the Venetian school.

'Nora Creina,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—She is seated in a chair, and holds in her hands a flower; but she looks out of the composition. There is very little colour in the work; it was painted, we believe, for engraving.

'Venice from the Grand Canal,' J. HOLLAND.—We are here placed nearly abreast of the Campanile—the ducal palace occupying the left centre of the composition. In the execution of this work there is great regard to local truth, and the water is extremely successful as to lustre and reflection.

'Avenue, Shobrook Park, Devonshire,' F. R. LEE, R.A.—The first, we believe, of these Avenues which Mr. Lee exhibited at the British Institution in successive exhibitions. The lines converge from the extremities of the base with a very happy perspective effect. There is more drawing in the trees than in those of later works; the ground shade is broken here and there by a stray sunbeam. The picture was painted in 1846, and is among the best of the artist's works.

'A Sea-piece,' G. CHAMBERS.—A simple composition, presenting various craft sailing with a light breeze. There is a charming freshness in all the works of this artist, who, had he been spared, would have built for himself a lofty reputation.

'A Nymph Angling, attended by Cupid,' W. ETTY, R.A.—This admirable picture would be called spotty by the lovers of tranquil breadths; but there is a valuable balance in the disposition of these apparently contending lights that soothes the eye and gratifies the sense. The principal figure is seated; she holds an angling-rod before her, and her attention is fixed on the pool into which she has dropped her bait. Cupid stands listlessly by, made up into a beautiful system of lines, like a true love-knot. The light falls upon the agroupment behind and from above; the breadths, therefore, of the lady are in shade, while a broad and brilliant outline of light encloses the figure. It is probable that in this picture Etty has essayed the embodiment of some ethical idea gathered from the poets.

'Stratford Mill on the Stour, near Bergholt,' J. CONSTABLE, R.A.—This is one of that magnificent series of large landscapes of which it is ever to be regretted that Constable painted so few. It is thus mentioned in Leslie's *Life of Constable*:—"This noble picture, which I well remember at the exhibition of 1820, and which has since been admirably engraved by Mr. Lucas, is about as large as 'The White Horse,' and has more subjects. On the extreme left of the spectator a wheel and part of a watermill are seen. In the foreground are some children fishing, admirable for the expression of their attitudes, their faces not being seen. Sir George Beaumont said of the elder boy, that 'he was undergoing the agony of a bite.' To the right, and in the middle distance, a barge lies, with great elegance of perspective, in the smooth river, and a group of tall trees forms the centre of the composition. It is a view, and when it was painted was an exact one, of Stratford Mill on the Stour." This picture was exhibited at Somerset House in 1820, and became the property of Mr. Tinney, of Salisbury; and in 1848 it passed into the possession of Mr. Huth, from the widow of Mr. Tinney.

'A Bacchante,' C. BAXTER.—The upper part of the figure is seen in profile, but the face is turned towards the spectator: she wears a leopard skin.

'Partridge Shooting,' G. MORLAND.—There is much more of grace in this little picture than is to be found in Morland's latter works; it is remarkably sweet in colour and perfect in condition. There is a pendant, the subject of which is 'Pheasant Shooting,' perhaps even more agreeable. These pictures were in the collection of the late Archdeacon Markham.

'View in Venice,' J. HOLLAND.—One of those subjects which this artist treats with so much success. He is very felicitous in his selection of subject-matter, consisting of building and water, the class of material which he always paints.

'The Vicar of Wakefield, after his first reverse of Fortune, reproving his Wife and Daughters for appearing in their usual Finery,' A. SOLOMON. The subject occurs in the fourth chapter:—"The first Sunday in particular their behaviour seemed to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day, for I always

loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out in all their former splendour," &c. We have accordingly the vicar's sarcastic censure, Mrs. Primrose's gentle remonstrance, and the ultimate concession that the dresses should be altered. The work is everywhere distinguished by the most careful study.

'The Corn-field,' J. Linnell.—A literal transcript of a passage of scenery, perhaps in Surrey. The nearest breadth of the canvas is occupied by the corn-field, with reapers at work. As a piece of local truth nothing can exceed the reality of the description.

'Sunset,' J. Linnell.—The subject looks like a passage of some secluded back-water on the Thames, wild with all the feathery summer herbage of the river-side. A punt is moored among the willows, in which two fishermen are about to embark, and a many-branched pollard rises, fan-like, against the evening sky, in which the sun is descending towards the horizon. The foreground is in deep shade, but the glazing is deep and transparent. This picture was painted in 1847, but was retouched in 1851.

'Boulogne, Early Morning,' W. Collins, R.A.—This was one of the last pictures painted by this artist, and is certainly one of his best. On the right of the composition a line of boats runs perspectively into the picture, penetrating into distance, and so skilfully managed as to exclude all sight of the shore. In the immediate foreground a fisherman sits upon a barrel, while his wife and son estimate the value of the night's fishing. The morning sunshine is effectively maintained throughout the picture, the left of which opens to the sea, graduated to the horizon with a most truthful expression of distance.

'A Study,' W. F. Witherington, R.A.—A passage of wooded scenery, studied apparently upon the spot.

'The Fan,' C. Baxter.—A study of a female head, beautiful in colour, and eminently sweet in expression.

'Mouth of the Bisagno, Gulf of Genoa,' J. Holland.—The verification of a locality, treated with much knowledge and power, and preserving the distinctive characteristics of a Mediterranean shore.

'The Sportsman's Repose,' G. Morland.—A small picture, freely touched, but carefully finished, and in perfect condition. To this picture there is a companion entitled 'The Shepherd's Repose,' somewhat similar in composition. A larger picture, also by Morland, and differing from the others, is called 'The Visit to the Child at Nurse.' It has been engraved. Also by this artist there are 'Setters in Cover,' from the collection of the late Jesse Curling, Esq., with others, entitled—

'Nutting,' 'The Musele Gatherers,' 'Interior of a Shed, with a Cow and a Calf, and a Woman feeding Pigs.'

'Piazza dei Signori, Verona,' J. Holland.—A small picture, which we recognise at once as a subject from Verona, very graceful in treatment.

'Lake Nemi,' R. Wilson, R.A.—A work of infinite elegance and refinement in the chiaro-oscuro dispositions. It was painted for the late John Bannister, the comedian, in whose possession it remained until his death.

'A Study,' C. Baxter.—A female head, remarkable, as usual, for its purity of colour, and simplicity of treatment. The works of this artist extend to portraits of several of the younger branches of Mr. Huth's family; and these works, in purity of tint and animated expression, equal the very best productions of their class. We do not usually notice portraiture, but these works are full of pictorial quality.

'Mallam Cove, Yorkshire,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—This drawing is one of a series of six formerly in the possession of the late Sir William Pilkington, Bart., of Chevet Hall, near Wakefield.

'A Study,' T. Gainsborough, R.A.—A very curious and spirited sketch, in charcoal, for a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. It is small, and presents the figure erect, wearing the walking-costume of the time.

'A Lady,' Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A.—This is a portrait of a member of the Ducie family, which, from its character and masterly execution, may be considered rather a picture than a portrait.

Besides the oil pictures which we have particularised, Mr. Huth's collection comprehends an extensive series of water-colour drawings, remarkable as containing specimens, not only of painters who professedly practise water-colour Art, but also of many of those who exhibit only in oil. Of this numerous catalogue we regret that we can name only a few, as—'A View of Stonyhurst,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; 'View of Warwick,' J. Constable, one of the three only finished drawings he ever made; 'Mount Ararat,' Sir A. W. Callcott; 'Grand Canal, Venice,' Bonnington; 'A Sea-piece,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'View of Rotterdam,' D. Roberts, R.A.; 'Olivia and Viola,' C. R. Leslie, R.A.; 'Charles the Second and Cooper the Artist,' D. Maclise, R.A.; 'A Sunny Landscape, with Water and Cows,' J. Linnell; 'The Love-letter,' F. Goodall, A.R.A.; 'Scene in Holland,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.; 'Classical Landscape,' Barrett; 'Landscape,' Dewint; 'Dog, with ancient Furniture and Armour,' John Lewis; 'Interior of a Convent, with Monks Distributing Alms,' G. Cattermole; 'Dover Castle, Sunrise,' Copley Fielding; 'Windsor Forest,' W. Bennett; 'A Hawking Party,' F. Tayler; 'Fruit,' W. Hunt; 'Fruit,' G. Lance; 'The Crochet Worker,' C. Baxter; 'Girl and Goat,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.; 'Chiesa de Santa Salute,' J. Holland; 'River Scene,' J. B. Pyne; 'A Sea-piece,' G. Chambers; &c. &c. This series of drawings may be considered unique, as containing rare examples; and, in addition to these may be mentioned a variety of "first thoughts" by very many of the most distinguished painters, constituting altogether a curious, interesting, and valuable collection.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

The Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy, which is recently closed, has well sustained the reputation of former years; while the sales effected have reached the amount of £2900. The following is the list of the principal portion of the pictures which have found purchasers:—

'The Village Postman Reading the Letter,' Henry Roberts, 55*l.*; 'An Interval in the Performance,' James Campbell, 12*l.*; 'The Chair Mender,' Benjamin Williams, 12*l.*; 'The Early Lesson,' Samuel Roberts, 6*l.* 6*s.*; 'View on Loch Katrine,' James Danby, 35*l.*; 'Minnow Fishing,' Peter Deakin, 8*l.*; 'Village Amateurs,' J. W. Haynes, 40*l.*; 'Ariel,' F. M. Miller, 8*l.*; 'Le Combat Terminé,' J. Vanimshoot, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Pig Drover,' John E. Martin, 3*l.* 3*s.*; 'Looking up the Pass of Llanberris,' John Steeple, 6*l*; 'A Sketch at Paris,' E. Tuson, 3*l.* 3*s.*; 'Old Castle of Assynt,' J. A. Houston, R.S.A., 15*l.*; 'Rough Weather Coming on,' W. J. J. C. Bond, 8*l.* 8*s.*; 'Reading a Chapter,' William Weir, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Girl Watering a Flower,' James Hardy, jun., 7*l.* 7*s.*; 'Terrace, Haddon Hall,' Charles C. Riley, 2*l.* 2*s.*; 'Pig-keeping in Berkshire,' J. D. Watson, 5*l.* 5*s.*; 'In Richmond Park,' Thomas Froud, 7*l.*; 'Summer Visit to a Winter Haunt,' William Proudfoot, 3*l.*; 'A Path through the Iver Wood,' George Sant, 36*l.* 15*s.*; 'Lago Maggiore,' V. de Fleury, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Bit too Long,' James Hardy, jun., 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Primitive Music,' J. D. Watson, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Hales Owen Abbey,' T. H. Baker, 7*l.* 7*s.*; 'At Bruges,' Alfred Montague, 5*l.*; 'Minster, near Ramsgate,' Mrs. Oliver, 3*l.* 3*s.*; 'Stepping Stones, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington, 40*l.*; 'Now for Real Crinskirk Gingerbread,' Henry J. Charlton, 2*l.* 10*s.*; 'How Nice!' Miss Jane G. Martin, 3*l.* 3*s.*; 'Entrance to Carnarvon Castle,' R. Richards, 3*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Elm-tree Shade,' Alexander Fraser, 12*l.* 12*s.*: 'Dortrecht, Holland,' J. Dobbin, 10*l.*; 'Study of Sheep,' W. H. Morris, 15*l.* 15*s.*: 'On the River Ericht,' G. L. Beetholme, 12*l.*; 'Fisherman and Boy Baiting Lines,' J. G. Naish, 15*l.*; 'Croft Church, Yorkshire,' James Peel, 9*l.*; 'Exit from Council-house, Shrewsbury,' Miss H. Henshaw, 4*l.* 4*s.*; 'Gleaners,' E. J. Cobbett, 63*l.*; 'Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage,' J. Cassie, 70*l.*; 'Study of Trees, Litherland,' J. E. Newton, 5*l.* 5*s.*; 'I. Pifferari,' Edmund Eagles, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'Mill at Penguern,' T. H. Baker, 6*l.* 6*s.*; 'St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight,' William Gray, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'Four o'Clock,' John H. Dell, 15*l.*; 'A Window during the Carnival at Rome,' W. Fisher, 36*l.* 15*s.*; 'Near New Ferry,' W. J. J. C. Bond, 5*l.* 5*s.*; 'Sunset, River Mersey,' Samuel Walters, 5*l.*; 'Boat Hauling Off to a Fishing Smack,' Alfred Herbert, 10*l.*; 'Yarmouth Beech,' Alfred Herbert, 10*l.*; 'The Jung Fraw, Eigber and Mouch,' George Barnard, 12*l.*; 'Convent at Amalfi,' William Havell, 6*l.* 6*s.*; 'Camellias and Azaleas,' Thomas Worsey, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'A Welsh Cottage,' Andrew Deakin, 4*l.* 4*s.*; 'Vessels Ashore,' Edwin Hayes, A.R.H.A., 10*l.*; 'Fruit, Game, and Mistletoe,' Miss Hunt, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Tranquillity,' Thomas Austin, 2*l.* 10*s.*; 'Coast Scene,' Robert Bridgehouse, 3*l.* 3*s.*; 'On the Seine,' Robert Bridgehouse, 5*l.* 5*s.*; 'A Country Churchyard,' S. Read, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'An Errand to the Village,' Daniel Munro, 35*l.*; 'Drying the Nets,' Isaac Henzell, 35*l.*; 'Great Fair, Mayence,' J. Dobbin, 26*l.*; 'French Fisher-girl,' Octavius Oakley, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Sister's Entreaty,' R. Hollingdale, 40*l.*; 'The Goldfish, a Corner at Speke Hall,' William Collingwood, 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'On Guard,' Benjamin Williams, 4*l.*; 'Cupid Protecting Psyche,' George Gray, 11*l.* 11*s.*; 'A Wayside Petitioner,' Edward Davis, 20*l.*; 'A Drop on the Sly,' William Hemsley, 30*l.*; 'Sketch in Windsor Forest,' Miss Emily Nicholson, 3*l.* 3*s.*; 'Geranium,' Thomas Worsey, 4*l.* 4*s.*; 'The Student,' Lewis Morrison, 5*l.*; 'Cupid,' M. Ludovici, 21*l.*; 'The Orphans,' Alfred A. Patten, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'At Amiens,' Alfred Montague, 10*l.*; 'A Rest by the Way,' Bell Smith, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Wayside Greeting,' William Parrott, 30*l.*; 'Isabella Kerr Gordon,' William Ford, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'Shotwick-on-the-Dee, Cheshire,' William Davis, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The New Song,' Octavius Oakley, 73*l.* 10*s.*; 'Old Cottages near Edinburgh,' George T. Hargitt, 4*l.*; 'Goldsmith,' T. P. Hall, 94*l.*; 'Kate Kearney,' Erskine Nichol, A.R.S.A., 22*l.* 10*s.*; 'Very Interesting,' James Smetham, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Heath Blossoms,' Joseph Bouvier, 20*l.*; 'Interior, at Pennanguer,' Alfred Provis, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'Boats on the Mersey,' W. J. J. C. Bond, 6*l.* 6*s.*; 'Lake of Windermere,' Miss Jane Nasmyth, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Chateau of the Tuileries,' Miss Martin, 5*l.*; 'The Lassie at the Burn,' J. Bouvier, sen., 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'A French Fisherwoman,' Charles S. Lewis, 12*l.*; 'Shepherd's Home,' G. W. Horlor, 21*l.*; 'The Belfry, Calais,' William Callow, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Hark! the Merry Laugh Resounds,' Robert Clothier, 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'Welsh Interior,' D. W. Deane, 20*l.*; 'A Bit from Nature,' Henry Chaplin, 3*l.*; 'The Last Ships of the Spanish Armada,' Captain E. A. Inglefield, R.N., 40*l.*; 'A Peep at Bolton Abbey,' W. G. Herdman, 10*l.*; 'Scene in Cirencester,' W. G. Herdman, 10*l.*; 'Inverness, from the Castle Hill,' W. G. Herdman, 15*l.*; 'A Summer's Afternoon in the Woodlands,' J. S. Raven, 60*l.*; 'Welsh Peasant at a Window,' E. J. Cobbett, 42*l.*; 'The Missing Curl,' Thomas Roberts, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Beethoven,' John Morgan, 25*l.*; 'Commoners,' W. H. Hopkins, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Llyn Coron, Anglesey,' J. W. Oakes, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Interior of a Cottage in North Wales,' D. W. Deane, 30*l.*; 'The Toilet,' Leon Gougril, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Searching for Lost Money,' A. Rippingille, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'Interior of the Ancient Church of Kirby Lonsdale,' W. G. Herdman, 40*l.*; 'Hazy Morning on the Thames,' G. A. Williams, 20*l.*; 'The Old Knight's Blessing,' William Collingwood, 21*l.*; 'Fruit, &c.,' William Duffield, 18*l.*; 'Near Leith,' Downward Birch, 15*l.*; 'Hastings, Boats Waiting for the Tide,' Archibald Webb, 21*l.*; 'Jeannette,' Julius Bouvier, sen., 16*l.* 16*s.*; 'The Watering Place,' B. Shipham, 15*l.*; 'Bray, county of Wicklow,' George Hicken, 10*l.*; 'Taking the Horse to Drink,' Souplet, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'Emily and the White Doe of Rylstone,' F. M. Miller, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Doll and her Friends,' William Romer, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Taking it Easy,' John Davies, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'Bassenthwaite Lake,' Thomas Edwards, 10*l.*; 'Gathering Sticks,' George Sant, 21*l.*; 'Roman Tower on the River Burr,' W. J. J. C. Bond, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'Wallasey Mill, Cheshire,' William Davis, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'On the New Mown Hay,' Joseph Bouvier, 15*l.*; 'He Dreamt that he Dwelt in Marble Halls,' James S. Eglington, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Brickmaker's Shed, Surrey,' Alexander Fraser, 12*l.* 15*s.*; 'St. Patrick's Day,' Erskine Nicol, A.R.S.A., 420*l.*; 'Llanberris, North Wales,' George L. Hall, 10*l.* 10*s.*

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Sheffield.—The opening of the new building in this town for the use of the School of Art took place on January 22nd, when the Annual Meeting was held, and the report read by Mr. Young Mitchell, the head master. The income for the past year had been £984, of which £510 was a grant from Government, £255 were from students' fees, and £203 from subscriptions. On the evening of the following Monday, several hundreds of the principal inhabitants of Sheffield attended a conversazione in the new edifice, in the rooms of which a large number of works of Art of various kinds, the property of the neighbouring gentry, were open for exhibition, together with the drawings, &c., of the students. In the course of the evening addresses were delivered to the assembled company and the pupils by Mr. Roebuck, M.P., and Mr. H. Cole, C.B., of the Department of Art, and the annual prizes were delivered to the students. The "Parker Scholarship," value ten guineas, and the "Mayor's Prize," of equal amount, were both awarded to George Theaker; the former for having "obtained the greatest number of departmental medals in the two years preceding the session of 1857;" and the latter for "the best design for an article of Sheffield manufacture," which in this instance proved to be for a swing tea-kettle. The "Master Cutlers'" prize was awarded to H. H. Stannus; our space will not permit us to particularise the other awards. Mr. Cole in his address highly eulogised the Sheffield School; he remarked that it "stood at the head of all the schools in the country," with regard to its efficiency, as proved by the number of medals awarded to the students—by the head Department of Art, we presume—in proportion to the number of pupils who availed themselves of the instruction afforded in the school. At the same time he regretted much to find how insignificant a proportion of the population availed themselves of the aid of the master to learn elementary drawing—only eighteen out of a population of 135,000: we find this reported in the local papers, but it seems to be almost incredible. We presume, however, from Mr. Cole's preceding remarks, that this number of eighteen does not refer to the actual number of students of the Sheffield School, but to those belonging to the parish and other schools, for whom an "elementary class" is opened in Sheffield. Still this is extraordinary; for the School of Exeter, with a population of 40,000, has 835 such pupils coming forward for examination; Cheltenham, with a population of 3500, has 1350; Chester, 1200; Worcester, nearly 500. Manchester, with a population of 300,000, musters only 230!

One word respecting the new edifice in which the studies of the Sheffield pupils will in future be carried on. It is built of coloured brick, relieved by stonework; the architecture is in the Byzantine and Romanesque style; all the interior arrangements are said to be well adapted to the purposes of the building. The entire cost of the building, including site and fittings, is £7100, of which £1600 still remains to be realised. We do not suppose that the good people of Sheffield, who have hitherto entered so heartily into the project, and to whom so great credit is due for what they have accomplished, will long allow this debt to remain unliquidated.

Birmingham.—The Annual Meeting of the subscribers and friends of the Birmingham Society of Arts and Government School of Art was held at the rooms in New Street, on the 3rd of February: Lord Ward, president of the institution, in the chair. From the report of the honorary secretary, Mr. C. R. Cape, it appears that the treasurer's accounts showed a balance in favour of the institution of £47 4*s*. As a proof that the school maintains its position, it is only necessary to mention that the examiners appointed by the Department at Marlborough House have awarded twenty-four bronze medals for drawing in the present exhibition, although some of the very best in the series, viz., the detailed anatomical studies, are excluded from the competition by rules laid down by the Department. The number of students receiving instruction at the end of the past half-year was as follows:—

Central School, New Street	631
Classes in various Parochial and other Public Schools	563
Worcester Diocesan Training School	33
Elementary Branch School, Spon Lane	47
Elementary Branch School, Cape, Smethwick	35
Total	1309

There was a liberal distribution of prizes to the students at the meeting: we regret we have not room to point out the names of those who distinguished themselves.

Glasgow.—The Annual Meeting of the members of the Glasgow Art Union took place in the month of December last, though a report of the meeting has only just reached us. The Lord Provost occupied the chair. The secretary read the report, which announced the continued prosperity of the Association, and stated that while the subscribers were not so numerous as last year, the committee had been enabled to devote a larger sum to the purchase of paintings and other works of Art than they had hitherto been able to accomplish. Of the 211 paintings exhibited, 82 were by Scottish artists, acquired at the cost of £4027; 128 were by English artists, at the cost of £4266; and one painting of flowers, of the value of £35, was the production of a distinguished French artist. In addition to the works of Art enumerated, 55 bronze and Parian statuettes and groups have been acquired for distribution at this meeting, and 12,000 chromo-lithographs of a picture painted by R. Galvin, A.R.S.A., expressly for this purpose, are in course of being finished. The whole value of paintings, statuettes, and chromo-lithographs to be distributed as prizes amounts to nearly £10,000, and the value of the engravings supplied to the members amounts to about £3800, making a total sum expended in works of Art this year of nearly £14,000. For next year the committee had arranged that each subscriber will get an impression of the large steel engraving of "Noah's Sacrifice," from the celebrated picture by Maclise.

Norwich.—The students of the Norwich School of Art recently presented to Mr. Elton, their late assistant master, a handsomely bound copy of Byron's works, illustrated, as a mark of their respect and esteem for that gentleman.

Warrington.—The School of Art in this borough appears to be making most satisfactory progress, and, judging from the energy displayed both by Mr. Thompson, the master, and the pupils generally, it bids fair to become a formidable rival to the most successful of provincial schools. At the recent visit of H. M. Inspector of Schools of Art, Mr. R. G. Wylde, twenty-three works had medals awarded to them, and fourteen others received honourable mention; this, it must be admitted, is highly creditable to all connected with the school, the more so when it is considered that thirty medals is the maximum that can be awarded to one institution. Of the other works exhibited, Mr. Wylde spoke in the highest terms, and expressed himself agreeably surprised both by their number and the high standard of excellence to which they had attained. Mr. Wylde also visited the public schools of the district where drawing is taught by Mr. Thompson, and seventy-five prizes were awarded among them; viz., fifty-nine to the Warrington Educational Society's Schools, twelve to the National Schools, five to the Wargrave School.

Doncaster.—The local papers speak most favourably of a model-design, by Mr. Tilbury, of Doncaster, for a monument to the memory of the late John Wesley, founder of the sect that bears his name. The figure of this ardent "home missionary" represents him with a Bible in one hand, and as in the act of addressing one of those large assemblies that attended his preaching, both in the open air and within the walls of the sacred edifice. Three of the tablets beneath the statue are filled with alto-relievos, representing respectively, "Christ blessing little Children," "Christ healing the Sick," and the "Last Supper." The figure is surmounted by a Gothic canopy. Subscriptions are in progress for the execution of the monument.

Cork.—At a recent meeting of gentlemen interested in the Cork School of Design, it was stated by the secretary, Mr. T. S. Dunscombe, that the receipts of the past year amounted to £501 9*d*.; including the grant from the Corporation of £222, and fees from students, £191 3*s*. 3*d*. The expenditure of the year almost equalled the receipts; it would, indeed, have exceeded them by more than £20, if a debt of £25, due to the Gas Company, had been liquidated. The Cork School appears to receive a liberal pecuniary support from the Corporation, in comparison with that afforded by other civic bodies; whatever monetary obligations, yet unpaid, the school has incurred, have clearly not arisen from any indifference on the part of the local authorities.

Salford.—The second General Meeting of local artists in reference to the exhibition with which it is intended to inaugurate the new wing of the Salford Free Museum and Library, was held in the Town-Hall on the 24th of January. Mr. J. Hammersley, of the Manchester School of Art, who presided on the occasion, stated that the labours of the committee had hitherto been attended with the most satisfactory results, a large number of pictures, both by deceased and living artists, having been promised for exhibition. The committee have decided upon connecting an Art Union with the exhibition, "whereby a fund would be raised to insure the sale of a portion of the pictures, and it was confidently anticipated that, with a little exertion in the way of canvassing, a large subscription list might be obtained, and a handsome sum raised to be expended in prizes."

EGERIA.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, A.R.A.

Many of our readers will remember that about two years since we stated that the Corporation of London had given commissions to six of our principal sculptors to execute each a statue to fill certain niches in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion-House; the subjects to be selected from British poets: at a later date six other statues were ordered for a similar destination. In both cases Mr. Foley was one of those to whom commissions were given; his first work, "Egeria," is here engraved: it was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and is now erected in the Egyptian Hall.

Egeria, as some Roman writers tell us, was a nymph of Aricia, in Italy, and, according to Ovid, married Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome: after the death of her husband she became so disconsolate that she melted into tears, and was changed into a fountain by Diana. Others say she was the favourite nymph and invisible protectress of Numa, and that she generally resided in a celebrated grove, situated near the Appian Way. The fable, whatever the ancients may have said concerning it, has given a name to a fountain, in the valley between the old Appian Way and the modern road to Naples, which Byron has made the subject of some exquisitely beautiful verses in the last Canto of "Childe Harold:" Mr. Foley has taken them as the text of his work.

"Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

"The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep
Poi-oned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers, and ivy creep.

* * * * *

"Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all-heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover:
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy." . . . .

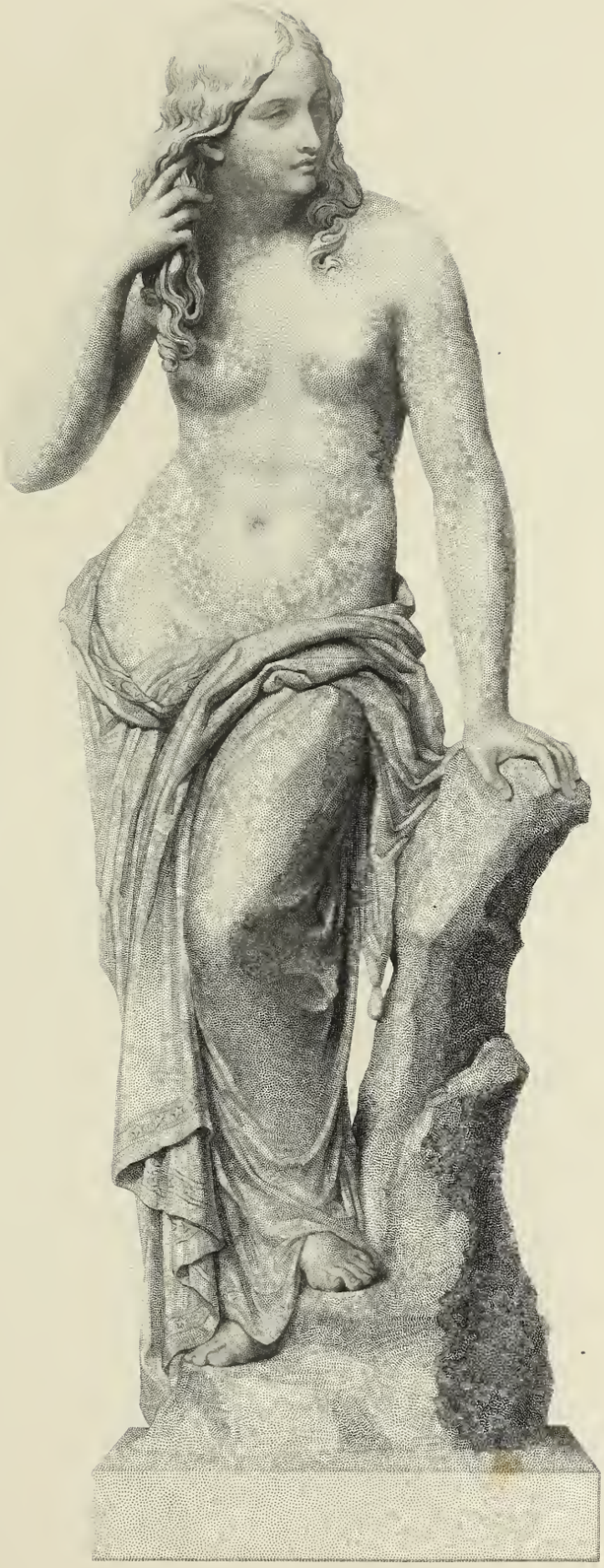
In a subsequent stanza the poet appeals with infinite truth and felicity of expression to the power which the sculptor possesses to create the beautiful, and place it before us as a type of what the world ought to, but does not, show. Byron was, or professed to be, when he wrote his "Childe Harold," a sceptic in the matter of love; he apostrophises her thus:—

"Oh Love, no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart;
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see,
The naked eye thy form as it should be;"

and then, as if he were in the act of contemplating Foley's graceful conception, he adds:—

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation;—where,
Where are the charms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood, and pursue as men—
The unreached paradise of our despair,
Which e'er informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?"

We have always regarded Mr. Foley as one of the most poetical of our living sculptors, yet his conceptions never carry us beyond the limits of humanity. We do not agree with Byron that Nature could not show us a creature as fair in person, as perfect in form, and as pure in mind, as this Egeria is represented, though such a being is a comparatively rare example of the daughters of Eve. The sculptor has chosen an appropriate and charming subject for his art, and has treated it with the utmost delicacy of feeling and gracefulness of expression. The Corporation of London may well pride itself in possessing this very beautiful statue.



EGERIA.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, A.R.A.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A., &c.

Part II.—Romanesque Art.

Broadly and decidedly distinguished one from the other in their individual characteristics, the two great divisions of Art—the "ancient" and the "early"—are, at the same time, bound together by a close and indissoluble connection. Hence, in the Crystal Palace the Byzantine Court, which is designed to illustrate the line of demarcation between these two grand Art-eras, serves also to demonstrate the transitional or derivative process that brings them into contact, and maintains their union. In this Court, accordingly, the Art-student can take up a position between the representatives of antiquity and of the middle ages; he can here trace out, from the full development of Roman Art, how it was that Mediæval Art arose; while, on the one hand, he has before him examples of such works as Egypt, and Assyria, and Greece transmitted to Rome, and, on the other hand, the Romanesque expands before him into the Gothic, again to decline in the Renaissance. Here, then, with the greatest advantage to the student, may be sought the first of the lessons which the Crystal Palace is able to give, as "a teacher from ancient and early Art."

We enter the Byzantine Court beneath a shafted arch, richly decorated with colour, gilding, mosaic-work, and with incrustations of variously coloured marbles; this arch forms a part of an arcade which has been reproduced from the cloisters of Sta. Maria in Capitolio, at Cologne—a church commenced in the eighth century, and completed during the course of the tenth. Before us, and around us, are various examples from Venice, Rome, the south of France, several parts of Germany, and from Ely, Salisbury, Romsey, and other places in England; and in the adjoining gallery are many other specimens from Italy, with contemporaneous works from Ireland, &c. To the west of the Court itself lie a group of casts from the highly interesting monumental effigies in the Temple Church, London; and within it are other casts from the English royal effigies at Fontevrault, in Normandy, with the well-known effigy of King John from Worcester Cathedral. With the exception of the examples from that very wonderful edifice, the Cathedral of St. Mark at Venice, this Court is thus found to contain no specimens of Byzantine Art, strictly and properly so called; but it does appear to comprise much of the western and northern Romanesque, which must be considered to be specifically distinct from the kindred and contemporaneous expressions of Art in the East. This court is, in fact, therefore, incorrectly named; its proper title would be the *Romanesque Court;* and this term would imply that here there have been brought together examples of that comprehensive form of Art which grew up into such energetic life upon the ruins of the Arts of Rome. Derived directly from Roman Art, the Romanesque in process of time adapted itself to the combined requirements and influences of the eastern and western tracts of Europe; while in Italy itself, and especially in Lombardy, it retained distinctive characteristics peculiarly its own. The arts of the middle ages, therefore, in their birth may correctly bear the single title of "Romanesque;" but this general title would gradually be resolved into the several distinct appellations by which the various forms and expressions of the Romanesque were severally distinguished. Of these forms and expressions the "Byzantine," as being the direct descendant, and the long-surviving representative of both Greek and Roman Art, is one of the most important; and it is, indeed, true that this term "Byzantine" has both a primary and a secondary acceptation in early Mediæval Art; that is to say, it designates such works as were actually constructed during and subsequently to the age of Justinian at Byzantium itself, or those of a similar character which at different times and in various places were produced by Byzantine artists upon pure Byzantine principles; and this same term is also applied to another class of works that are both scattered over central Europe, and occasionally found in its south-western and western regions, in which works a Byzantine *influence* may be seen to have been exercised. Such an influence was the result of the very general employment of Greek artists upon works which were both designed and executed without any direct or deliberate reference to Byzantine principles of design and construction. The discriminating student will carefully distinguish between this Byzantine influence indirectly exercised upon the western Romanesque, and the true Byzantine style, which is of eastern growth, and which flourished without interruption throughout Eastern Europe until about the period of the decline of the Gothic in the West.

Keeping carefully in remembrance what it is that this term "Byzantine" really conveys, the Art-student will regard the Crystal Palace Byzantine Court under the more comprehensive, as well as the more correct, title of "Romanesque;" and he will then consider what that teaching is which he has a right to expect from its components and its contents. He will seek for illustrations, (1.) of early Romanesque, as it separated itself from the declining Roman; (2.) of the Byzantine or eastern development and practice of the Romanesque; (3.) of the Norman or western and northern Romanesque; (4.) of the later Romanesque of Italy; and, finally, his search will extend to some examples of those forms of Art which are to be distinguished as Lombardic and Rhenish. The result of an examination of the Court and of its gallery, with the casts of the same periods and styles, and the small casts of early carved ivories, which (under some strangely perverse influence) have been associated with a miscellaneous collection of works in the compartment adjoining the great central transept towards the south-east, will be found only so far unsatisfactory as they are deficient in simplicity and exactness of classification, and in completeness in the several varieties of the examples themselves.

Of the early Romanesque of Italy examples are altogether wanting; these, however, would have been found to have differed but little in their artistic character from some of the later specimens which have been faithfully and effectively reproduced. The peculiarity of the earlier Romanesque works consists in their progressive advance towards the formation of the then new style from the ruins of its predecessor; in other words, it consists in the gradual adaptation of the arch to true shafts in the place of classic columns, and in the appropriate development of the several members, both constructive and decorative, which are associated with the pure Romanesque arcade. Ravenna, Parenzo in Istria, and Torcello in the Venetian Lagune, contain remains of the earliest Romanesque, which are equal in interest with the relics that are yet preserved in the imperial city itself; and these examples all combine to show how directly the steps taken by them in advance of the Roman style, led to the more complete and expressive forms of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and of those by which they were immediately succeeded. Thus, in the Crystal Palace examples we have representations of Romanesque Art of the utmost value, since, in these examples, we are enabled to study the expression of this Art when it had become matured, and also while it yet remained true to the original type. And these observations are no less applicable to the enrichments that are superadded to the architectural forms and combinations, than to those forms and combinations themselves: here also the original usage in ornamentation is faithfully exemplified, though the actual examples of ornament are far from being derived from the earliest period. The system remained the same throughout the entire period; and what are here for us to study, are reproductions of such specimens as are at once some of the best in existence, and also some of the most characteristic. In one point of view, it certainly would have been more satisfactory to have had, in bodily presence before us in this Court, some casts from the earliest Romanesque of Rome and of Ravenna: and the shrine of Torcello might have yielded a precious, though brief passage to the Romanesque chapter in this Art-teaching; and some of the small old churches which linger along the shores of the Adriatic, as yet unexplored by archæologist or artist, had a search been instituted amongst them, would, it is more than probable, have filled in with curious details the well-nigh blank centuries in Art that intervene between the sixth century and the tenth. Still, since we know under what forms the Romanesque arose at the first, and since we are also familiar with its earliest accessories and associates, we may be content, in such an institution as the Crystal Palace, to enter practically upon the study of "early Art," with specimens from the Cathedrals of St. Mark's, of Augsburg, and Hildesheim, and with the Cologne cloisters of Sta. Maria in Capitolio.

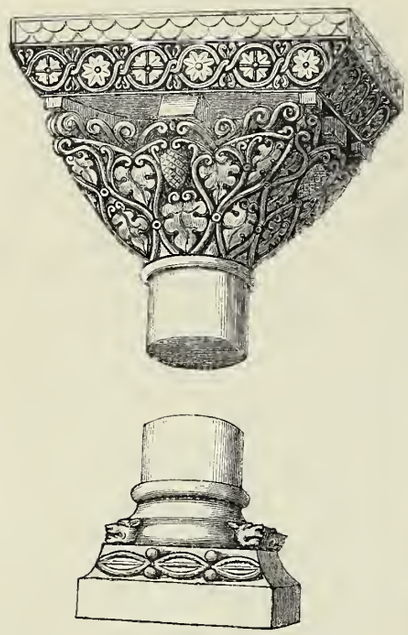
In the arrangement and formation of this Romanesque Court, the plan has been to employ the double arcade of a cloister with parts of other arcades of smaller proportions, and with these to associate, in such a manner as to form a single composition, several fine door-arches, a chancel-arch, and various examples of sculpture and decorative carving. The principal arcade (from a work of the tenth century, as has been already stated) shows the combination of arch and shaft adjusted, indeed, with much skill, but yet under conditions which declare that the adjustment was far from having been perfected. The object of the architect was to cause an arch of considerable thickness in section to rest upon a short and comparatively slender shaft of marble; and he has carried this design into effect by employing a capital which expands from the shaft-moulding to meet an abacus of the requisite dimensions. The capitals thus formed may be considered to be of two orders—the lower order being the true capital, and the upper a species of corbel interposed between the capital and the springers of the arch. This is an arrangement highly characteristic of the early Romanesque; it remained long in favour under every modification of the style; and in our own country we have occasional examples of its existence in the haluster-shafts of the arches that are attributed to Saxon times. The arcade in the Romanesque Court consists of a range of principal arches, each of which covers two sub-arches that carry a solid spandrel: the principal arches rest sometimes on piers and sometimes on shafts; when they are shafted, the shafts are of the same dimensions and the same character with those of the sub-arches. The bases of all are classic, and of great purity; but the capitals, while in some instances indicating a controlling reminiscence of the Ionic type, are distinguished by that varied treatment of conventional foliage and of interlaced work intermixed with strange animal forms, which are so characteristic of early mediæval as distinguished from classic Art. The example which I have figured, in its



CAPITAL, CLOISTER OF STA. MARIA IN CAPITOLIO.

ornamentation, inclines somewhat to the Egyptian character; the leaves of which it is composed are arranged about the block with much grace, and, like almost all the carved work of the period, executed with considerable skill and power. This capital, with its shaft, exemplifies the adjustment of the slender support to the massive arch, which I have just described. Occasionally, the disproportion between such a shaft and the superincumbent mass led to the introduction of "coupled shafts"—two shafts, that is, set close together beneath a common capital. The examples which are given in this Court from the Abbey of Moissac, include specimens of a pair of coupled shafts, but here there are two capitals united under a common abacus. Other coupled shafts appear in the arcade from the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome. The Moissac capitals

are very fine examples, and they show a considerable advance in style—the uppermost member of the composition being a true abacus, though very massive, and carrying still further the great spread of the capital itself beyond its shaft. The bases of these shafts are no less valuable than the capitals, as illustrations of the artistic feeling of the period in its treatment of this important architectural member. The carved figures which rest upon the angles of the plinths are not only characteristic of Romanesque Art, but suggestive also to the artist of the present day who seeks (as every true artist will ever seek) for whatever is excellent from the works of all time, that he may apply its teaching in the works of his own times.



CAPITAL AND BASE, MOISSAC ABBEY.

These bases rest upon corbels from St. Mark's, and grouped with them are several medallion-like panels of sculpture of truly Byzantine character from the same rich treasury of Art. All these works, even those which are in themselves comparatively both rude and harsh, attest significantly the originality of conception, and the earnest striving after effective expression, which so honourably distinguish the artists who led on "early Art" towards its glorious culmination. And herein do the works of the "early" masters teach much more than that lesson in Art and in the history of Art, which may be read from their forms and from their decorations: they show how the men who designed and who executed them gave themselves up, with heart and feeling and deep devotedness, to every possible means of advancement and exaltation which, in the pursuit of their Art, they could command. Whatsoever in ancient examples appeared to them to be worthy of study, they studied with that thoughtful spirit which penetrates through forms into principles. When they believed that they could best invent and design for themselves, they then brought to bear upon the matter before them all that their study, their observation, and their own faculties of imagination and reflection would yield to their earnest summons. This is a lesson which teaches with most powerful persuasiveness, when plainly set forth, without any word of comment or of application.

The cloister arcade of Moissac, which has furnished me with an engraving from the east in the Romanesque Court, has its arches pointed, and may be assigned to the first quarter of the twelfth century. The strictly Romanesque character of the shafts of this arcade at this period, and the treatment of the entire work, demand from the Art-student thoughtful consideration.

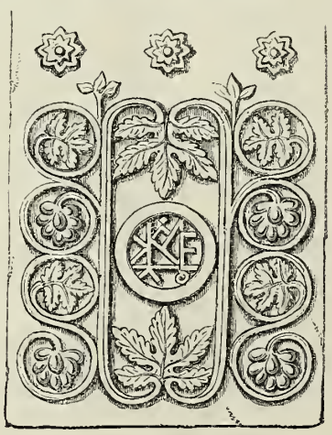
Comparison with the details of other edifices that closely resemble those from which the Romanesque Court has derived its examples, has been rendered easy to the student by the illustrations introduced with such free liberality into his "Handbook of Architecture," by Mr. Fergusson, the able and accomplished Art-director of the Crystal Palace. I may here particularly specify the engravings from the cloisters at Zurich, and at the Huelgas near Burgos, from Gelnhausen, and the Wartburg, and from Fontifroid, at pages 553, 587, 589, 610, and 837.

The Church of St. Mark's, that exceptional edifice, which rears its eastern cupolas in the midst of the strictly Italian Romanesque and the Gothic of Venice, was commenced in the year 977, and its architectural construction appears to have occupied about a century. The mosaics, and other interior decorations, were subsequently added, so that the entire edifice was completed a short space before the close of the eleventh century. Both within its walls and on their external surface, it displays in high perfection the decorative system of Byzantine Art. Whatever specimens of decoration, therefore, may be taken from its almost endless stores, may be regarded as faithful exponents of the style. From the various examples



CONVENTIONAL FOLIAGE, ST. MARK'S.

that have been introduced into the Romanesque Court from St. Mark's, I have selected for illustration two, which exhibit the forms of foliage that are there to be found in such great abundance and variety, and which also show the peculiar manner in which the foliage is generally arranged. In one



FOLIAGE FROM ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

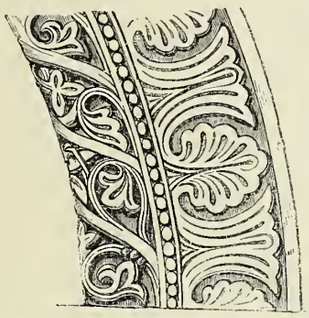
of these groups the leaves approach to the natural character, but in the other they appear to have been rendered after a strictly conventional manner, evidently derived from a classic type. The mosaics and variegated marbles which glitter throughout the Venetian cathedral are not without their representatives in this Court: these are essentially Byzantine modes of ornamentation, and they are to be regarded as necessarily appertaining to the style. It is not, however, by any means necessary that these accessories should be considered as exclusively the property of the Byzantine style; on the contrary, their use in the edifices of Eastern Europe, and in St. Mark's, may teach us with what advantage they may be introduced into our own architectural compositions. Besides the representations of mosaic-work, marbles, and painted figures, positive colour has been freely introduced into the Romanesque Court of the Crystal Palace, in many parts of it which can scarcely be considered to have any Byzantine sympathies; possibly the carved stone in the originals may have been taught, after a similar manner, to assume a character not its own; but certainly the painting here displayed upon works of the Norman Romanesque is productive of effects most prejudicial to the works themselves, as exponents and teachers of a style of Art. But before I enter upon any particular examination of these examples of the Romanesque of our own country, there remain several other continental specimens which invite attention and are worthy of careful regard. The Cathedral of Mayence, on the Rhine, contains the noble doorway (erected A.D. 1112) from which an admirable cast is placed to the south of the arcades from St. John Lateran and from Gelnhausen, in Southern Germany. The head of this lofty arch is closed with a tympanum covered with sculpture, illustrative at once of the capacity of the artists of the twelfth century, and of that Byzantine influence I have mentioned to have extended where the style of Byzantium was unknown. With this doorway there corresponds another of similar proportions, of which the details have been brought together from several places; all are fine examples of Romanesque under the influence of Byzantine tradition, which in some of them extends so far as to give them the distinctive character of the Eastern style. Such details of this composition are from Venice. The arcade from the cloisters of the Lateran will be most appropriately considered hereafter, in comparison with some classic details. The other arcades (and there are several), with some examples of sculpture from different localities, and two corbel-tables from Romsey, abound in characteristic features, and will repay a careful study of their every arch and figure, and curl of foliage.

The two grand doorway openings are filled with noble examples of the bronze doors which are to be found in many Italian churches, and occasionally, as in the case of these fine works from Hildesheim and Augsburg, in Germany. These doors are covered with decorative compositions in bold relief, illustrative of passages in the Old and New Testaments, arranged in a series of panels. The Hildesheim doors, made in the year 1015, are about sixty years earlier in date than those of Augsburg; but, in artistic conception and execution, they are greatly superior. Both are fine examples, and they take a position far higher than can be assigned to the massive doors of oak, covered with elaborate but unmeaning scroll-work of iron, which were introduced at a later period. I reserve, until I come to describe the Florentine doors, a more minute notice of these German works of the same class. In the compartment adjoining the central transept stands a cast from another work in bronze at Hildesheim: it is a column, now destitute of any capital, ornamented with twenty-eight subjects from the New Testament, executed in relief, and arranged about the shaft after the manner of the Roman columns of Trajan and Aurelian. This is another admirable illustration of the capabilities of the German artists, who produced works in metal as early as the year 1022.

Near to the bronze doors in the Romanesque Court are placed casts from two very remarkable bas-reliefs, which have been discovered within the last few years at Chichester, and are now preserved in the cathedral of that city. The subjects have reference to the raising of Lazarus, and they are evidently the work of artists who had a strong feeling for the antique, and also had been trained in the Byzantine school. These sculptures yield in interest to no early examples of a similar class which have yet been found in England, and by the Art-student they will always be regarded as fraught with much of curious and valuable instruction.

A group of arches, chiefly doorways, in the Norman Romanesque which prevailed to so great an extent in this country, next meets our view: they are from Ely Cathedral, from the abbey church of Romsey, and the singular churches of Kilpeck, in Herefordshire, and Shobden, in Yorkshire, both of which were built a few years before the middle of the twelfth century. All these arches, throughout the entire composition of their several orders, are covered with elaborate carving. Shafts with their capitals, and jamb-piers with their abaci, are similarly treated; and the whole present a series of examples of the peculiar surface chisel-work which the artists of the period delighted to lavish upon their productions. The designs are infinitely diversified, and comprise zigzag, inter-

lacing, and conventional devices, with quaint animal figures and grotesques of almost every possible variety. The Ely doorway, known as the Prior's Entrance, also exhibits several peculiar forms of foliage, of which some indicate a sympathy with classic types, and others bear a close affinity to the conventional leafage identified with the first of the three great periods of the English Gothic. I have given two engravings from the details of this door-



DETAILS OF THE PRIOR'S DOORWAY, ELY CATHEDRAL.

way, with a view to show more clearly some of its most remarkable ornamentation: these same figures, with the shaft and capital from Shobden, and the



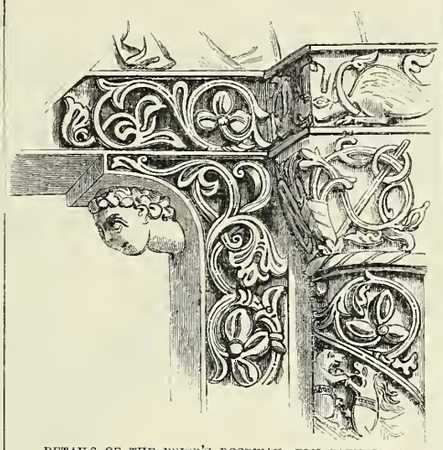
CAPITAL AND PART OF SHAFT, SHOBDEN CHURCH.

Birkin capital, will also exemplify, after the most characteristic manner, the decorative carving of our Anglo-Norman Romanesque. The innermost order



CAPITAL, BIRKIN DOOR.

of the jambs of the Ely doorway carries the carved lintel of the tympanum; it is peculiar in having at its head arched projections, from which, on either side, there projects a corbel-head. The form thus obtained would seem to have been, in some degree, the prototype of the foiled arch of the Gothic style. The tympanum of this doorway-arch is filled with carving; so also is that of the doorway from Shobden, and they both have their own teaching upon the subject of Romanesque figure sculpture. To the eastward of the Ely doorway is a east of a remarkable panel, occupied with sculpture in relief, from the baptistry of St. Mark's, which was probably executed in the thirteenth century; the subject is the baptism of our Lord by John the Baptist, and the treatment is altogether free from any Eastern influence. The monumental slab and effigy



DETAILS OF THE PRIOR'S DOORWAY, ELY CATHEDRAL.

of Bishop Roger, of Sarum, I leave for future consideration, with the other casts from works of monumental art, including the royal effigies which are within this Court;—I may, however, here observe, that the head of the episcopal figure in the Salisbury memorial is of a very different period from the rest of the work—a circumstance which, in giving the date of the monument, ought to have been particularly pointed out.

Of the earliest forms of the Romanesque which are known in England the Court contains no example, to contrast with the enriched specimens from Ely and elsewhere: this is an omission much to be regretted, since it leaves a void in the historical succession of the series of casts; and it appears to be the more singular, since it would have been easy to have introduced the Romanesque arches of Bishops Remigius and Alexander from Lincoln Cathedral, which illustrate so happily the characteristics of the earlier and the later Anglo-Norman. The Cathedral of Tuam, with one or two smaller churches, have supplied most interesting specimens of the Romanesque of the sister island; and these Irish examples have received great additional value from the collection of casts from early crosses both in Ireland and in the Isle of Man, with which they are associated. In the gallery adjoining the Romanesque Court, from which the great chancel-arch of Tuam opens the way towards the south, stands a cast from the black marble font of Winchester Cathedral, an eminently characteristic work of the commencement of the twelfth century; and near to this is another font, probably of a somewhat later period in the same century, in which the ornament consists of interlaced-work instead of groups of figures: it is from Eardsley, in Herefordshire. Above this gallery is thrown a vaulted ceiling, decorated with carefully-painted representations of the mosaic enrichments of one of the vaults of St. Mark's, and with four compartments of the celebrated painting of the vaulting of the upper church of St. Francis at Assisi, between Rome and Florence.

Such are the chief materials which have been brought together in the Sydenham Museum, with the view to illustrate the Romanesque style of Art. Their teaching is clear, expressive, and easy to be understood. It declares by what means a new style grew up, to take the place of the Art which had sunk down and ceased to live with the decline and fall of the Roman empire; and it traces out the progressive development of the first forms of Mediæval Art, until they were sufficiently matured to merge into the full nobleness of the Gothic. The Art-student, who has felt as well as listened to these lessons, will glance around the Gothic Court, into which either the Ely or the Shobden doorway will admit him, and then, having crossed over to the other side of the building, he will sit down and meditate amidst the sculpture of Greece and Rome.

THE TURNER DRAWINGS
AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

This selection—but a small portion of the contents of those old, worn, and smoky portfolios that crowded the sanctum of that well-known dirty-looking house in Queen Anne Street—this selection, we say, contains the vignettes made for Rogers' "Italy," the drawings for "The English Rivers," "Rivers of France," &c., the earlier works in sepia, the later in colour. Here, then, at length are before us those mysterious works which, in engraving, have charmed the world. It cannot be said that all are equally successful in imposing effect, but those that are not so attractive as others, are remarkable for a marvellous breadth of seriously minute elaboration, with the ever-recurring assertion that nature has no lines, but consists only of formal darks and lights. Turner's principle of employing alternately dark and light forms is alphabetically shown in the sepia drawing "Martello Towers at Bexhill;" but the art is concealed, and is apparent only on analytical examination. With the masses and the distances of the view some liberties have been taken, but we at once recognise the locality. There are a few larger views richly coloured, as "The Burning of the Houses of Parliament," "The Arsenal, Venice," "Ivy Bridge," &c.—the last named a charming drawing. Certainly, in the works of the latter period, the forms are generally superseded by light or shade, and surely no artist of any time has ever employed clouds so significantly as Turner. There are two sketches for marine pictures of marvellous power as to chiaro-oscuro, and so fresh in description that we even feel the wind that blows out of the picture. Of the English rivers there is the Wye, with a ruin, perhaps intended for Goodrich, but not like it. "South Shields, the Tyne"—a moonlight, looking seaward, with Tynemouth lighthouse on the left; then, on the same river, "Newcastle," looking up from far below Pandon Dean, with, on the right, all the salient points—St. Nicholas, All Saints, the Castle, &c. Famous old Norham accompanies the Tweed, looking down the stream, which, by the way, is too narrow, and the sun is certainly too low in the sky for this aspect, having descended behind the ruin, which must be certainly south or east. Then there are "The Dart;" two of the Medway, one with, of course, Rochester Castle, and that bridge, now no more, which every English landscape-painter has at least sketched; the mouth of the Humber, rich with a Dutch galliot—here we look seaward, with the distant docks on the left, and Grimsby on the right, in the distance; but we think the indication is nearer than the truth. "Moor Park, the Colne," and another, illustrating the Medway, "Stangate Creek," a very brilliant agroupment of boats and figures. Here are the drawings made for the "Liber" which may at once be said to be *et studiorum et veritatis;* the "Jason," a composition with a bridge in the middle distance, a production of a grand classic character; "Bridge and Cows," more domestic and Gainsborough-like; "Solitude;" the "Little Devil's Bridge;" "Hindoo Devotions;" "Thun, Switzerland;" "Bonneville, Savoy"—this place, which is but seldom painted, is on the road to Chamouni; "Mount St. Gothard;" "Inverary Castle;" "The Coast of Yorkshire;" "Hind Head Hill," &c. Of the French series there are several on the shores of the estuary of the Seine—"Honfleur," two views, one above the harbour, looking over the town to the Côte de Grace, another looking up the river. A charming view of Quillebœuf, from which Turner painted one of his noblest works; two views of "Tancarville;" one of "Harfleur," looking towards Havre, and showing the richly fretted spire of the church, which we have always considered the most elegant specimen of architectural *bon-bonnerie* in Europe—attributed, of course, *aux Anglais*, as everything extraordinary in Scotland is to the fairies. Of Rouen there are several views, in which the cathedral on one hand, and the Quai D'Harcourt play, perhaps, exaggerated parts. The Italy vignettes are so familiar to us in spirited black and white that we may confess to a little disappointment in seeing the originals; it is, however, on the whole a most gratifying exhibition; yet we long to see some of those touched proofs of which there are stores in the portfolios, because Turner kept all he touched upon.

THE GLASS COURT OF STEIGERWALD, OF MUNICH, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

One of the most interesting additions to the sights in the Crystal Palace is a very extensive collection of articles in coloured glass, vases, and vessels of every description, exhibited by Franz Steigerwald, of Munich. The collection consists of vases in the Moorish, the Egyptian, and the Grecian styles—from those of colossal dimensions, down to the smaller sizes, suiting chimney-pieces and the drawing-room table, dessert-services, fancy-flowers, and numerous other articles.

Those only who are acquainted with the almost insurmountable difficulties of the manufactory of glass can fully appreciate the merit of these articles; even they will be surprised at designs of such dimensions and intricate forms, with their ornaments in all their details.

It cannot be uninteresting to our readers if we supply a brief description of the locality in which these elegant specimens of the industry and skill of man are created. The manufactory is situated in the midst of a mountainous district known by the name of the Bavarian Forest, in the vicinity of the Danube—3500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, at the foot of the Arber, the highest summit of this chain of mountains, and about 6000 feet high. The raw material, an exceedingly beautiful quartz, is chiefly gained in close proximity to the manufactory, from the Hüner Kobel quarries; and, as this mountain rises about 1000 feet, means are thus afforded for conveying the requisite quantity of quartz on sledges during the winter with great facility to the manufactory. The forests, which cover a vast area, consist of pines, beeches, maples, &c., affording an abundance of wood; so extensive are these forests that the number of trees which perish by natural decay is probably much larger than those that are cut down for firewood. The winter season, however, which commences in October, continuing with uninterrupted severity till the month of May, covers the whole district with such enormous masses of snow that the roads for the sledges are carried over deep chasms, rocks—nay, even over hedges and houses, thus affording the only means of conveying the requisite materials to their destination. Within a certain distance from the manufactory the snow generally accumulates to a height of five or six fathoms, but is, as before explained, of the greatest importance to the establishment.

The usual number of workmen in the different branches of the manufactory seldom exceeds 350 or 400.

The produce of the manufactory is, however, so large that a considerable quantity of glass goods are regularly exported to the Bohemian mountains, where great numbers of workmen are occupied in cutting, engraving, gilding, and painting the various glass vessels. But the finest and largest pieces are kept back and finished at Schachtenbach, because those works of Art must be treated with particular care. It is a peculiarly interesting feature in the manufactory of glass, that the skilful workmen employ none but the simplest tools for producing the most complicated works of Art. Everything is done by hand; no machinery—such as is applicable in other branches of industry—is used. Thus, for instance, the whole apparatus for cutting consists of simple disks of iron, stone, or wood, which turn around their axis; those of the engravers, of copper and lead: the former are moistened with water, and the latter lubricated with oil and emery, and by the mere turning and twisting, and holding the vessel under different angles to the disk, the ingenious hands of these simple workmen create the glorious ornaments which delight our eyes.

As every country and every climate possesses its peculiar advantages, thus the long winter of those mountainous districts is followed by a delightful summer, which can nowhere be paralleled in freshness and brilliancy. Before the snow has melted away, the meadows are covered with a luxuriant carpet of flowers; the trees exhale refreshing fragrancy, and nature is endowed with new life and activity. The soil is furrowed by the active hand of man, the cattle being driven up to the Alpine meadows to graze there for the whole summer.

The inhabitants of this district are generally strong and healthy; their countenances exhibit a mixture of cheerfulness and good-nature, the reward of a life of temperance and industry. Their food consists chiefly of milk, bread, and potatoes—a dish of meat seldom adorning the rustic table. The only beverage they enjoy is the pure clear spring-water which everywhere issues from the rocks, so refreshing and delicious that they do not feel the want of artificial liquors.



The subjects we have selected for engraving from the remarkable collection of articles manufactured and exhibited by Herr Steigerwald, are, first one of the Chandeliers in bronze, containing a variety of foliage and ornaments in coloured glass,—this



object is skilfully composed, and has a very agreeable effect: the second engraving consists of several of the Vases, in various styles, of which there is a valuable display of "all sorts and sizes."

PICTURE SALES.

The announcement of the sale, by Messrs. Foster, of a large and valuable collection of pictures and drawings, on the 28th and 29th of January last, was one we scarcely looked for at so early a period of the year; sales of such a character rarely commence till the London season has fairly set in. If we are to augur from it a large amount of business in the auction-room during the next few months, we are also encouraged to think, from the prices which the works in question realised, that the productions of our painters are still eagerly sought after.

The catalogue issued by Messrs. Foster announced the collection to be the property of "a gentleman resident in the north of England." The sale of the drawings, 140 in number, occupied the first day; they realised nearly 2000*l.*; our space will only allow us to point out a few of the best specimens:—'The Windmills, with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza,' G. Cattermole, 14½ gs.; 'View on the Rhine,' J. D. Harding, 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; 'Little Nelly in the Church-yard,' J. W. Topham, 56 gs.; 'The Hay-field,' and 'The Harvest-field,' a pair by J. Absolon, 42 gs.; 'The Mirror,' Brockart, 25 gs.; 'The Rosebud,' Brockart, 15 gs.; 'The Dame's School,' a drawing by W. Goodall, from Webster's picture in the Vernon Collection, 21 gs.; 'The Fall of Clarendon,' a drawing by A. Fussell, from E. M. Ward's picture in the same Collection, 20 gs.; 'Fruit,' W. Hunt, 49 gs.; 'The Sisters,' D. Maclise, 26 gs.; 'The Falls of Terni,' J. M. W. Turner, an early specimen, 21 gs.; 'Tivoli,' a later example by the same painter, 21 gs.; 'The Chapel of the Virgin in the Cathedral of Liege,' L. Haghe, 23 gs.; 'The Merchant of Venice,' J. R. Herbert, 54 gs.; 'The Sportsman's Return,' F. Tayler, 32 gs.; 'A Peasant and her Child crossing a Mountain Stream,' P. F. Poole, 82 gs.; 'Landseape,' Copley Fielding, 49 gs.; 'The Twins,' W. Goodall, 22 gs.; 'Market-place at Segovia,' E. Goodall, 28 gs.; 'Head of an Old Man,' Brocky, 17 gs.; 'View off the Isle of Wight,' C. Bentley, 17 gs.; 'Poissardes and Donkeys, near Boulogne,' J. J. Jenkins, 35 gs.; 'Landscape and Gipsies,' J. D. Harding, 26 gs.; 'The Love-letter,' F. Stone, 15 gs.; 'Haddon Hall,' D. Cox, 18½ gs.; 'The Masquerade,' F. Stone, 15½ gs.; 'View of the Village Flühlen, Lake Uri,' J. M. W. Turner, a late example, 125 gs.; 'Grapes, Pears, &c.,' W. Hunt, 64 gs.; 'Glen Dochart, Ben More, Perthshire,' T. M. Richardson, 25 gs.; 'The Pets,' J. H. Watt, the engraver's drawing after Landseer's picture, 32 gs.; 'The Arrival of Desdemona at Cyprus,' F. R. Pickersgill, 21 gs.; 'Heidelberg, with the Valley of the Neckar,' D. Roberts, 40 gs.; 'Ehrenbreitstein,' the companion drawing, 23 gs.; 'The Drachenfels' and 'The Mill of Bruges,' a pair by D. Roberts, 30 gs.

The oil-paintings, 61 in number, realised 7156*l.*; the principal lots were the following:—'The Head of a Grey Horse and some Pigeons,' J. F. Herring, 26 gs.; 'The Old Greenwich Pensioner,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 51 gs.; 'Windsor Castle from the Thames,' J. B. Pyne, 45 gs.; 'Day by Day we Magnify Thee, O Lord,' Solomon, 49 gs.; 'Fruit, &c.,' Grönland, 70 gs.; 'An English Homestead,' Crome, sen., 60 gs.; 'The Forest of Fontainbleau,' Muller and Poole, 79 gs.; 'An Arcadian Scene,' F. Danby, A.R.A., from Mr. Wadmore's Collection, 38 gs.; 'A Lady's Head,' C. Baxter, 70 gs.; 'The Sisters,' C. Baxter, 46 gs.; 'The Stepping Stones, Bwttys a Coed,' T. Creswick, R.A., 107 gs.; 'Eudymion's Dream,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 50 gs.; 'The Seventh Day of the Decameron,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., the study for the large picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1855, 62 gs.; 'Solitude—the Knight and the Palmer,' F. Danby, A.R.A., 26 gs.; 'Raffaelle drawing the Fornarina,' Sir Augustus Callcott, R.A., from Lord Northwick's Collection, 25. gs.; 'The Assertion of Liberty of Conscience,' J. R. Herbert, R.A., a finished study for the large picture, 69 gs.; 'Morning,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 86 gs. (Mordaunt); 'The Boar Hunt,' J. Linnell, 57 gs.; 'Castles in the Air,' F. Stone, A.R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1855, 59 gs.; 'The Birthday,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., a recent work, 100 gs. (Gambart); 'Ancona,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 133 gs. (Lloyd); 'A Rural Scene,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with felled timber and figures, 48 gs.; 'Patricio and the Ladies at Breakfast,' A. L. Egg, A.R.A., scene from "Asmodeus," 122 gs. (Broaderip); 'The Haunt of the Sea-Fowl,' W. Collins, R.A., from the Collection of C. Birch, Esq., 165 gs. (Martin)—at the sale of Mr. Birch's Collection this picture fetched 185 gs.; 'Light and Shade,' T. Creswick, R.A., 142 gs. (Lockey); 'Fruit, with a chased gold vase,' G. Lance, 115 gs. (Leggatt); 'Sunset,' J. Linnell, landscape, river winding, in the foreground boys fishing, 100 gs.; 'Venus,' W. Etty, R.A., painted for Mr. Gillott, on panel, 55 gs.; 'The Message,' J. Sant, 45 gs.; 'The Procession to the Temple of Esculapius, at Athens,' Sir Augustus Callcott, R.A., presented by the artist to his medical friend, Dr. Carpenter, 260 gs. (Holmes); 'Resening Sheep after a Storm,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., scene in the Highlands, 67 gs. (Mordaunt); 'The Armenian Convent at Venice—Mazziorgo in the Adriatic,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 165 gs. (Gamhart); 'Off a Lee-Shore,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 202 gs. (Upham), 'The Woodman's Return,' F. Goodall, A.R.A, 280 gs. (Upham); 'Landseape, with View of Distant Country in the Vicinity of Reigate,' J. Linnell, 280 gs. (Gambart); 'A Woody Lane Scene in the Neighbourhood of Redhill, with Gleaners,' J. Linnell, 240 gs. (Leggatt); 'Neapolitan Fisher Girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 700 gs. (Gambart); 'Spanish Girl returning from the Fountain,' J. Philip, 100 gs. (Cox); 'Lear and the Fool in the Storm,' W. Dyce, R.A., 105 gs. (Cox); 'Babes in the Wood,' D. Maclise, R.A., 1856, 250 gs. (Mordaunt); 'The Dream of the Future,' T. Creswick, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., and R. Ansdell, 390 gs. (Leggatt); 'The Benediction,' T. Webster, R.A., from the Collection of Lord Northwick, at Thirlstane House, 380 gs. (Gamhart); 'Hampstead Heath,' Sir Augustus Callcott, R.A., 285 gs. (Mordaunt); 'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 285 gs.; 'Sunset on the Sea-Coast,' J. Linnell, 480 gs. (Cox).

Since the sale of Mr. Charles Birch's Collection there has not been so choice a gallery of English pictures dispersed by public auction as that of Mr. John Barlow, of Upton House, Manchester. A few years ago, such a collection would have been sent for sale to London, but now Manchester vies with the metropolis—indeed, outbids us in the market for works of British artists; and the late owner of these pictures was fully justified in confiding them to the hammer of Mr. Capes, of Manchester, by whom they were sold on the 21st of January; the prices realised show that the auctioneer performed his duty to his employer, as most assuredly the buyers performed theirs to the works submitted to them.

The sale commenced with the water-colour drawings, thirty-six in number; of these the most important were:—'The Rialto, Venice,' J. Holland, 21*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Gipsy Fortune-Teller,' Oakley, 21*l.* 10*s.*: 'Iago Maggiore,' G. E. Hering, 32*l.*; 'Lions,' Sir E. Landseer, 23*l.*; 'Mary' (engraved), D. Maclise, 28 gs.; 'Ship on Fire' (engraved), G. Cattermole, 30 gs.; 'Cottager and Child,' W. Hunt, 32*l.*; 'Il Penseroso,' W. E. Frost, 18 gs.; 'Room at Fontainbleau,' W. Muller, 27*l.*; 'Apples, &c.,' W. Hunt, 33 gs.: 'Charles II., Major Colby, and the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormonde in the Armoury of the Tower,' G. Cattermole, 120*l.*; the original sketch, in black and white, for the picture of 'The Old Woman accused of Witchcraft,' W. P. Frith, 32*l.*; 'Irish Courtship' (engraved), F. W. Topham, 185*l.*; 'Boulogne Shrimpers,' J. J. Jenkins, 44*l.*; 'The Adoration of the Magi,' F. R. Pickersgill, 48*l.*; 'Arundel Castle,' J. M. W. Turner, 189*l.*; 'A Spanish Posada, Bull-Fighters regaling,' J. Lewis, 325*l.* 10*s.*

The oil-pictures numbered forty-seven; the principal of which were the following:—'A Felucca returning to Port,' E. W. Cooke, 40*l.*; 'The Gleaner,' P. F. Poole, 32*l.*; 'The Approaching Traveller,' P. F. Poole, 29*l.*; 'The Sleeping Beauty' (engraved), W. P. Frith, 48*l.*; 'Andromeda,' W. E. Frost, a small circular, only nine inches in diameter, 39*l.*; 'Boys gathering Water-Cresses,' G Smith, 35*l.*; 'Nymphs and Cupid,' F. R. Pickersgill, a small oval, 32*l.*; 'Returning from Market,' Sir A. W. Callcott, the finished sketch for the large picture in the Vernon Collection, 72*l.*; 'Dolly Varden,' the well-known picture by W. P. Frith, 89*l.* 5*s.*; 'Head of an Oriental Jew,' W. Etty, 90*l.*; 'Head of a Lascar,' Etty, 48*l.*; 'Beatrice,' A. Elmore, 55½ gs.; 'The Toilet,' Kennedy, 37*l.*; 'Female Figure,' J. Sant, 59*l.*; 'Mercury instructing Nymphs in Dancing,' F. R. Pickersgill, 95*l.*; 'Rydal Water,' J. B. Pyne, 190*l.*; 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' Kennedy, 80*l.*; 'The Sonnet,' A. Elmore, 110*l.*; 'Portia, Shylock, &c.,' J. C. Hook, 165*l.*; 'Charles II. and Nell Gwynne,' E. M. Ward, 94*l.* 10*s.*; 'Landseape with Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, 106*l.*; 'Landscape with Cows,' T. S. Cooper, 88*l.*; 'Pluto carrying away Proserpine, opposed by the Nymph Cyane,' F. R. Pickersgill, 170*l.*; 'Slave Market in Grand Cairo,' W. Muller, 144*l.*; 'Landscape with a distant Sea-View, Cows, and Sheep,' F. R. Lee, and T. S. Cooper, 315*l.*; 'Dutch Pilots warping their Craft out of Harbour in Rough Weather,' E. W. Cooke, 200*l.*; 'From the Lake—Just Shot,' G. Lance, 140*l.*; 'A Sultry Day, Naples, Capri in the distance,' W. Collins, 235*l.*; 'A Peasant Woman with a Child on a Bank,' P. F. Poole, 215*l.*; 'A Calm—Dutch Shipping on the Scheldt,' G. W. Cooke, 136*l.*; 'May Morning,' W. E. Frost, 145*l.*; 'Othello relating his Adventures to Desdemona and her Father,' C. W. Cope, 350*l.*; 'The May-Queen preparing for the Dance, P. F. Poole, 230*l.*; 'Phœdria and Cymocles on the Idle Lake,' Etty, 640*l.* 10*s.*; 'Hampstead Heath,' Linnell, 630*l.*

The total amount realised by the sale was 6757*l.*; we believe that the majority of the pictures fell to the biddings of gentlemen in Manchester and the neighbouring manufacturing districts. We will venture to suggest to these gentlemen that a visit to the studios of many of the artists whose works they have bought, would enable them to secure pictures equal to those in merit at about two-thirds of the prices they paid Mr. Capes for them.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Proposed National Portrait Gallery.—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have appointed the undermentioned noblemen and gentlemen to be trustees for the formation of a gallery of the most eminent persons in British history:—The Lord President of the Council for the time being; the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G.; the Earl Stanhope; the Earl of Ellesmere, K.G.;* Lord Elcho, M.P.; Lord Robert Cecil, M.P.; the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert, M.P.; the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay; the Right Honourable B. Disraeli, M.P.; Sir Francis Palgrave; Sir Charles Eastlake; William Smith, Esq.; W. H. Carpenter, Esq. This list is unexceptionable.

The Royal Academy.—The apartment in which the Sculpture has hitherto been exhibited (?) at the Royal Academy is to be enlarged prior to the next opening; improvements with respect to light as well as space have long been required here. The sculpture-room was always a disereditto the Academy; we only marvel it has been permitted to exist in its present state till now.

The Corporation of London, desirous of recording their sense of the services rendered to it by the late Mr. Thomas H. Hall, chairman of the improvement committee, have commissioned Mr. Durham to execute a bust, in marble, of that gentleman, to be placed in the council chamber of the Guildhall. There is no artist to whom the task could have been confided with safer assurance of a satisfactory issue.

Society of Painters in Water-Colours.—At a General Meeting of the above Society, held on the 9th of February last, Mr. Samuel Read was elected an associate. Mr. Read is a painter principally of architectural interiors, whose works we have from time to time noticed with well-merited praise. The society having lost within a few years several of their members who devoted themselves to this branch of the art, Mr. Read may possibly fill a void felt in the exhibitions since the deaths of Prout, Mackenzie, and more recently of Frederick Nash.

The Sheepshanks' Gift to the Nation.—Certain papers, moved for by Lord Monteagle in the House of Peers, supply us with information on

* Unhappily a vacancy has been already created by the lamented death of the Earl of Ellesmere.

this deeply interesting subject. From his lordship's statement we learn, that from 1824 to 1856 the State purchased 112 pictures; but during that period no fewer than 433 pictures were presented to the people by private individuals. It appears that the gift of Mr. Sheepshanks is of 233 pictures, and 103 drawings and sketches; while that of Mr. Turner amounts to 282 pictures, and 18,749 drawings and sketches. Well may his lordship call upon the country to manifest its sense of this munificence. We shall consider this subject in detail next month; but in doing so, we shall have to go over much of the ground we have trodden annually for several years past.

The National Gallery.—A report is in circulation, but we know not on what reliable authority, that the National Gallery will ere long receive an additiou of several pictures from the Maufrini Gallery, at Venice, which have been recently purchased by the British Government.

The "Artists and Amateurs," under the presidency of Mr. J. D. Harding, held their first Conversazione for the season on Thursday evening, the 5th of February, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. Hitherto the Society had its meetings in the lower room, but on this occasion it was held in the large upper apartment, which was brilliantly lighted up, and, by nine o'clock, was almost filled with the members and their friends; the admission of ladies—a wise regulation of the Society—contributed in no measured degree to make the scene gay, animated, and interesting. Owing to the crowd of visitors, it was with some difficulty we could procure a sight of the works brought forward for exhibition; some of the portfolios we were quite unable to have a glimpse of, from their being so surrounded. The contributors to the evening's entertainment provided a full supply of good things, if one could only have got within sight of them.

New Educational Museum.—The Committee of Privy Council on Education have arranged to open the New Educational Museum, at the new buildings, South Kensington, in the spring. It is hoped that the museum will afford great help to all classes of the public in carrying out the work of national education, and especially those engaged in teaching. The museum will exhibit, under a proper classificatiou, all important books, diagrams, illustrations, and apparatus connected with education already in use, or which may be published from time to time, either at home or abroad. The public will be admitted free as a public exhibition on certain days of the week; and on other days, which will be reserved for students, opportunity will be given to examine and consult the objects with the utmost freedom. The objects exhibited at St. Martin's Hall in 1854, which were presented to the Society of Arts, and by that Society given to the Educational Board in order to found a museum, will form part of the Educational Museum. The producers of apparatus, books, diagrams, maps, &c., used in teaching, will have the privilege—subject to certain regulations—of placing their publications and productions in the museum, and thus making them known to the public, and we understand that a unanimous desire to assist has been expressed by all the great educational societies and publishers. A catalogue will be prepared which will contain the price lists which exhibitors may furnish for insertion. The books and objects will be grouped under the following divisions:—1. School buildings and fittings, forms, desks, slates, plans, models, &c. 2. General education, including reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, mathematics, foreign languages, histories. 3. Drawing and the fine arts. 4. Music. 5. Household economy. 6. Geography and astronomy. 7. Natural history. 8. Chemistry. 9. Physics. 10. Mechanics. 11. Apparatus for teaching the blind and the deaf and dumb.

The Turner Monument.—The commission for this work has been given by the Royal Academy to P. MacDowell, Esq., R.A.: there could have been no better selection. This artist, though possessing the highest genius, whose works would confer honour upon any country in any age, finds "patronage" little more than a sound. It will astonish a future generation that a sculptor so worthy to take his place beside the great masters of the world, should have lived for years—in the vigour of intellectual power—to produce models by scores, and marble by units. There can be no doubt that he will treat this subject—a statue of Turner—with consummate ability, although of materials there are few or none, and the theme is not of the best.

The Chalcographic Society.—The fiftieth anniversary of the institution of this Society was celebrated at the house of Mr. Duncan. Half a century ago the society was established for the protection of the interests of engravers, which were considered endangered by circumstances arising out of a trial at law relative to the engraving of Copley's famous picture, "The Death of the Earl of Chatham." A principal object in the formation of this Society was the publication of the works of the members; but we believe but few prints have been published in this way.

The Soulages Collection.—After having been submitted to public criticism at Marlborough House since the 7th of December, the exhibition of this collection was closed on Saturday the 7th of February. During this period it has been visited by upwards of forty-eight thousand and ninety-three persons, which is just double the usual numbers attending at this season. Among these visitors as many as five thousand one hundred and twenty-six persons have paid for admission, being ninefold the average numbers paying. We understand that the offer of sale has been made to the Government for £13,620, with the recommendation that if bought for the nation it may be sent to Manchester. A committee of the Institute of British Architects have prepared a memorial, to be submitted to the Government, relative to the purchase of this collection of works of Renaissance Art. This memorial is a voluminous affair, minute in its details, and both curious and characteristic withal. Our contemporary, the *Times*, has found space for it *in extenso* within its ample columns: we must, however, be content, in noticing its existence, to protest in general terms against its urgent recommendation that the entire collection of M. Soulages should be secured for the national Art-museums. We are equally anxious that these museums should comprehend every possible specimen of real value, and that they should be as free as possible from everything that is valueless. And a most careful examination of the Soulages Collection has convinced us, that its value consists in its choice specimens, and not in its being kept together as a whole. Indeed, it contains much to which we should not be disposed, under any circumstances, to accord a place in the Art-museums of the nation: and, consequently, while we do hope that their true value may be paid for all the worthy specimens by the Government on behalf of the nation, we trust that other purchasers may be found for the remaiuing portions of the collection. The present patriotic proprietors of the "Soulages Collection" need not anticipate any pecuniary loss from such a breaking up of their purchase: this might be prevented by the Government purchasing the whole for the sum originally proposed, for the purpose of making a selection and afterwards disposing of the rejected specimens. But, whatever the method by which the present proprietors be repaid, let a selection be made, and let only a selection be retained for the nation, as components of the national Art-museums.

The late Mr. T. Seddon.—A meeting was recently held at the residence of Mr. Holman Hunt, to express the sense of the merits of the late Mr. Seddon, whose death we announced in our last number, and to adopt whatever measures might be deemed necessary with reference to his decease. Lord Goderich presided at the meeting, his lordship being supported by Mr. Ruskin, Professor Donaldson, Mr. Tom Taylor, and other gentlemen. The two following resolutions were proposed and carried:—"That an exhibition be held, during the present season of the works left by the late Mr. Seddon, which shall be open to sale." "That out of the public subscription which it is proposed to raise, four hundred guineas be given for the purchase of Mr. Seddon's principal work, the oil-picture of "Jerusalem," from his widow, for presentation to the National Gallery; and that if any surplus remain after the purchase and payment of the necessary expenses of the exhibition, &c., Mrs. Thomas Seddon be requested to accept it." Mr. Ruskin has consented to act as treasurer, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, of No. 45, Upper Albany Street, as secretary. We sincerely trust that the objects which the friends and admirers of the lamented artist have in view may be successfully carried out: the National Gallery will be a fitting depository for his fine picture of "Jerusalem."

For many years past the shop windows of Messrs. Ackermann and Co. have proved a point of attraction to pedestrians passing through the Strand. During the last few weeks, however, they have exhibited nothing but whitened panes of glass, chequered with the bills of auctioneers, announcing the sale of the vast stock accumulated during a long period of active and extensive business, in consequence of a dissolution of partnership between the two gentlemen who have conducted it since the death of their respected father, by whom it was first established. The house of Ackermann and Co. has too long been connected with the Fine Arts not to be missed, if circumstances had compelled its entire extinction, as at one time was expected. We are glad, however, to find that Mr. George Ackermann has undertaken to continue the business in less costly premises, No. 35, Strand, where we heartily wish him all the success to which his urbanity and industrious habits entitle him: we feel assured his numerous friends will rally round him, and give their support to his new undertaking.

The Royal Hibernian Academy.—There has been in the Irish papers a long and painful correspondence and discussion concerning this academy—the only Art-society of the kingdom which is directly supported by a government grant. We cannot do much service by devoting space to the subject. The history of the society is, we fear, but a lamentable record of mismanagement and consequent failures.

The West of Scotland Academy appears, at present, to be without a "home" this season. From statements which have been published in some of the Glasgow papers, it seems that the academy had applied for, and obtained from the Town Council, permission to use the McLellan Gallery for the exhibition of their pictures; but at almost the eleventh hour, the managing committee of the Art-gallery informed the artists that they could not have the rooms except on conditions with which the latter did not feel themselves in a position to comply. We have heard this unfortunate affair referred to in terms of strong disapprobation, but as the evidence before us is *ex parte*, though from a disinterested source, we refrain from stating more than the above facts, leaving comment to a future occasion.

The Shakspere Birth-house.—It will startle many to learn that arrangements are in progress for covering with glass—or rather for putting into a huge glass case—the house in which Shakspere was born at Stratford-on-Avon. The houses on both sides have been taken down, and the monument now stands alone. The object of this course is to protect the house against the effects of weather and the further influence of time; we question, however, the taste of the arrangement, and fancy it will be the step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Crimean Monuments.—Mr. Edward Richardson, the sculptor, has been commissioned by the officers of the 7th Royal Fusileers, and of the 49th (or Hertfordshire) regiment, to execute monumental memorials to those members of these distinguished corps who fell in the Crimea. The same artist is also occupied on monuments to Generals the late Earl of Cork and Sir George Thomas Napier, the latter work being for Geneva. We rejoice to record the fact that these commissions have been entrusted to an English sculptor; and, at the same time, we are well assured that Mr. Richardson will prove himself to be an artist fully competent to produce works worthy of the heroes with whose memories they will be associated. We also observed in the studio of Mr. Richardson a bust, at present unfinished, of Sir Edward Tierney, Bart., which will eventually be the companion to the bust of Sir M. Tierney, Bart., so admirably executed by Chantrey.

Mr. W. G. Rogers has recently executed an elaborately-carved oaken pulpit for the parish-church of St. Anne's, Limehouse, erected from the designs, and under the direction of, Mr. A. W. Blomfield, architect; as a work of sculptured Art, now but rarely seen in our ecclesiastical edifices, this pulpit deserves especial notice. Its form is that of an irregular octagon, and it rests upon a fluted column with an enriched capital; above the abacus and on the angles are projected eight trusses, the

form of which was suggested by a marble and mosaic pulpit of the fifteenth century at Perugia, of which the architect made a drawing; the three larger panels, that face the body of the church, are filled with sculptures representing respectively the "Birth at Bethlehem," the "Presentation in the Temple," and "Christ disputing with the Doctors;" these all, but especially the last, are fine in composition, and very delicately executed. The capital of the shaft is in very low relief; in it are introduced eight designs, chiefly of natural objects, emblematic of the cycle of religion from the Fall to the Crucifixion —thus, in succession, are the apple and the serpent; the pomegranate and bells; the poppy, typical of death; the trefoil, symbolical of the Trinity; the rose of Sharon: the lily of the valley; the vine and wheat, sacramental; and the passion-flower. There are numerous other enrichments introduced in various parts, which we have not space to enumerate; altogether, Limehouse can boast of a pulpit in its church that outvies any other in the metropolis. Among the wood-carvings on which Mr. Rogers has lately been engaged, we may also mention ten large borders for panels, each upwards of twelve feet high, for the Sultan's new palace on the Bosphorus; they are composed chiefly of fruit and flowers, in the style of Grinling Gibbons. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Rogers executed some large and important carvings, a few years back, for the palace of the late Count Woronzow, at Odessa—so that he appears to be equally appreciated by both Russian and Turk; but we do not think that he ever received from one of his own countrymen so extensive a commission as that with which the Turkish sovereign has intrusted him. This style of decoration will be a novelty in his dominions.

Chromatic Decorations of Peterborough Cathedral.—In addition to the important works of general restoration which are being carried on in this cathedral under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, the vaulted ceiling of the choir has received some decorations in colour of too remarkable a character to be permitted to remain without notice in these pages. We understand that it is in contemplation to extend this species of decoration over the entire surface of the vault of the choir; meanwhile, we would direct attention to the manner in which one principal compartment has been treated by Mr. Clayton, assisted in some minor accessories by Mr. Castell. The idea which the artist has desired to set forth, under visible imagery, is conveyed in the passage—"I am the vine, and ye are the branches." The Saviour, accordingly, appears seated within a vesica, or pointed oval glory, and around him, and as if springing from about his person, is a flowing scroll of vine-work, having within its convolutions busts of the twelve apostles, painted in a manner corresponding with the treatment of the principal and central figure. The ground of the ceiling, beneath the ornamental work, is of an azure blue colour, but within the aureole the groundwork is of gold—gold is also freely used throughout the composition. The figure of the Saviour, if erect, would be about seventeen or eighteen feet in height, and it may, without doubt, be considered the most important work of its kind that has been attempted in our churches in modern times. The vine-scroll, though conventionally (perhaps too conventionally) treated, is in colour nearly true to nature; the heads are all characteristic, expressive, and well executed; that of the Saviour himself is peculiarly effective, and the figure throughout is distinguished by a dignified simplicity almost amounting to grandeur. Without pronouncing upon the propriety, or, at least, upon the desirableness of such decoration in a Protestant cathedral, or church of any degree, we have pleasure in recording our admiration for the manner in which the duty entrusted to him has been discharged by Mr. Clayton. We may add, that a good drawing (though without colour) of the principal figure in this composition may be seen in the Architectural Exhibition.

A Picture, entitled "The Reaper's Morning," by Mr. Thomas Faed, the Scotch painter, was lately sold by auction, at Glasgow, for the large sum of £750: it was purchased by a gentleman of Ayrshire.

The deaths of the Earl of Ellesmere, and of Mr. E. F. Finden, occurred on the eve of our going to press: our notices must be deferred till the following number.

REVIEWS.

His Majesty's Ship the "Victory" (with the body of Nelson on board), towed into Gibraltar, 28th of October, 1805, seven Days after the Battle of Trafalgar. Engraved by J. Cousen, from the picture by C. Stanfield, R.A. Published by T. Agnew & Sons, Manchester.

At length Mr. Cousen has accomplished the arduous task on which he has been engaged for the last three years, and the subject of Stanfield's fine picture is now, by the aid of the engraver, placed within the reach of the hundreds who, we believe, have been on the "look-out" for it for some months past. The work is a noble tribute to the memory of the dead hero, and must ever be regarded as one of deep national interest. "Nelson" is the watch-word of our naval hosts; his spirit is the companion of the "youngster" as he paces backward and forward on the deck at night, and it animates the veteran seaman to fresh deeds of daring valour. It may be long—and God grant it may—before the historian of English annals has to record another Trafalgar; but should such a hostile meeting ever again occur, the name and example of Nelson will prove the certain harbinger of victory.

It is unnecessary for us to speak of Mr. Stanfield's picture—the property of Sir S. M. Peto, who gave the artist a commission for it—at any length; this has been already done on three former occasions; first, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1853, and twice when Messrs. Agnew had it "on view" in Cockspur Street, in the following year. It is undoubtedly one of the finest examples of the pencil of our great naval artist, whether we look at it as a historical composition, or a piece of truthful and brilliant painting. The subject was well described in the Academy catalogue by an extract from an old song, the spirit of which is more expressive than the wording of the poet:—

"Battle-stained and tempest-tost, a mighty ship comes on;
No shout of triumph welcomes her for the glorious victory won:
For she carries her dead Admiral, killed in Trafalgar's bay,
And Nelson's flag hangs droopingly on that triumphant day.
Sail on, proud ship! thy battered hull proclaims thy place in war,
A fitting bier for him who fell in the fight at Trafalgar."

The more we contemplate and study this fine work, the deeper is the effect on the mind produced by its admirable treatment; "never, perhaps, was so impressive a subject so touchingly and powerfully painted; the very clouds seem to mourn, the sea has a wail of sadness in its swoop; all things around seem eloquent with sorrow." How heavily and wearily the noble vessel moves through the waters, looking like some huge coffin—so dark and solemn she seems—on its way to the place of sepulture; while the busy crews of the fishing and trading boats in the forepart of the picture have suspended their labours for a few moments, as if to do homage to the glorious dead.

The engraving of Mr. Cousen more than justifies the confidence reposed in him by the publishers when they intrusted him with the task of re-producing the picture. From our own experience of Mr. Cousen's talents we were fully prepared to see a fine plate, and we have one which would do honour to any school of engraving; with the exception of the sky, that rather lacks air and motion in the clouds, there is not a portion of the work that is not fully entitled to the highest praise. The water is eminently successful—full, flowing, transparent, and deep; the ships and boats are solid and rich in colour, and the aerial perspective of the giant Rock of Gibraltar and every distant object, is well preserved; while the whole is "brought together" in perfect harmony; in every sense of the term it is a national work, and must be so esteemed.

Finden's Royal Gallery of British Art. Part I. Published by R. Griffin & Co., London and Glasgow.

Messrs. Griffin and Co. having, as we presume, purchased the plates of this work, which was originally published some twelve or thirteen years ago by Mr. Hogarth, are now issuing it at less than half its original price. The three plates in Part I. are Miller's "Battle of Trafalgar," after Stanfield; W. Finden's "Interior of a Highlander's Cottage," after Sir E. Landseer; and J. T. Willmore's "Oberwesel," after Turner. The plates have doubtless been retouched, as the impressions before us are in very fair condition; so that the new issue, from its cheapness, and the beauty of the subjects engraved, ought to find a good sale.

Photographic Art-Treasures. Part II. Engraved by the Photogalvanographic Process, and Published by the Company, Holloway Place, Islington.

This second part is an improvement upon the first, reviewed in the *Art-Journal* in December last. It opens with an admirable picture of "Don Quixote in his Study," composed and photographed from the life by Mr. Lake Price, by which we are to understand that Mr. Price has set all the models, including the living model who represents the hero of La Mancha, and then photographed the scene. The artist has certainly displayed the paraphernalia of knight errantry to the best advantage, while the only fault we have to find with the Don is, that he is too handsome for our preconceived notions of this worthy. The head is a really fine study; and the general effect of the print is most striking, though the right arm, from the elbow downwards, requires detaching from the body; a few touches of the graver would have effected this. Plate 2, "Crimean Braves," photographed from the life by Messrs. Cundall and Howlett, represent three privates of the Coldstreams, "men of the trenches and battle-field." The figures are well grouped, and stand out with truth and delicacy combined. "Lynmouth, Devon," photographed by Mr. L. Colls, is a bright and sunny picture, in which, unfortunately, the harmony is destroyed by the intense black spot on the left; it is, moreover, difficult to understand what this mass is intended to represent. "Hampton Court," as seen from the Thames, is photographed by Mr. Roger Fenton: this is a sweet picture, taken, we presume, on a day of cloudless sky and tranquil atmosphere, so softly and deeply the fine trees in front of the palace are reflected in the water.

There can scarcely be a doubt that this new process of plate engraving and printing is destined to achieve greater things than any it has yet accomplished. Short as the time is since its first introduction, we have already seen how satisfactory are its results in matters purely pictorial from nature, and should now be glad to see it applied to the reproduction of the paintings and engraved works of the great masters of Art, which are at present beyond the reach of all but the affluent. These, at the comparatively low prices at which they could be published, might then find their way into the home of the artisan. And, descending into the region of Art-manufacture, he might also make himself acquainted with the works of Cellini, and with the beautiful chasings of the Spanish School, when the age of chivalry was in its glory; with the carvings in wood and ivory, the encrusted arms and armour of the East, Italy, Flanders, &c. By such means he may be won from ignoble pursuits to his own intellectual fireside, and receive lessons that may enable him to compete successfully with the foreign workman, who now too often occupies in the factory and the workshop the position which our own countrymen ought to fill.

The Legend of the Wandering Jew. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Poem, with Prelogue and Epilogue, by Pierre Dupont; Biographical Notice by Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob); with the Complaint, and Beranger's Ballad set to Music by Ernest Doré. Translated, with Critical Remarks, by G. W. Thornbury, author of "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad." Published by Addey & Co., London.

From the above heading, copied from the title-page of this volume, it will be seen that many heads and hands have been engaged on the publication; it is, however, a large book, with large illustrations, and text in a type that an octogenarian may read without the aid of glasses. Of the names which appear on its title-page, our business now is only with that of M. Gustave Doré, who made his appearance before us some months ago as the illustrator of the story of "Jaufry, the Knight," in a series of designs that showed a fertile but wild imagination. The old legend of the Wandering Jew, as sung by Beranger, has brought out the artist in all the full development of those powers with which nature has gifted him; for we believe it would be impossible to find any tale of fiction, except, perhaps, "Rabelais," which he has also illustrated, but which we have not seen, better suited to his peculiar talents.

We would, however, rather have seen him engaged upon any other subject than this. "Æsthetically speaking, the legend is faulty," says Mr. Thornbury, "since it represents our Saviour as vindictive, and uttering a curse at a moment when he was, in his great humility, suffering a shameful death for the sake of mankind. The legend is, in fact, eminently unchristian in its moral." If such be the case, and it does not admit of doubt, it surely was injudicious, to use a mild term, to introduce it among a people like our own, who rightly repel every attempt to

perpetrate the least outrage on their Christian feelings. The "Salathiel" of Dr. Croly is not a character from whom one instinctively shrinks, as from something loathsome and hideous; it is assumedly historic, and he is brought forward so prominently in the actual events that followed, for a century both in Judæa and Rome, the crucifixion of Christ, that we regard him less as one on whom a terrible curse has been pronounced for an awful crime, than as an important, though strange, actor in a momentous period of his country's annals. But the pencil of M. Doré scarcely elicits a thought of pity for so unhallowed a being—who evokes no sympathy, asks no indulgence; his Wandering Jew is a wretched outcast, the sport of the dissolute, a wanderer on the pathless waters, a dweller among the tombs and in the region of the shadow of death—though there is no death to terminate his tortures—a spirit of evil that seems to transform everything around him into shapes as evil and godless as himself,—a mysterious, unshriven spirit in human form

"Hated alike by angels, saints, and men."

Turning from the character of the individual to the artistic character of the illustrations,—and we can only speak generally of them,—they exhibit, in a remarkable degree, the bold, versatile, and wild imagination of the artist; anything more daring in conception, more vigorous in execution, and, we may add, more unnatural, we do not remember ever to have seen. Repudiating, almost entirely, every recognised principle in the laws of composition, he has given the rein to his fervid and impetuous fancy, and allowed it to rush onward at will; the effects he produces are startling in their intensity of light and shade, and in the horrors of the scenes depicted; his pencil is as bold as his imagination. There is one picture particularly fine, and free from all the hideous features that distinguish the others—that where the Jew is passing a crucifix by the roadside in the midst of a storm at night: it is a grand example of composition and execution.

But, let us ask, what good purpose can such a book as this subserve? We may admire the artist's genius, and that is all. These pictures afford no pleasure, they offer no instruction; they only produce a feeling of pain, allied, however, with regret that so much real talent should lead to so unsatisfactory a result. A friend of ours says he shall not despair of "Young England" becoming as wise and as brave as their fathers so long as Punch gathers crowds in our streets; but we should certainly despair of good and true Art being appreciated in our country if M. Doré's "Wandering Jew" finds a hearty welcome among us.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works. Gleanings from his Diary, unpublished Manuscripts, and other Sources. By William Cotton, M.A. Edited by John Burnet, F.R.S. Published by Longman & Co., P. & D. Colnaghi & Co., London; R. Lidstone, Plymouth.

In the year 1854 we published in the *Art-Journal*, as most of our readers will doubtless remember, two papers, with illustrations, on Sir Joshua Reynolds, the materials for which were placed at our disposal by Mr. Cotton, a gentleman residing in the vicinity of the painter's birthplace, and who had employed his means and his leisure in collecting together the documents and the information he kindly put into our hands. We stated at the time that we believed it to be the intention of Mr. Cotton to publish his manuscripts and papers at some future opportunity, and, consequently, we were quite prepared for the appearance of *a* volume respecting Sir Joshua, yet scarcely for such a book as that before us. The author had in his possession ample materials for writing a valuable biography, had he used them judiciously, and been disposed to enter upon a critical examination of the merits of the painter; he would then have separated the valueless from that which is worthy of preservation, and with the latter might have reared a literary monument to his Art-idol that would do honour to his memory. But the wheat and the tares have been sowed together indiscriminately, and have grown up together; as a consequence, the harvest is unsatisfactory to those who desire to reap profit from it, though by no means uninteresting to such as seek only amusement in gossip and anecdote. Of such matter there is abundance scattered almost broadcast, and this may render the volume acceptable—perhaps more acceptable than a learned dissertation on the style and works of Reynolds—to the general reader. As a justification or palliation of Mr. Cotton's shortcomings, he says, "I have abstained altogether from introducing my own opinions and remarks on Sir Joshua Reynolds' method of painting, and on his merit as an artist, preferring to avail myself of the more valuable and important observations of Wilkie, Haydon, and Burnet." The remark, and the entire absence of anything like criticism, induce the opinion that though Mr. Burnet's name appears on the title-page as editor of the volume, his labours must have been restricted to seeing the sheets through the press; there are no editorial notes that can lead to the supposition that so practised a writer on Art as Mr. Burnet had any hand in them.

Speaking of the press, what can be said about the "getting up" of this volume? It is printed in a provincial town—not a small one, however—and in many places the provincial press has shown itself little inferior to the metropolitan. But this book is as miserable a specimen of printing as we ever saw: the woodcuts—which are *replicas* of those introduced in our articles, and we know, therefore, what they ought to have been—are abominable—absolute blots on the volume: far better they had never been inserted than to be thus printed. In the time of Reynolds, such illustrations would scarcely have passed muster, even in a child's book; in our age of advanced typographical work of every kind, they are unpardonable. We recommend Mr. Cotton to look to this matter, if a second edition of his work is called for.

The Lover's Letter Box. The Gardener's Shed. Printed and published by G. Baxter, London.

It is so long since we have seen any new examples of Mr. Baxter's pretty "oil-prints," that we thought he was contenting himself with the laurels already acquired in his peculiar branch of productive Art. The appearance of these two subjects, both of considerable size, proves, however, that he has not been resting on his oars, and that he has progressed in more ways than one; for the "Lover's Letter Box"—a young lady stealthily and wickedly dropping a letter into the hollow of an old tree, from a picture by Mrs. McLeod—is, in purity of colour and in delicacy, a vast improvement upon a somewhat similar print published a year or two since; while "The Gardener's Shed," from a drawing by Bartholomew, is as brilliant and as gay as any artist's colour-box could impart to a drawing of rich flowers and ripe fruit. These prints are really worth framing and hanging up in any lady's boudoir.

The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarotti; with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna. By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. 2 Vols. Published by Longman & Co., London.

Illustrations, Architectural and Pictorial, of the Genius of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. With Descriptions of the Plates by the Commendatore Canina, C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R.A., and J. S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Members of the Roman Academy of Painting of St. Luke. Published by Colnaghi & Co., Longman & Co., London.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti,—Architect, Sculptor, Painter, Poet,—where else, under one name—except that of Leonardo da Vinci, who, unlike Buonarotti, did not show equal power in all—would biographer find such a combination of subject-matter for his pen? And among them there is not one that can be omitted, or even lightly passed over, without great injustice to his memory. Though Reynolds, Flaxman, Fuseli, &c., have left us their respective opinions upon particular characteristics of one or other of the arts practised by Michael Angelo, and the history of his life has been written by Duppa,* much, very much, yet remained to be said of one who stands upon so lofty a pedestal in the temple dedicated to Art. Mr. Harford's two volumes will go far to supply deficiencies previously existing, but the theme is still far from exhausted.

On reading the lives of many of the old masters of Art, one cannot but be struck with the fact that these men occupied no unimportant place in the political histories of the times in which they lived. The Arts seem almost to have engaged as much of the attention of popes and princes as any matters connected with the rule and government of their states; and thus artists were not only the friends and guests of their sovereigns, but were active participators in events that stand forth as remarkable in the annals of their country. Mr. Harford, therefore, very judiciously, as it appears to us, takes up that part of the life of Michael Angelo which other writers have omitted to tell us, especially as regards his intimacy with Savonarola, who attempted to regenerate the church and the age, and with Vittoria Colonna, the noble-minded Marchioness of Pescara. His aim has been, as he says, to develop Michael Angelo's character, artistic and social, political and religious, and to prove him to have been in each of these particulars equally worthy of esteem and admiration.

* Bogne's "European Library." London, 1846.

The Platonic philosophy pervading the Florentine School at that period held firm possession of the mind of the "triple-crowned" artist, and powerfully influenced the character of his art and his poetry: this subject Mr. Harford discusses at considerable length, and affords the reader a tolerably clear insight into the speculative theories of its doctrines. The volumes also include many of Buonarotti's poems, which reflect back so large a portion of the lofty thoughts and pure sentiments that shone in the mind of their author; "showing," as Wordsworth says, "how conversant his soul was with great things." This subject was admirably treated by Mr. J. E. Taylor, in a little work that came under our notice five or six years ago,* but which Mr. Harford does not appear to have met with; or, if he has, he makes no reference to it.

The limits of our "review" columns forbid extracts, else there are several passages in this work we would gladly have transferred to our pages. It is one without which no Art-library will be considered complete.

The book of illustrations, the title of which is given alone, is almost a necessary adjunct to the "Life." It contains several well-engraved examples of Buonarotti's finest works in architecture, sculpture, and painting. The scale on which these are drawn is large, consequently they could not be conveniently included in Mr. Harford's volumes.

Pencillings in Poetry: a Series of Poems. By the Rev. M. Vicary, author of "Notes of a Residence at Rome." Published by A. Hall, Virtue, & Co., London.

Mr. Vicary speaks truly when he says, "the pillars of the press, those arbiters of reputation, seek patiently for any traces of gold they can find"—in modern poetry—"and whisper hope and help, as confidently as kindly, to the intellectual investigator;" but we are not quite sure that the exercise of such amiability of spirit is always judicious, or even kind; it may seduce a young traveller in the realms of imagination into a path the difficulties of which he has not strength to contend against, and the end of which is to him literary extinction, so that it would have been better for him never to have tried it. We are far, however, from thinking that Mr. Vicary is to be classed among the number of those who are in danger of being beguiled by the voice of that syren, the friendly critic, for he is worthy of encouragement. His volume of poetry—the subjects chiefly sacred or sentimental—is written with taste and feeling, though the thoughts, good in themselves, are sometimes expressed in poverty of language, and there is an occasional halt, or irregularity in the measure. The sonnets are the most finished productions, but the longest poem in the volume, "Eva," a tale of the Irish conquest, is written with spirit and descriptive power.

The Little World of London; or, Pictures in Little of London Life. By Charles Manby Smith. Published by A. Hall, Virtue, & Co., London.

A series of most amusing papers, which, though they have made their appearance in various periodicals, are of sufficient interest to be collected and published in a separate form. Mr. Smith has dived into many of the mysteries of London life, not in its lowest phases, but into those which lie open to the observation of most men who frequent the highways and by-ways of our vast metropolis. In the course of his wanderings and his experience he has fallen in with some strange acquaintances and stranger localities, and possessing the happy talent of imparting a vivid, yet not unnatural, colouring to his canvases, he has produced a little collection of life-like pictures. Speaking of pictures draws our attention to one of these sketches in particular; it is called, "Confessions of a Picture-Dealer's Hack," we think we know two or three "Mr. Sappers" who might have sat to Mr. Smith for his model; the race of picture-forgers is not yet exterminated.

The National Drawing Master. By W. A. Nicholls, Part I. Published by Reeves & Sons, London.

The demand for a re-issue of this work, noticed in the *Art-Journal* on its first appearance, about a year ago, has afforded the author the opportunity of adding to his previous remarks an "Appendix on Sketching from Nature," which will be of service to those who are endeavouring to accomplish a difficult, but not always an impracticable, task—that of teaching themselves to draw. There are many useful suggestions thrown out in this Appendix.

* "Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet: with Translations." By J. E. Taylor. Published by J. Murray, London.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1857.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

THE number of works that have been offered here for exhibition has been greater, we believe, this season than on any previous occasion. By accepting pictures that have been declined, many hundreds of square feet of the walls which are now unoccupied might have been covered. And in this Institution the rejection of works sent for exhibition is not without its sacrifice, as according to the number of pictures hung, so are the receipts augmented or diminished. It has often been observed of this exhibition that it is distinguished rather by its strength in landscape productions than its essays in figure composition. This is perhaps more remarkably the case this season than heretofore. There are, it is true, landscapes which compensate for the absence of personal narrative; but, again, there are others which render some relief very desirable. But it is not only here that the prevalence of landscape art is found; with the exception of that of the Royal Academy, there is a preponderance of landscape in every other exhibition. An artist who paints for competitions must, in spite of himself, be a voluptuary in colour; and so generally is the dissipation yielded to, that a sober picture seems now not so much an exception as an impertinence. We have not latitude enough to say—

> "Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri
> Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen,"

for there is no middle path—all affect the light: we come to a grey picture as the wayfarer under a burning sky arrives at the refreshing fountain. In respect of the prospects of the Society, this is the tenth year of its existence, and we learn with satisfaction that it has reached a condition of prosperity which confirms its establishment as one of the popular metropolitan Art-institutions.

No. 1. 'An East Indian Officer's Servant,' A. WIVELL. The head and bust are of the size of life; he is carrying a tray with wine and fruits. The features, which are presented in the full face, are well painted and characteristic.

No. 14. 'A Trespasser,' B. LEADER. The subject is not so much "the Trespasser," as a strip of copse which has been assiduously worked out on the spot; but far beyond this in merit, is the foreground, of which no blade of grass has been forgotten. The trespasser is a boy who seems to be a successful bird-nester; his rustic frock is too clean, he wants toning down. The work is altogether one of the best promise: we may safely expect the painter to take his place ere long among the magnates in Art.

No. 15. 'Evening: a scene near Richmond, Yorkshire,' W. CARTER. This is a large composition, of which the principal feature is a mere pool of water, at which cattle are drinking. The site is immediately closed by the dense foliage of hanging trees which shade the foreground. It is a spirited production.

No. 16. 'Biddy,' DAVIS COOPER. This is a small half-length figure of a girl with a basket on her head. The head, arms, and hands are extremely well drawn and painted, and the colour is equally commendable.

No. 17. 'Fishing-boats,' A. MONTAGUE. We may suppose them to have come in at high-tide. They are ranged in a perspective line going into the composition. The picture is light and effective.

No. 18. 'Rustic Landscape,' J. E. MEADOWS. The subject is a roadside farm-house with the usual inclosures. The greater space on the left of the canvas is occupied by an open road, broken and treated with appropriate circumstance. There is much minute work in the picture.

No. 21. 'In the Highlands,' C. LESLIE. The subject is a lake and mountain solitude, described in few quantities and few gradations. The quiescent lake, which bears the dark reflection of the mountain, lies on the right; and on the shore, as if about to drink, is seen a single stag. The materials are dealt with in a spirit of breadth and simplicity.

No. 24. 'La Fille mal Gardée,' J. H. HIXON. This is really a production of much merit, but it would have been better introduced by any other than a hacknied French title. The point of the story is the antique incident of the conveyance of a note into the hand of a young lady while walking with her father, whose arm she holds, but he is so absorbed in his newspaper that he does not see what is going on at his side. The daughter is a charming study, and the old gentleman is sufficiently matter-of-fact and querulous. As a group of spring-tide and winter, they had constituted, alone, a better picture without the unseen lover.

No. 25. 'The Scarecrow,' P. R. MORRIS. A study of a little peasant-boy seated on a stile, holding a bird-clapper; apparently painted with firmness.

No. 29. 'The Cottage-door,' C. W. BRAGG. The shadows in this little picture are deep and powerful, but scarcely true in daylight effect. There are three figures of cottage children.

No. 30. 'Pony and Companions,' T. BARRETT. This little society is introduced in a stable, the "companions" spoken of in the title being a bloodhound and a cat. The pony is well drawn and carefully painted, but the composition wants force.

No. 31. 'Bolingbroke's Entry into London,' F. COWIE. The subject is from the second scene of the fifth act of "Richard the Second."

> "The duke, great Bolingbroke,
> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
> With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
> While all tongues cried—'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
> You would have thought ——
> —— that all the walls,
> With painted imagery, had said at once—
> 'Jesu preserve thee!'"

All subjects which necessitate many figures and groupments are most difficult to deal with, because their very spirit is antagonistic to simplicity. Any rendering of this subject must involve crowds of figures, and here, indeed, they are in embarrassing variety. Bolingbroke is, of course, the principal figure—a gallant cavalier and well mounted; himself and those who welcome him, the one by his condescension, and the others by their enthusiastic welcome, realising the point of the description.

No. 33. 'The Secret,' G. WELLS. The subject is very pointedly set forth by two girls, one of whom, jealous of an eavesdropper, whispers "the secret" to the other. The figures are well grouped and highly satisfactory in drawing and expression, but they are less carefully painted than others we have seen exhibited under this name.

No. 34. 'Dutch Tankard and Fruit,' W. DUFFIELD. The tankard may be one of those holding half a gallon, which it might have been the boast of the ancestors of Rip Van Winkle that they exhausted at a single draught. It is associated with an assortment of grapes, plums, a cut melon, and a sliced pine—all represented with the nicest veracity.

No. 35. 'Returning from Labour,' A. J. STARK. We see here a team about to be led into their stable, an outbuilding of some farm-house. All the objects seem to have been solicitously studied.

No. 37. 'The Stepping-stone,' J. DEARLE. This appears to be a passage of Welsh scenery, consisting principally of a shallow stream, the bed of which is thickly studded with rocks and stones. It is seldom we complain of a superabundance of grey in a picture, but here it is a monopoly to the exclusion of all force.

No. 39. 'Fishing-boats returning to the Harbour of Flushing—Rain clearing off,' S. ROBINS. We had thought that the opposite shore of the estuary of the Scheldt was visible from this point, but it does not appear in this picture. The proposition of the departing rain-cloud is well supported—it is very often a question whether the rain-cloud is advancing or receding, from the absence of all indication as to the quarter of the wind, but here we feel which way the wind blows.

No. 43. 'Evalston, Derbyshire,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The subject is a country mansion seen from its gardens, in which are distributed figures wearing the costume of the last century. It is a class of subject in which this artist excels.

No. 44. 'On the Welsh Hills,' A. W. WILLIAMS. This large picture consists of but very few parts, and as those parts are in themselves breadths in opposition, it will at once be understood that such a principle is likely to be productive of good results;—and so it is. The nearer quantity is a passage of grassy foreground lighted up by a watery gleam of sunshine, and throwing off a background of grand and romantic hills. In the right section of the sky a rain-cloud is passing off, succeeded by sunshine on the left. There are on the grass immediately before us some cows and figures which play a most important part in the composition. In short, it is a landscape of extraordinary power—and success, in no small measure due to the simplicity of its treatment.

No. 45. 'Judith escaping from the Tent of Holofernes,' J. G. NAISH. This is kit-kat, of the size of life; successful as to character, but the subject would have been better supported by a direct allusion to the circumstances of Judith's departure from the tent.

No. 47. 'Old Houses and Church of St. Croix, York,' J. HENSHALL. A well-chosen subject: we see but little now of our own domestic architecture—improvement has left us nothing comparable to those dear, dirty old houses that we see at Rouen, Dijon, Beauvais, Biberich, Nuremberg, and a hundred other places we could mention on the Continent.

No. 48. 'Puritan Barracks,' H. STACY MARKS. This barrack is a church bearing evident marks of the iconoclastic fury of the Praise-God-Barebone class of reformers. A figure, presumed to be one of Cromwell's men, is sitting smoking his pipe; the composition is forcibly descriptive.

No. 50. 'Rochester from Strood,' E. C. WILLIAMS. This is really an admirable picture. The point of view is a few hundred yards below the old bridge now no more; and looking up the Medway, we have, of course, the principal feature of the town—the castle—on the left. The whole of the distance is

powerfully thrown off by the substantive treatment of the immediate right—a composition of boats and other incident, which excludes the less interesting matter on the right bank of the river, carrying the eye at once to the masterly distance. This picture far outdoes everything that has been hitherto exhibited under this name.

No. 51. 'A By-way among the Hills,' F. W. Hulme. This is a small, upright picture, showing a narrow, stony, and uneven path, shaded by trees which have not yet become timber; and the shade is spotted here and there with a sprinkling of sunbeams. The reality of form discernible in the trees suggests that the work has been executed on the locality itself, and with a crisp and froward, but infallible, touch. The easy, sunny indifference of the thing is most agreeable—nay, more, it is a delectable scrap of wayside poetry.

No. 55. 'At Hampton Court,' G. B. Moore. The point of the subject is one of the gates by which we enter the grounds. It is well drawn, and judiciously contrasted by the luxuriant foliage of the trees. No. 61, also entitled 'Hampton Court,' and painted by the same artist, shows a small section of the palace, and is a more practicable subject than the other.

No. 56. 'Fishermen's Children on the Seashore,' Bell Smith. The picture contains nothing beyond the promise of the title, though perhaps the happy agroupment, like a certain personage in a certain famous "walk," are

"Dressed in their Sunday best,"

and look well pleased with all around them. The figures and the coast composition are brought forward under a broad and bright daylight effect.

No. 59. 'Portrait de la Calende, with the Tour de Beurre, at Rouen,' W. Henshall. The subject has very frequently been treated—it contains an immensity of material, and in the way of elaboration, ample justice is here done to the famous *tour*.

No. 66. 'Haymaking in Switzerland—Lausanne—painted on the spot,' H. Moore. Some distance to travel to assist at these rural sports; but really the artist justifies his progress to the land of the Schreckhorn—dread king of snows. This is quite a novelty; who ever went to Switzerland without painting glaciers and strawberry ice? We have to do principally with a pair of bullocks, honest and patient animals, in excellent working condition; and really the drawing and the painting of these worthy beeves are beyond all praise. A bloodthirsty gadfly has settled on the leg of one of them, and we expect every instant to see the foot hastily lifted. The waving and flowery grass, yet uncut, is almost pretty, but yet we have seen the sort of thing sparkling with a thousand summer hues. The oxen make the figures look spectral: it were to be wished that the principal haymaker had put on a dark waistcoat. The background, with all its beautiful detail, is scarcely of a piece with the foreground—it wants warmth.

No. 67. 'The Ford, Winter Evening,' G. A. Williams. This is very successful as an expression of intense cold; look where we will, everything is in keeping with the title.

No. 69. 'Returning from the Conventicle,' H. Stacy Marks. A figure in the costume of the time of Cromwell, in his best sad-coloured raiment, coming from divine service. An eccentric subject, but well painted.

No. 70. 'A Mountain Mirror,' G. Pettitt. The title is accompanied by lines from Scott—

"But here above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor plant, nor shrub, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The wearied eye may ken."

'The Mountain Mirror' is a tarn lying at the base of a stupendous mountain cliff, which rises on the right of the composition, the chain being continued far into distance. The subject has been most industriously studied on the spot, therefore every available stone and inequality have been pressed into service; nothing can be more successful as an abstract representation of given locality than the foreground passages of this work. And the little lake, with its multitudinous reflections, is a study so entirely successful as to set at nought any attempt to carry beyond this the painting of still-water surface. But there is no repose for the sense—the human eye cannot compass at once more than a minute portion of what is here set forth. The retiring mountains are too uniformly cold, and present somewhat the semblance of having been brought into the picture from another region; but these appearances do not detract from the really sound merits of the work.

No. 75. 'A Pastoral,' H. B. Willis. This artist breaks a lance with Berghem—the materials are three cows standing in a river, the relieving landscape being carried off with considerable depth of tone. The animals are extremely well drawn.

No. 76. 'An autumn Afternoon near Callercoats,' Henry Williams. This place is on the Northumberland coast, and the view affords simply a near section of the shore looking northwards. The subject is broken into available forms; the artist has made the most of it.

No. 79. 'A Rugged Path,' C. Dukes. This is a group of peasants, principally father, mother, and child—the last borne upon the shoulders of the first, whence he has been able to remove his mother's bonnet from her head, at which both are much gratified. The figures are well drawn and substantial, and the whole constitutes an effective performance.

No. 81. 'The Startled Sheep,' J. C. Morris. A single sheep on a mountain side, looking fixedly at something that has arrested its attention. A spot of black would have done everything for the picture; why not have made the animal of the black-faced race?

No. 82. 'The Vale of Ffestiniog,' Sidney R. Percy. This is a large picture, with much of the character of the mountain scenery which this artist usually paints. The near field of the composition is occupied on the right by an expanse of water lying in shade and without a ripple. The mountains rise abruptly from the shores of the lake, and are diversified in tone by light and shade. The sun on the left, just out of the picture, lights up the sky in that part; and opposed to this is the left foreground, which is painted with great force of colour, and with beautiful instances of detail.

No. 85. 'A Lane at Watford, Herts,' T. J. Soper. A small picture, in which a mill, worked by an undershot wheel, is the principal object; it is shaded by trees, and, although commonplace, is an advantageous study.

No. 87. 'The Mountain Stream,' W. Underhill. This is an upright picture of rather large dimensions, containing figures of rustic children, one of whom draws water from a passing streamlet, while others stand looking down from a kind of wooden bridge. The circumstances present a veritable description of rustic life as far as the subject goes; the children are well drawn, firmly painted, and with a higher degree of finish than antecedent works.

No. 91. 'A Shallow Part of the Thames,' G. A. Williams. The current occupies the principal part of the canvas, swaying the rushes, and lively with its expressive ripple; this, by the way, is an eloquent feature of the view.

No. 94. 'Interior of St. John's Hall, Norwich,' S. D. Swarbreck. A very quaint subject, with its gallery, steps, and balustrades; it has nevertheless received ample justice, being represented here with the most conscientiously elaborative drawing.

No. 95. 'The Fair Precisian,' C. Rossiter. The assumed plainness of the character scarcely sorts with the luxurious appointments of the apartment she occupies. "The Fair Precisian" is represented by a small figure reading the Scriptures—a tolerable impersonation of Major Bridgenorth's daughter.

No. 99. 'The River Llugwy, North Wales,' F. W. Hulme. The character of this stream cannot for a moment be mistaken; we are here looking up a portion of the watercourse within which the river has shrunk to its summer dimensions, and so left dry a long array of blocks and boulders, of which the best use has been made. On both sides of the river rises a dense grove of forest trees, the foliage of which is painted with the usual elegance of form that distinguishes the tree-painting of this artist. The picture appears to have been painted almost entirely on the spot; hence its firmness and reality.

No. 102. 'Chepstow Castle,' W. Lukeing. Treated according to the simple rule of opposition—the castle in deep shade being relieved by a light sky; this is always productive of striking effect.

No. 103. 'Gorleston, near Yarmouth,' W. E. Bates. This is a view up the river Yare below the ferry-house, on the right shore, looking up towards Yarmouth. It is very successfully painted, under an aspect of broad daylight, and is altogether a charming work in composition and execution.

No. 104. 'Festival of the Vintage Valley, and Summit of the Stubay source of the Rutzbäch, and Convent of St. Valentine,' John Bell. This is a large upright picture, showing in the nearest site a company of peasants dancing, and in the distances a succession of landscape passages of the most romantic kind. The picture evidences much labour.

No. 106. 'The Watering Place,' J. F. Herring and Rolfe. The point of the picture is a herd of horses that have come to drink at a pond. The water is overhung by trees, and on the right the view opens, showing a grassy upland. The horses are the work of Mr. Herring, junior.

No. 107. 'Hush!' D. Cooper. The exclamation is presumed to be uttered by a young mother whose infant sleeps in her lap. The figure is accurately drawn and agreeably coloured; the work is altogether a highly creditable production.

No. 109. 'Westminster Abbey,' Harry Williams. The subject is a portion of the interior, the entrance to the chapels after passing through the iron gate. We look towards the nave, and see the perspective of the vaulting drawn with much success, as affording a description of space. It is a large picture, and is very like the place.

No. 118. 'A Calm,' E. C. Williams. The principal objects here are boats—a group of sailing-boats and barges on a river very like the Medway. There is but little colour in the picture, but it is made out with a charmingly harmonious system of warm and cold greys. There is also by the same artist a sea view, No. 123, 'A Fresh Breeze,' in which appear only one or two boats. The title is, however, well supported, because the expression of wind on the sea is perfectly intelligible.

No. 125. 'Maternal Love,' D. Pasmore. This affection is shown by the mother holding her child to a rose, which grows upon a high bush. The scene of the demonstration seems to be the court-yard of some old ruined mansion, and it is made out with little departure from a grey monotone. The mother and child constitute an interesting group.

No. 128. 'Coast Scene, Isle of Arran,' J. Peel. We were about to observe that to Arran it was far to go for mere coast scenery, but certainly there is a dash of the picturesque here that we do not meet with on the coast of

England. The sea lies on the left, and from the shore rises a rough and straggling piece of the "sea brae," covered with stunted trees and all kinds of rank herbage, save one patch of cultivated ground, which now yields its crop of oats. The crisp and significant manipulation with which the whole is worked out is effective in realising minute and probable incident. The sea is equally well painted, with its sunny lights and breezy ripple.

No. 129. 'A Cottage Interior,' C. J. Lewis. A very careful study, with instances of dazzling sunlight. But is not the young lady nursing the infant something superior to cottage life?

No. 132. 'Meg Merrilies and the Dying Smuggler,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A. This scene must be fresh in the remembrance of every one who has read "Guy Mannering." Here is Meg chanting over the dying man—

> "Wasted weary—wherefore stay
> Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
> From the body pass away—
> Hark the mass is singing," &c.

The smuggler is extended apparently on the floor of a hovel, the upper part of the body being nude. The attire of Meg Merrilies is wildly dramatic, perhaps more so in feeling than Scott himself would have made it, could he have painted the subject; but it is upon the features that the eye rests—the face constitutes the point of the picture, being remarkable, not only as to its cast, but also because it is very skilfully lighted for impressive effect. It is a picture of eminent quality, every passage in it evidences learned acquisition and skilful execution.

No. 133. 'A Salmon Fishery,' R. S. Bond. A large composition, showing in the nearest parts a torrent rushing over a bed of loose rocks, beyond which the eye is carried to distant and lofty mountain forms draped in clouds. The near rocks and water are effectively defined.

No. 134. 'On the Sands of Yarmouth,' W. E. Bates. This view is taken from a point somewhere near the "look outs." We see therefore the jetties at the mouth of the Yare, Nelson's column, the high land of Suffolk, and all the prominent points towards the harbour. The picture is carefully painted, and is a very faithful transcript of the locality.

No. 139. 'A Water-carrier,' J. H. S. Mann. A study of a life-sized female figure, bearing on her right shoulder a brown water-jar. The features are finished into roundness with the utmost care in the gradations and softness of the lines; and in colour the face is brilliant, with the richest hues of an Italian autumn. It is a graceful and unaffected performance.

No. 141. 'In the Inn Valley at Kufstein, in the Tyrol,' F. L. Bridell. Some passages of this picture are worked out with so much felicity that we lose sight of the paint. The distances are felt with intense reality, and much of the immediate site is of the utmost value; but the formal sweep taken by the line of the nearest masses is objectionable.

No. 156. 'View of Windsor Castle from Romney Island, below the Lock,' A. F. Rolfe. It is seldom that this well-known view of the castle is brought into such judicious composition as we see it here. The massive and well-broken quantities of the lock, together with the trees, are very prominent portions of the picture; but yet they leave interest enough for the castle, which is thus seen only partially, but more agreeably than from any point lower down the river, where the entire line of the building is uninterruptedly discernible.

THE SECOND ROOM.

No. 246. 'The Merry, Merry Month of May,' J. S. Raven. The subject is a broad common-like pasture, on which is distributed a herd of sheep. The place is broken up by paths and inequalities into a tolerably paintable superficies, to which a generous manipulation has communicated valuable texture. The picture would have been better if of half the size. The title is certainly a misnomer, as the work is characterised rather by earnestness and solemnity than by mirth.

No. 248. 'Game, Fruit, &c.,' W. Duffield. The game is limited to a hen-pheasant, the other bird being a wood-pigeon. Both birds have been accurately studied, and the fruit has received equal justice.

No. 249. 'Mill at Yco, North Wales,' J. F. Hardy. A small upright picture, representing a bridge, a stream, the mill, and some trees; it is a very agreeable composition.

No. 252. 'Early Morning on the Llugwy, North Wales,' H. B. Willis. The scenery of this stream is always beautiful—it may be to a certain degree monotonous, but this derogation is entirely outweighed by its better qualities. We find here a small society of cows in the stream, on each side of which are the accustomed masses of foliage, with a back of high land closing the view, all presented under the aspect of the sober grey of the morning;—a most successful essay.

No. 254. 'The Stepping-stones,' F. Underhill. This title survives all the good and evil of the craft of Art. It is here given to a picture in which we see a peasant family crossing a brook. The mother availing herself of the stones, grasps one side of a basket containing her child, while the father, wading in the stream, supports the other side. Besides, there are other impersonations, and all are drawn and painted with firmness and substance; but the trees on the left, and one or two other little incidents interfere with the agroupments.

No. 262. 'A Salmon-trap, Evening,' J. W. Oakes. This is a large composition; dark, deep, and powerful—a work, in which colour seems to have been set aside for the sake of force. This trap is constructed at a weir, which traverses the nearest part of the view; and on the right, where the water flows over, the stream passes through an undershot grating, and so flows on fretting in its stony bed past the spectator. The variety of lines and accidents obtained from the broken and patched woodwork, constitutes no small part of the pictorial quality; objects really unimportant, being made of importance by their insignificance being masked. Above the weir we have a glimpse of the river, and beyond that an amphitheatre of hills, lying in lines almost parallel with the base of the picture. The sun has set, and the evening mists are rising on the mountain-side, nevertheless it is difficult to determine whether it is an evening or a morning effect. If the scene be a reality, the artist leaves too much untold; if it be a composition, certain definitions have been overlooked. We see nothing of the breadth or the course of the river, and the relation between the river and the mountains is, perhaps, open to question. But we admit that these considerations are entirely superseded by a treatment truly masterly in its purpose and the power with which it is realised.

No. 264. 'Lucy Ashton,' C. J. Lewis. A lady of the size of life introduced at half length. She is fresh, nay brilliant; but it cannot be denied, matronly withal. If this be the Lucy of whom we have dreamt for the better part of a lifetime, then we say with Caliban—that

> —— "In thus waking,
> We cry to dream again."

No. 265. 'Unloading a Collier—a Night Scene,' E. G. Williams. A large picture, in which are set forth the circumstances of the incident that gives the title to the picture. But the interest of the scene is in the description of the rising of the moon, the palpitating light of which is caught by a wide array of clouds, with surprising reality of effect.

No. 267. 'Moel Siabod, North Wales,' Walter Williams. This is a picture of great purity, breadth, and repose; the description of deepening twilight is rendered in terms very impressive.

No. 270. 'The Old Church of St. Jean, Dijou,' L. J. Wood. This part of Dijon is not the most picturesque in that old city, though the church tower rises imposingly over the mean buildings by which it is surrounded. 'Notre Dame, Dijon,' No. 272, is of incomparably better quality, being richer in colour, and assisted by variety of form; then, again, by the same painter, we have No. 271, 'Rue St. Etienne, Sens,' showing the tower of the Cathedral, as well known as that of Dijon to all who have travelled south from Paris. These three pictures are accurately drawn, conscientiously worked out in all their details.

No. 273. 'First at the Rendezvous,' L. M. Hay. This face is too well painted to be accompanied with such a display of millinery. It is a study of the size of life, representing a young lady waiting for—whom?—and hence a perilous example to young ladies.

No. 274. 'Highlanders Secreting Arms—Scene on the Spau Brace, Lochaber,' the late R. R. McIan, R.S.A. This was the resource of those of the Highlanders who possessed weapons, in response to the stringent order that all arms should be delivered up, with a view to the disarmament of the clans. We see here, accordingly, a number of clansmen burying their claymores, muskets, and other weapons, in a secluded nook, entirely encompassed by high rocks. In the spirited and characteristic representation of Highland customs and historical incident, no artist has ever approached the late R. R. McIan, whose departure from among us leaves a blank which perhaps in our day we shall not see filled up.

No. 279. 'May,' D. Pasmore. A small picture representing a girl plucking from a hawthorn branches of "May." It is an elegant and sparkling production.

No. 281. * * * * G. A. Williams.

> "Now from the world—sacred to sweet retirement
> Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
> Far winding up to where the muses haunt."

Such are the lines standing in the place of a title to this picture, which is large, and describes a summer evening on the Thames. The sun is low in the sky, and to it is opposed the dominant quantity in the composition—a deep and powerful mass of trees, which, in their breadth of tone are worked out to an infinitude of form and desultory detail.

No. 285. 'Gilbert à Beckett, Esq,' C. Couzens. A head and bust of the late Mr. A'Beckett, presenting all the features as a front face. The resemblance is unmistakeable.

No. 286. 'The Death of Arthur Duke of Bretagne,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A. This picture was exhibited in the Edinburgh Exhibition of last season, on which occasion we had an opportunity of noticing it.

No. 290. 'A Woodland Dell, Autumn,' Sidney R. Percy. The immediate material seems to be the banks of a river, with a road winding over it, broken into available forms and planted with trees, the whole shut in by a mountain-chain. It is a large picture, with something of the feeling of composition; the foreground material is extremely successful.

No. 292. 'The Wreck at Yarmouth,' W. E. Bates. The subject is suggested by the description of the wreck in David Copperfield. It is represented as having occurred near the jetty, on the side of the Denes. The vessel is grounded, and the sea makes a clear breach over her.

No. 299. 'Christopher Sly,' H. Stacy Marks. There is much character in the figure, perhaps a trifle verging towards caricature. The whole of the incident and necessary material is beyond all praise.

No. 303. 'A Common near Pyrford, Surrey,' F. W. Hulme. The subject is insignificant, but it is worked into a picture of very high merit.

No. 307. 'The Taming of the Shrew,' W. M. Egley. This is the scene in which Petruchio brings in refreshment for Katharine, but desires it to be removed because she does not thank him. The figures of Hortensio and Petruchio are unobjectionable, but in the Katharine there is perhaps a deficiency of grace; the whole, however, of the still-life auxiliaries of the composition are painted in a manner that cannot be excelled.

No. 315. 'Interior, Accrington, Lancashire,' D. Pasmore. The subject is a modern drawing-room, but it is rendered interesting by skilful manipulation and composition.

No. 316. 'Mrs. J. D. Harding,' Bell Smith. This is a small portrait, in which the lady appears seated and facing the spectator: the features are painted with great delicacy and feeling, the colour is brilliant and life-like.

No. 321. 'Modern Minstrelsy,' C. Rossiter. The performers are two boys, one of whom plays the banjo, while another labours with more energy than grace on the "bones." The character and action of the figures are admirable.

No. 325. 'George Blizard Abbott,' G. Wells. A small portrait of much excellence.

No. 330. 'Master Ford searching for Falstaff,' R. W. Buss. This is the search in the buck-basket, the last rag of which Ford has just cleared out. The composition is very full of figures.

No. 334. 'Ara Force, Westmoreland,' T. C. Dibdin. The "force," as a waterfall is called in the north of England, is seen at a short distance within the nearest composition—a wild piece of river-side rock, above which rise trees of full and fresh foliage; the whole constituting an extremely romantic passage of scenery.

No. 337. 'A Lane at Watford,' T. J. Soper. The lane is shaded by overhanging trees, which seem to have been painted on the spot.

No. 351. 'Cullercoats Pilots,' T. Morten. A small sketch of much power. The two following numbers are studies of equal merit.

No. 370. 'The Mountain Repast,' J. D. Wingfield. A study of a country girl carrying a tray with bread, and milk, and fruit; the head of the figure is highly successful.

No. 388. 'The Arrival of Guests,' D. Pasmore. These guests are received by their host in a magnificent carved and panelled hall of the fifteenth century, at the extremity of which is a gallery with a balustrade, that, together with a variety of incident, constitutes a passage of much quaintness and originality. It is the best picture we have ever seen under this name.

No. 395. 'Morning Light on the Hills,' A. Gilbert. The effect is similar to that of antecedent works of the artist—that is, the sunlight striking the summits of hills on trees. Here the sunlight gilds the ridges of a range of hills on the right of the picture with an effect striking and powerful.

No. 400. 'A Family Group,' H. B. Willis. The family consists of three goats—male, female, and kid—all brought forward with the closest observation of nature.

No. 409. 'The Tempest,' J. N. Naish. The lines whence the subject is derived are those so often painted, "Come unto these yellow sands," &c. The figures are numerous, well drawn, and powerful in colour—but the poses are not so graceful as they might be, and some of the draperies are stiff and heavy. The secondary group is exquisite, but wherefore is the composition shut in by architecture?

No. 413. 'A Signal of Distress in the Offing, Coast of Dover,' E. Hayes, A.R.H. No boat could put off from the beach in such a sea—we have seen boats, in attempting this, turned over like nutshells, abreast of the upper end of the harbour.

No. 427. 'The Ascent of Iris,' W. A. Smith. The conception is poetical—a quality very deficient in modern Art.

'Portrait of a Lady,' C. Couzens. A full-length portrait of the size of life, treated with much of the simplicity and severity of the "old masters." The lady wears black velvet, which serves well to clear up the rich but low-toned background.

No. 448. 'Times of Peace,' W. Nicholl. A domestic subject, comprehending many figures assembled within their modest home. Among them is a soldier, who may be supposed to be on leave. There is much careful labour in the work.

No. 455. 'A Merchant of the Levant,' Lewis Walter. This appears to be a veritable study from the life—the subject being a negro attired in a rich Greek costume. It is a highly commendable performance.

No. 456. 'Crossing the River,' A. Montague. A large picture, proposed as a Dutch scene, in which boats from the near shore are crossing to a city like Amsterdam or Antwerp; it is fresh and breezy in feeling.

No. 458. 'Near Southgate, from Nature,' P. W. Elen. A small picture superior in the quality of its execution to preceding works.

No. 461. 'A Study from Nature,' H. S. Rolfe. The subject is a dish of fish—carp and tench—painted with the most perfect imitation of the living fish; and No. 446, 'Salmon and Trout,' is equally successful.

No. 462. 'Harvesters' Repast,' Fred Underhill. They are assembled in the harvest-field, in the shade of a solitary tree. The shades and reflected lights on the features are rendered with beautiful truth; but we often wish, in looking at these pictures, that the draperies were painted with more of breadth.

In addition to the pictures on the walls, there are five screens, both sides of which are hung with many small works which could not be seen raised above the eye; and besides those on the screens are exhibited a proportion of water-colour drawings, many of which are of distinguished merit—as No. 158, 'A Group of Roses,' Mrs. Withers; No. 162, 'Wild Roses and Nest,' R. P. Burcham; 'Court-yard of the Hospital del Rey Burgos, Spain,' T. R. Macquoid; No. 212, 'Spanish Girl at Prayer,' E. Murray, a study of much excellence; there are also by the same lady, and equally meritorious, No. 213, 'A Country Girl;' No. 218, 'The Flower of the Day;' and No. 223, 'Dacila, a descendant of the Gunches.' There are also worthy of mention, No. 170, 'The Divining Peel,' F. Smallfield; No. 188, 'Hurstmonceaux, Sussex,' S. J. Soper; No. 200, 'Fieldfare and Bullfinch,' P. Holland; 'A Wood Nymph,' R. H. Mason; No. 204, 'A Highland Farm,' A. Stanley. The following are in oil:—No. 226, 'Near Streatley on the Thames,' E. Boddington: 'At Antwerp,' A. Montague; 'A Study of Birds,' A. Cooper; No. 230, 'Reading and Reflection,' G. Wells; No. 236, 'Lane Scene, Clifton, Nottingham,' B. Shipman; No. 240, 'A Scene in Lincolnshire,' H. B. Willis; No. 244, 'Dutchmen returning into Dole on the Scheldt,' T. S. Robins; No. 478, 'Landscape, Cheshire,' W. A. Wall; No. 480, 'Ravenswood preparing to meet Colonel Ashton;' No. 489, 'On the Welsh Hills,' C. E. Leslie; No. 490, 'Stones of Devon,' Miss H. C. Hutchings; No. 493, 'Evening,' A. J. Stark; No. 496, 'On the Coast, Hastings,' P. West Elen; No. 504, 'Yorkgate on the Thames;' and No. 505, 'At Hampton Court,' G. B. Moore; No. 510, 'At Berncastle on the Moselle,' Mrs. W. Oliver; No. 513, 'Salmon and Trout,' H. S. Rolfe; No. 519, 'The Refreshing Draught,' J. T. Hixon, &c. &c.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

A. Müller, Painter. W. Ridgway, Engraver.

Our subscribers will, we feel assured, be little disposed to complain if we depart this month from our usual arrangement by omitting the engraving from one of the "Royal Pictures," and substituting in its stead a print from a very beautiful picture, painted not very long since expressly for the *Art-Journal*, and now in the possession of Mr. G. Virtue, the publisher. It is by Andreas Müller, a distinguished artist of the Düsseldorf school.

Notwithstanding the narrow, mystical, and almost infidel views of the Christian religion which now prevail in Germany, it is still an indisputable fact that Christian Art flourishes and is encouraged there far more than in any other country: the works of Cornelius, Overbeck, Hess, Bendemann, and their numerous disciples or followers, have no parallel elsewhere either in number or excellence. We are not prepared to admit that the German school is altogether that which we admire,—we are speaking of religious painting,—but still it exhibits a grandeur of design, a solemnity of feeling, and an earnestness of purpose, that is to be seen nowhere else among the moderns.

Mr. Ruskin, in his fourth Edinburgh lecture, calls modern Art—speaking generally, it may be presumed—"profane:"—"This then," he says, "is the great and broad fact which distinguishes modern art from old art; that all ancient art was *religious*, and all modern art is *profane*. I say all ancient art was religious; that is to say, religion was its first object, private luxury or pleasure its second. I say all modern art is profane; that is, private luxury or pleasure is its first object, religion its second." He does not, however, admit that ancient art was *more* religious than modern, because the question is not one of degree—but he argues negatively, that all would be purer if engaged in the service of Christianity:—"The simple fact is, that old art *was* brought into that service, and has in consequence received another form; that this is the great distinction between ancient and modern art, and from that are clearly deducible all other essential differences between them. That is the point I wish to show you, and of that there can be no dispute. Whether or not Christianity be the purer for lacking the service of art is disputable, and I do not mean now to begin to dispute; but that art is the *impurer* for not being in the service of Christianity, is indisputable, and that is the main point I have now to do with."

If we understand Mr. Ruskin rightly in his remarks, he argues that Art can only be pure when devoted to sacred subjects; consequently, that the true artist should limit himself to these; and we take the liberty of joining issue with him on these points, sensible as we are of the value of sacred art, and fully agreeing with him that Art ought to be pressed into the service of all religion—but not limited to it. Art is granted us for our pleasure as well as for our mental and spiritual profit; practical wisdom and moral virtues—aye, and Christian virtues also—may be learned from many ordinary incidents of life, and from great historical facts: have we then a right to reject these altogether, because the pages of Scripture teach the self-same truths in a more solemn, impressive, and authoritative manner? Surely Mr. Ruskin would scarcely force his arguments to such an extremity. Besides, what law is there, either human or divine, to forbid the enjoyment of such "fancies" as the imagination of the artist may suggest, provided he keeps within the limits of sense and reason? We must, however, go back to Herr Müller's picture.

The composition is ideal: we have no warrantry in Scripture for presuming that angels descended upon the earth to pay homage to the infant Christ; yet are they not the less the "ministers" of the Deity, at all times "fulfilling his will." The Virgin Mother and the infant John form the opposite group to these "winged messengers;" the whole of the figures constitute a beautiful assemblage, and are arranged with great judgment, and with harmony of individual parts and lines. Everywhere is a fulness and a richness of subject-matter rarely to be seen in the works of modern German painters.



ANDREAS MOLLER DEXT.

WILTM. RIDGWAY SCULP.

THE MINISTERING ANGELS.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IV.

E rejoin the Thames at the Ferry of BABLOCK HITHE; it is a horse-ferry, as will be observed by the appended engraving. The river is narrow here, and for some distance, above and below, it passes by the sides of low meadows—famous pasture land for cattle, though occasionally under water in winter, and when there have been heavy and continuous falls of rain. We keep in view, as we descend the stream, the pleasant hills—those of Witham—which environ Oxford, distant about seven miles; but the distance is doubled to those who make "the voyage" in boats—so continually does the river "wind."

The better dressed, the more comfortable and "respectable," are our peasantry, the less interesting and picturesque they become as subjects for the pen or pencil of the tourist. We so seldom meet on our journeyings any one who looks, or does, or says, what can be called "original," that we have a delightful sensation of "freshness" when we encounter aught that promises a departure from "every-day" existence. While crossing the Thames in the primitive "horse-boat," at Babloek Hithe, our attention was attracted by an unusually tall man, who was leaning, in an attitude at once careless and graceful, against the door of the ferry-house; his smockfrock, of some grey material, was elaborately pleated and worked on the shoulders; and his heavy, but handsome, Saxon features were expressive of the most intense melancholy. On the ground beside him was what looked like the foundation of an arm-chair,



BABLOCK HITHE FERRY.

crossed and recrossed by wicker-work, round which various long grasses in seed and flower were twisted, every passing breeze bending their heads or rustling among their stems: the chair was divided into three or four compartments, overarched by these grasses—bower fashion—and we imagined we saw something moving within each recess. We inquired who the stranger was. "That!" replied the boatman; "oh, that is Tom Hirsell, the owl-finder."

"Owl-finder!—what do you mean?"

"Why, he travels the country from one end to the other looking for owls and bats; owls, especially, he catches, or steals from their nests, and tames, and then sells them to the gentry, or may be to gardeners. Many a one likes them in barns and granaries better than cats; and Tom is a man of his word—if he promises an owl he'll be sure to bring it, and for the price he named, even if some one else offered him twice the sum. He don't matter a walk of thirty mile to get the owlets, and he's as true as a sun-dial."

We asked "Tom Hirsell" if he had any owls for sale.

"None fit," he replied—none that he could recommend.

There was a sleepiness in the man's look; his eyes winked in the sun, as if light were disagreeable to him; he moved his head, too, slowly, in a sort of half-circle, while he spoke, and we fancied he had imbibed some of the owl-nature—

"Our nature is subdued to what it works in."

One of our party laughingly observed, that in a former state of existence he must have been the bird of night. Certainly, there was much about him unlike any other peasant we had ever noted; he seemed hardly awake, and yet it was evident he saw and observed us. We inquired if there was an owl under shelter of those long grasses? "Yes, there was; a fine tame one. He had a deal of trouble training that owl; it was such a sulky; he had taken it at Farnham; but it was promised to a lord's gardener near Marlow; he couldn't sell it—it was promised." He pulled the bird out; it fluttered, and winked, and twisted on his hand, and shook its feathers, and its eyes dilated and contracted while creeping up his sleeve, gently, and hiding its great full head in the neck of his smockfrock: he drew out another—a fierce, spiteful little bird—who hissed like a serpent, and chattered, and clapped its beak, and tried to bite, though it evidently did not see what to bite at.

"It will take another month or two to tame this one," he said.

"Had you ever one you could not tame?"

The owl-finder gave a grim, solemn smile, while a sort of phosphoric light glittered in his eyes. "One I could not tame?" he repeated: "they're all awhiles stubborn—it's their nature; they take different training from other birds—not at all the same; the younger they be the better; but I'd be sorry to find one I couldn't tame."

"Do you find them at night?"

"Night and day is all the same to me; day and night—all one. Glow-worms, owls, bats, night hawks, snakes, fish, flesh, and fowl—all the same; I can catch anything I like; tame anything I like; but the owls are my favourites—I know them best, and they know me." The peculiar light that glittered in the eyes of the "owl-finder" was anything but pleasant, and the more he talked (his talk was decidedly an undertoned, grave-yard whisper), the more he blinked his eyes and moved his head. "I've a young one here," he continued, "Pope I call it; it came from the tower where the pope lived once; they call it Pope's Tower." He pulled it out of its appropriate cage, and held it up: the bird hooted and hissed, and the others took up the inharmonious notes, and hissed in concert, flapping their wings. "Here is a thing," said the man, "I don't understand, though I've been among them, man and boy, these many years, for my father was grave-digger to an old church, and so I may say I grew up among them. I used to climb the ivy when I was a little chap—so high—in twilight, or moonlight, or dead darkness—all one; and I knew well the two great nests of the big buff owl, and the horned owl, at different sides of the old clock-tower; and I used to take up bits of meat or mice, and lay 'em on the edge of the nest; and the great buff owl, or the horned owl, would come and take up the things, and feed the little muffy owlets; and at last they came to know me, and would coo like doves when they heard me coming; and I had, like many another boy, a mother-in-law—step-mother some call it—who had no feeling for the child of the dead bones that were in the church-yard; and she'd often, when my father was abed and asleep, turn me out in the shiny snow or the bitter rain, and I'd away, and just climb up and shelter under the nest of the great buff owl in the angle of the tower, warm and dry; and the old owls would come and coo at me as they did to their young ones, but never seek to hurt me; and many's the star we've seen shining and falling through that darkness, and many a blink of the moon I've got that never reached the earth, and seen and heard much through the broad leaves of the ivy that nobody would believe if I was to tell it. There's more roams the skies a' nights than we think of. I shall never, on this earth, have the happy time again I had under the buff owl's nest." He raised his dreamy eyes, but their brightness was gone; they looked dim and heavy, and the poor fellow sighed.

We reminded him he had said there was something he did not understand about the particular owl he called "Pope."

"Oh, yes; day or night, night or day, whenever Pope hisses all the rest hiss; and if he hoots they all hoot; he seems like a master among them—they have their masters; *he* never minds *their* hooting."

"Is Pope bespoke?"

"Yes. I've only three with me; they're all bespoke."

"Have you any at home?"

"At home?" he repeated, then moved his head in that strange half-circling way, and added, "home! I have no home; but I have two or three sets to take from different parts of the country. You're from the town, I think. I shall be on Waterloo Bridge on the 12th of November, and if you want an owl by then, I'll keep one for you;—I rest there for a couple of hours between two and four."

We bespoke an owl. Tom Hirsell replaced his birds, tying all to their perches, except the senior, who seemed to have an affection for his master, and a desire to nestle about his person, rather than return into the shadows of the long grass. There was something strange and mysterious about the "owl-finder." He did not seek even to dispose of his game. What an unchildish childhood must his have been!—escaping from the brutality of a cruel step-mother to shelter under an owl's nest in the tower of an old church—finding a forbearance in those savage birds which was denied him in his father's house—hanging like a bat from the ivyed tower above the mouldering graves—watching the stars, and peering through the ivy at the moonbeams—wondering if the shooting stars were angels—wondering and feeling, rather than thinking—alone! alone! in the mysterious universe of night, when the animate and inanimate assume shapes, and sounds, and shadows all unlike themselves. If the young and the brave—the strong-hearted and strong-minded, knowing as much of causes and effects as it is given us to know—become superstitious in the darkness, and often quail and quake with undefined sensations which they shame to confess, it is no subject of astonishment if the mind of the poor, ill-used child was so shaken in his youth as to grow up morbid and melancholy, deriving a species of pleasure and excitement from the companionship of the unearthly birds with whom he associated during those lonely hours.

It was a rude and evil thing of one of our friends, after we had left the "owl-finder," to suggest that the stalwart fellow was a "Detective" in disguise. The months passed on; we had forgotten our *tryst* on Waterloo Bridge, and were crossing it on the 12th of January—two months after the appointed day—with no memory of Tom Hirsell in our minds, when a soft, quiet, clear voice, heard amid the din of traffic, said—

"Will you please to have your owl?"

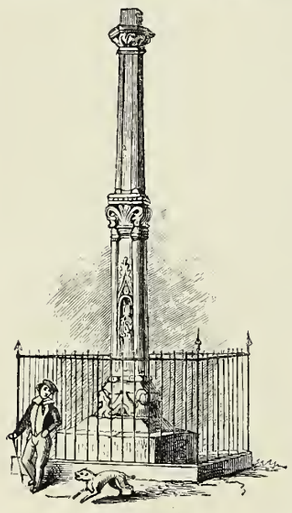
And we did have it, and brought it home, and it was put in a parrot's cage; but it seemed so unhappy, both by day and night, that we sent it to the country, where it has already established a good mousing reputation.

From Bablock Hithe we encounter no object of interest (excepting the broad reach, and the quaint old "public" at Skinner's weir) until we arrive at Ensham—or, as it is called in the Ordnance map, Swinford—Bridge.



ENSHAM BRIDGE.

Ensham, Eynesham, or Einsham, was a place of note before the Conquest: so early as 1005 an abbey was founded here by Ethelmar, Earl of Cornwall, in the reign of Ethelred, the king "who signed the privilege of liberty with the sign of the Holy Cross;" and here he held a general council in 1009. At the dissolution, the abbey and its site became the property of the Earl of Derby. None of its remains can now be found: a few stones here and there indicate its site. A venerable cross stands in the market-place, opposite the church; but its date is not very remote, although time has much defaced its beauty.



ENSHAM CROSS.

It is in this neighbourhood we begin to perceive the dangerous results of the recent and rapid growth of the weed, *Anacharis alsinastrum*, commonly called "the American weed." It has not been known in England more than ten years; but during that brief period it has spread so extensively — almost universally — through every district of our island, as very frequently to affect the traffic of rivers and canals, to impede the currents of minor streams, and even to fill up isolated ponds. It has already rendered the Thames, in some parts, almost impassable without difficulty. A small pamphlet, written by William Marshall, Esq., of Ely, gives its history as far as it can be given. "The intruder is so unlike any other water-plant, that it may be at once recognised by its leaves growing *in threes*, round a slender stringy stem. The colour of the plant is a deep green; the leaves are about half an inch long, by an eighth wide, egg-shaped at the point, and *beset with minute teeth, which cause them to cling*. The stems are *very brittle*, so that whenever the plant is disturbed, fragments are broken off. Although, at present, it cannot propagate itself by seed (all the flowers being male) its powers of increase are prodigious, as every fragment is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing roots and stems, and extending itself indefinitely in every direction. Most of our water-plants require, in order to their increase, to be rooted in the bottom or sides of the river or drain in which they are found; but *this* is independent altogether of that condition, and *actually grows as it travels* slowly down the stream, *after being cut*." That this weed is "a foreigner" there can be no doubt. Weeds very closely resembling, if not identical with it, are found in American rivers. Mr. Marshall is of opinion that it is an importation from North America; and that, probably, its first visit was paid to us in a load of American timber. He considers that all attempts to "get rid of it" must be futile; *that it never can be eradicated;* and that all we shall be able to do is to "keep it down." Its rapid spread is one of the marvels of nature. It is becoming a serious evil: the Commissioners of the Thames should lose no time in grappling with the common enemy.



AMERICAN WEED.

Immediately below Ensham Bridge we make the somewhat dangerous passage of the weir, close to which, on the south side, is the site of "The Burnt Tree," dear to Oxford citizens as the scene of many a merry picnic. This tree was struck by lightning, and formed for many years a very picturesque object, and an excellent excuse for making a pleasant water excursion. We soon arrive at Canott's Ham, on the north side, into which many a pheasant strays from the neighbouring wood, and where in winter the snipe and wild duck abound. It is also noticeable as one of the few places on the river where the tench is to be found.

The distance from Ensham to Godstow Bridge is about three miles; between these bridges we meet the Evenlode, a pleasant river, which, rising on the edge of Worcestershire, and passing by Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Charlbury, and Combe, and refreshing Blenheim Park, here joins the Thames, and proceeds with it to Oxford.* All along to the right of the river highway we keep in sight the wooded heights of Witham,—a pleasure enhanced by the numerous windings of the river, which exhibit the hill in every variety of form. This "bit" is the more valuable because of its rarity, as contrasting with the ordinary flatness and sameness of adjacent lands.

On the opposite side of the river is seen the tall spire of CASSINGTON CHURCH; it is in view all the way to Oxford, and is ever a pleasant sight, refreshing to the eye and cheering to the heart.



CASSINGTON CHURCH.

On the same side of the river a building has been recently erected, which may be accepted as evidence of the progress of the age, in the midst of so much that is eloquent of "hoar antiquitie;" it is the new paper-mill of the University. All makers of books are well aware that of late years the manufacture of paper has not been what it was a century since, or, rather, three centuries ago; while the leaves of our great-great-grandfathers are as fresh and fair as on the day they issued from the press, modern books, and illustrated books especially, are often full of unsightly and diseased marks, that mar the beauty of the volumes. The University, having experienced this evil, resolved



THE UNIVERSITY PAPER-MILL.

to make its own paper; it is a boon which claims public gratitude. The manufactory has a picturesque character seen from the Thames—not the less valuable because of the purposes to which it is dedicated.

* The Evenlode receives the Glyme, and conveys it to the Thames; the Glyme takes its course through Blenheim Park, and waters the ancient town of Woodstock. The palace built by Henry II. is entirely gone, but "Rosamond's Well" still yields delicious draughts to the wayfarer; several naiads of various ages are in attendance to welcome visitors. Of the house in which Chaucer lived and wrote, a few fragments remain in the garden of a modern dwelling. Of the manor-house, where Queen Elizabeth was some time imprisoned by her sister Mary, nothing now exists. Blenheim, however, takes the place of Woodstock—unsurpassed in clumsy magnificence and untruthful grandeur. The mansion contains many good pictures, which are heir-looms; the library is extensive, but unavailable for any useful purpose. Nature and Art have combined to make the grounds and gardens beautiful. Blenheim, to alter somewhat the inscription on the great monument in the park, stands as a record of "Britain's glory and Marlborough's gratitude." We had the pleasure during this portion of our tour to enjoy the companionship of the accomplished American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose admirable works have become as familiar in England as they are in his own country, and eminently merit the fame they have obtained. We had also as our friend and guide in this deeply interesting neighbourhood, and especially to the impressive wonders of "learned Oxford," Mr. Alderman Spiers, F.S.A., to whose long and intimate knowledge of the locality, and all that appertains to it, we are deeply indebted; and for Mr. Hawthorne, as well as ourselves, we record our obligations for his courteous attentions and useful aid.

Godstow Bridge is highly picturesque: the river divides here, and at the brink of the older and more shallow channel is a pleasant inn—"The Trout," well known to anglers, but better to the "Oxford scholar," as a place accessible to the rower, who here seeks refreshment after toil, and finds the homeward voyage with the current an agreeable and easy evening task. At this spot commences the meadow—"Port Meadow," which, containing 439 acres, reaches almost to the city, whose property it is, and has been from time immemorial, as recorded in Domesday. Every citizen has the right of free pasturage for cattle, or, rather, a right for which he pays the annual tribute of two pence for



GODSTOW BRIDGE.

each horse or cow found there on the day upon which the city authorities meet for inspection—a day of which, of course, no previous notice has been given. It is usually overflowed in winter, and has thus time for repose.

The story of "Fair Rosamond" has been told in a hundred ways: the "fair and comely dame" who was loved by Henry II. was, according to the legend, concealed by the king in a bower at Woodstock from the jealous eyes of his Queen, Eleanor. The theme was in high favour with the early minstrels, and historians have not disdained to preserve the memory of her surpassing beauty and her sad fate. She was, according to Stow, who follows Higden, the monk of Chester, the daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, became the "lemman" of Henry II., and died at Woodstock, A.D. 1177, "poisoned by Queen Eleanor, as some thought." Stow proceeds to relate that her royal lover had made for her a house of wonderful working, so that no man or woman might come to her



RUINS OF GODSTOW NUNNERY.

but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house, after some, was named Labyrinthus, or "Dædalus' worke, which was wrought like unto a knot, in a garden called a maze." Drayton, using the poet's licence, describes it as "consisting of vaults underground, arched and walled." And, in the famous ballad of "Fair Rosamond," it is more minutely pictured as "a bower," curiously built of "stone and timber strong," having no fewer than one hundred and fifty doors, and so cunningly contrived with turnings round about, that none could obtain access to it except by "a clue of thread." But jealousy is proverbially quick-sighted: Queen Eleanor discovered the secret, possessed herself of "the clue of thriddle, or silk," and so dealt with her rival that "she lived not long." Authorities differ as to the mode by which the queen obtained the necessary guide. Hollinshed seriously states that "the king had drawn it after him out of her chamber with his foot;" and Speed, that "it fell from Rosamond's lappe as she sate to take ayre, and, suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silk fastened to her foote, and the clue, still unwinding, remained behind." But historians content themselves with informing us that the lady "lived not long after," and do not insinuate that she was wounded with other weapons than sharp words, although tradition and the ballad-makers unite in charging the queen with the murder of Fair Rosamond by compelling her to drink poison. She was buried at "Godstow, in a house of nunnes beside Oxford," according to Stow, and "with these verses carved upon her tomb:"—

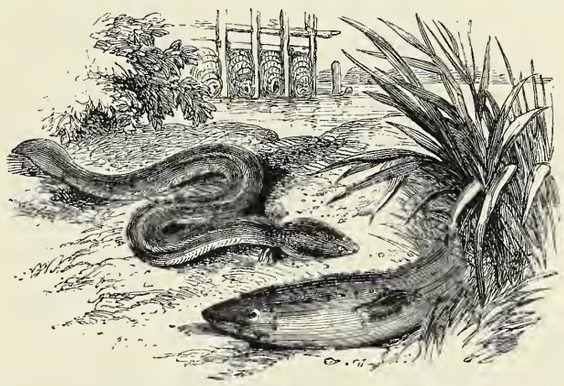
"Hic jacet in tumba Rosa Munda!
Non redolet, sed olet quæ redolere solet."

Her royal lover expended large sums in adorning her tomb. But, in the year 1191, Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, ordered the removal of her remains "without the church;" he was obeyed, but after his departure her bones were gathered into a perfumed bag and laid again in their resting-place, "under a fayre large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise."

Of "the house of nunnes" there now exist but a few ivy-clad walls; it was consecrated for Benedictine nuns A.D. 1138, in the presence of King Stephen and his queen; seven hundred years and more have passed since then, and three hundred years since the last abbess resigned her home to the physician, Dr. George Owen, to whom Henry VIII. had given it; still the river rolls by its rugged court-yard and dilapidated gables, recalling to mind the story of the fair and frail beauty who gives the ruin a special place in history.

At the foot of Witham Hill—the hill that has so cheerful and fair an aspect from all points of the river within a range of several miles, and so agreeably enlivens the view from Oxford—is the ancient village of Wittcham, or Wighthham, where a nunnery existed in the year 690. Here the Earls of Abingdon have now their seat, partly built, it is said, with the stones of Godstow.

The Eel (*Anguilla acutirostris*) "sharp-nosed," is that which chiefly abounds in the Thames, and the other rivers of England, although the broad-nosed Eel (*Anguilla latirostris*) is almost as common; the names sufficiently indicate the distinction. The Thames eel is the eel *par excellence;* in consequence, perhaps,



EELS.

of its cleaner feeding, it is far more delicate and yet much richer than the fish found elsewhere; but it is not easily obtained, and is rarely offered for sale. In the Thames, the eel is rarely caught by the angler, although in ponds, and lakes, and other rivers it is freely taken with hook and line. "Eel-pots" made of wicker-work, which are sunk "over-night," baited within with any sort of animal matter; or eel-baskets, which are fixed in convenient places across by-currents of the river, are the "traps" by which they are secured in the Thames.

The Thames eel seldom grows to a very large size; it is not often obtained of a weight greater than three pounds, although occasionally one is found to weigh as much as seven pounds; about seven or eight years ago, an eel was caught in a trap at Hart's weir that weighed eleven pounds; we had some doubts as to the statement given to us by the weir-keeper, by whom it had been caught, but it received confirmation from a fishmonger at Oxford, to whom he had disposed of it, and who kept it for some time as "a show." During last year a fisherman brought to us, while angling on the river, a *lusus naturæ*—a yellow eel, entirely and purely yellow, from head to tail inclusive. We recommended him to offer it for sale to the Zoological Society; but, by some accident, it was lost. Subsequently, we communicated the fact to Professor Owen, who informed us that, though very uncommon, it was by no means a solitary instance. The fish was remarkably beautiful, as well as curious.

The form and character of the eel are so well known as to render description unnecessary; its great characteristic is its tenacity of life—it is almost impossible to kill it, as the cook knows to her great discomfort. It is certain that the eel can move about freely on land, travelling through the dewy grass for miles from one pond or river to another. It has long been in dispute whether the eel is oviparous or viviparous. Mr. Yarrell seems, however, to have set the question at rest—he considers it "oviparous, producing young like other true bony fishes;" and it is stated by Mr. Jesse that "they have been bred artificially from spawn."

All readers are aware that for ages there existed a strong prejudice against this fish, originating, probably, in its general resemblance to the serpent; the popular belief was that they were created out of decomposed animal matter—"sprang from mud"—were produced by horse-hairs generated in water, and so forth; and in many places even now people will starve rather than eat them.

Perhaps, of all the fish of the fresh-water, they form the most delicious food. A Thames eel of two pounds weight is a dainty dish to set before the Queen.

When the eel is fished for with the hook, it is generally with the night line, for they prowl only by night; a line with perhaps forty or fifty hooks, baited with lob-worms, is thrown into the river to take its chance, and it is usually successful when the water is "coloured," or after a flood; but this is, of course, a practice to which the angler does not condescend: the Thames angler can rarely obtain an eel, except by means of "a silver hook."

One of the handsomest of British aquatics is the Arrow-head (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*), whether as regards the elegant spear-shaped leaves of glossiest green, or the flower spikes rising in pyramidical form from the water with strong fluted stems, and presenting altogether a striking resemblance to a highly-decorated gothic finial; the flowers are three-petaled, white, with a flush of violet towards the centre, from which rises a granulated boss of green, that adds much to the beauty of the flower. This plant is extensively cultivated among the Chinese—not for its beauty, but for the sake of the bulb, which fixes itself in the solid earth below the mud, and constitutes an article of food. The roots attain a larger size in China, it appears, than they do with us; but still we should think that, even in this country, their cultivation might be attempted with success in very watery localities, where other esculent plants are not grown; and a little attention to its culture might produce the same improvement in the size and quality of the root, as has been the case with most of our garden vegetables. This very graceful plant is found in great abundance in this neighbourhood; but there are few parts of the upper Thames which it does not enliven by its luxuriant foliage.



THE ARROW-HEAD.

Having passed through Godstow Lock, Oxford City comes in sight; the village of Wolvercot is passed, but that of Binsey claims a moment's thought. The voyager will pause at Binsey weir, for here a charming view is obtained of ancient and venerable Oxford—its pinnacles, and towers, and church spires rising proudly above surrounding domiciles. Nowhere do we obtain a more striking view, and here especially do we recall the expressive lines of the poet:—

"Like a rich gem, in circling gold enshrined,
Where Isis' waters wind,
Along the sweetest shore
That ever felt fair culture's hands,
Or spring's embroidered mantle wore—
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands."

We step ashore awhile to visit the little village, and to walk to its church, half a mile or so distant from the river-bank. At Binsey, A.D. 730, the holy virgin



OXFORD, FROM NEAR BINSEY.

Frideswide had a chapel constructed of wallyns and rough-hewn timber;* hither were sent of her nuns "the most stubborn sort," to be confined in a dark room, and to be deprived of their usual repast; and here, too, was the famous well of St. Margaret, which St. Frideswide, "by her prayers, caused to be opened;" here came the people to ease their burthened souls, and to be rid of their diseases; consequently the adjoining village of Seckworth became a large town, containing twenty-four inns—the dwellings chiefly of the priests appointed by the Prior of Binsey to confess and absolve the penitents. Binsey has now but a dozen poor houses; its church has a heart-broken look; and of the Well there is but an indication—a large earth-mound in a corner of the grave-yard completely dried up, there being no sign of water; the spring is lost, and so, indeed, is its memory; for we inquired in vain among the neighbouring peasantry for St. Margaret's Well, of which they had heard and knew nothing—*sic transit!**

The ancient farm of Medley, which adjoins Binsey weir, is still a farm, as it was before the Norman conquest.

Shortly before Oxford is reached a cluster of old houses points out the site of Osney; and here the river separates into two channels, its "divided flood" meeting again just below the city, at the foot of Folly Bridge, at the commencement of the Christ Church meadow.†

We first pass, however, through Osney Lock, one of the most picturesque locks on the river; although its accessories are only low houses and broken walls, they are such as the painter loves,—and to our friend, Mr. E. W. Cooke, we are indebted for the sketch of which we append an engraving.



OSNEY LOCK.

Osney, or Ouseney Abbey, once rivalled in extent and architectural beauty the grandest of the colleges that now adorn and dignify the proud city. It was "seated on a flat or low ground, but for the grove, and trees, and rivulets that encompassed it not a little pleasant." It received its first erection in 1129, by the donation of Robert Doyly, at the instance of his wife Edith; and the legend is, that often, when walking out of Oxford Castle by the river-side, she observed magpies chattering on a certain tree, "as it wer to speke to her;" much marvelling at this, she asked of her confessor the meaning thereof, who told her they were not pies, but so many poor souls in purgatory, who were complaining to her, and entreating of her some good. Thereupon, and for their relief, she procured the building of the abbey where the tree stood; her "confessor," of course, becoming its abbot. During after-times, it was enriched by other donors, until it became "one of the first ornaments and wonders of this place or nation;" to the great hall would often come, as guests, kings, prelates, and nobles of the first rank: whatever heart could wish, the monks enjoyed, "by means of the generosity of their founders and succeeding benefactors;" the church was adorned by the gifts of the pious—all who contributed something towards the building being entitled to "forty days' indulgence and forgiveness from sin"—hence it became "the envy of other religious houses in England and beyond sea;" of architecture exquisite and full of variety; with hangings of most excellent work, windows of famous painting; with pillars elegant and uniform, each bearing a statue; with wonderful variety of carvings and paintings, "that not only fed the eye with delight, but struck the spectator with surprise and admiration." Of this grand and glorious work there is now not one stone remaining upon another; "it suffered not a little from the Rump Parliament,"—Time did the rest, and—

"Of it there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see."

The abbots of Osney were peers of parliament. The last abbot was Robert King, who, in 1539, "surrendered" the abbey to Henry VIII.—who, in 1542, made it the see of a bishop, assigning Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, Oxford, for his residence. In 1546 the episcopal chair was transferred to the conventual church of St. Frideswide, which was then constituted the cathedral of the See, and called Christ Church, and the last abbot and only bishop of Osney became the first Bishop of Oxford. Of Dr. King there is a portrait in the library at Christ Church, the background of which is a picture of the abbey. Others of its treasures are also in that college—"Old Tom," the famous Oxford bell, being one of them. Standing upon the site it occupied in the days of its power and grandeur, and searching in vain for a few stones to indicate its splendour, the mind is absolutely forced to ponder and reflect.

* The little chapel thus constructed by the saint was evidently one of those wooden buildings, dedicated to ecclesiastical services, which were not uncommon in the Saxon era. The "wallyns" used by Frideswide were the timbers which formed the mainstay of the building, and were such as we still find in old timber houses; the "rough-hewn timber" was fastened on them, and so made the outer walls. The Saxon chronicles give many notices of similar buildings. Thus, when Edwin was converted to Christianity in 627, he was baptised in a wooden church, on the spot where York Cathedral now stands. The famous church of Lindisfarne was first constructed, in 652, of sawn oak, and thatched. The most extraordinary existing instance of such a primitive English church is at Greensted, in Essex, which is believed to have been originally erected in haste to receive the body of the martyr king, St. Edmund, in its passage from Suffolk to London. The body of the church is formed by a series of split trees, the flat side inward, and the rough bark outward; they fit in sockets above and below, also formed of timber: and this is doubtless the sort of erection Frideswide constructed, after the Saxon fashion.

* A superstitious belief in the efficacy of holy wells was one of the most characteristic features of the middle ages, and to them pilgrimages were made from great distances. Some religious establishment was generally near them, which profited by the devout. There is scarcely a large town in England without a record of some holy well near, and London had several—the most famous being that of Clerkenwell, which takes its name from it, and the holy well in the Strand, which still designates the street there. The most famous of all these mediæval wells is that still remaining in Flintshire, and known as St. Winifred. The marvels told of the miraculous cures here effected obtained such renown for the waters, that a gothic chapel of singular beauty was erected over them. But it was not curative properties alone they possessed—they had other virtues; thus the well at the far-famed Abbey of Walsingham gave success to the "wishes" of the pilgrim who drank of it devoutly. Other instances of "wishing-wells" might be quoted, and superstitious observances noted, more akin to fortune-telling than medicine.

† The Thames, at and about Oxford, forms a complete network of streams—so much so as to be puzzling even to the surveyor. Our Oxford readers will recollect the various names of "Seckworth," "the Reach," "the Dunge," "Pott's Stream," "the Wyke Stream," "the Four Streams," and many others.

BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

Part IV.

As we are now about to enter upon an examination of the varied parts of the vegetable organism, and to notice their adaptability to our purposes, we must necessarily point out in the first place what parts are distinguished in the perfect matured structure. The highest phanerogamous (flowering) plants have a central rod, which is termed the axis; one portion of which descends, or elongates in a downward direction, and is therefore called the *descending axis*. The other portion ascends or elongates in an upward direction, and is called the *ascending axis:* the plane from which this separation takes place being called the medial line. The descending axis, with its ramification, constitutes the root, each member or branch of which is like that by which it was generated. The ascending axis has also divisions, the primary of which are called *branches*, and the secondary, or divisions of branches, *twigs*, if the structure is large; these latter, which are necessarily the youngest shoots, have alone the power of generating those lateral expansions which are named *leaves*. The only other part which is conspicuous, entering into the composition of the higher vegetables, is the flower, which, as we have before intimated, is formed of several series of parts, but these we will distinguish and name when dwelling upon this compound organism; the fruit, which is the result of the flower, may also be mentioned in this brief catalogue, which, like the flower, being conspicuous and popularly known, needs here no definition.

Although we have here enumerated the parts of a perfect plant, there are other organs which enter into its composition worthy of equal attention, if not of greater, with those just alluded to, by which the plant or its parts are generated: thus we have the *seed*, which is the generator of the entire structure, and the *bud*, which produces a portion of the more mature organism.

It may seem to many as commencing at the wrong end of our subject to start with the seed, as the last work performed by a vegetable structure is that of forming these organised bodies; nevertheless as it is from the seed that the entire structure springs, we deem it most expedient for our purposes to commence by giving it a due examination. The seed, then, may be defined to be a body composed of an embryonic plant, and integuments in which it is contained, the former concealing a latent power, capable of being stimulated into action; the result of the operations of which stimulating energy is the production of a plant similar to its parent.

Though all true seeds answer to the above definition, nevertheless there are two modifications of this organism, as we shall proceed to reveal.

If we take the seed of a plant, as that of the Oak* (*Quercus*), the acorn, for example, and proceed to analyse it, we see that it is composed of two large lobes (usually called the halves of the seed, as of the pea, &c.), which are united by a small central rod or axis† (Fig. 25). This little central rod is the axis of the mature plant in miniature; its lower extremity is a cellular tumour, which is destined to become the root; and its apex is surmounted with an embryonic bud, which is destined to be the origin of the stem. If, however, we take other seeds, as those of the Broad-bean (*Faba vulgaris*), or Scarlet-runner (*Phaseolus multiflorus*), we still discern these parts, neither more nor less, excepting that in some this miniature bud is more developed than in others. But upon observing the seeds of many Pine or Fir trees, we notice that instead of their having only two fleshy lobes, as has the acorn, bean, and pea, they have from four to twelve; in all other respects, however, they are alike.

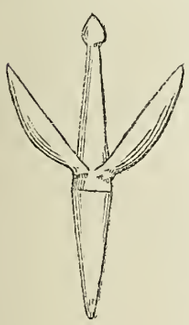


Fig. 25.

Now, if we take a seed of the Maize, or Indian-corn, we find that it is possessed of one seed-lobe only, which more or less envelops the rudimentary axis; in other respects it resembles those with two or more seed-lobes. Thus a seed is possessed of one, two, or many seed-lobes; which differences, though seemingly insignificant, are of high importance, as will ultimately be seen. Relative to these we may say that those plants the embryos of which are possessed of two seed-lobes, and those possessed of many, are much more nearly allied to each other than to those with one seed-lobe only.

As we have glanced at the interior of the seed, which may be compared to the jewel, we have now to glance at its integuments, which are commonly called the skins of the seed. These may be compared to the casket, which is only destined to conceal and protect the jewel.

The integuments of seeds vary in consistency, texture, and colour: thus they are sometimes horny, as in the Acacia; sometimes leathery, as in the Broad-bean; and sometimes membranous, as in the Wheat: but as there are other points of greater interest to the ornamentist, we shall not dwell here. However, we must notice one point, which is, that the skin is penetrated by a small nearly circular aperture (*micropyle*), which is found in the Broad-bean at one side of the scar formed by its separation from the pod, while in others it is found at the summit of the seed.

The texture of the seed is various, and sometimes extremely interesting: thus the seed of the Water-cress (*Nasturtium*) is covered with beautiful reticulations; that of the Poppy (*Papaver*) with alveolar depressions; the Chickweed (*Stellaria*) with tubercular eminences; the Larkspur (*Delphinium*) is surrounded with ridges and furrows; the Toadflax (*Linaria*) with a membranous margin; and the Cotton (*Gossypium*) with a hairy coating: this texture may be the result of a modification of one skin, or more—for the skin of the seed is usually double or treble.

We have now to notice the relation existing between the embryonic plant and its integuments. First we observe that the relation between the position of the root portion of the embryonic plant and the integument is fixed; thus this root portion of the embryonic axis is invariably situated in, or points directly towards the small hole (*micropyle*), which we observed was always, more or less conspicuously, present in the skin; it, however, becomes more and more invisible as the seed approaches maturity, therefore in some seeds is not readily observable. Second, upon the form of the embryonic plant and the positions of its parts must depend the general contour of the seed: now, although we have named the parts found in the seed, these parts are not only of extremely diverse forms (as, for example, the seed-lobes of the Pea are hemispherical; of the French-bean, kidney-shaped; and of the Mapel, long and narrow), but they are also wrapped up in various ways, which must necessarily give rise to the general form of the seed. We must now offer one or two general remarks, which must conclude our short paragraph on the dormant seed. We have said that the seed is composed of integument or skin, and an embryonic plant; in some seeds, however, there is laid up within the skin, besides the embryo, a little store of nourishing matter, the object of which we shall notice hereafter. Again: although the forms of seeds are so diversified, they are always pleasing and graceful. Relative to the colours of seeds, which are various, we can merely notice that they are derived from various sources: thus in the French-bean the ground colour of the skin is a low-toned pink, which is speckled with black—in which case it is solely derived from the integument; whereas, in the Green-pea the skin is of a pale-yellow colour, and is semi-transparent, which permits the dark-green colour of the seed-lobes to show through—in this case the colour is partly derived from the integument and partly from the embryo. The contrast usually exhibited between the colour of the scar caused by the separation of the seed from the parent plant, and the general colour of the skin, is well worthy of notice; thus the skin of the Broad-bean is of a rich low-toned yellow colour, and the scar is black.

We have next to notice the germination of the seed. This has been defined* as the act by which the embryonic plant increases itself, and extricates itself from its integuments. Without entering into any reasons for this germinating work, or the manner in which it is accomplished, we proceed at once to notice the varied effects produced during different stages of this operation.

The first effort of the vital energy is exerted in lengthening the embryonic root, or the root portion of the axis; and after this has, by successive additions to its extremity, acquired a given length, the little bud surmounting the axis commences to develop, which development, combined with the stretching of the little ascending axis, or ascending portion of the axis, produces the stem with its leaves. The object of the root being first protruded is manifest, for it is through the root that the chief portion of nourishment is received into the vegetable organism, therefore it is necessary that it should be first developed in order that the plant may receive sustenance; after it has found congenial nutriment, the bud destined to give origin to the stem, &c., develops itself; thus beautifully do we again see adaptation to purpose carried out in the various parts of the vegetable structure.

The question here suggests itself, If the root elongates before nourishment is received into the organism, from whence is the matter derived by which it enlarges itself? All seeds are hygrometrical bodies, and therefore absorb water greedily; and all seeds contain a store of matter capable of organisation, which is deposited in various parts of this body, sometimes being situated between the skin and the embryo plant (as we before noticed), as in the Indian-corn, and Pimpernel (*Anagallis*), and sometimes being incorporated with the seed-lobes, as in the Acorn, Bean, and Pea. This substance being acted upon by the water which is absorbed, as well as by oxygen derived from the air, is converted into congenial nutriment for the young root to feed upon: thus the effect of germination is the impoverishment of other parts of the seed.

It will now be necessary for us to notice the nature of the parts found in the seed, so that we may be enabled to follow the various changes which take place in the plant as it advances towards maturity.

The embryonic axis, as we have before said, is analogous to the root and stem of the matured plant; and these seed-lobes, two of which we have found in the Bean and Pea, and one in the Indian-corn, are leaves of a simple character: thus we perceive that the embryonic plant contained in a seed is a perfect plant, of the most simple character; it has an axis, one portion of which forms the ascending axis or stem, and one portion the descending axis or root.

The first effect produced by the germination or sprouting of the seed is the rupture of its integument, which is always accomplished first by the protrusion of the young root, which, as we have before said, is the first act of germination; the second act however is variable, and upon this variation depends the aspect of the perfectly developed infantine plant. If we observe the seed of the common Pea, or French-bean, we notice that the second act of germination is the rapid development of the little bud which surmounts the axis, which, by its elongation, produces a stem protruding into the air, and developing leaves, first of a rudimentary character, but successively more and more complex, till we have ultimately the perfect leaf. If, however, we substitute a seed of the Lupin (*Lupinus*), or Goose-grass (*Galium*), for that of the Pea or Bean, we find that the second act of germination is not the evolution of the little bud surmounting the ascending portion of the axis, but a rapid elongation of a very short portion of the axis which is situated between the medial line, or line from which the plant elongates in two opposite directions, and the point of union of the seed-lobes with the axis (the *caulicle*),—the seed-lobes are necessarily situated on the ascending axis, as the descending cannot produce foliaceous organs of any description. By this rapid elongation of this small portion of the axis, these seed-lobes are

* The seed is in this example generated wrong way upwards; as the acorn stands in the cup, the root points upwards, it must therefore be inverted.

† In this figure the axis is enlarged, and the seed-lobes diminished, in order to make the idea more apparent.

* E. Le Maout.

raised above the surface of the earth, where they separate, and become the first epigeal (above ground) leaves developed by the plant; whereas, in the former case, as the elongation of the axis takes place, almost, if not quite, exclusively above the point of union of the seed-lobes with the axis, these lobes must remain under ground. We may here, also, remark that when the seed-lobes remain under the earth's surface, or are hypogeal, they usually remain enveloped

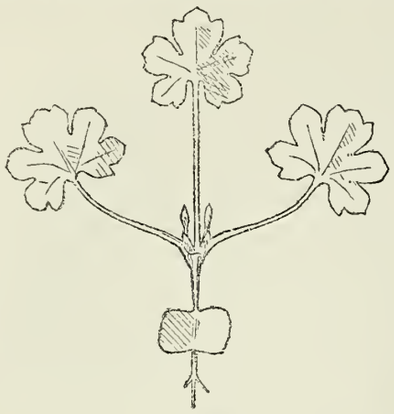


Fig. 26.

in the integument, with which they perish, both having completed the object of their mission—the latter by protecting the germ which it has safely preserved, and the former by feeding the infantine axis, and also by protecting the growing point; whereas, when the seed-lobes are raised above the earth's surface, they usually protrude, inveloped in the integumentary casement, which is thrown off by

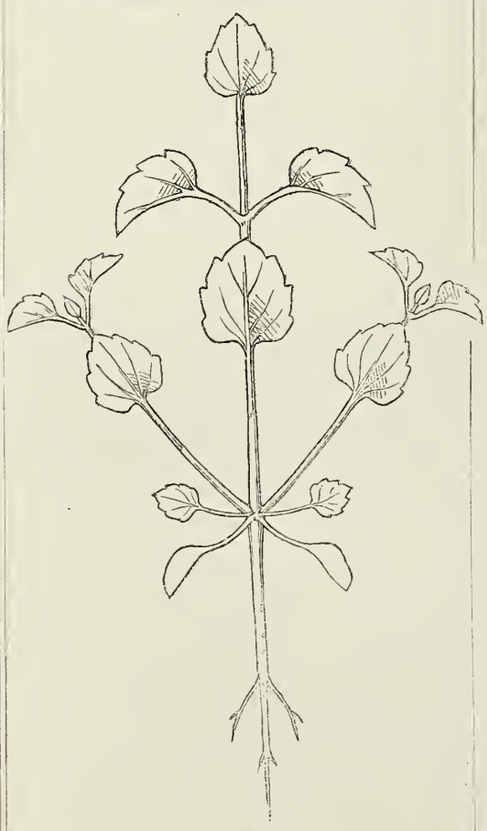


Fig. 27.

their expansion. Although we have not yet arrived as far as the leaf, we cannot pass without glancing at the various modifications of this organ set before us by the germinating seed.

The leaves developed by different plants are various, but upon this we shall dwell more fully hereafter; however, through variations in these developments, various effects are exhibited by young plants. These effects, though so extremely various, may be aggregated for our purposes into two great classes, the first of which comprises those in which the second leaves entirely differ from the first in form (we speak of those appearing above the ground only), thus producing a decided contrast with them; the second is that in which there is a gradual transition from the first to the ultimate leaf, each assuming a little less of the simple form, and more of the nature of the ultimate development: the former we shall call the sudden, the latter the gradual system

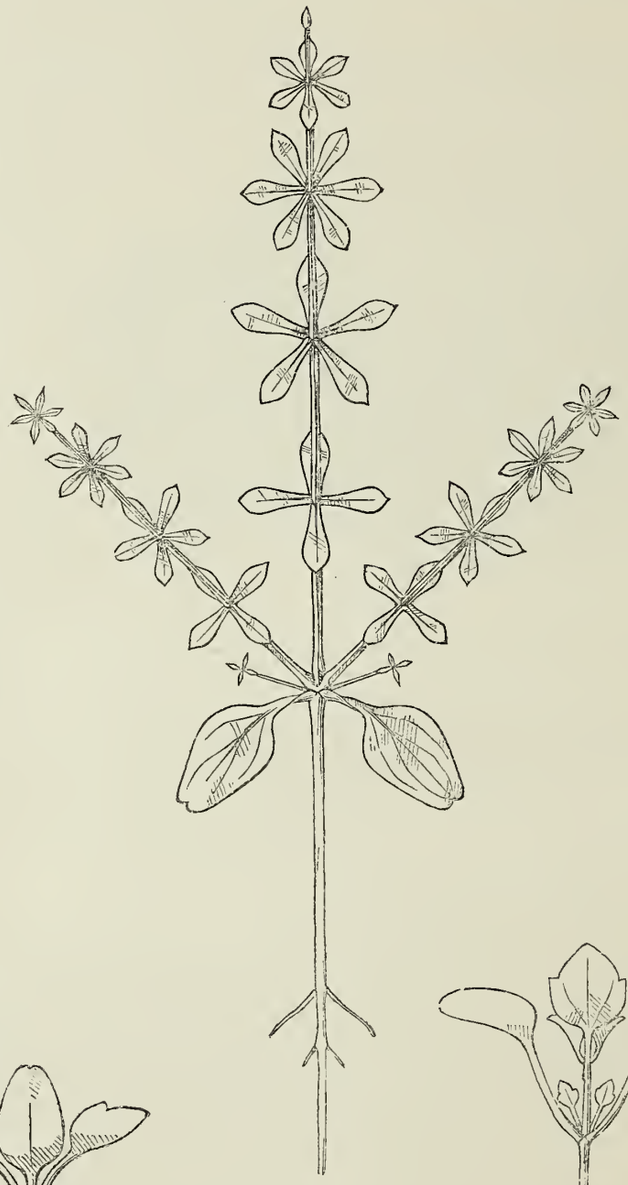


Fig. 28.

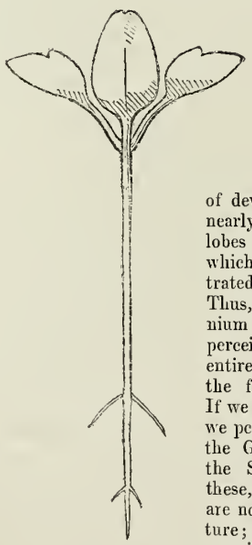


Fig. 29.

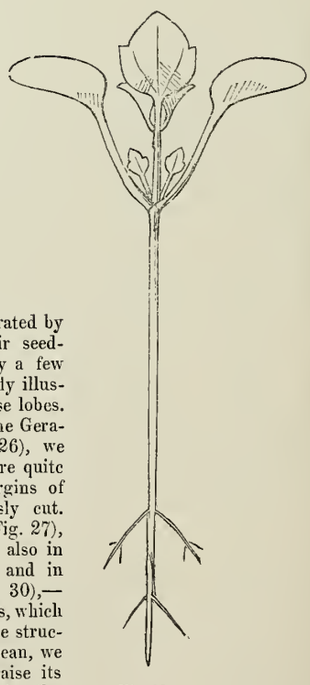


Fig. 30.

of development. The former is illustrated by nearly all plants which develop their seed-lobes above the earth's surface, and by a few which do not; while the latter is chiefly illustrated by those which do not raise these lobes. Thus, if we examine a young plant of the Geranium (*Geranium rotundifolia*), (Fig. 26), we perceive that these seed-lobe leaves are quite entire or undivided, whereas the margins of the future developments are variously cut. If we take the *Veronica Buxbaumii* (Fig. 27), we perceive a similar effect, as we do also in the Goose-grass (*Galium*), (Fig. 28), and in the Speedwell (*Veronic*), (Figs. 29, 30),—these, however, all raise their seed-lobes, which are necessarily the lowest leaves on the structure; but if we examine the French-bean, we perceive that, although it does not raise its seed-lobes, this contrast is produced—for the first leaves developed above the ground are undivided, while the future developments are trefoil: these first leaves, which are not seed-lobes, but are of a distinctly different form to the remainder, are named *primordial* or *root-leaves*. We have also in certain cases a double effect of this nature: thus the seed of the dwarf Haricot-bean raises its seed-lobes and develops root-leaves likewise, from between which the ultimate trefoil leaves arise. Having thus

dwelt upon this sudden contrast, we must hastily glance at the gradual system of development. Let us now turn to the common Broad-bean (Fig. 31), and we at once perceive that its seed-lobes are not raised; and upon examining the first leafy development expanded above ground, we perceive that it is of a very rudimentary character, that the second assumes more of the character of the ultimate leaf,

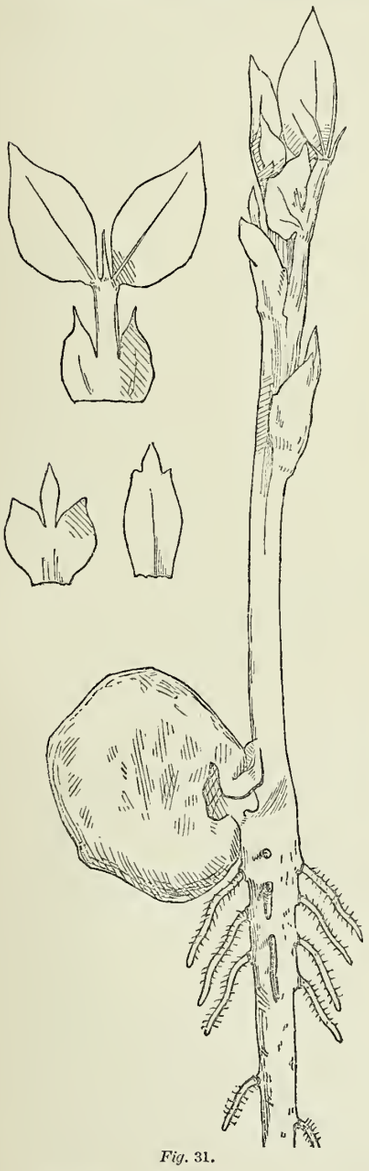


Fig. 31.

and that each is more and more perfect, till about the fourth or fifth, which has the ultimate form.

In those cases where the seed-lobes are raised, and we have still somewhat of the gradual effect, it is only owing to the seed-lobes, and the leaves proper being of similar forms; it is not therefore the

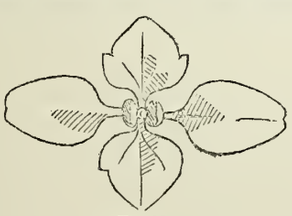


Fig. 32.

true gradual system of development, though somewhat similar to it in effect.

Before leaving the young plant, which is the result of germination, we must glance at its top view, which view of the Speedwell we here figure (Fig. 32); and it will be observed that here we have an ornament precisely adapted for an horizontal position, or one which is to be viewed from above; and whatever may be the arrangement of the leaves, such will be the disposition of the parts of this ornament, as we showed in our first paper, save of the seed-lobes, which are generated at the first leaf-generating point on the stem, which, as we have just shown are one, two, or many in number, and are all arranged in a verticillate manner, whatever may be the disposition of the ultimate leaves. The germination of those seeds, the embryos of which have one seed-lobe only, is somewhat different; the Indian-corn, which is of this class, we here figure (Fig. 33).



Fig. 33.

It will be found for experimental purposes desirable to germinate seeds either in cut-up worsted or moss well damped; cotton, wool, or flannel will do, but the former are much the most convenient, as they do not entangle the roots, so as to necessitate injury by freeing them. The only conditions necessary for germination are the presence of air, heat, and moisture; heat above 32° and below about 90°, about 60° is a good average. In these circumstances, seeds will germinate and grow as long as the nourishing matter contained within the vegetable egg holds out a supply of organisable food. By damping the worsted with a solution of superphosphate of lime, they may in some cases be raised to a considerable height; we have raised a Scarlet-runner to three feet high in this way, when it was cut down by the frost; the growth is necessarily somewhat feeble.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 4.—MOSAICS, MARQUETRY, BUHL, PARQUETRY, &c.

At a very early period man appears to have produced works of ornament by cementing together pieces of differently coloured stones and woods. The primary efforts in this direction were naturally rude, both in construction and in design. By degrees it became apparent that elaborate designs could be produced by this process, and hence we find geometric patterns of considerable intricacy were introduced. Eventually the art was brought to such a degree of perfection that the most delicate pictures were produced by it, with all the gradations of shade most beautifully preserved.

The origin of the term *mosaic* is doubtful. By some it is supposed to have been derived from *Moses*, who has been regarded as the inventor of the art—for this, however, there is no satisfactory evidence: others derive the term from *musa*, in the sense of beauty or elegance; while some, with some probability, refer the term to *museum* (as signifying a grotto sacred to the Muses), many of which places were ornamented in this manner. The Italian *musaico* evidently originated from the word *musaïcon* of the Byzantine Greeks; and the French *mosaïque* appears to be derived from the same source.

Under the same general term we find included, not merely the process of cementing together fragments of stone, cut into some determinate form, but also the production of works of Art, by inlaying, and in some instances by enamelling. Although the distinctions are in many cases to be drawn with much difficulty, yet, strictly, the term *mosaic* should be restricted, to the art of producing patterns or pictures by uniting together small pieces of stone or wood.

Mosaic-work had its origin, with many other ornamental arts, in the East; but we know not to what nation to refer its introduction. It is not improbable, looking at the luxury, sensual in every particular, of the chiefs of the ancient oriental empires; looking at the barbaric splendour with which the wealthy then surrounded themselves, that this kind of ornamentation may have arisen amongst them. It is true that *mosaics*, in the sense to which we restrict the term, have not yet been discovered in the disentombed palaces of the oriental kings: but both Babylon and Nineveh have furnished us with examples of enamelling, which assimilate to the mosaics which were so beautifully made in Byzantium.

From the East the art passed to the Greeks, by whom it was brought to a high degree of perfection, and from them it extended to the Romans about the time of Sylla. With the increasing luxury of this great people, we find an extension of every art which could be regarded in any way as indicating the possession of wealth. Not merely was the construction of mosaics of every kind largely encouraged,—since the time expended upon even the simplest work of this kind was considerable, and hence the product costly,—but the value was enhanced to an enormous extent by the introduction of the rarest gems, coloured glasses,—then rare and expensive,—and even the precious metals.

Wherever the Roman arms opened up the paths along which Roman civilisation was to spread, we find the evidences of Roman luxury and splendour indicated in the ruins, which time has left us to tell their instructive story. Temples, and palaces, and tombs, are equally marked by productions of the class we are considering, either on their pavements or on their walls. Throughout Italy examples of mosaics, in all their forms, are sufficiently common; and even in this country we have found some choice examples, marking the period during which our island was a Roman colony. When in the fifth century the arts and sciences were driven from Italy by the distracted state of the country, this art was preserved by the Byzantine Greeks. For several centuries the production of mosaics was confined almost entirely to this people, and the mode in which they employed the art is well illustrated by the copies of characteristic works which are to be found in the Byzantine Court, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. In the thirteenth century it was restored to Italy, and being peculiarly suited to the Italian character, it rapidly advanced to its highest degree of perfection. Clement VIII., at the commencement of the seventeenth century, had the whole of the interior of the dome of St. Peter's ornamented with this work. At this time valuable paintings appear to have been first copied in mosaics with extraordinary care; the Martyrdom of St. Petronilla, by Guercino, and Domenichino's Communion of the dying St. Jerome, were, amongst other great artistic productions, thus treated. The object in these cases was to secure for ever, in an unchangeable and consequently imperishable material, the productions of the highest Art. The art is said to have taken this direction from the discovery of a new cement, by Giambattista Calandra, which secured the most perfect adhesion of the pieces, one to the other, and also to their bedding. In the eighteenth century a school for mosaic was opened in Rome, by Peter Paul, of Christophoris, and many of his scholars attained to the highest degree of excellence. Such is a rapid sketch of the progress of the art of mosaic, advancing slowly, but steadily, from the rude design made up of but roughly formed stones to the most perfect copies of the master-works of Art.

It may not be out of place, as showing the early perfection obtained by the Romans in the art of mosaic, to describe one or two of their productions, of which we have the examples amongst us. The Roman station of Corinium, the modern Cirencester, furnishes us with several choice examples. Professor Buckman, in his "Remains of Roman Art," thus describes one of the rooms discovered in digging a cellar:—"The form of the room would appear to have been a parallelogram, surrounded on four sides by an elegant labyrinthine fret of blue stones, the intermediate spaces being filled up with white freestone tessellæ. The space without the borders, judging from what remains, was entirely occupied by marine subjects. From what might have been the centre of the apartment is a portion of a wheel, being pushed by an attendant Cupid; this probably belonged to a chariot, which, from surrounding Neptunian objects, we might conjecture was that of Neptune himself. Another Cupid is riding on a dolphin, whilst portions remain of what was doubtless a well-drawn figure of a Nereid, sitting on a dolphin of larger size than the previous one. The filling up of the field of the floor is occupied by the following subjects:—marine Dragons; the Sea-leopard; the Sea-horse; Fishes, in which the Conger Eel is

conspicuous; the Lobster, Crab, Star-fish; spiral Shells of different species, and bivalve Shells. So that this room, when perfect, must have presented a complete cabinet of marine natural history. . . . . Some of the shells are admirably drawn; as an instance of this, we have the Tellina as an example of the drawing of a bivalve shell, with the yellow internal colouring faithfully imitated. Again, the idea of the fluidity of the medium in which the animals are disporting themselves, is finely given; the rotundity of the parts, and the smooth yet crisp outlines of the tails, in the varied motions of the sea-monsters, all betoken that freedom of action which can only belong to beings habituated to a movable element like water."

The materials with which the artists of Corinium had to work were but few. The following is the list given by Professor Buckman:—White—*chalk*. Cream colour—*hard fine-grained freestone from the great oolite*. Grey—*the same stone altered by heat*. Yellow—*oolitic and Wiltshire pebbles*. Chocolate—*old red sandstone*. Slate colour or black—*limestone bands of the lower lias*. Light red, dark red, and black—*terra cotta, from the clays of the districts*. Transparent ruby—*glass, coloured red by the oxide of copper*.

Such examples as these show the state of advancement to which this art attained in Roman Britain; many other similar examples might be given if it were necessary to do so. In the natural course of things, we might expect that the introduction of ornamental work of this kind would lead to many modifications.

Shrines and altars were adorned—chiefly in the Byzantine style—regardless of cost. Stones, glass, and jewels, were employed in the process of inlaying, and the splendour of these enrichments of sacred spots was thought to mark the piety of the wealthy donor, who usually defrayed the cost as an offering to the church of his adoption. Upon these, however, it is not our purpose now to dwell. Eventually, in Florence, a new style of ornamentation arose, in which larger pieces of stone were employed than in the Roman mosaics. The Florentine style was attended with more trouble in the selection and workmanship than the Roman, as from the size of the stones used, perfectly coloured pieces were more difficult to obtain, and a considerable amount of labour was expended in shaping and fitting them to each other. The difficulties of the Florentine mosaic-work, and its great cost, led to the adoption of wood instead of stone—the naturally coloured woods being employed in some cases, and dyed woods in others. The extravagance of Florentine work may be judged of by a statement of the materials employed, as given by Mr. Digby Wyatt:—"The materials employed are jasper of various colours—agates, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, and other stones, rendered suitable by their colours, hardness, or polish. Oriental alabaster, giallo antico, &c., are also used, and are valuable from their beautiful colour and polish, though less hard than the above: occasionally other substances, such as mother-of-pearl and coral are introduced. The ground is sometimes made from *rosso antico*, but more frequently *nero antico* is used, and occasionally porphyry and other stones of equal hardness. The subjects formerly represented were principally scrolls and conventional ornaments, to which a taste for the execution of landscapes and architectural subjects, such as the Pantheon, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, &e., succeeded. The result was, however, unsatisfactory, as the inlaid agate-work, being entirely dependent for its colour and gradations of tint upon the natural colours of the stone itself, is fit only for subjects involving simple forms and but few different tints. Flowers, foliage, shells, and vases, are the subjects now most frequently represented, and these are mostly made up in tables, paper-weights, brooches, vases, &c." Such is the practice in modern Florentine work: many imitations—and most successful ones—of which are produced in Derbyshire and elsewhere. We propose in a future article to examine the present state of this ornamental art in this country.

The modern mosaic manufactory at Rome differs but little, as it regards its general manipulatory details, from the practices which prevailed in the seventeenth century.

The process now adopted at Rome is as follows: a metal plate of the required size is surrounded by a margin of about three-quarters of an inch in height; it is then covered for about a quarter of an inch in thickness with a mastic cement, composed of powdered Travertine stone, lime, and linseed-oil: when set, this is covered to the level of the margin with plaster of Paris, on which is carefully traced the outline of the picture intended to be copied: from time to time portions of the plaster are removed with a fine chisel to allow the insertion of small pieces of *smalto*. The *smalto* is composed of glass coloured by different processes. It is prepared in circular forms, about half an inch thick, and about six or eight inches in diameter. Nearly ten thousand varieties of colour are kept in readiness in the stores of the Papal 'Fabrica,' and from them the artist separates a piece of the required tint, which he brings into the shape he requires by placing the smalto upon a small metal edge, and striking it with a hammer of a similar form. The smalto is thus broken as far as possible into the form desired, and it is afterwards ground with emery powder upon a lead wheel until the precise size and form are obtained. The piece is then bedded in its proper position, having first been moistened with a little cement; and the process is repeated till the whole picture is finished, when it is ground down to an even face and polished. For the manufacture of minute mosaics the *smalto* is reduced into thin sticks or rods.

For this account we are indebted to the admirable report of Mr. Digby Wyatt, on Furniture and Decoration in the Paris Exhibition. Those who are interested in knowing the details of the process may examine it, and a fine set of Roman mosaics, in the Museum of Practical Geology.

To turn our attention to mosaics in wood, which, we have said, originated in Florence, it may be stated in brief that *tansia* or *tarsia*, as it was called, was much used for the decoration of churches and palaces of the ecclesiastics and rich merchants of Florence, Sienna, and Pisa, as well as in their furniture, in which great richness of ornament prevailed; "and," says the authority already quoted, "there still exists a series of pictures in the chapel of the Palazzo della Signoria, at Sienna, said to have been designed by Taddeo Bartolo, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and executed in black, brown, and light-coloured woods."

Vasari informs us that the best works of this class were executed at Florence, and the Filippo di ser Brunellesco, and Benedetto de Mariano, were the chief artists in wood. Giovanni de Verona extended the art by giving artificial colours to the woods employed, by means of "waters—coloured infusions—and penetrating oils;" to obtain high lights he was accustomed to use delicate slips of willow. From Italy the *tansia* or *tarsia* passed through Germany into France, where it received the name, by which it is generally known, of *marqueterie*, from *marqueter*, to spot. The museums of Dresden, Berlin, and Munich, contain numerous examples of the wood mosaics of the period of the Renaissance. In the sixteenth century Cologne became the centre from which a very large number of inlaid articles of furniture were spread over northern Europe, and especially France.

In France, *Boule*, or *Buhl*, and *Reisner*, were two celebrated cabinet-makers, who have given their names to peculiar varieties of inlaid-work which are well known. Buhl was born in 1642, and died in 1732: he was appointed to an office, "Tapissier en titre du Roi;" Reisner, in the succeeding generation, was appointed "Ebeniste de Louis XVI."

Buhl-work consists of inlaid veneers, and differs from marquetry in being confined to decorative scroll-work, frequently in metal; while the latter is more commonly used for the representation of flowers and foliage: the process of buhl-work will be described in a future article.

Reisner's work was of the most exquisite finish, both of adjustment and surface. His woods are frequently stained, but never to such an extent as to mask the play of light in the fibre. D'Alembert says the wood forming the base of the marquetry was not cut down for the insertion of the ornament until after the veneer had been glued down to the surface of the work. This enabled the ornament to be sawn out rather full, and then adjusted to a microscopic joint by filing down the edges. It was in this way that those extraordinary fine lines, too thin for the passage of any saw, were obtained, which seem so astonishing in the joints of Reisner's finest work.

Mosaics in wood were introduced for flooring probably about the same time as marquetry became employed for altar decoration. Floors of this description are usually termed *parquetry*, from the French *parquet*. Elms, in his definition of the term, says—"A species of joinery or cabinet-work, consisting in making an inlaid floor, composed of small pieces of wood of different figures." Since the term *parquet* signifies the bar in a court of justice, and the place close to the pulpit where the ministers and elders of a French Protestant church sat together, parquetry has been thought to owe its name to the fact of the flooring of these parts—the most sacred—being formed of inlaid woods. The name may, however, be derived from *parquer*, to pin up, as indicating the mode in which the pieces were fastened together. Marquetry is, however, commonly applied to the inlaying of woods for the decoration of furniture, and representing generally fruits and flowers; while parquetry is used almost exclusively to signify wood mosaic flooring, or similar decorations, applied to the sides of an apartment. Usually, parquetry, or parqueterie, consists of thin pieces of differently coloured woods, veneered upon some less expensive material. The cost of this kind of work was considerable, and its durability not great, owing to the thinness of the veneer, and the liability of it to break away from its base.

Our attention has been lately directed to the solid Swiss parquetry introduced into this country by the Messrs. H. and A. Arrowsmiths, of Bond Street. This manufacture is made solid throughout, and every portion of the ornamental woods which form the patterns is grooved and tongued together, and fastened with marine glue; this admits of its being fixed at once upon the joists when used for flooring. This parquetry, as its name indicates, is constructed in Switzerland. By steam saw-mills and other machinery the pieces of wood are cut, about one inch in thickness, and of the required shape; these are carefully tongued into one another, and, where it is possible, grooved together: in many cases solid lines of the pattern running through all the work. In this way the utmost degree of solidity is given to the parquetry. In France this new manufacture is largely employed; the châlet at the Bois de Bologne, near Paris, is fitted up with it; and the apartments at St. Cloud, which were occupied by the Queen and Prince Albert during their late visit to the Emperor of the French, were fitted up with the Swiss parquetry. It is our intention, in a future article, to describe the minute details of the manufacture of wood mosaics, and consequently of parquetry; we have only now, having sketched the progress of this Art-manufacture from the earliest period to the present time, to name a few of the important advantages of this novel solid parquetry. It is an inch thick, and solid throughout, the only difference in the two sides being that the upper one is rubbed down smooth and polished. It is excessively durable, being made of the hardest woods, well seasoned, as the oak and walnut, &c. Another special recommendation is its cheapness. In Switzerland, where labour and timber are plentiful, the designs in the softer woods cost 1*s.* per square foot, while the richer and handsomer patterns in hard woods are 2*s.* 6*d.* per square foot; patterns composed of both kinds of wood intermixed, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 9*d.* per square foot.

This parquetry has been employed not only for floors, but for ceilings and walls; and as it can be at once fixed in its place, all delays and inconveniences are avoided. The ball-rooms at the Turkish embassy, the entrance hall at Sandon Hall, and some parts of the House of Lords, are fitted with it.

There is so much to admire in the very chaste geometrical designs in which this wood mosaic is now made, that we argue from its introduction an improved taste in house decoration. We have seen at Messrs. Arrowsmiths' some charming designs of Swiss châlets, entirely constructed of this solid parquetry. We understand that these will very shortly be introduced to this country, when we shall take the opportunity of returning to the subject, and of presenting our readers with some of the designs in which it is proposed to construct them, and of giving additional information on all the varieties of mosaic manufacture.

ROBERT HUNT.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXIII.—ALFRED ELMORE, R.A.

THE birth-day of Mr. Elmore was a day that will ever be regarded as a great day in the annals of the British empire; not, however,—and we say it with all the respect due to his talents,—because it introduced an excellent artist into the world, but because it is associated with an event on the issue of which depended the peace and the liberties of Europe: he was born on the 18th of June, 1815, while the armies of England, in which his father had served, were engaged on the plain of Waterloo in their final struggle with the hosts of Napoleon. Ireland has the honour of being the birthplace of several of our most distinguished artists, and of these the county of Cork claims the larger proportion, and among them Mr. Elmore, who was born at Clonakilty, or Cloghnakilty—the latter orthography being, we believe, that more generally adopted in Ireland. His father, Dr. Elmore, was a distinguished army-surgeon attached to the 5th Dragoon Guards, but he retired from active service at the conclusion of the Peninsular war.

In the history of almost every individual there is to be traced some incident which develops the latent feeling or bias of the mind: in the case of Mr. Elmore we have heard that a picture of the "Dead Christ," said to be by Van Dyck, which his father had purchased abroad and taken home, so riveted the attention of the boy that he resolved to become a painter. Dr. Elmore offered no opposition to the choice of his son, and the family having removed to London when the son was about twelve years of age, no unnecessary time was lost in carrying out the wishes of the latter. Happily Dr. Elmore was in a position to afford his son the best means of pursuing his studies; he commenced with drawing the sculptures in the British Museum, and after working assiduously at these for about six months, entered as a student into the schools of the Royal Academy: this was in 1833. There are few young artists unambitious of seeing their names inscribed in the catalogues of the Academy; it is a natural desire, and laudable in itself, though not always attended with the most satisfactory results to the self-complacency of the tyro in Art. The year following Elmore's entry at the Academy, he sent a painting to the exhibition, entitled "A Subject from an old Play." The three years that succeeded were employed in gaining strength for another trial; he sent, in 1837, to the British Institution a picture of "Christ Crowned with Thorns;" and, in 1839, to the same gallery "Christ Crucified," a work no doubt resulting from the study of the picture belonging to his father. It may appear like an attempt to exalt unduly our powers of critical judgment to repeat what we said of this picture at the time it was exhibited, but the future career of the painter has almost entirely confirmed the truth of our remarks, which were these:—"This artist has essayed a lofty flight, and has not fallen; his wings, though scarcely fledged, have proved strong enough to bear him up, and enabled him to join in harmony with hardier and more experienced mates. It is rarely that the higher class of Art is attempted, and still more rare to find the attempt successful. Under no circumstances are we disposed to check a noble effort; but we must rejoice when we find it hazarded upon good and substantial grounds. . . . . Mr. Elmore, we understand, is young; if he progresses as he has commenced, we shall ere long add another name to our limited list of great English masters. . . . . The picture is admirably conceived; its simplicity adds greatly to its effect; the interest is concentrated: there are no groups of lookers-on to break it into bits—no scattered objects to distract the eye from the engrossing *one* design of the picture. . . . . The drawing of the group is fine; the anatomy of the Saviour's figure preserved with masterly accuracy and truth. The picture has its faults; the colouring is raw and crude, and the face of Mary Mother far too aged: but we perceive even in this defect a proof of genius," &c. &c. This was Mr. Elmore's first and last attempt at sacred Art; few English painters have the courage to persevere in a course which, whatever honour is attached to it—and this, unhappily, is but grudgingly bestowed by the great majority of our professing amateurs—brings with it little else. There is, however, less apology to be made for Mr. Elmore in forsaking this department of Art than for most other young artists, as he has always been, we believe, pecuniarily



Engraved by] HOTSPUR AND THE FOP. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

independent of his profession. A new field of observation was, however, soon to open up before him, and draw his attention to matters possessing a different interest: the noble and varied subjects of Scripture gave place to the stories of fiction and the narratives of secular historians. Still we cannot but regret that he should altogether have forsaken his earliest attachment—the highest themes with which the mind of man can be occupied, with whatever view he contemplates and studies them: we have so few painters who attempt to carry their art into the hallowed and sublime regions of biblical truths, that we can ill spare one whose first essays promised well for the future.

In 1840 Mr. Elmore sent to the Royal Academy a large picture, "The Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket;" it was a commission from Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and is now in a Roman Catholic church in Dublin, where also is the "Crucifixion," exhibited during the preceding year. The "Martyrdom" is painted in a style that shows the artist's powers had made considerable progress both in conception and execution: the subject presents numerous difficulties for a young painter to grapple with; but the fact of his picture being thought worthy of a place in a metropolitan church is sufficient evidence of the good opinion entertained of it.

At several periods between the years 1833 and 1839 Elmore visited Paris, to study the works of Art in the Louvre; and he also attended one of the "Life Schools" in that city. In the summer of 1840 he set out for Italy, taking Germany in his route, and visiting the galleries of Munich, Dresden, and others of note. At Munich he remained three months, studying the ancient and modern pictures that abound there, and also drawing in the Academy. Thence he passed on to Venice, remaining there about the same time, to make himself acquainted with the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and the great colourists of the Venetian school. From the shores of the Adriatic he travelled to Bologna, Florence, and Rome, thus visiting in succession the chief

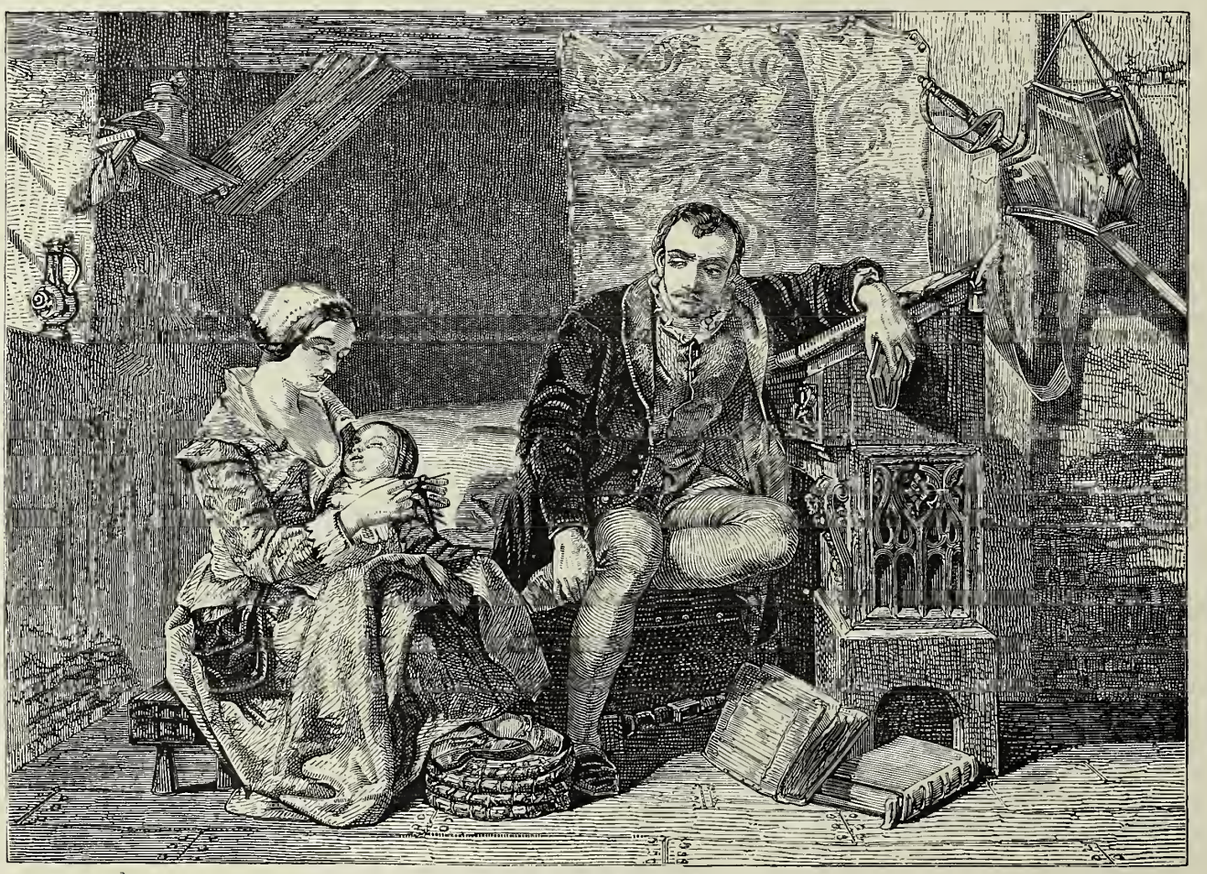
schools of ancient Italian Art. Tempted by the multitude and variety of the Art-treasures in Rome, he was induced to remain there nearly two years, and during his residence painted several pictures, some of which were exhibited after his return to England in 1842. We omitted to mention that before he departed for Italy he exhibited some small pictures at the gallery of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street.

The first-fruit of the Italian expedition was seen at the British Institution in 1843: the picture was called "A Window in Rome during the Carnival," a title that explains the subject. The work bears abundant evidence that the country in which the artist had lately sojourned, and the art and nature he saw there, had effected a complete revolution of all his previous ideas and practice: the colouring of Titian, and the dark eyes and rich complexions of the Roman ladies, had left a visible impress upon his mind, and they shone out on his canvas with a free and rather sketchy style of handling. In the same year he exhibited at the Academy "The Novice;" it represents a young monk seated at the door of the convent, for whose solitude he has left busy life and his former companions, of whom a number are seen in the distance enjoying their usual diversions: the world and the cloister seem striving for the mastery in the heart of the recluse—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
* * * * * *
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

This is doubtless the sentiment intended to be conveyed, and it is forcibly expressed in the countenance of the principal figure. The picture was sent to the British Institution in the following year, but both here and at the Academy it was hung so high as to be almost beyond critical examination. So also was another work by the same hand exhibited—or rather *hung*, for we cannot say it was *exhibited*—at the British Institution in 1844; and in the latter case the act of the authorities was the more to be regretted, because the pictures in question chanced to be the only landscape we ever remember to have noticed from the pencil of Mr. Elmore: it was entitled "An Italian Corn-field," in which, so far as our memory serves us, a group of figures occupied a prominent place on the canvas. "Rienzi in the Forum," exhibited at the Academy in 1844, was a fine subject in the hands of a young artist whose imagination was filled, by a long residence on the field of action, with visions of the past glories of Rome. The picture was commenced in Rome, but not completed till some time after Elmore's return to England. The "Last of the Tribunes" is represented haranguing the multitude who assemble to hear his summons to shake off the yoke of the oppressor; beside him sits Petrarch, listening to the words of the orator with a countenance indicative of hearty sympathy with his appeal to liberty, while the rest of his hearers, by their gestures, action, and excited faces, show that the words of the speaker do not fall upon heavy and unwilling ears: the composition is very spirited, and the individual characters are all well sustained. The picture attracted great and deserved attention, and at once pointed out its author as a rising star in our artistic orbit.

When the "Cartoon Exhibition" was opened in Westminster Hall, in 1845,



Engraved by] THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

we quite expected to see Mr. Elmore's name among those of the exhibitors, recollecting that his earliest efforts were directed to the highest Art-subjects, and that here was an occasion for the fullest exercise of his powers: but neither at this time, nor in 1847, when the artists once more lined the walls of the ancient Hall with their works, was he a contributor. Pursuing our course, from where we left off, in chronological order, we find him exhibiting, in 1845, at the Academy, "The Origin of the Guelph and Ghibeline Quarrel in Florence," as related by Sismondi, who says, that—"In 1265, a member of the family of Buondelmonte being on the point of marriage with a daughter of the Ghibeline house of Amidei, a noble lady, of the family of Donati, invited him into her room where her women were at work, and lifting the veil of her daughter, said, 'Here is the wife I had reserved for thee. Like thee, she is a Guelph, whilst thou takest one from the enemies of the church and thy race.'" The result was, that Buondelmonte married the Guelphite lady, and thereby roused the deadly anger of the opposite party:—

"What great events from trivial causes rise!"

The centre figure in the artist's composition is the daughter, from whose face her mother is withdrawing the veil. Buondelmonte salutes her, and is evidently struck with the beauty of her person, though the young lady certainly does not exhibit those charms which would offer some apology—if any can be admitted—for the violation of a pledge entailing also with it intestine national feuds. The great merit of the picture is the expressive power and feeling with which the story is told on the canvas.

"The Fainting of Hero," the scene in "Much Ado about Nothing," was exhibited in 1846, at the Royal Academy, of which Mr. Elmore was now an Associate member. The picture is full of figures, ranged in two almost distinct groups, those who assist the fainting lady, and the other, the bridegroom Claudio and his friends. Notwithstanding the existence of two or three comparatively trifling objections, which we pointed out at the time, the picture is one of undoubted excellence, and fully justified the choice of the Academicians in electing the artist into their Society.

Mr. Elmore's last appearance on the walls of the British Institution was in 1847, when he exhibited a small picture entitled "Bianca Capella." To the Academy he sent "The Invention of the Stocking-Loom," a work of original character, and most successfully treated: it has been engraved on a large scale, and it likewise forms one of our illustrations. Another contribution of this year was "Beppo," with Laura and "her adorer," just landed from their gondola: the three figures well sustain the description of the poet.

Unquestionably the best picture which Elmore had hitherto produced was that sent to the Academy in 1848, "The Death-bed of Robert, King of Naples, surnamed the Good and the Wise;" the event, as illustrated by the artist, is described in Mrs. Dobson's "Life of Petrarch." The composition contains numerous figures grouped with masterly skill and effect; but the great point of interest is the head of the dying monarch, which evidently had been carefully studied. The whole work shows more finish than the painter's previous productions. In 1849 he exhibited three pictures, the highest number he ever

sent to any gallery. The first was called "Religious Controversy in the time of Louis XIV:" the discussion takes place between a Huguenot minister and a Capuchin friar, in the presence of a dignitary of the Romish Church, and the family of the owner of the mansion in which they are all assembled. The calm bearing of the apostle of Protestantism is well contrasted with the impassioned gesture of the Romish priest, while the non-disputants seem deeply engrossed by the arguments of the controversialists. The second presented a scene of a totally different character, "Tristram Shandy" giving instructions to the tailor at the shop-window of the latter: the heads of these two figures are very fine, and full of character. The third picture was "Lady Macbeth" listening while she expects Banquo is being assassinated. The disposition of light and shade in this work is not among its least valuable characteristics, and is well suited to the subject.

In 1850 we had two pictures,—one, "Griselda," from Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale;" the lady is represented depositing the vase she has carried on the steps of the "threswold," in the presence of her father and the marquis; other figures are introduced into the composition as subordinates, according to the text of the poet, whose description the painter has closely followed and carefully studied: the tone of colour in this picture is lower than Mr. Elmore generally adopts. A graceful and elegant little picture is the other exhibited at the same time,—"The Queen of the Day," suggested by Boccaccio's "Decameron." The principal figures in the composition are a youth and a young girl, who have separated from their companions, and are resting beneath a group of trees; the youth is in the act of placing on the head of the damsel a chaplet of flowers.

"Hotspur and the Fop," exhibited in 1851, and engraved on a preceding page, is, we think, one of the happiest conceptions of this clever and painstaking artist; each of the groups between which the trimly-dressed lord stands, is finely composed, and the contemptuous looks of Hotspur in the one group, and of the stalwart soldier assisting to carry the dead soldier in the other group, are inimitably expressed; and what an unmistakeable portrait of a fop of the olden time is portrayed in the centre figure! with what an air of disgust he waves off the party who would

> —"bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
> Betwixt the wind and his nobility!"—

we wonder not that Harry Percy should feel sore pestered by such a popinjay, and his "bald, disjointed chat." By the way, Percy seems much older than Shakspere has taught us to consider him at this time.



Engraved by] THE NOVICE. [Dalziel Brothers.

In 1852 Mr. Elmore exhibited "A Subject from 'Pepy's Diary:'" "Mr. Hale begun my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peter's, like a St. Katherine: while he painted, Knipp, and Mercer, and I sung." The subject was not one suited to the talents of the painter; at least, that was the impression it made upon us at the time. Another, "The Novice," engraved on this page, pleased us infinitely more; she is seated in a room of her convent, listening, perhaps, with some secret desire to be a participator in the festivities that are going on without, for it is a day of high carnival, as we learn from what is shown through the window of the apartment, in the open doorway of which some elder members of the sisterhood—one of whom is probably the Superior—are approaching the chamber of the novice.

Since the year 1852 Mr. Elmore has exhibited but two pictures; our space will only admit of our giving their titles,—one, in 1853, "Queen Blanche, Widow of Louis VIII., ordering her son, Louis IX., from the presence of his Wife;" and the other, exhibited last year, "Charles V. at Yuste;" the latter, for originality of treatment and powerful colouring, must be considered as the artist's *chef-d'ouvre*.

In the February number of the *Art-Journal* of this year, we stated that Mr. Elmore had been elected Royal Academician; he has well earned the honour conferred upon him, but, at the same time, we must think him a very fortunate person to have received such speedy justice at the hands of the Academy; he has known little or none of that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." While others—men of acknowledged talent, too—have been knocking, so to speak, through long and weary years unsuccessfully at the doors of the Academy, Mr. Elmore appears to have been admitted almost as soon as he presented himself at the threshold. On reckoning up the number of pictures he has exhibited there since 1834, a period of twenty-two years, we find them to be nineteen, or not one *per annum* on an average; and he had exhibited *five* only when he was elected Associate. Such an instance of good fortune—for talent, unhappily, is not always recognised and rewarded as it ought to be—is, we imagine, without a parallel in the history of the Academy. He must not think these remarks imply the slightest dissatisfaction with the choice of his brethren, for it was in every way a right and a judicious choice; but we make them to show how easily some men, in comparison with others, find their way into the temple of fame. Mr. Elmore is an artist who follows no beaten track; he thinks for himself and works out his ideas in a spirit of independence, affording as great pleasure in the novelty of the subjects he places before us, as by the skilful and effective manner in which they are treated. We should be glad to see him more often than he pleases to show himself on the walls of our Academy.

RAMBLES IN ROME.

No. II.—THE GALLERIES OF ANCIENT ART.

It requires the revolution of many centuries, and the decay of the greatest nations, to form a museum like the Vatican. In it we study the soul of past ages, we trace the aspirations towards the grand and the beautiful—from the first archaic forms of Greece, scarcely freed from the mannerisms of ancient Egypt, through the youth up to the manhood of Art, and are lost in contemplation of the superhuman efforts which gave to the world sculptures like the Apollo:—

> "All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
> The mind with, in its most unearthly mood."

Ideality and truth are here so exquisitely blended, that, while the anatomist may detect the latter quality, the poet may recognise another phase of his own Art, "which makes the stone live." After wandering over the countless chambers of this marvellous museum, the student leaves them with a nobler idea of human nature; he feels that man was really made from a god-like mould, and that the mind with which he is endowed is indeed immortal. The fire of Greek and Roman genius still burns unabated here; it reasserted its prerogative after ages of neglect; it stimulated and evolved the latent genius of the middle ages; it received the acknowledgment and worship of the greatest men in Art—Raffaelle and Michael Angelo—it guided their taste; and, as years roll on, the admiration of all true connoisseurs increases towards those noblest works of human genius.

An old traveller of the last century has correctly characterised Rome as an inexhaustible treasure-house—"An exact survey of Rome would ask a man's whole life. After a dozen visits to every church, palace, or ancient ruin, something still will remain unobserved and worthy attention." All other collections sink in importance after this of the Vatican. It contains enough to make the reputation of fifty museums, as we see them in the capitals of Europe. Statuary of the most wonderful kind is here so crowded and abundant, that the mind is bewildered with its quantity alone; and it is only by reflecting on the rarity of such works elsewhere, that we fully appreciate the rich storehouse in which we stand.

It is to the sculptor that Rome offers its greatest lessons in Art. Other cities may rival it in painting, but in sculpture it is still "mistress of the world." A personal visit is absolutely necessary to fully appreciate the beauty of these works. Familiar as we are with the Apollo, the Laocoon, and other world-renowned figures, we shall fail in completely appreciating their beauty by the aid even of a cast; there is a delicacy of texture, a mellowness of tone in the marble which is lost in any copy: the latter is like having a peach without the bloom upon it. Worse still are the photographs with which Roman shops abound—they are hideous caricatures of noble works; some fault may result from bad manipulators, and worse lenses, but the yellow stains of age upon the marble producing heavy tints of brown over the surface of the photograph, is a difficulty which the new art has not yet surmounted, and is fatal to the beauty of such representations.

There are some few works in the Roman collections which demand attention for their antique formation, or historic interest; and of these, perhaps, the most remarkable is in the Museum of the Conservatori, on the Capitoline Hill. It is the famous Bronze Wolf, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," so nobly described in Byron's "Childe Harold." Indeed, the English poet has re-invested most of Rome's monuments with a new interest by his magical inspirations; it is as if he had been imbued with the feeling which governed the ancient artists who conceived them, and he is the only fitting exponent of the thoughts they should convey.

Antiquaries have quarrelled over this figure as warmly as they have quarrelled over every antique site in the old city. There is scarcely a temple or ruin which has not been honoured by treatises to show what it once was, or was not; and the best of these labours frequently leave the student more bewildered, after much weary reading, than he was at the outset of his inquiry. This ancient bronze carries upon it marks of the early age in which it was executed; the whole contour is in the severe style of Etruscan work—the hair on the mane and back is expressed by short, compressed curls, chased by the tool and arranged in close order; the head is equally archaic in treatment; but the twins, who are sucking the teats, are evidently of much more recent workmanship. It is believed to be the group mentioned by Cicero, as standing in the Capitol, a relic of sacred interest in his day. Consternation once seized the people when lightning struck it, as it was an omen of fearful import; the left hind leg of the animal still shows the effect of the blow, which has fractured and partially melted the metal. A prosaic antiquary recently deceased (with that love for writing more on a subject already exhausted, which characterises some few of the fraternity) promulgated a doubt on this very fracture, and asserted it to be a flaw in casting. To look on the figure is to see the folly of this. It is only noted here to record the love the doubters have for doubting. In the same spirit, the grand statue of Pompey in the Spada Palace has been questioned as that at the base of which Cæsar fell; but, after centuries of quarrelling, the old faith has triumphed, all reasonable doubts have been set at rest, and the spectator may apostrophise it in the words of Byron as—

> "Thou who beheldest, midst the assassins' din,
> At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie."

This stern and striking figure is the only one of note in the elegant little palace of the old Spada family. It was found in 1553, and ran risk of destruction at the moment of its discovery, inasmuch as one portion of it was buried under one house, and the other beneath the adjoining one; each proprietor quarrelled violently over his share, and, like the mothers before Solomon, determined to divide it between them; but the Pope, as wise as the Jewish monarch, quieted the combatants, and secured the figure for 500 crowns in gold. To have appealed to their pity or love would have been useless; the Pope more effectually appealed to their pockets. When the French, under Napoleon, played Voltaire's "Brutus" in the Coliseum, they carried thither this statue, and for their convenience lopped off the right arm. It is now restored, but the correctness of its position may be doubted. The statue is at present placed in a bad situation, between windows which distract the spectator with cross lights. It is not always that a statue has the honour awarded to the Venus of Milo, at the Louvre; the goddess there occupies an entire saloon, and the most ordinary visitor is impressed with the due feeling of respect and attention so great a work of Art should receive. In the Vatican this honour is awarded to three works only—they are the Apollo, the Antinous, and the Laocoon; had the same been granted to many others deserving honour, Rome itself would be too small to contain temples to hold its statues.

The decay of old families has deprived Rome of many Art-treasures once within its walls; but the private palaces still contain many gems of price. A short walk without the walls to the Villa Borghese will exhibit a sample of the riches which once filled the houses of the Roman nobles. The entire ground-floor of this palace is devoted to ancient Art. Its floors are inlaid with mosaics, possessing the greatest interest, and its collection of statuary is admirable. There are, however, two instances here of bad antique work, which may be useful in teaching us to check mere blind admiration for all that is old. There is a group of Antiope combating Hercules and Theseus, in which the figure of Antiope is out of all proper proportion; and the same may be said of a Cupid seated in the lap of Venus in an adjoining room. A very unsightly effect is sometimes produced by the props left in the marble. The Gladiator with the Strigil, in the Vatican, is a remarkable instance: here a prop stretches from the thigh to the extended arm of the figure: it is a solid bar of marble, destroying the flow of line which is the charm of statuary.

On the other hand, let us do justice to the greatness of antique Art, even when contrasted with the greatest names of modern days. The enthusiasm of Michael Angelo for the works of the ancients is part of his history, and the world-renowned "Torso" of the Vatican still exists to prove the soundness of his admiration. Yet this great man, with all his love and reverence for the labours of the great sculptors of old, failed when he ingrafted his work on theirs; and he did it in all respect and admiration. He restored the right arm and toes of both feet on the statue of the Dying Gladiator; but the restorations are stone, not flesh, as the rest of the marble appears to be, by the superhuman genius of its manipulation. The foldings of the skin at the knuckles are indents, not anatomy. The group of the lion attacking a horse, now placed in the court of the palace of the Conservatori, has the horse's head, neck, and legs, added from the same studio; but they are not classic, and form lines and angles uncharacteristic of the high Art of ancient times.

In a city abounding with galleries public and private, the visitor is continually meeting with unlooked for treasures; thus the Corsini Palace in the Trastevere has in its picture-gallery two antique marbles of rare beauty. One is a Greek chair, enriched with sculpture of the most delicate kind; a work of the greatest refinement. The other is a small figure, not more than six inches high; it represents a young man carrying a dead boar. We could learn nothing of its history, nor are we familiar with it in engravings or casts; yet it is one of the finest Greek works, attractive in its treatment, and would be eminently popular if reproduced in modern "Parian." Such small figures, so exquisitely rendered, must have been "cabinet articles" even in ancient Greece.

New and enlarged views of ancient Art must force themselves upon the minds of all visitors to the Roman galleries. In the Capitol we are astonished by the colossal remains of the statues of emperors which once decorated the city; they rival the works of ancient Egypt, and we see nothing of this kind elsewhere. The enormous bath, cut from one mass of porphyry, and measuring forty-three feet in circumference, in the circular hall of the Vatican, testifies to the luxury as well as the grandeur of the old Romans. In the mosaics of their pavements we detect the graceful and cultivated tastes which the poets of antiquity inculcated, and call to mind the Lyrics of Anacreon, or the Odes of Horace. Though at no time equal to Greece in the acme of elegance, we are continually reminded of the refinements of old Rome in the thousands of graceful decorations which meet us here on every side—not a vase or candelabra that is not redolent of beauty. All they touched they consecrated, and the altar of a past faith is precious to us as an Art-treasure. It is only in so great and varied a collection as this that one fully feels the vast variety of power they possessed in the discursive flights of Art over all nature; thus the Hall of Animals, in the same building, is astonishing for the variety of creatures there sculptured, with a truth and power which a Snyders or a Landseer might envy. Pliny notes the excellence of Greek sculptors in this particular branch of Art, but we rarely encounter specimens of their proficiency; it is only here that we can fully appreciate their powers; in this hall, filled with birds and beasts of all kinds, a veritable "menagerie of Art," we feel how entirely they studied "each phase of many-coloured life," and triumphed as much in the delineation of the doves of Venus as they did in the statue of the goddess herself.

This omnipotence of antique sculpture is a striking feature in Rome. It leaves nought unrepresented, and all its achievements are triumphs. They stand all tests; and the glorious beauty of the Antinous of the Capitol has had the testimony of John Bell, the best of our anatomists, to its perfection in that particular. He says decidedly, "The anatomist would look in vain to detect even the slightest mistake or misconception; yet such is the simplicity of the whole composition, so fine and undulating the forms, that a trifling error would appear as a gross fault." The admirable way in which this knowledge is displayed he notes in the "Gladiator:"—"no affectation of anatomy here; not a muscle to be distinguished, yet the general forms perfect as if they were expressed."

There is a charming bust of a bacchante in the same gallery (marked No. 43); it almost seems to breathe; the lips are full and soft, the eyes beaming with gentleness; you gaze on it until you cease to think it marble, and expect those quivering lips to utter the "Io Bacchus." Wonderful, indeed, is this power of mind over matter!

But the triumph of ancient Art lies not so much in its own imperishable beauty, as in its unconquer-

able vitality; the barbarian may be master of old Rome, and hold his orgies in its ruined fanes: unable to appreciate, he may rudely injure the great works of nobler men; but while a limbless torso remains to be exhumed, the vivid lessons of ancient Art survive. An Angelo will come to worship and resuscitate its principles. He forms his mind, and gives his living hand the true direction pointed out by the great of former days; thus do they indeed "rule us in their urns," for all must bow to the lessons based on the immutable laws of truth and beauty; and where do we see them more gracefully or more vigorously pronounced than in the immortal works which crowd the galleries of old Rome?

It is not only in the greatest productions we trace this important element; it meets the eye, and appeals to the mind, in every variety of artistic decoration so abundantly adopted in the habitations of the ancient Romans. The floral ornament upon a vase, the clusters of fruit upon an altar, or the more fanciful combinations of foliage, animal and human forms in an arabesque, are all based on the deep study of nature. They founded the style of Raffaelle, as adopted for the walls of his Loggie in the Vatican, and are familiar to us all through the numberless adaptations we still use for the decoration of our own homes. The originals have, however, a freshness and vigour which copies never possess; you trace in them the immediate influence of nature, and not the tamer copy of a copy. In the exquisite Villa Borghese, the modern arabesques on its walls appeal less powerfully to the mind than the antique mosaics on its floors. There you have gladiatorial combats, so evidently the transcripts of what the workman had seen, that you at once feel his principal study must have been the Coliseum, and his work the reproduction of what he had seen there. The gladiators, with their abundance of animal power and small mental conformation, are as true as the dying gasps of the tigers and other animals we see transfixed in other parts of the subject. This is the great secret of the enduring vitality of the classic school of Art, which survives all changes of time or taste, and is always acknowledged as the greatest and truest teacher. Be proud, then, of Art, all ye who profess it; to you is given a victory over time, greater than the conqueror's over kingdoms. The neglected artist of one age may be the ruling spirit of another, provided he be the ardent worshipper of nature and of truth, and the faithful expounder of their graces; for the laws are immutable by which they rule.

F. W. Fairholt.

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER IV.

Last Moments of Titian—His Disciples—Santo Zago—Girolamo Dante—Andrea Schiavone—Battista Zelotti—Domenico Campagnola—Lament for Giorgione—Jacopo Robusti—Paris Bordone—His Works and Character—Relative value of Authorities—A Word for an Old Friend—Return to Tintoretto—Mode of Study—A former Acquaintance—Of certain Works within reach—Galleries abroad—Venice—San Giorgio Maggiore—Martyrdom of St. Stephen.

Deplorable above all beside is the description of Titian's dying moments. Struck by the plague, then devastating the city, he lay breathing his last sighs, when a body of impious ruffians, rendered bold by impunity and by the dispersion of the magistrates, who were flying in their dread of that fearful pestilence, burst into his chamber, all unwatched by friend or servant, and carried off—not jewels and rich furniture only, but even those pictures so highly valued that Titian had refused to part with them at any price—with the studies of his most renowned works, and those more recent designs which the master regarded as among the best of his productions! and thus mournfully died one so long the favourite of fortune! not even a menial to close his eyes—dread of contagion had caused all to take flight, and the master was left to expire alone.

The disciples of Titian were not so numerous as might reasonably be expected, the great reputation and long life of the master considered. Santo Zago, of whose frescoes the authorities speak in high terms; and Girolamo Dante, called Girolamo da Tiziano, who is said to have been his favourite, were among them; as was also Andrea Schiavone, his laborious life passed drearily, and his genius crushed beneath grim "Poverty's unconquerable bar;" with Battista Zelotti (but these for a short time only), the latter an excellent painter in fresco, whose works have sometimes been attributed to Paolo Veronese: Domenico Campagnola, equal to Santo Zago in fresco-painting, and superior, as says Ridolfi, to most painters in landscape, may close the list. Of Campagnola, Titian is said to have become early jealous, an infirmity by which he was unhappily much afflicted: the truth may not be denied, however much regretted. "It might," indeed, be wished, as says Fuseli, that "the mean jealousy, and its meaner consequences, were less authenticated."

That this deplorable defect—wholly incompatible with the character of the artist in its highest development—was eminently displayed in the case of one whom it might else have been his glory to have formed to Art's noblest uses, can never be forgotten. The reader will perceive that this can apply to none but Tintoretto, and it is of him we speak. Now, remembering that force of will by which Tintoretto was subsequently distinguished, it would doubtless be easy to imagine other causes for his expulsion from the school of Titian, than the "paltry meanness" and "bad passions" angrily attributed to the latter by hosts of our English writers; but we have the assertion of Ridolfi—all but a contemporary—to show the common belief of his time. I write from memory only, not having Ridolfi's work at hand, but remember well his declaration to the effect, that Tintoretto had been but a very short time in the school of Titian, when the latter, after examining certain studies made by him—the spirit and beauty of which were the admiration of the school, and could not be disputed—called one of the elder of his disciples—I think Girolamo Dante—and, inquiring by whom the drawings before him had been executed, then commanded the young Jacopo Robusti—the name, as our readers will remember, of him whose by-name of Tintoretto has since been and now is one of the greatest in Art—to depart instantly from the school. This is lamentable, and goes far to justify the reproaches that have been heaped on the delinquent master: the offence cannot be palliated; but let us remember that on subsequent occasions Titian was more generous in his conduct towards Robusti—a fact named thus incidentally only because want of space prevents a more extended reference. Let us remember also that the homage paid to an unfinished work of Titian's, after his death, by the younger Palma, had long before been offered by Titian himself to one left unfinished by Giovanni Bellino. Palma writes—"What Titian commenced was reverently completed by Palma." But something of the same kind had been previously done by Titian, who had at least appended the signature of his master, when he might have affixed his own. That Tintoretto was unhandsomely expelled is beyond question: it would, nevertheless be fair to suppose that some flagrant departure from rules laid down by the master—a most probable circumstance, the firm yet not obstinate character of our Jacopo considered—may rather have been the cause, and that no fears of the future rival were in the case. But there is a second charge against Titian, that of unwillingness to impart his knowledge even to the best of his disciples; and from this it will be difficult to defend him—the instances are too numerous to be explained away: one only shall be cited, but it is conclusive.

Well-born,—well in the best sense, and admirably trained, a necessary consequence of the true "well-born,"—endowed with extraordinary ability, and above all imbued with a profound love for the painter's art, Paris Bordone, after the careful education suited to his rank, was placed in the school of Titian. It is not easy to believe that a youth of so much promise could fail to be the delight of his master; and if the love of Art had been pure in the heart of the latter, so he must have been: but see what follows:—

He—Paris—"Andò a stare con Tiziano, ma non vi consumò molti anni, perciocchè vedendo quell' uomo non esser molto vago d'insegnare a' suoi giovani, anco pregato da loro sommamente, ed invitato con la pacienza a portarsi bene, si resolvè a partirsi, dolendosi infinitamente che di que' giorni fusse morto Giorgione, la cui maniera gli piaceva sommamente, *ma molto più l' aver fama di bene e volentieri insegnare con amore quello che sapeva.*"* I pray you mark me that last, good friends!—Giorgione taught all who desired to learn from him, and that "with love and care." Without doubt he did, and so will ever the true master in Art, worthy of his name. The earnest desire to learn of that excellent Bordone—of whose character we are enabled to form a well-founded opinion, and that of the highest, from the details of his life—would have been his best claim on the attention of Giorgione; other qualities would have won the affection of the admirable master; and good reason had Bordone for "grieving excessively" that "Giorgione was dead in those days."

Works by Paris Bordone will be found in the Louvre, at Berlin, Dresden, and Munich; other galleries also possess them, but these are first named, as being—after those in our own country—most easily accessible to the English student. In the Dudley Collection is a painting respecting which there is doubt as to whether Titian or Bordone be the master, but Dr. Waagen assigns it to the latter. It represents a woman receiving her clothing from two attendants. The Royal Institution of Edinburgh has a "Lady at her Toilet," not considered by good judges to be among the better works of the artist, but named here as within easy reach of our own students. Mr. M'Lellan of Glasgow is also in possession of a work by Paris Bordone, not known to the present writer; the subject is Our Lady with the infant Christ and St. George; the Magdalen is also present with St. John, who points to the lamb. "A good picture of his earlier time," says Dr. Waagen, "in which an earnest and religious feeling prevails. In this respect the Baptist, who is glowingly coloured, is very fine; the Virgin, the Child, and the Magdalen, partake of the character of his later pictures." † There is a "Repose of the Holy Family" at Bridgewater House, "in a rich poetical mountain landscape," says the author quoted above, who calls the work "an uncommonly carefully executed and glowingly coloured picture;" but adds, "by this very unequal follower of Titian." Now we do but rarely venture to differ from authority so greatly superior to our own as is that of the writer just quoted: if we cannot think at all times with important speakers, we can at least hold our peace, and mostly do so, but we submit that this is scarcely a fair description of Paris Bordone. That his works are not unfrequently attributed to Titian is most certain; the Borghese Gallery in Rome supplies a case in point: the far-famed Judith, namely, turning her back on the spectator, long attributed to Titian, is now by common consent assigned to Paris Bordone; and there are many others. This may serve to give the measure of Bordone's distinction as to certain qualities, but does not prove him a follower of Titian; he should rather be called the follower of Giorgione, whose manner he did "set himself to imitate," says Vasari. But so also did Titian, and that the two masters should resemble each other—with a long interval between them, as regards high qualities, without doubt—is thus sufficiently accounted for. Bordone would indeed appear to have chiefly followed his own inspirations, an affectionate attachment to the manner of Giorgione being allowed its due influence.

Of thoughtful mind and retiring habits, there was indeed much to repel Bordone in the artist life of Venice as just then constituted; wherefore "knowing that he who would succeed in that city must endure much servitude in paying court to one or another, and averse to certain modes of proceeding then prevalent, Bordone resolved to depart and take what Fortune might offer elsewhere, without compelling him to become a beggar for employment." So successful was his study of Giorgione,

* He was placed with Titian, but did not continue many years with that master, whom he perceived to have but little pleasure in teaching his disciples, even when earnestly entreated to give them aid, and encouraged to do so by their patience and good conduct. He departed, therefore, grieving much that Giorgione was no longer living, the manner of the latter pleasing him greatly, but more the reputation he had of instructing all who desired to learn of him, affectionately and with great care. See "Opere di Giorgio Vasari," vol. v. p. 216. [Florentine Edition of 1823.] Or the English reader may consult Mrs. Foster's translation, vol. v. p. 403.

† See "Treasures of Art in England," vol. iii. p. 288.

that the proficiency he had attained was early acknowledged, and at the age of eighteen the brotherhood of San Nicolo dei Frati Minori commissioned him to paint an altarpiece for their church; but of this Titian sought by every means he could devise to deprive him, and continually threw difficulties in his way. Then it was that he repaired to the French court, and thence the subsequent journeys to Vicenza, Milan, Augsburg, and other cities, in all of which he executed works declared by the best writers to have given proof of extraordinary merit in the artist. Many of these are unhappily destroyed, or lost to his name, and are perhaps gilding those of other masters; the fine frescoes executed at Augsburg for the princely merchants of the Fugger family, with others at Vicenza, are more particularly to be deplored.

In Treviso Bordone produced numerous works; frescoes, portraits, and others of various kinds: he was greatly respected, as well as much admired, in his native place, as one who "well loved the same: a truly able artist and an excellent man." Some of the works here alluded to are now in the Venetian Academy, that of "Il Paradiso," painted for the church of Ognissanti, among them. Returning to Venice, Bordone executed various works there also, more particularly one for the Scuola of SS. Giovanni e Polo (the Venetian form of Paolo), wherein he has depicted the fisherman transmitting the ring of San Marco to the Signoria of Venice—a work of great interest as well as beauty, were it only for the precious memorial of the city, as she then was, which this painting preserves to us.

There is a most graceful little picture by this master in the Pitti Palace, its subject one that Paris much delighted in—a Repose in the Flight of the Holy Family; this is, or was, in the room called La Stanza di Marte. In the same gallery, and in the room known as "Stanza dell' educazione di Giove," is a much admired work of the master, "The Tiburtine Sybil," namely. This picture the authorities agree for the most part to call Bordone's masterpiece. Beside the altar of sacrifice stands the Emperor Augustus; the Sibyl is near him, and points to the infant Christ in the distance; her figure, one of great beauty, is described by competent judges as—"von schönsten tizianischen typus" (of the most beautiful Titianesque type).

Approaching the close of his life when Vasari wrote, Bordone was then "living quietly in his house," says that biographer, "being now seventy-five years old;* he works only at the request of princes, or others of his friends, avoiding all rivalry, and undisturbed by those vain ambitions that do but trouble man's repose; seeking, as he says himself, to escape the destruction of his peace and tranquillity by such as, proceeding by doubtful paths, are devoid of charity and disregard the truth. Bordone is in effect attached to that simplicity of life which he has ever sought; a man of upright mind, he proceeds according to his natural goodness, and desires no contention with the malice and subtleties of those who act less openly." Writing of contemporaries, Vasari is manifestly speaking with the reserve proper to a man who does not desire to exalt himself into a judge of questions the merits of which are not fully known to him; but the impression left by his words is altogether favourable to Bordone.

Nor are they discreditable to himself. It is true, as a German writer remarks—I think the lamented Ludwig Schorn, whose translation of Vasari, left incomplete at his death, is an invaluable work—"that no man exhibits his own character so effectually as when portraying that of another," † and very estimable is the character which Vasari thus unconsciously reveals on many occasions. Those who accuse him of partiality cannot have studied either himself or his works as a whole. Van der Hagen, who is well acquainted with him and them, calls him "the true-hearted,"‡ and you will not persuade a German to use that word lightly. Equally unfair is the reproach of inaccuracy; for admitting that he was unable, with all his earnestness and diligence, to obtain minute information on every point, it may with equal truth be affirmed, that if you take well into account the extent and difficulty of his work—the biographies—with the time when it was written, and the absolute non-existence of all material, you will find the errors few rather than many. Succeeding writers have worked under circumstances much more favourable; nor is it any disparagement of the learned and accurate Lanzi, to say that but for Vasari and his subsequent editors, his own valuable work could never have seen the light. Lanzi would have been the first to admit this; and as regards the pretended enmity of Vasari to the Venetian school, let that writer himself bear testimony:—

"Non è il Vasari quel maligno verso la Scuola Veneta che vorrebbe farsi apparire. Scrive di queste pitture [he is speaking of Antonio Veneziano's works in the Campo Santo of Pisa] che 'universalmente, ed a gran ragione, son tenute le migliori di tutte quelle che da molti eccellenti maestri sono state in quel luogo lavorate.' Eccole dunque anteposte da lui alle fiorentine tutte e alle senesi, che ivi sono; giudizio confermato dal P. della Valle che pur tanto spesso da lui dissente." *

And the Abbate is right: Vasari was no calumniator, nor was he ever consciously partial. If not a genius himself, he was the unenvying "admirer of genius in others;" as our own honest Northcote, who also knew him well, has well said, "displaying the character of a good man devoted to the Arts." † These testimonies could be multiplied to great extent if need were, but those given shall suffice; and if Vasari was sometimes mistaken as to a name or a date, are his successors infallible, even after all that he has done to clear their way? Is Baldinucci, trustworthy as he is, always right? is Cicognara invariably correct?—examine his works, and you shall see. Does Malvasia make no mistakes?—let Fuseli reply, and he will do so amusingly, if you consult him. But this is ungracious work: defending our first benefactor, let us remember also what we owe to others; *culpa mea, culpa mea*—but I repent me, and desist.

We now return to Jacopo Robusti. Cherishing no unworthy resentment at his expulsion from the school of Titian, Tintoretto inscribes on his studio those often-quoted words—"The design of Michael Angelo—the colouring of Titian;" and restraining in no wise the free course of his own genius, he proceeds to give it development under the guidance of those two fair rules.

Obtaining casts from Daniele da Volterra of the figures on the Tomb of the Medici, by Michael Angelo, from these, as Lanzi tells us,‡ he studied day and night, continuing his labours by lamp-light to "give the greater breadth and effect to his light and shade."§ Furthermore, and to acquire a perfect acquaintance with foreshortening, less carefully studied at that time by the Venetians than by the Lombard masters, Tintoretto suspended figures in the air; he also "frequented the lectures and dissections of anatomists, to obtain a complete knowledge of the muscular contraction of the human figure."

And the result? Strange and varied, yet in every case affording evidence of the power within. "The most daring genius he," says Vasari, "that painting hath ever possessed." Fresco, oil-painting, portraits from the life—he refused none, and excelled in all. It is true that some inconvenience is affirmed to have resulted from this method of "suspension;" and Fuseli considers that "the want of equilibration sometimes found in Tintoretto's figures, may have been not unjustly ascribed to this habit:" he adds, that "the master at last became so used to it that he occasionally employed it for figures resting on firm ground." ‖

The rapidity of production, which earned for Tintoretto the name of "Il fulmino di pennello," is known to all, and with the anecdote related of his "St. Rocco in Heaven," still in the Scuola di San Rocco, most readers are acquainted; but since there may be some to whom it is not known, the facts are briefly given. The picture forms the centre of the ceiling in that room known as the *Albergo*, or Guest-chamber, and was painted under circumstances related by Vasari, as follows:—"In the same city of Venice there lived, and does yet live, a painter, called Jacopo Tintoretto, a great lover of all the noble arts, and who delights in playing on various musical instruments" . . . . "He, having painted a large picture of the Crucifixion"—that Crucifixion still the glory of Venice—"for the Scuola of San Rocco, the men of that brotherhood, desiring some honourable work for the ceiling of the room, would have it done by the best painters then in Venice. They consequently called Giuseppe Salviati, and Federigo Zucchero, with Paolo Veronese, and Jacopo Tintoretto, commanding each to prepare a design, with promise that the work should be adjudged to him who should acquit himself the best. But while the other masters were giving themselves with all diligence to the preparation of their designs, Tintoretto did but measure the space for which the picture was required, and taking a large canvas, he painted it with his accustomed rapidity, and, without saying a word to any one; affixed it instantly to the place intended for its reception. One morning, then, when the brotherhood had assembled to examine the designs, and determine their choice, they found Tintoretto's work completed—nay, already fixed in its place. They were at first much displeased, saying that they had required a design, not given him the commission; but Tintoretto replied that this was his method of making designs, that he knew no other. He added, that designs or models for all works should be made after that fashion, to the end that all might see what was intended for them, and not be deceived. Finally, though not without many difficulties, Tintoretto prevailed, and the picture remains in its place." *

Venice is, as might be expected, the city where Tintoretto may be most worthily studied; there is, indeed, no other where his wonderful powers can be fully appreciated; but some of those within reach of our own people may yet more usefully be mentioned in this place, and shall, therefore, take precedence.

The "St. George" in our National Gallery is known to all, and needs no further reference. Almost equally easy of access are the paintings at Hampton Court, where there are six by this master; of these, three are portraits, one said to be that of Ignatius Loyola, and sometimes attributed to Titian. The remaining three, are, an allegorical picture, called "The Expulsion of Heresy;" Esther before Ahasuerus—this last much praised; and a picture of the Virgin, with one representing the Muses.

In the Bridgewater Gallery also there are paintings by Tintoretto; three of them are portraits, the fourth is an Entombment of Christ; of these, too, the mere names alone are thus rapidly given, because, thanks to the liberal kindness of their noble proprietor, they are nearly as easy of access as those in our public galleries. Sir Charles Eastlake is in possession of a portrait, by Tintoretto, that of a noble Venetian; and in the collection of the late Mr. Rogers was the original sketch for one of his most renowned works, the "Miracle of the Slave." Mr. Rogers had also the finished sketch for Titian's "Gloria."

At Windsor Castle is a Holy Family, which, if my recollection serve me rightly, has all the force and suggestive powers peculiar to this admirable master, whose works rivet the beholder by the many thoughts they suggest; they should, if possible, always be visited when at leisure to profit by this high quality, and with time sufficient for the worthy consideration of their many other beauties. This, as we know, is not always to be done in certain cases; but in such—and Windsor Castle may be one of them—there is a remedy: go again, and again, there will be large reward—of that be certain—even for him who rates his moments at their true value. No time will be lost that is given to Tintoretto.

In the collection of Lord Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers, there is a fine example of landscape by this great master; the subject of the picture is "Joseph's Dream," "warm and clear in the tone of the flesh," and very "careful in the execution," few works of Tintoretto, within reach of the student at home, will be found more instructive. There is also a sketch of the Angels appearing to the Shepherds, this too is full of spirit, and highly characteristic of the master; both are works of great value.

With a visit to these and other treasures of Alton Towers, you may combine one to Dovedale. Happy

* It was at that age, according to Ridolfi, that Bordone died. Note to English translation of "Vasari," vol. v. p. 407. See also "Opere di Vasari," vol. v. p. 220.
† See Preface to English translation of "Vasari."
‡ "Van der Hagen. Briefe in die Heimath," vol. ii. p. 160.

* Storia Pittorica della Italia, tomo primo. Scuola Fiorentina, p. 49, *note*.
† "Life of Titian," vol. i. p. 95.
‡ Storia Pittorica, tomo ii., parte prima.
§ See Northcote's "Life of Titian," vol. i. p. 64.
‖ Fuseli—"Life and Works," vol. iii. p. 353.

* See Opere, as above cited, vol. iv. pp. 468, 469.

you! and being there, take your delightful way across that *most* attractive county of Derby; making, if it so please you, the charming round leading by the picturesque Matlock, and pleasant Rowsley. A short walk then takes you to Haddon, whence a delightful three miles, best enjoyed beneath the first fair beams of sunrise, present your delicious way to the lordly Chatsworth, where you shall find large consolation in the "pleasaunce," though the hour should be—and by many—too early for admission to the presence of that great master to whose genius you would do homage. Happily there is no mansion calling the Duke of Devonshire lord, from which the lover of Art is doomed to turn away disconsolate, present yourself boldly, therefore, though you be the last and least of her worshippers,—you will find ready access, with ample cause to rejoice in the privilege.

The picture of "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" is, perhaps, the first work of Tintoretto to which you will give your attention; there is, besides, the portrait of an ecclesiastic,—the Archbishop of Spalatro,—nobly conceived and finely executed, with that of a Venetian admiral, somewhat different in manner, but entirely characteristic of the master, and showing all the force for which he is remarkable. Two fine landscapes by Titian also enrich this collection: the one has St. John preaching, the other is a St. Jerome; but the figures, in the first instance, are wholly subordinate to the landscape. There is besides at Chatsworth a portrait by Titian of Philip II.; but although that monarch—less repulsive in his youth than in middle life—is here represented as a young man, yet are his many deformities of character, and the amount of suffering inflicted on humanity by his means, so constantly present to the memory, that no semblance of his face can be regarded with pleasure, even though the limner write himself Titian. Forget this, then, so soon as the artist-nature of you will permit, and, bending your steps northward, when the gates of the hospitable Chatsworth shall have closed behind you, take next your suggestive way by the lovely dale of Middleton, and let your resting-place be the village of Eyam.

I am supposing you to be sensibly proceeding at your "own sweet will," as doth the river you wot of—not borne along, as are the cotton-bales, by that ruthless railway, fit for the voyaging of nothing more sensitive. Thus you have leave to pause before whatever may be found worthy of arresting your step—nay, it shall be lawful for you to turn aside for all that may attract you, whether by its loveliness or its worth—close Cousins for the most part; and it is for the latter that you shall pause at Eyam. There, standing reverently by the grave of the venerated Mompesson, the devoted vicar of Eyam at the time of the Great Plague, by recalling the deeds of that good man,*—"the priest, the physician, and the legislator of a community of sufferers,"—you may divest yourself of whatever shade may cling to your thoughts from contemplation of those cold, pale, evil eyes, revealing the evil nature of the Spanish Philip.

Of works by Tintoretto in other lands those most easy of access to our people are, perhaps, in the Louvre; and among them the most interesting are the portrait of the master, painted by himself; with a work said to be a sketch for the great picture in the Gran Sala del Consiglio of the Ducal palace, at Venice, and known as "Il Paradiso." No detailed description of Tintoretto's works in the Louvre can here be given, but we may remark in passing that the painting just alluded to—Il Paradiso, namely—is remarkable, as are so many of the master's works at Venice, for that vast number of figures, which cause the spectator who is but hurried past them, to resign all hope of comprehending what he sees before him; but every one of which is found, by him who gives them worthy examination, to have its own, and that a great, significance. Shining in glory and high above all appears the Saviour Christ, with the Virgin Mother, whom he is in the act of crowning; the Apostles are ranged on either hand; next follow the various orders of the celestial hierarchy—"Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Virtues, Powers," with the Evangelists, the Fathers of the Church, the Confessors, and the Virgin-martyrs, all glorifying the Lord of all.

A Last Supper, attributed to Tintoretto, is also in the Louvre; but this work is not considered by good authorities to be painted by his hand.

In the public gallery of Berlin is a Virgin and Child, by Tintoretto, with three portraits; two of them are those of "Proveditori di San Marco;" the third is that "of a man unknown." There are works by the same master in Munich, Vienna, Rome, Florence, and Madrid, nay, in all the greater galleries of Europe. Tintoretto, born a painter, passed no day in which he did not exercise that art which to him was as the breath of his life, his works are consequently numerous; but in his native city it is that, of right as well as in fact, the best and most important of them are found.

To Venice then we return once more—Venice the sole and only—Venice with whom the heart of us hath been lingering, even while our words have been of others. It was once the fortune of the present writer to be for some short time alone in that enchanting city, a circumstance rarely occurring in the life of an Englishwoman; but in this instance so far profitable, as that the hours of each day being given either to the Academy or to the Scuola di San Rocco—that last known to be a sort of gallery for the works of Tintoretto—the writer was thus enabled to form a more intimate acquaintance with the paintings of the master than could otherwise have been obtained.

Repelled at first, and incapable of comprehending the vast fields of story here laid open to his astonished gaze, the spectator is for some time rather bewildered than edified, and far more frequently disappointed—I had almost said displeased—than delighted: but let him persevere, light will break in upon him if he consent to wait the advent in humility; and he who does but come with the ordinary feeling of interest in a place, popularly known as one containing the works of a renowned painter, will return ere long with a love and respect for the man, no less than with admiration of, and delight in, the artist.

No painter impresses more of his own character—a truly admirable one—on his works than does Tintoretto; "a most sprightly mind, a vivid fancy, and friendly, cheerful manner," are among the characteristics attributed to him by his contemporary, Vasari, who says elsewhere—"Most admirable is Tintoretto in every way, and most estimable, as is proved by all he does." Knowing him well, then, as his works enable you to do, you cannot marvel that his sweetest Marietta, the worthy daughter of his love, should refuse all that the most potent sovereigns of her day could bring to tempt her, rather than separate herself from that beloved father: and then that Death, the ruthless, should so early sever them! Alas! alas!

In the autumn of 1852, the present writer, crossing the Tyrolese Alps, and proceeding from Styria into Italy, had suddenly to lament the disappointment of a fixed intention once again to visit the City of the Waters and her abounding treasures of Art; but was in some degree reconciled to the privation on hearing at Verona of the lamentable havoc made, even in the Scuola di San Rocco itself, by the balls poured on the city in 1848. Cannon-balls through the pictures of Tintoretto! Woe, woe for Art, when so deplorable a sacrilege is even possible.

It is not without a painful sense of insufficiency that we presume to speak of the works bequeathed by this truly noble master to the ever-increasing admiration of all ages. Some one has said that none should venture to sit in judgment on paintings who has not spent a lifetime in the practice as well as the study of Art; what then of us who have but the love of a lifetime to offer in the place of both? We seek aid, therefore—we take refuge behind the broad ægis of our betters, and will not spoil a good subject by feeble handling.

Of Tintoretto, "Ne parle pas qui veut"—to adopt a phrase from our friends across the water—there is, indeed, but one author—English or foreign, writing in such tongues as are accessible to the present speaker—by whom the truly admirable Venetian artist now in question has been worthily treated. In his words it is, then, that the paintings of Tintoretto, in Venice, shall chiefly be described—but where begin? Churches, Palaces, the Academy, and first of all, though last named, the Scuola di San Rocco, all put in their claims—and affectionate remembrance would fain allow them all. But when it is remembered that, half lost in the dark and solitary chambers of the building last mentioned alone, there are more than sixty pictures, it will at once be seen how small a portion of their number can here have space, even for its name; therefore it is then, and also because of our own deep reverence for their high deserts, that we would have our description of the few selected for mention to be nothing less than the choicest, the most complete.

We commence with a picture in the Church of St. Giorgio Maggiore—not because it is the best of Tintoretto's productions, but because few, even of this most noble master's works, exhibit more forcefully his power of appeal to the heart and mind, as well as to the imagination of the beholder; and also because the limner in words, whose efficient reproduction of its features we appropriate, has done his part with a love and care amply proving his appreciation of those invaluable qualities.

Placed over an altar in the north transept, this work represents the "Martyrdom of St. Stephen." "The saint is in a rich prelate's dress, looking as if he had just been saying mass, kneeling in the foreground, and perfectly serene. The stones are flying about him like hail, and the ground is covered with them as thickly as if it were a river-bed. But in the midst of them, at the saint's right hand, there is a book lying, crushed, but open, two or three stones, which have torn one of its leaves, lying upon it. The freedom and ease with which the leaf is crumpled, is just as characteristic of the master as any of the grander features; no one but Tintoret could have so crushed a leaf; but the idea is still more characteristic of him, for the book is evidently meant for the Mosaic History, which Stephen has just been expounding, and its being crushed by the stones shows how the blind rage of the Jews was violating their own law in the murder of Stephen. In the upper part of the picture are three figures,—Christ, the Father, and St. Michael. Christ, of course, on the right hand of the Father, as Stephen saw him standing, but there is little dignity in this part of the conception. In the middle of the picture, which is also the middle distance, are three or four men throwing stones, with Tintoret's usual vigour of gesture, and behind them an immense and confused crowd; so that at first we wonder where St. Paul is; but presently we observe, that, in the front of this crowd, and almost exactly in the centre of the picture, there is a figure seated on the ground, very noble and quiet, and with some loose garments thrown across his knees. It is dressed in vigorous black and red. The figure of the Father in the sky above is dressed in black and red also, and these two figures are the centres of colour to the whole design. It is almost impossible to praise too highly the refinement of conception which withdrew the unconverted St. Paul into the distance, so as entirely to separate him from the immediate interest of the scene, and yet marked the dignity to which he was afterwards to be raised, by investing him with the colours which occurred nowhere else in the picture, except in the dress which veils the form of the Godhead. It is also to be noted as an interesting example of the value which the painter put upon colour only; another composer would have thought it necessary to exalt the future apostle by some peculiar dignity of action or expression. The posture of the figure is indeed grand, but inconspicuous; Tintoret does not depend upon it, and thinks that the figure is quite ennobled enough by being made a keynote of colour.

"It is also worth observing how boldly imaginative is the treatment which covers the ground with piles of stones, and yet leaves the martyr apparently unwounded. Another painter would have covered him with blood, and elaborated the expression of pain upon his countenance. Tintoret leaves us under no doubt as to what manner of death he is dying; he makes the air hurtle with the stones, but he does not choose to make his picture disgusting, or even painful. The face of the martyr is serene and exulting, and we leave the picture remembering only how 'he fell asleep.'" *

* The reader, if there be one to whom the touching story of this excellent churchman is not known, may find it in the histories of Derbyshire, or in those of the Great Plague of 1665-6; see also Rhodes' "Peak Scenery," pp. 31—43.

* See "Stones of Venice," vol. iii. p. 304.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE HARVEST-FIELD.

C. Tscheggeny, Painter. J. Cousen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 8½ in.

Charles Tscheggeny, an artist of the modern Belgian school, is a painter whose works are not altogether unknown in England. He was born in 1815, and, we believe, was for some time employed in the civil service of the Belgian government, which he quitted, in 1837, to devote himself entirely to the pursuit of painting. Admitted into the studio of Verboeckhoven,—more, however, as a friend than a professed pupil,—he acquired those principles of Art which distinguish the works of this excellent animal-painter. In 1845, Tscheggeny received from the Academy of Brussels the gold medal for a picture,—"The Labourer at Rest,"—which is now in the possession of the King of the Belgians. In 1848 and the following year he visited England, passing his time chiefly in London and Oxford, in each of which cities he received several commissions for portraits of favourite horses. Two pictures he painted while here, were exhibited at our Royal Academy in 1850; one was entitled, "An Episode of the Field of Battle," but it was hung so high as to be almost out of the reach of critical remark: the subject is a wounded soldier lying partly underneath his dead charger; another horse, which has lost his rider, is in the act of nearly trampling on the prostrate man, as the animal gallops wildly over the field. So far as we could judge of the merits of the picture, at the distance it hung from the spectator, the composition is spirited, and the figure and horses are very correctly drawn. The other—"The Straw-yard"—was placed in the room appropriated to the drawings and miniatures. Of this work we had a closer inspection;—the title declares the subject; the various animals introduced are picturesquely and appropriately grouped, are life-like, and painted with considerable delicacy of touch: but, like the majority of pictures by his master Verboeckhoven, the tone of colour is low, especially when compared with that adopted by our own animal-painters.

The first important picture painted by Tscheggeny, after his return to Brussels, was the "Harvest-field" here engraved. It was exhibited in the Academy of Brussels in 1851, and gained for the artist the decoration of the "Order of Leopold." The work was selected by the government as one of several pictures to be disposed of by lottery;—the person to whose lot it fell sent it to the Dublin Industrial Exhibition in 1853, where it was seen and purchased by the Queen. There is very considerable merit in this production, though the colouring of some parts is open to objection; the shadows, for example, are heavy and unnaturally opaque. Had they been painted with greater transparency, the whole work would have assumed a more luminous appearance; moreover, the long shadow projecting from the waggon and horses into the immediate foreground is too straight and formal, and, from its uniformity of depth and the parallel lines it presents, seems to convey the idea of great irregularity in the ground,—the shadowed part looking like the edge of a slight elevation, when the whole is evidently intended to be a flat surface: the engraver has judiciously broken the long shadows, and reduced their intensity. The general colour of the picture is good; the heat of an autumnal afternoon pervades the entire landscape, which exhibits the peculiarity of the natural scenery of Belgium,—extensive tracts of land brought under cultivation, but unadorned with those objects which the English landscape-painter finds in his own country;—noble trees skirting the fields in many places, and the monotony of cultivated lands relieved by the verdure of thick umbrageous woods.

The horses in this picture are well drawn, and have evidently been sketched from nature; but Landseer or Herring would scarcely have put the "leader" of the team so much in the shade, or rather would have given to the animal greater transparency of colouring than Tscheggeny has: he has fallen into a similar error to that pointed out on the stubble.

The picture of the "Harvest-field" is in the Collection at Osborne.

ON ENAMEL-PAINTING.

BY CHARLES TOMLINSON.

[*Enamel*, properly so called, is a glass rendered opaque by means of the hydrated oxide of tin (stannic acid); and *enamel-painting* is the art of painting in vitrifiable colours on a ground so prepared; but, as *enamel colours* and *vitrifiable colours* are usually taken as synonymous, we shall, in the following papers, take enamel-painting to mean the art of producing designs in vitrifiable colours on a prepared ground of porcelain, earthenware, glass, or metal.]

An artist in oil and an artist in enamel were one day discussing the well-worn subject of the cleaning of the national pictures. "My pictures," said the enamel-painter, "never want cleaning; theirs is a perennial youth."—"But," retorted the other, "they crack in the fire, or come out warped or flawed, and produce *fata morgana* landscapes."—"Not now," replied the enamel-painter, "we know how to fire our work better than they did formerly. Now here is a picture that has been five times through the fire, and it is neither cracked nor warped." The oil-painter examined it attentively, admitted its merits as a work of Art, and returned it with the remark, "There is a flaw in it." The other heaved a sigh, and made some remark about people having sharp eyes.

This little incident may serve as an exponent of the strength and the weakness of enamel-painting. It is quite right that the enamel-painter should prefer his branch of Art to any other branch, or even to the parent stem; for such we must consider oil-painting to be, even though it be objected that the children are older than the parent. No progress can be made without enthusiasm; and we are disposed to look kindly on even the vagaries of a man whose heart is in his work. The dancing-master, who could not understand how the prime-minister, William Pitt, could be a great man, since *he* could never make anything of him, had his soul in his profession: so had also an acquaintance of ours, a teacher of the Spanish guitar, who claimed for that feeble instrument a rank above that of the pianoforte, because the *slur* could be so much better executed on the one instrument than on the other. Doubtless the strength of enamel-painting lies in its durability. Of course, in estimating this valuable property, we do not take accidents into account; for the disasters of fire, and the no less terrible disasters of clumsy housemaids, cannot be said to have anything to do with the durability of the painting, however much they may limit that of the article which it adorns. Nor can we take into account the carelessness of the owner, such as we have lately witnessed at the country-seat of a celebrated collector, where costly specimens of Sèvres, Chelsea, and Bow, were arranged, on edge, on small unsafe-looking shelves and brackets attached to the wall, without cover of any kind. It appeared as if the slamming of a door, or a high wind, to say nothing of the daily cleaning of the room, would be sufficient to destroy unique specimens which could never be replaced. Nor can we take into account the calculation of the South-American gentleman, who was accustomed to estimate the shock of an earthquake by the amount of crockery destroyed. Accidents then apart, there is absolutely no limit to the durability of an enamel painting. Provided the specimen pass through its various fiery ordeals unscathed, it is immortal. It may witness the slow but sure decay of the canvas and the paper; Rubens or Velasquez may become dingy or worn, and want cleaning or restoring; your Woolletts and Stranges may become yellow and brittle, and past hope of cure: while the enamel painting alone has imbibed the *elixir vitæ*, and is superior to the ordinary accidents of mortality. Damp walls and smoky rooms affect it not; dust may sully its fair face, but a wet sponge will renew its radiance. It does not fade nor crack, nor does its surface scale off. The *amatorii* of the majolica-ware still perpetuate the names, the dresses, and the charms of "the fairest of the fair" of their day; the snow-white enamel of Lucca della Robbia still continues to dazzle us; and the *pièces rustiques* of Palissy charm us with their fresh quaintness; for even quaintness is fresh when the fields, the woods, and the streams have lent their inspiration to it.

Conceding, then, to the enamel-painter whatever advantages he may claim for his art on the score of durability—admitting that this is the strong point of the art, let us now say a few words about what we said was the weak one, or rather *one* of the weak ones; for enamel-painting has other weaknesses besides that of crazing or cracking in the furnace, or warping, or forming bubbles or numerous minute pits, flaws, or discolorations. Our friend, the enamel-painter, states that productions of this kind do not crack or craze in the fire as formerly. That statement does not agree with our experience. A few years ago, on visiting the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Meissen, near Dresden, we saw a slab containing a beautiful group of roses which had just been taken out of the fire cracked in two pieces, and warped. Such accidents are far from being rare, although much less frequent than formerly. But what shall we say to the multitude of minor accidents to which the work is subject during the firing, any one of which is often sufficient to ruin in a moment the labour of weeks. The light which chemistry has thrown upon the art has revealed the causes of most of the ills to which the enamel is subject: others can only be avoided by practical skill, which can neither be taught nor transmitted: others, again, are still unexplained, and, as ignorance and superstition are twin sisters, the artists fall back upon the fancies of the old enamel-painters, and declare the cause of failure to be in the air, or in the breath of the lookers on, and they forbid the approach to the work of any one who has been eating garlic or taking blue pill.*

The palette of the enamel-painter is the Sahara of Art—dry, cheerless, and discouraging, and a furnace in the distance. The various metallic oxides ground up with essential oils, which form the pigments, give little or no promise to the untaught eye of what they will be when they have passed through the fire. Before that process they are absolutely hideous, and as the artist so carefully and tenderly lays them on, we see indeed the form of a group of flowers, or of the human face divine, but we turn with disgust from the dark lines and patches which seem to be a mockery of Art.

In an oil-painting it is positively delicious to watch the proceedings of a skilful artist—to see the brightening colours grow into the poetry of form, and to draw cheerfulness and encouragement from every touch: in fact we see *progress*, which always inspires cheerfulness. In the enamel-painter's work the progress is not apparent. He appears to be working in the dark—groping after effects—enjoying nothing of the present, but addressing himself, as it were, to the posterity which lies on the other side of that purgatory which is to try his work by fire. And such is the tentative nature of the process, that this fiery ordeal is merely an elaborate method of taking a proof impression, to enable the artist to touch and retouch—to fire again so as to get another proof; and yet a third, a fourth, a fifth time must the work be passed through the dangerous Gehenna, and at each trial the work is subject to a multitude of accidents which may deteriorate, deface, or ruin it; which accidents we will now briefly consider, in order to show that our artist's boast of the efficacy of his fire insurance requires at least some modification.

Considering that the lowest heat of the muffle in which the colours are vitrified is about 1100° Fahr., and that some colours require as high a temperature as 1850°, we may readily suppose how difficult it is to regulate the furnace. The most successful method of proceeding is to begin with a low heat, to raise this rapidly up to the maximum, and as rapidly to let down the furnace. All notions of economy of fuel must be sent to the winds—what is wanted is a fierce, but short heat. A moderate but long continued heat may produce *de*vitrification of the enamels, wherein the elements of the flux recombine in a different manner, and produce an opaque substance known as *Reaumur's porcelain*. If the temperature be carried too high, the more delicate colours, such as the roses and the greys, become faint or disappear altogether, while the blues, the greens, and the blacks remain. On the other hand, if the maximum temperature be

* The Abbé Jaubert (*Dictionnaire des Arts et Métiers*, Lyons, 1801, article *Peinture en Email*), speaking of the dangers of firing the work, and the causes which lead to its failure, says: "On accuse encore quelquefois la mauvaise température de l'air, et même l'haleine des personnes qui ont approché de la plaque pendant qu'on la peignoit; c'est par cette raison que les artistes éloignent ceux qui ont mangé de l'ail, et ceux qui sont soupçonnés d'être dans les remèdes mercuriels."



C. TSCHAGGENY, PINX.

J. COUSEN, SCULP.

THE HARVEST-FIELD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

too low, the colours come out without that peculiar creaminess and glossiness which belong to this art; they remain dull and lifeless. By long experience, some artists estimate very correctly the proper temperature by the colour of the fire; but the most usual method is by means of *watches*, or small slabs of porcelain bearing some trial colour: these are introduced, from time to time, into the muffle, by an opening made for the purpose, and the indications afforded by these watches, on being withdrawn, show how the vitrification is going on within. The trial colour usually selected is the carmine produced by the purple precipitate of Cassius. This acts as a useful exponent of all the other colours employed, and varies considerably in tint, according to the temperature. By arranging, therefore, a scale of temperatures corresponding with a scale of tints, a tolerably accurate thermoscope is produced. A third method of judging of the temperature is by the expansion of a bar of fine silver, nearly eight inches long, introduced into the muffle, and connected with a graduated apparatus on the outside. Such is *Brongniart's pyrometer*, which has long been used with good effect at Sèvres.

But supposing the heat of the fire to be well regulated, there are many causes, slight and scarcely to be appreciated, which render it uncertain whether the desired tint will be obtained. With so delicate a colour as the purple precipitate of Cassius, the method of porphyrisation with water or with oil, a little more or less finely; the difference of touch of different artists in laying on the same colour,—will produce differences of tone, although the other circumstances of firing, &c., may not vary.

The kind of fuel employed for heating the muffle has an influence on the colours, for, whatever precautions be taken, it is scarcely possible to prevent some of the products of combustion from reaching the inside. The smoke of common coal is most disastrous, spoiling all the colours; wood appears to act injuriously in consequence of the pyroligneous acids which are developed. Charcoal is less objectionable, although the carbonic *oxide*, rather than the *acid* arising from it, appears to be a source of some danger. Coke has also the grave objection of producing sulphurous acid. So injurious is an acid in the muffle that it is necessary to wash thoroughly all the reds procured from sulphate of iron, in order to get rid of the least traces of acid. It is also stated that a muffle in which couperose has been calcined cannot be used for the firing of the colours.

Another source of danger lurks in the oxide of lead, which is absolutely required in the preparation of certain colours, but is injurious to the development of some others. The fixed alkalies used in the composition of the glaze may also react on the colouring oxides, especially when the muffle attains its maximum temperature. The oxide of chrome is peculiarly liable to this defect, the green intended to be produced becoming yellow. So also the oxide of tin used in some glazes imparts its own opacity to the colours. Nor is the choice of the kaolin—the canvas of the enamel-painter—a matter of indifference, some kinds being more favourable to the colours than others. There are even some kinds of kaolin which are positively inimical to certain colours; thus the kaolin of Ebreuil will not allow any colour derived from gold to be developed.

The oxide of lead, the potash, and the soda, may not only act injuriously on the contiguous colours by contact, but those oxides at certain temperatures become volatilised, and may thus affect injuriously every colour in the muffle. Vapour of water, if present, appears to act mechanically rather than chemically; but we have heard of a curious instance of the vapour arising from a crowded assembly acting injuriously on the delicate colour produced by the purple precipitate of Cassius. Some novel effects of glass-painting, produced by this colour, had been used in a church window, and were observed some time after to have faded. On a close inspection, the artist found that one single piece had escaped the general degradation, and that the coloured surface of this piece had been accidentally turned out to the weather, while all the other glass had, as usual, the coloured surfaces within. Now this delicate colour had resisted the rain and the dew, the sunshine and the wind—the pure influences of nature, in fact; while the sheltered portions, exposed to the air which was frequently poisoned by the respiration of human beings and the combustion of lamps and candles, became corroded and spoiled:—a powerful argument this in favour of ventilation.

But, to return to our subject, such are the difficulties of enamel-painting that a piece may pass with success through the ordeal of two firings, displaying a good development of colours; and yet, after having been retouched and fired a third time, it may come out scaled and crazed. This arises from an unequal expansion and contraction between the porcelain and the colours, in consequence of the metallic oxides and the fluxes having been badly compounded. This effect does not belong to soft porcelain, which greedily absorbs the vitrifiable substances placed on it,—and the exemption once led to an ingenious fraud. The art of making the soft porcelain of Sèvres of the best period having been lost, and the best specimens of that period fetching enormous prices, the dealers some years ago discovered a method of giving to inferior specimens the outward appearances of the finest. They filed off the old paintings, and employed skilful enamel-painters to copy and otherwise imitate the works of the best Sèvres artists on the ground thus prepared, and, on passing these spurious specimens through the fire, it was found that they had in their first manufacture absorbed so much glaze that enough remained to come up to the surface and combine with the new enamel colours which were being vitrified. This plan was so successful that the market was flooded with specimens of the best period, and the very richness of the harvest led to suspicion and discovery of the fraud. So excellent are some of these specimens that none but the most experienced dealers can detect them, and even these have been at fault, and have had to apply to the museum at Sèvres, where the models are preserved of every piece that has been executed within its walls.

On another occasion we propose to offer some remarks on the æsthetic principles of the Art, and on the chemistry of the colours employed in enamel-painting.

OBITUARY.

MR. RICHARD COOK, R.A.

The death of this artist, on the 11th of the last month, will, at length, erase his name from the list of Royal Academicians, where, for many years past, it ought not to have stood; inasmuch as we never remember to have seen a picture from his hand during the whole course of our connection with the Arts. Of this matter we have once and again said our say, and need not therefore enter upon it again: besides, *de mortuis*, &c. Mr. Cook was in his 74th year.

MR. EDWARD FINDEN.

There are few names which have been more extensively connected with the engraved publications of the last forty years than that of Mr. Edward Finden, whose death, after a long and painful bodily affliction of five or six years' duration, occurred on February the 9th.

Edward Finden, as well as his elder brother William, with whom he was long associated in his profession, and whose death is recorded in the *Art-Journal* of November, 1852, was a pupil of the late Mr. James Mitan. His first works of any importance were undertaken in connection with the late Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, for whom he executed engravings to illustrate the voyages of some of our enterprising Arctic and other travellers—Franklin, Parry, Lyons, Back, Beechey, Denham, &c. A very considerable number of the engravings in the "Annuals" were also produced under his direction. The first work he commenced in connection with his brother was the "Landscape Illustrations of Byron," the sale of which was very large, and, we believe, remunerative: it was undertaken by the brothers, and published on their own responsibility. This was followed by the "Landscape Bible," "The Graces," "Beauties of the Poets," and some others of minor character. Their most important work, however, was the "Gallery of British Art," but to them, as proprietors, the most unfortunate; for, after being carried through several numbers in the most spirited and satisfactory manner, the Messrs. Finden, in order to save themselves from utter ruin, were compelled to bring it to a close: but even so far it involved both in pecuniary difficulties, which pressed heavily upon them during the remainder of their lives. In our "review" columns of last month we noticed the republication, by Messrs. Griffin, of Glasgow, of this really beautiful national work: its premature discontinuance was much regretted by all who take an interest in such matters, for it promised well as one of the finest publications produced in any country. The last venture made by Mr. E. Finden was the "Beauties of Thomas Moore:" this unhappily also turned out an unprofitable speculation, though it certainly deserved success.

There cannot be a doubt that the enterprise, energy, and talents of the Messrs. Finden were the means of extending over the country a love of fine-art publications; and those they produced were calculated to improve the public taste: the names of these artists deserve, therefore, to be associated with those of all others whose efforts have tended to the intellectual culture of their fellow-men, and as such to be held in our respect. William Finden engraved several large plates for separate publication, but we do not remember any on which the *burin* of the younger brother was solely employed; in fact, we believe the former was the engraver, *par excellence*, while the other was the man of business, superintending the staff of able assistants in their studio, aiding them by his advice and experience, putting the final touches to their plates, and directing the issue of the publications.

Mr. Edward Finden was a kind, warm-hearted man, ever ready, when he had it in his power, to render assistance to those who needed it. At the time of his death he had reached the age of 65.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

The death of this accomplished and truly estimable nobleman, briefly announced in our last number, demands more from us than a mere passing notice, such as we had then only time to give.

Literature, the Arts, and the Sciences have lost in Francis Leveson Gower a warm friend, a liberal and enlightened patron. Endowed by nature with intellectual qualities of a high order, which, as a young man, he took every opportunity of cultivating and extending, he applied his attainments to the noblest and best purposes—the moral, social, and mental improvement of mankind. Before he reached his twentieth year he had written and published for private circulation a volume of poems, and at various subsequent periods of his life his taste for literature showed itself in the production of several poetical works, especially in translations of the poets of Germany, and in adaptations of foreign dramatic writers.

Receiving by inheritance the renowned "Bridgewater Collection" of pictures, his lordship testified to the public how worthy he was of receiving so noble a possession by adding to it a number of the best works of our most distinguished living painters, by erecting the splendid mansion at the end of Pall Mall for their reception, and by throwing his galleries open, at suitable opportunities, that the public might enjoy the privilege of inspecting their contents.

The Earl of Ellesmere was a trustee of the National Gallery, and had also been appointed, just before his decease, one of the commissioners of the the projected National Portrait Gallery. The loss of such a man will not only be felt among the classes we have alluded to: it will be felt everywhere, from the "order" of which he was so bright an ornament, down, through the various ranks of society who were admitted into his company, to the humblest of the community, whose welfare he earnestly endeavoured to promote. Fully appreciating the worth of this excellent man in its manifold bearings, we think the noblest and truest inscription that can be placed on his monument would be the words of the Psalmist—"He hath dispersed abroad, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness remaineth for ever."

BARON DESNOYERS.

The Paris papers of the early part of last month announced the death of the Baron Desnoyers, one of the most eminent French engravers. His best works are his plates after the pictures of Raffaelle, which have a European celebrity.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Messieurs Dantan, sen. and jun., have been ordered to execute the busts of General de Maroiles and Perrin de Jonquière, two officers who died gloriously on the field of battle in the Crimea: they are for the Gallery of Versailles.—M. Flandrin has been named Professor of Painting at the School of Fine Arts, in the room of the late M. Delaroche.—The king of Prussia has conferred the Order of Merit on M. R. Fleury.—Cornelius has just finished a grand cartoon of the "Preparation for the Last Judgment;" it is now exhibited at Dresden.—A portion of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch has been sold by auction; the amount realised was 112,000 francs, but it is rumoured the pictures were almost all bought in.—Kaulbach has recently finished a picture of the "Death of Cæsar" for his Shakspere Gallery.—A painting, presumed to be by Giotto, in excellent preservation, representing a Virgin and Child, has just been discovered in the possession of a dealer in old stores at Saint Jean du Gard.

ANTWERP.—M. Wuyts, a wine-merchant of this city, recently deceased, has bequeathed to his countrymen, on the death of his widow, his fine collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, containing among them valuable examples of the works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Van Dyck, &c.

MILAN.—The Emperor of Austria has given orders for a monument to be erected in this city to Leonardo da Vinci, whose noble fresco of "The Last Supper," in the Convent delle Grazie, is to be restored, by imperial command.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Mayor and Corporation of Birmingham have met, and unanimously passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Sheepshanks for his munificent gift to the nation. A copy of the resolution was engrossed, and sent in an oaken box to Mr. Sheepshanks.

EDINBURGH.—We have generally devoted a considerable space in our columns to a notice of the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; but we find, at least for the present, our pages so pre-occupied that we can only afford room for a few general notes. In portraiture, the president, Sir J. W. Gordon, takes the lead; he exhibits seven pictures, among which the portraits of A. Campbell, Esq., of Blythswood, and of Mrs. Campbell, of Monzie Castle, stand pre-eminent. Mr. J. Swinton has an excellent portrait of Lady Claude Hamilton; Mr. J. Graham Gilbert, of Mrs. W. Cowper and Mrs. R. Macfarlane, besides others; Mr. Smith, of A. Buchan, Esq., and of Mr. C. Grahame. Mr. Macnee exhibits several portraits. Mr. G. Harvey's picture of "Bunyan at the door of his Prison" is quite worthy of his well-established reputation: this affecting incident in the life of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is illustrated with much pathetic and descriptive power; the subject and its skilful treatment would cause it to make a highly interesting and effective engraving. Two pictures by Mr. James Drummond, entitled respectively "Scottish Music" and "Borderers," are pleasing and clever works. "Christ betrayed by Judas," by Mr. R. S. Lauder, is a work of high pretensions, and manifests, in many points, passages of considerable power and excellence; the figure of Christ, for example, and the heads of the Apostles, are striking and dignified; but a subject of this nature requires genius of the highest order to render it perfectly successful, and Mr. Lauder's is not equal to the undertaking. "The Messenger of Evil Tidings," by Mr. W. Douglas, illustrates a supposed scene in the time of the great civil war: a courier, who seems to have travelled a long distance and with great speed, has presented to a venerable-looking personage, in his ancestral hall, a document portending evil news; for as his master reads it his countenance indicates alarm, a feeling in which his young daughter, who clings to his arm, participates: a number of domestics have forced their way into the "presence," eager to hear the tidings which have reached the house. The story is dramatically put on the canvas, and is well coloured. The "Alchemist," another work by the same hand, is an interior, full of choice old artistic "stuff," among which is seated their owner, deeply intent on unravelling some mystery or other, the unfolding of which may, perhaps, give immortality to his name if not to his years. Mr. J. E. Lauder has two pictures from sacred history, "Gethsemane," and "Hagar." Mr. Noel Paton's "Hesperus," a title he has given to a young couple, kneeling and pledging to each other eternal constancy, is, like all the works of this poetical artist, full of graceful fancy and gentle feeling. Mr. Paton's mind is too educated to treat a commonplace subject in an ordinary way; and so, while he has shown originality in the treatment of this, he has still not "o'erstepped the modesty of nature:" it is a sweet picture. We may probably in a future number be able to go more explicitly into the exhibition of the Scottish Academy: till then we must defer all notice of the landscapes, and of such other works as we would gladly refer to now, if space permitted.

PENZANCE.—A portrait of Colonel Scobell, for twenty years chairman of the Penzance Union, has been recently hung in the Board-room of the Union. The picture is painted by Mr. Pentreath, of that town, an artist whose landscapes, exhibited at the Royal Academy, we have occasionally pointed out; the work was subscribed for by the guardians of the Union, and presented by them as a tribute of respect to their chairman. Those who know the venerable officer, and have also seen the portrait, speak of it as an excellent likeness, and a well-executed work of Art.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

LIPPING THE "ROUND POND," &c.

WE want Art in Kensington Gardens, and, as a duty, we periodically have something to say about them—just as we now and then mildly object to the Sculpture-room in the Royal Academy, and some few other Art-abuses and shortcomings! Thus we again raise our voice in regard to Kensington Gardens. We are glad, however, to be able to add honestly, that Sir Benjamin Hall already deserves well there of the public, for the many seats and resting-places that he has of late provided.

Our knowledge of Kensington Gardens reaches back many years. We are proportionally attached to them, and think we have a right to talk about them. We recollect them when they had quite a different character from what they now possess: when they were walled and ivyed all around, and had an air of seclusion more like that of some country demesne, than of royal grounds close to a great city. We remember when at the corner nearest to the site of the Exhibition stood a mount just within the gate, so steep as to be dangerous to adventurous urchins; and when at the opposite corner, near the old kitchen-garden of the Palace, which is now "Palace Gardens," was a recluse pond amid the yew-trees, that still afford so charmingly sombre a shade (all which spot being called, "The Siege of Troy"). These two features—the "mount" and the "pond"—have passed away. Both had evils, which were neutralised by a simple act—the one was thrown into the other; and for many years now has the green level turf, that so freshly clothes our parks, been growing over their sites—that delicious, springy, fragrant, verdant "*gazon*" which our neighbours envy us, and which we do not prize half enough, till we have been out of our own isles. How superior, for instance, is the turf of Kensington Gardens or Regent's Park, to the dusty surface of the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne! What trees, too, we have in Kensington Gardens! There are limes and elms there as luxuriant, and nearly as large, as any in the country; and in the early summer, how bright and delicious is the pink and white hawthorn bloom, and somewhat later the balsam-like flowerings of the horse-chestnut! Of the last a noble example bends over the wall and shades the road near Kensington Gate, opposite Craven Place, holding out in its great arms a royal bouquet of bloom; and our good Queen sometimes stops her carriage to look at it, as an old acquaintance, no doubt—as many of her early days were passed in Kensington. Later still, the many limes take up the office of welcoming the stranger with their honeyed fragrance and golden bells and balls, pendent in myriad drops, each from beneath its flower-leaf. Sit beneath the branches, and a multitudinous hum, almost a roar, surges on the ear, of the many bees that are thronging above, below, within and without, among the flowers for nectar and pollen—that is, for board and lodging, as they make honey of the one, and their cells of the other!

As veritable Cockneys we are desirous of enjoying what we have, and we *have* Kensington Gardens. We are jealous of their reputation. As loyal subjects, too, and independent Britons, and common-sense people—oh, those English expressions!—we are aware we gladly pay our portion towards keeping them up, and, therefore, we deem we have good right to walk in them and enjoy them: and to see other people enjoy them too, which they do very much. And we are grateful that we have all this pleasure in these gardens, without the trouble of being their exclusive master; and we are very proud that when we come back in the autumn from our summer rambles east, west, north and south, that we can still look on our accustomed haunts with satisfaction, and feel that after all, we have not met with anything superior to them in their way. It must be allowed, however, that the autumn is not the most favourable season for the charms of this spot; but that is all the fault of the smoke of London, which, as we are strong hopers—on principle as well as by nature—we *trust* will soon be ameliorated or done away with altogether. Why if it were, it would not be half so wonderful as the Electric Telegraph! and so, in our "mind's eye," we have a vision of the gardens some future autumn as fair as in spring. At present it may not be denied, though the young spring foliage of the trees in the early days of the year is just as fresh and transparent and green as it would be fifty miles from the metropolis—and though the flocks of Mr. Slater, the great Kensington purveyor, are quite white enough for imaginary Corydons and Phyllises to tend for the first week of their sojourn—that in the after part of the season the leaves become somewhat sombre, the trunks of the trees dirty, and the white fleece sooty, doubtless frequently reminding the dear little children—of which there is usually such a plentiful crop trotting about on the turf in knots and hand in hand, like fairy rings of peripatetic mushrooms—of the familiar nursery rhyme, "Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any wool?"

We are grateful, however, for what we have, and still more so for what we hope to have. Does not Rochefoucault make use of some such expression as "Gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come!" And we are grateful to Sir Benjamin Hall if he is prepared to go on with his ideas as to this locality—at least, in as far as he may be quite sure of his ground. As regards the keeping up and further embellishment of the gardens, for the healthy and worthy recreation of the people, he may feel morally certain he is doing no harm, but undivided good.

Up to the present time, in the course of its changes, Kensington Gardens appear to have been unusually fortunate, and to have enjoyed an immunity from the evil fate which generally overtakes old places which are being improved! Each step for many years has been in the right direction, and the opening out of them to public view from various quarters has been done without spoiling them. To be sure, all this could not be effected without a change from their original recluse character; but we must allow (although archæologically inclined) that all has been so well done that they are all the better for it. It cannot be said of the dryad of the spot—if there be one—as of Byron's famous simile of beauty and the butterfly:—

> "For each touch that wooed its stay,
> Has brushed its brightest hues away."

For she appears all the brighter for the attentions she has received—especially for those of the present Chief Commissioner, who has not only provided so many lovers' seats "under the hawthorn's shade," that, may be, their influence will be perceived in the statistics of metropolitan marriages; but he has judiciously widened some of the old walks, altered others, and created new ones—planting young trees here and there with good taste and forethought, as a "rising generation," to take the place in good time of those that show symptoms of decay.

To enhance Nature by heightening her best points is the backbone of English landscape gardening—and Sir Benjamin has regarded this, in treating a space originally laid out, and very well too, by William III. So far so good, but we wish him to go on further still, and take quite a *stride*, in addition. We want him to add Art to Nature, and to add Sculpture to Kensington Gardens, and a little Architecture too, and some ornamental decoratious. We should be very glad to see £5000 voted by Parliament for the purpose.

It may appear a very simple announcement, that the "round pond" in Kensington Gardens is not a round pond! It is called the round pond, and the name has stood for the fact; nevertheless, it is not a round pond, and never has been a round pond, strictly speaking, although its edges have been at

times stamped in and worn out of its original shape. The fact is, that its area, though approximating to a circle, is of a regular composite form, and has properly a margin of round and straight lines, combined strictly in an ornamental character, and pleasing enough. And here comes our first substantial suggestion—viz., that this be made emphatic, and that the "round pond," so called, be forthwith handsomely lipped with stone, which would, once for all, preserve its margin and define its form.

In addition, our fancy can well picture how fountains, symmetrically arranged in this basin, would enhance the scene—for apart from the Art-charms they might possess, the eye is never weary of looking on moving water. People, for instance, ever gather round, with pleased attention, to watch even the vagaries of a burst pipe in the street, and will go miles in the country, and make elaborate picnics, to visit "falls!" But supposing fountains were ever here, we would not have them too high—for that is a great mistake. We don't want, as familiars, aqueous convulsions—great geysers! Such may be all very well as "*tours de force*" now and then at Crystal Palaces, but for our friends, commend us to gentle-minded fountains, ever flowing and cheering the scene, combined with forms of Art, and never standing arid and forlorn, and gasping like a dry pump! It must be a very beautiful Art-fountain indeed, that will stand the test of being streamless. If such an image may be permitted, a dry fountain is only a fit companion for a "*hortus siccus;*" but in a live garden, with the vegetable life-blood bubbling up in all the tiny cells around, and thrusting forth leaves and buds and flowers at all the plants' finger tips, it is quite out of place.

However, for the present we will be satisfied without the fountains, and rest content with the centre basin being substantially and gracefully lipped with durable British stone, or, perhaps, "pietra dura," which might be better. We flatter ourselves that this would at once find favour with all who love gardens in general, and these in particular; but, as our idea is one of principle, perhaps we may be excused for a little more detail.

When ornamental forms are introduced in the laying out of pieces of water, they demand a precise architectural finish. If the basin in question were irregular, like the Serpentine, such would be out of place; but, as it is of an artificial form, it requires to be so completed as a piece of Art, and as an architectural feature. A house or a palace is a piece of artifice; it may be regarded as especially man's work. Then comes the Garden, which may well be treated as a piece of Nature's and man's work combined; and then the Park and Grounds beyond, which may well be left to Nature's hand, except as regards trimming them of weeds and tangles. May not this apply to Kensington Palace, Kensington Gardens, and Hyde Park? We confess we do not object to a moderate piece of ground, in immediate contiguity to a residence, being laid out in the most formal manner, with terraces, steps, and even trimmed yew hedges—affording as it were a continuation of the house out of doors, which, in fine weather, you may well use as such. What carpet so soft as close-shorn turf, or so decorated as the gay parterre? What walls so charming as the well-kept trees—affording shade and cool shelter? or what roof so delicious as their branches, each over each in their high depths, with the blue sky over all? Such pleasant spots, "clipt and trimmed and deftly kept," immediately adjoining a house appear to us as in the best taste; and we have Lord Bacon on our side, who wrote a good deal about gardening. When the free-and-easy style, called English landscape gardening, came in (as we are apt to go to extremes) it swept away a vast deal that was worth retaining, and many a charming yew fence and group of philareas (one of our earliest ornamental trees in England)—the growth of years—was ruthlessly sacrificed to meet the new fashion. The precisely formed and more decorated portion of garden and grounds immediately around the house may be viewed as forming the extended fortress (every man's house in England being his castle), and hold the position of "outworks," the house itself being the citadel, to which he retreats at the advent of bad and cold weather. But when the sun comes out, and the wind blows from the south, open fly windows and doors again, and out come he and his family, rejoicing anew, into his more extended apartments, which have only floors and walls to bound him, and nothing above but the far away sky for ceiling!

This is the philosophy, in our idea, of the immediate *entourage* of a house. You walk out of your house into a *soignée* decorated space of walks and turf, and flowers and shrubs. It is a belonging to the residence, and a dress to the façade. It is an *introduction* to the wilder parts of the domain. It gives the residence a *place*. It shades the bricks and mortar off into the country; it makes them seem to grow there appropriately, and prevents a house looking as if it were plumped down in the middle of a green field, or a wood, as if it had no business there!

To go a little further as to Kensington Gardens. Whatever may be thought of the Palace, it is allowed on all hands that the garden is well laid out, so as not only to produce a good effect in each portion of it, but to obtain a great appearance of extent. From the basin, for instance, although vistas extend in various directions, hardly a house is to be seen; or, if one or two appear in the distance, they only look like far-away country places. The basin is situated symmetrically in front of the Palace, and as an adjunct to it, and forms the centre of the design of the gardens, from which, as a fixed point, the other arrangements take their rise and extend. A broad expanse of sward surrounds it, bounded on the west by the broad gravel walk crossing from Kensington to Bayswater, and on the other three by masses of fine trees, broken here and there by vistas and avenues. It is near and backing against these plantations, and away from the basin, but fronting to it as a central point, that we would suggest the first introduction of decorative features of a high character—such as fine examples of statues and urns, each on pedestals. Such would "tell," as the landscape-painter would say, admirably as lighter points against the broad green masses of trees; repeating also the general circular form of the basin at greater width, and drawing out the sight to embrace the whole open space. We see no reason why we might not have the effigies of some of our worthies here. The house still stands in Kensington which was occupied by Newton. Why not have a Newton in Kensington Gardens, and a Bacon, and a Shakspere, and other great spirits? The post-house which Oliver Cromwell used, and which even now bears his name, still stands in Knightsbridge, not a mile off. Why not then Old Noll? If, however, we be "kicking over the traces" in suggesting a lord-protector so near a royal palace, or in indicating special portrait-statues, it only arises from the wish to see intellectual worth honoured at the same time with Art; and our not suggesting the precise best subjects for these Art-enhancements does not affect the appropriateness of Art of that character being placed in Kensington Gardens. When it is, it will be sure to be welcome to the people.

There are many other spots in the gardens, at junctions of paths, and under avenues, and by the sides of the principal paths, that suggest themselves to the wandering Art-lover as appropriate sites for such Art-enhancements as are seen in the gardens of the Tuileries or the Luxembourg. We have such trees and such turf as they have not there, and far more space; but we lack the statues and the vases and their pedestals, as objects of interest, and as points in the landscape, and to enhance the green of leaves and grass with the contrast of their colour, and to give the gardens a completed character.

But of what material, it may be asked, should these works be? We would say bronze, pietra-dura, and terra-cotta, and stone for the pedestals. But bronze, it may be said, would be very expensive. Very well, then iron painted or electroed. The great thing is to *begin* to have good Art in the open air in these gardens—never mind the material at first; we may improve afterwards—that is why we mention terra-cotta, because it is cheap. Let us have iron, pietra-dura, and terra-cotta. If Sir Benjamin Hall were to set about to get works in these materials executed for this purpose, we are confident he would be met half way by both artist and manufacturer. The Colebrook Dale firm *gave* their very expensive gates in the gardens to the Crown, and several artists worked at less than half-price in doing the terrace-figures for the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham.

We fancy if the Chief Commissioner (we have seen him not a few times in the gardens, looking after the recreation of the people) would but take, in the above regard, a fresh survey, that if he did not come exactly to our conclusion, he still would arrive at one not far removed: and so, for the present, we touch our hat, and wish him a fine day for his next walk in the gardens, and an artist of refined taste for his companion—such as Sir Charles Eastlake or Mr. Redgrave.

DAVID COX
AND HIS SKETCHING-GROUND.

If any painter of our school merits the distinction of "purely English," it is the subject of this notice, for the main facts of which we are indebted to the columns of the *Brighton Gazette;* and these particulars we do not apologise for extracting, as they convey reliable information "anent" the father of a large and yet increasing family—we mean the Water-colour School. Neither the volcanic crests of the Rhine, nor the wine-bearing shores of the Moselle, have been able to charm the constancy of David Cox from his first love—Bettwys-y-Coed. There is but little of "*solidarité*" (what do not our neighbours owe the Chaussée d'Antin for this valuable word?) in the characteristics of those painters whose excursive affections comprehend everything between the Augustan Forum and the furthest Thule. David Cox set up his altar and worshipped Nature in the same fields as did Girtin, Robson, Turner, Copley Fielding, and all those who "adorned the profession" in the earlier part of our progressive century. We have seen Robson's father turn his back upon his son with these encouraging words: "Sir, I have lived by the wine trade to be an old man; but you will never live beyond your youth by your water-colour trade." The old man was right; but he did not wish to be so. And Cox remains the only link between the present and that time, now long past, the deepening twilight of which is gilded, also, by the shining names of Dewint, Prout, and others, who live now only in their works.

"Bettwys-y-Coed, a name for many years familiar to all visitors of the London exhibitions, from the numberless paintings which annually appear on their walls, representing scenes and incidents in that now much frequented and admired place, was, at the commencement of the present century, scarcely known beyond the district in which it is situated, or distinguished in any way from other Welsh towns and villages with equally-unpronounceable names. Fifty-five years ago, this then obscure and inaccessible village was visited by a young man, then as unknown as the place which became his temporary residence, who, after essaying various trades and callings, had resolved to devote himself to the art of painting. That young man was the now celebrated David Cox, who will ever be remembered as one of the most original and distinguished of England's landscape-painters. With a rare constancy, the more remarkable from the ever-changing pursuits of his youth, he has continued to be a frequent visitor to the scenes of his earlier studies. It is said that for thirty-five years he has never missed a single season. The present has been no exception to this long-established habit. Not long since the well-known, sturdy, fresh-coloured, and hearty-looking old man, now verging on fourscore years, was to be seen imbibing fresh inspiration from the perpetually-changing atmospheric effects in that mountainous district, with all the ardour and enthusiasm of youth. Many are the anecdotes told in the village of the kind-hearted and simple-minded artist who, unspoiled by success and intercourse with the world, has still preserved that most attractive and rarest of all gifts of manner—a genuine and unaffected simplicity. Many are the memorials which are proudly exhibited of his frequent and long sojourns at Bettwys. The landlord of 'The Oak' boasts of a sign-board painted by his yearly visitor. A paragraph appeared not long since in some of the papers about this sign. A Manchester manufacturer, so the tale went, had, during a recent visit, tempted the landlord with the offer of 100 guineas; the offer was accepted, and the manufacturer bore off the sign in triumph. The offer may have been made, nothing more likely, considering the enor-

mous sums which the great Art-patrons of the present day, the merchants and manufacturers of England, offer for any really-meritorious production; but if so, it was rejected. The veritable sign, as painted by the great artist, still remains in its original position; and long may it be before this pleasing reminiscence of a genuine Englishman and English painter be removed from the place for which he destined it! Sign-painting has been the occasional amusement of many artists, and sometimes it has been adopted by the less provident followers of Art as a convenient mode of settling an account with the landlord. Moreland is known to have had recourse to this expedient on more than one occasion. Wales can boast of another sign from the pencil of a distinguished landscape-painter. For the little inn of the hilly Ruthin, Richard Wilson painted the well-known 'Loggerheads,' with the inscription, 'We three Loggerheads be.' The 'Oak' at Bettwys has other memorials of the artist's skill, besides the signboard. The walls of the parlour are ornamented with specimens of his art, and that in a style very different from what he exhibits at the Water-colour Gallery. A figure, life-size, having all the effect of fresco, but probably painted in water-colour on the plaster, is a copy from memory of the fresco by Redgrave, exhibited at Westminster Hall, of Catherine Douglas securing the door with her bare arm. English artists do not, like their brethren on the Continent, form a class apart, and are not, like them, gregarious in their habits. English artists have no such places of rural rendezvous as the French meet with in the forest of Fontainebleau, at Barbioon. Perhaps the nearest approach to these continental assemblages which Great Britain affords is at Bettwys, where 'The Oak' occasionally shelters at one time ten or a dozen artists. This distinction is entirely owing to David Cox. It is his pencil that first made the little village known to the world of Art; it is the fame he has acquired which has induced others to visit this district; and for the many solid advantages which result from this succession of visitors, the inhabitants are indebted to the friendly, warm-hearted artist, who enjoys the happiness of doing good to others. What Walter Scott did for the Highlands, and Wordsworth for the Lake district, David Cox has done for Wales—attracting there not only the younger aspirants for artistic honours, but the admirers of wild, uncultivated, and picturesque scenery, and even the ordinary tourist, who hurries from place to place in search of that mental excitement he is incapable of feeling.

"To those who can appreciate such scenes, no more interesting excursion can be conceived than a visit to Bettwys. A journey of sixteen miles from Conway will bring the pilgrim to the little village, situated in a beautiful valley. On either side rise lofty hills, from which huge masses of rock stand out in bold relief against the sky,—some perfectly bare, others partially concealed by heath and fern, which grow around and upon them with the utmost luxuriance. Through the bottom of the valley rushes and roars the Llugwy, fretting and foaming over its rocky bed, until, with the Lleder, it falls into the Conway hard by. The ash and the beech spring from the fissures of the rocky banks and droop into the stream, whilst here and there bright patches of meadow and corn-land vary the surface of the lowlands.

"All around the country may be said to be Cox's land. Every wide expanse or lofty mountain, every nook and corner, every object which meets the eye, every incident and every effect which can occur in such a district has furnished a subject for his prolific pencil. The wild uplands and craggy steeps, flooded in sunshine or veiled in mists; the brawling stream and flashing river, where the water comes dancing from the hills, leaping from rock to rock with a great rush and a great cry, as only mountain torrents can, seaming their sides with threads of silvery hue and brightness. Peat-gatherers and fern-gatherers, splashing through boggy fens, or winding their weary way to strange out-of-the-way places on the hill-side or mountain-top, where not unfrequently the poor but hospitable owner will startle the visitor by producing a sketch or other memorial of some artist, perhaps now of established and wide-spread reputation, or long since removed from the scene of his triumphs and his mortifications, who years gone by had found shelter beneath the lowly storm-buffeted roof. The little church, too, how many subjects has that suggested, with its morning, its mid-day, and its evening effects—its christenings, its weddings, and its funerals, an epitome of human existence. The picture of the Welsh Funeral at Bettwys, exhibited a few years since, is one of David Cox's most impressive works; the tone of colour so perfectly in keeping with the sad scene—deep, full, and solemn. Few incidents are more touching than such a funeral scene in the dark gloom of the mountain-wild, so calculated to excite reflection upon the vastness of nature, and the littleness of men. Moel Siabod, towering to the clouds, looks down, as it has looked down, generation after generation, on the mournful throng passing slowly beneath its shadow. A Welsh funeral is a great gathering,—all the neighbours of the deceased attend the body to the grave, or, if prevented, some representative of the household attends, so that even the poorest has many followers; but, for the wealthy or the highly respected, the train is exceedingly numerous. This custom, still religiously observed, is probably derived from former habits, when the people, instead of being widely scattered, as now, over the face of the country, were collected in and around the castle of their chief, forming as it were one family. Those who are familiar only with the recent drawings of David Cox, would scarcely recognise some of his earlier productions as the works of the same artist. In his younger days he bestowed far more care and finish than we observe in his recent drawings; many of his earlier ones being as remarkable for purity and delicacy of colour as those of his later years for breadth and vigour of execution. The laws of Pre-Raphaelite minuteness might pronounce these last to be mere blots of colour, from their entire absence of detail; but however slight and apparently careless, they evince the hand of a master, and are often far more suggestive of the real scene or effect, than the most laboured imitation of the minute and accurate copyist of nature's details. This style may be characterised as a happy power of seizing upon the leading points of his subjects, and rendering them in broad and effective masses of light and shade—truthful and sober in colour, and simple in execution as his own rare character. Probably all strongly individual minds illustrate themselves in their works, and traces of the man may be found both in the choice of subject, and mode of execution. The artless nature of David Cox is seen in every subject from his hand, and impressed by every touch of his pencil. This working out of a deep-seated feeling is essential to originality, and a part of the constitution of every great painter; without it he becomes a mere imitator of other men's works, seeing through the eyes of some favourite idol of the day, instead of re-producing his own sensations direct and fresh from nature. Individuality is the very soul of painting, and its highest worth. It rendered Turner the greatest of landscape-painters, originating with him new thoughts and modes of expression never before seen in the world of Art. As a painter of light, with all its tender and delicate gradations through space, he surpassed all men. The pictures of Cox are valued and admired for the same reasons that induce us to appreciate the works of Turner—their perfect originality—because they are so unlike the works of any one else. Like Turner, he gives his own free view of nature, unbiassed by the thoughts of others, faithful to his own perceptions, distinct and original."

Fifty-five years ago! and still so constant to Bettwys. Most rare ingenuity, to extract so much good out of a thing so small! In connection with this there is but one wish to express—and we may do that publicly which it would scarcely be graceful for a man's friends to propose to himself—that is, whenever it shall please God to take to himself the spirit of the man of whom we write and read with so much pleasure, that a monument of him be placed in the little church of Bettwys. The story of his life will not be complete without this consummation. And now for a time farewell, David Cox; but a few weeks and we shall see thee, we earnestly hope, fresh and vigorous on the walls of the Old Water-Colour Society, and may we expect thy coming for many a future year!

BEATRICE CENCI.

FROM THE STATUE BY HARRIET HOSMER.

On the last visit of Mr. Gibson, R.A., to England, a few months ago, he brought with him, and placed in our possession, a drawing from a work of sculpture executed by a young American lady, Miss Harriet Hosmer—it forms the subject of the appended engraving.

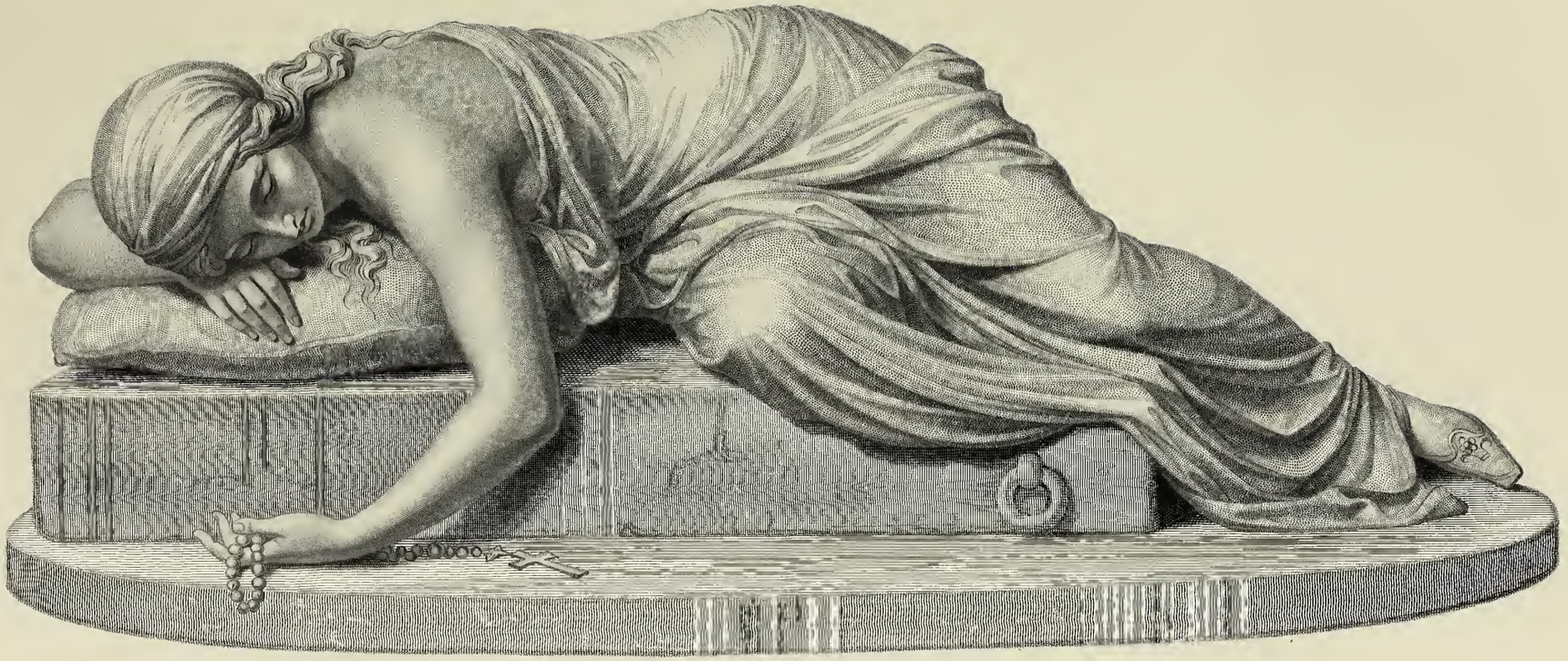
Sculpture from female hands is of rare occurrence; independent of the peculiar characteristics of the art, and the knowledge which it is necessary for every artist to acquire who would practise it, the chisel and mallet are not the most pleasant tools, we should imagine, for a lady to use, or stone or marble the most subservient materials to yield to the efforts of her will. But genius and enthusiasm are not easily impeded by obstacles, however contrary to nature and custom in general; and thus we have seen in England the Hon. Mrs. Damer, in France, the Princess Marie (daughter of Louis Philippe), distinguishing themselves in sculptured art, and now America sends forth a lady to claim the homage due to her talent.

Miss Hosmer is the daughter of a physician residing near Boston. Animated by an ardent desire to devote herself to sculpture, and feeling that in Rome only the knowledge she wished for could be best gained, she, accompanied by her father, set out for Italy about four years since, taking with her a certificate for anatomical studies at the College of St. Louis, and some daguerreotypes of a fancy bust, modelled and sculptured in marble by herself. When these were shown to Mr. Gibson, and he had learned the object of the young lady in visiting Rome, he felt so assured there were in them the germs of great future excellence that, contrary to his usual custom, he at once admitted her to his studio, with the determination to afford her all the aid in his power to promote her object. There, then, Miss Hosmer has been from that time; not, however, as a professed pupil, but as the artist-friend of our countryman, who offers the lady such advice and assistance as he considers may be useful, but leaving her to follow the current of her own genius and inclination.

Among the works executed by Miss Hosmer during the time she has been with Mr. Gibson, we may mention a fine bust of "Medusa;" a small figure of "Puck," seated on a toadstool, and in the act of throwing a stone; a life-sized statue of "Ænone," when deserted by Paris; and "Beatrice Cenci." She is, we understand, engaged at present upon a monumental figure, to be erected in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, to the memory of a young girl who died some months since in Rome.

The story of Beatrice Cenci will be found, we believe, in Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics;" her history was most unhappy: condemned to an ignominious death, she yet entertained hopes of a pardon, "and when the priest went in to announce to her that she was to die in the morning, he found her peacefully and calmly asleep in her miserable cell:" it is thus that Miss Hosmer has represented the unfortunate prisoner, treating the subject, however, with the licence permitted to the art of sculpture as regards the drapery and accessories. The figure lies in a graceful and strictly natural attitude of repose; the head rests on the right arm, the left falls easily over a raised block of stone, and in the hand is a rosary, which the fingers, in a state of inaction, refuse to grasp. The left leg is half drawn up under the extended right, an arrangement which has enabled the sculptor to vary the lines of the drapery with much skill and agreeable effect, without disturbing the general harmony or destroying the least indication of the forms of this portion of the figure; this is to our eye the most sculpturesque and beautiful passage in the whole work. The face is not so pleasing as we think it might have been made, the sharpness of the nose and the rigid expression of the lips detract from its beauty; still these peculiarities are not inconsistent with the circumstances of the subject; or it is yet more probable that the artist who made the drawing in Rome has somewhat deviated from the original.

The work has been executed for the public library of St. Louis; but previously to its being forwarded to America we may not improbably see it in our Royal Academy.



BEATRICE CENCI

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE SCULPTURE BY HARRIET HOSMER

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

ON THE CRYSTALS OF SNOW,

AS APPLIED TO THE PURPOSES OF DESIGN.*

At the conclusion of our previous remarks on this subject we referred to mosaic-work as one of the revived decorative arts of a by-gone period. An attempt to adapt a revival of Byzantine glass mosaic to various household elegancies has within the last few years been attempted by Mr. George Stephens, of Pimlico, who, after considerable study of the mosaics of antiquity, has designed a large variety of elaborate and beautifully-executed patterns for tables, stands, panelings, candelabra, &c. In the specimens that we have seen, his combinations have been based, many of them upon the hexagon and its varieties, and several upon the octagon, which is necessarily more removed from the simplicity of the Byzantine school. In the opinion of Mr. Stephens, the figures of snow are highly suggestive of a still further extension of the forms known in mosaic, and he considers that they will materially aid in the construction of new figures; we believe that it is his intention shortly to attempt an adaptation of some of them to the purposes of his Art.



Fig. 16.



Fig 17.

We feel that we cannot sufficiently admire the structural detail of the greater number of these productions, and the rich effects of colour united in their composition. But here we may remark, that to render the ancient Byzantine mosaic an appropriate decorative agent, it is necessary that the artist do not copy implicitly from the works of the past, but that he seek most to maintain between it and surrounding influences, the same relation that formerly existed between it and the people under whose hands it attained such distinguished pre-eminence. As we have already said, the art originated beneath the skies of Italy and Greece, and with it the system of bright and glittering colours which rendered it so perfect in itself, and in its relation to all surrounding things; wanting in these bright influences of climate, we find it in our own country no less beautiful in itself, but wanting in a due harmonious relation to the tone of colour it is brought in contact with. To remedy this, to naturalise the art, in fact, the artist should be content to trust rather to harmony of design than to chromatic effects; so that the eye, uncaught by a general sensation of brilliancy and glitter, may repose upon the quiet harmony of the design; and this remark we make as applying more or less to all mosaic, and entering as a matter of consideration into every application of which it

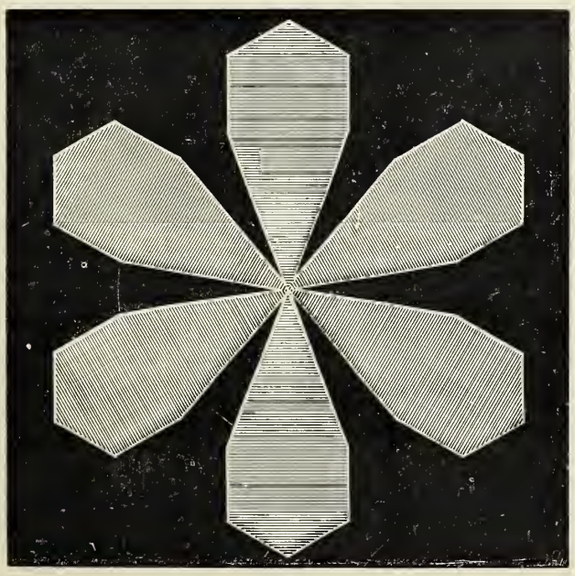


Fig. 18.

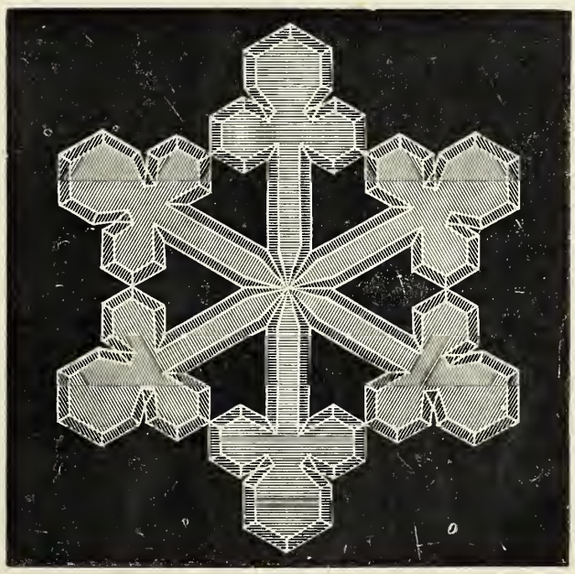


Fig. 19.

is capable in this country, though more particularly in reference to the particular description executed by Mr. Stephens.

In rejecting strong chromatic effects, however, we would not be understood to sanction neglect of the very material aid afforded by colour in giving life and purpose to mosaic; but we would have it studied with a view to its creating as many varieties of pattern as can possibly result from the introduction of a limited range of colour upon a uniform series of designs. For instance, how many varieties of pattern the eye is able to trace from the simple repetition of a six-rayed star of uniform colour, upon a ground broken into triangles by the introduction of two other colours to complete the triple harmony. This is an unfailing charm in mosaic; however simple or however complex the construction of the design, viewed from a distance, the eye is constantly discovering, without mental effort, fresh combinations which, arising out of natural and fixed laws, communicate pleasure to the beholder.

To encaustic tile-work and its imitations, the figures of snow appear peculiarly suggestive; and it is remarkable that a few of the patterns preserved to us from antiquity, are exactly similar to the nuclei of some of the

* Continued from page 76.

snow crystals, as may be seen in parts of the encaustic pavement of the Byzantine Court. In this application, far more than in the conventional glass mosaic and its imitations, of which we have been speaking, we are compelled to seek effect in symmetry of design; necessarily excluded from imparting the idea of raised surfaces, such being inconsistent with the intention of flooring, which is to present a level surface to the eye and feet, we are also confined to a very limited range of colour, in order not to interfere with the decorations of the walls and ceilings, and the manufacture of encaustic tiles being in itself limited to the employment of but few colours. Thus excluded from the rich and subtle harmonies of colour, and the relievo of light and shade, our attention is principally directed to the design, which, in regard to this application, should combine simplicity with uniformity of outline, and be easily referable to a purely geometric base. And here we may add, in regard to the figures of snow, that, whether in outline or in relievo, they are equally symmetrical. In the one case, they are simply enlarged copies of the general effect to the naked eye; in the other, they present to us structural details only visible by the application of a high-power lens, or as seen by the aid of a microscope.



An equal range of application is likewise open to them in regard to floor-cloth, which involves attention to the conditions above mentioned, as applying to tile-work, but in a less degree, inasmuch as its more household and domestic applications allow a somewhat greater latitude in fancy and colour. As applied to canvas, they will admit of various supplementary borderings and intricacies of pattern, conceived around them in the spirit of the original design, and serving as a means for the introduction of the colours most commonly employed in this branch of manufacture.

In regard to the figures of snow, we have two distinct suggestive ideas in reference to their application,—the one, that of ingrafting them into different styles of ornament for their further extension into new forms; the other, that of their adoption to various decorative purposes now usurped by designs or patterns, which in part sanctioned by use, are greatly censurable on the grounds of fitness and taste. In the latter spirit we consider that they may be, most usefully applied to paper-hangings, although of late in this branch of design there has been a manifest improvement: not long ago, the "artist" who presided over this department, and whose influence was felt more or less in every home of the kingdom, had no guide but his own ill-educated and distorted will; he threw things together without the least regard to harmony of colour, fitness of proportion, or form of any kind, and called the heterogeneous mass "a design." Of late he has had better opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, but what is of far more importance, he has had better informed critics; in some instances his task has preceded, in others it has followed, that of his customers; but assuredly we do not now often see upon our walls the monstrous perpetrations which disgraced those of our childhood. If the paper-hanger will examine this collection of suggestions from nature—from nature as she exhibits only one phase of grace and beauty—we feel sure that he will be at once convinced that their adoption will be of immense value to him.

There is one application yet to mention, that we have reserved to this place as involving somewhat lengthy consideration—that of their application to the manufacture of earthenware and porcelain; the ungainly and unmeaning spots that are so often put upon plates, and the distorted ornament which so frequently degrades cups, and saucers, and jugs for ordinary domestic use, we hope may, to a great extent be displaced by these snow crystals, which, varied to infinity, would cause the eye and mind to receive that refreshment which arises from the true and the beautiful; nor are we without hope that they may ultimately be received into the higher application to porcelain. We all know that porcelain has long enjoyed a monopoly of the most tasteful designs that Art could suggest, whether of birds, flowers, medallions of figures, or arabesques; but we are in hopes that they may suggest a few novelties of design to this the most favoured medium for the display of the natural and beautiful in Art; this hope of itself suggests the question,—how far has the beauty and symmetry of the geometric figure been acknowledged and employed hitherto in their designs? To answer this question would involve an inquiry into the history of design as applied to pottery, from its first crude attempts at the delineation of natural objects to the present time, when, both in England and abroad, it has attained to such great perfection. As a distinct inquiry, this would be scarcely less interesting than instructive, leading, as it would, the student in design to a correct knowledge of that which is beautiful and appropriate, rather than conventional. The Ceramic Court of the Crystal Palace, now open, as arranged by Mr. Battam, late of the establishment of Messrs. Copeland and Co., offers a means of study never before so thrown open to the student in Ceramic design, and contains materials which will eventually form a complete history of pottery from the earliest up to the present time.

For a brief period of Italian Art we are enabled to glance cursorily at this history of design by means of the Soulages Collection now open at Marlborough House; this history of progress is brief and distinctly marked, and within the compass of our present limits to trace. The most crude attempts, dating from the conclusion of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, are easily distinguishable by the rude outlines they exhibit of men and animals and flowers, in some cases strictly imitative, so far as the skill of the workman has permitted, in others, fanciful and grotesque.



In some specimens belonging to this period of Art, are attempts at creative design in the geometric precision with which similar forms of leaves and interlaced patterns are represented, chiefly described in shades of the same colour upon a uniform ground, and differing much in regard to the accuracy with which they are executed. Some of the subjects chosen are religious, including representations of our Saviour; some allegorical; and others, again, heraldic devices. The rude, but flowing, and sometimes evolved, designs of the interlaced

and outline patterns are chiefly borrowed from leaves and flowers, rather than based on principles of geometry; the colouring, also, is bold and prominent, in conformity with the spirit of the design, and exhibits the primaries blue, red, and yellow, but slightly tempered by the milder and subsidiary tints, upon which, at a later time, the painters of majolica knew so well how to rest their most soft and agreeable effects.

Of the Raphael ware, so well known and so highly prized by connoisseurs, little here need be said. Raphael, in his early youth, is supposed to have devoted some time to the painting of majolica, and hence its name at this period and for some time beyond; whether or no the easy grace and spirited style of these paintings, chiefly allegorical, though representing sometimes passages from history, and the harmonious softness of the colouring, give intrinsic value to the most trifling specimens of the art, whether for ornament or domestic use; and many rich specimens still remain to attest their value, and the exuberant taste and fancy of those painters who were content to trust their creations of fancy to so brittle a medium. To them the designers of the present day remain indebted for a certain freedom and unconventional display of Art,



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

which, restrained and modified, long exercised an influence on design, and is traceable even at the present day.

A few years later, an entirely new class of designs was originated by Palissy, master potter to Francis I. This eminent ceramic artist, born in France, was the originator of the Palissy ware, scarcely less known than that of Raphael. His works are executed in relievo, and are distinguished from others of the period in the choice of subjects, which are chiefly drawn from natural objects, such as plants, reptiles, fishes, &c. Among the specimens known by the name of Palissy ware, are rustic baskets, designed on a strictly geometric base of divergent lines from the centre to the circumference, partly in relievo, and very effective in style and composition. The chief merit of this artist consists in his fidelity to nature, and an original whimsicality of conception. Passing on from Palissy, we come, many years later, to specimens of china of a tasteful degree of ornament, that would do no discredit to the porcelain works of the present day; here, in the central medallion, is a group of figures, Raphaelesque in their easy grace of outline, yet highly studied, and claiming the rank of a finished picture.

The Berlin porcelain, of which a fine collection may be seen in the Ceramic Court,



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.

illustrates the perfection of that union which combines the imitation of the beautiful in nature with the less sensuous beauty of the geometric figure. In the Sèvres porcelain, in the same collection, the geometric figure rises to higher importance, forming in the beautiful "Versailles Service" a frame-work for the jewels which enrich the exquisite centre medallions.

The impression we derive from retracing the history of the past, is, that the geometric figure has rarely been employed as a principal agent in decoration. We are speaking still in reference to the period we have been considering, and which is one calculated to trace with effect the progress we have in view. Prominent among the earlier specimens, is the delineation of simple forms borrowed from nature, repeated with indifferent fidelity of execution, and spread over the entire surface of the piece, whilst in later times, when the mechanical processes improved and admitted of greater accuracy, we find it restricted to light and artificially constructed borderings, so arranged as to lend additional beauty to the freedom of colour and design elsewhere displayed; and we gather, also, that if in the works of high Art we find it nowhere unmixed with designs of a less formal character, there is scarcely a work of high Art that is not indebted to the grave and

conventional arrangement of pattern founded upon a genuine knowledge and elucidation of its principles.

It has ever been greatly against the very general adoption of geometrically constructed figures to the purposes of porcelain, that the unaided hand of the draughtsman is insufficient to insure the requisite accuracy of outline a difficulty which even at the present day limits to a very great extent their employment in this department of Art. Still, we are led to hope that the figures of snow may prove suggestive of a new basis on which to construct designs, no less symmetrical than those which we have seen to proceed from other and better-known sources; whilst the rate of modern improvement in most branches of industry leads us to hope that this difficulty before long may become less formidable, and that improvements in printing will enable manufacturers to repeat with tolerable cheapness patterns which have been confined to the more costly articles of luxury. Of modern applications, one in particular occurs to us—it is that they may aid in the formation of a set of ice-plates for the dessert or supper-table: we can imagine the ground of the plates a clear light blue; in





the centre may be the crystal, selecting in preference from those forms which are most crystalline and arborescent; among them, that most graceful of all, the water crystal, distinguishing it from the ground by shades of grey, which should be so distributed as to impart to the copy the frosted effect of the original. Around the centre, and immediately beneath or upon the raised margin of the plate, might be arranged a circular bordering, similar to that we have described as surrounding the margin of a pond, on its first congelation, when the needles, becoming incrusted with crystalline deposit, assume the appearance of frosted ferns.

There is yet another application that suggests itself to us, although the beautiful designs on porcelain, executed by Messrs. Copeland and Co., scarcely leave anything to be desired by the most fastidious; we refer to the painting of tiles or slabs of porcelain, to be mounted in frames of silver, or wood, for ornamental or domestic purposes, and for which, of late, there has been a large and increasing demand. The large engraving on page 126 is designed for this application from one of the snow crystals.

To turn to yet another and far wider scope which may hence be given to the cotton printer; millions of "dresses" issue every year from Manchester; for those which are designed to clothe "the masses," there is usually little





attempt at design. A simple form of a single colour is all that is sought for, and the puzzle is, how to obtain variety. Here is a book of patterns, no one of which has ever been used; leaf after leaf may be turned over, "and still find something new"—something that may be copied as it presents itself, something that will be suggestive.

Our references have been made to but a few of the Arts, which may be (which must be) largely influenced by this power to resort to another means of teaching; but it is obvious that there is no branch of manufacture which may not, to some extent, be benefited by it. Let the reader give the subject a moment's thought, and he will be convinced of this; let him look down to his carpet, or up at his ceiling, let him turn to the cover of the book he is perusing, notice any part of his lady's dress, or of his own, where ornamentation is admissible; let him, in short consider any object, anywhere, under any circumstances, and then examine the few examples we set before him on these pages, and he will at once perceive how much of harmony, of truth, of beauty, may be obtained by an intellectual study of these forms which are neither more nor less than nature's teachings from a book hitherto unopened.

PICTURE SALES.

In the month of February, 1856, the first portion of the pictures collected by Mr. Charles Birch, of Mitchley Abbey, Birmingham, was sold by Messrs. Foster and Son, Pall Mall; and in the same rooms, on the 27th of February last, another portion of the same collection was submitted to public sale: the catalogue contained a list of seventeen drawings and fifty-one paintings in oil.

Of the drawings, ten were small works by David Cox, exquisite little "bits," that were certain to find, as they did, ready customers. Of the others we need only mention 'Sunset at Sea,' Copley Fielding, 21 gs.; 'Rustic Devotion,' now in the hands of the engraver, by W. Hunt, 31 gs.; 'Scene on the Nile,' J. M. W. Turner, 68 gs. (Gambart); 'Venice,' J. Cattermole, 71 gs.; 'Spanish Pilgrims,' J. Lewis, 40 gs.

The following were the most important of the oil-pictures:—'The Crochet Worker,' Etty, 30 gs.; 'Good morning, dear,' Knight, 35 gs.; 'Girl with a Paroquet,' a sketchy work by Mrs. Carpenter, 33 gs.; 'Dead Game—Hare and Pheasant,' a study of colour, Etty, 30 gs.; 'Fruit' and 'Flowers,' a pair by T. Grönland, 61 gs.; 'Wood Scene,' an excellent specimen of the artist, J. Stark, sen., 74 gs.; 'The High Priest,' Etty, 155 gs. (Lloyd); 'Dead Game,' Etty, 29 gs.; 'Ye Ladye Margaret's Page,' Maclise, 111 gs.; 'Bettwys Church,' one of David Cox's few oil-pictures, and one of his best, 85 gs. (Lloyd),—a Welsh funeral is most effectively introduced into this composition; 'The Concert,' by the French painter Fichel, 41 gs.; 'Mrs. Norton as the Muse of Poetry,' Maclise, 80 gs. (Gambart); 'Landscape in the Great Meadow at Bettwys,' D. Cox, fresh and breezy, 39 gs.; 'The Graces,' a copy, by Denning, of Raffaelle's celebrated little picture, 38 gs.; 'Child in a Storm,' Gainsborough, 25 gs.; eleven copies, by Etty, of pictures by Titian, P. Veronese, Tintoretto, and Rubens, were knocked down to Mr. Wallis for 725 gs.; 'The Spirit of Justice,' Maclise, 300 gs. (Holmes); 'The Fleur de Lys,' Etty, 500 gs. (Holmes); 'Nimrod, the Mighty Hunter,' J. R. Herbert, 130 gs. (Holmes); 'The Golden Age,' Etty, 600 gs. (Wallis),—this picture was bought in at the previous sale for 850*l.* 10*s.*, so that its value seems to have diminished nearly one-third within the year; 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' Constable, 580 gs. (Wallis): Constable used to say he painted for other generations rather than his own; and he was right, for this picture appears as fresh now as on the day when it left the easel. Not so, unfortunately, is F. Danby's 'Advent of Spring;' it seems to have lost colour even since the former sale, when it was knocked down to Mr. Holmes, as was generally understood, for 273*l.*; it was purchased at the second sale by Mr. Gambart for 250 gs., a small deduction from the former price. The last work to be noticed is Maclise's fresco, 'The Spirit of Chivalry,' which sold for 110 gs. Taking the average prices realised by these pictures, they are certainly lower than we have been accustomed to record as given for works of similar character, and assuredly much less than was paid for Mr. Barlow's pictures at Manchester the other day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal."

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH DRAWINGS: A SUGGESTION TO THE COUNCIL OF THE ART-UNION.

Sir,—It is with a due sense of the obligation which all who are really desirous of the advancement of Art in this country owe to the Art-Union Society, and with respect for their past exertions, that I now ask you to allow me, through your columns, to suggest to the Council their making use of the new chromo-lithographic drawings. I am fully aware that it needs great discretion on the part of those who, whilst they strive to advance a love of any science, endeavour at the same time to relieve talent, during the early stages of its development, from the trammels with which it is surrounded by false opinions and timidity. But in advocating the cause of this beautiful invention, I cannot but feel that they would equally aid the cause of true Art, and do service to painters themselves, by disseminating more widely a greater admiration of their works; for all earnest lovers of Art must see with pleasure the advances which continue to be made in perfecting these drawings. Some of the late impressions have been very beautiful productions, possessing that freedom in style which has always been so difficult of attainment in such copies of pictures, and a purity of colouring which is almost unexceptionable.

The objects of the Art-Union have always and most properly been, the propagation of the love of Art—or rather of high Art and pure taste—as opposed to the constant stream of second-rate, so-called Art, which private interest and the unaided efforts of uneducated persons are continually forcing upon us. To effect this the society offers a vast number of opportunities for the selection and purchase of first-class original works; and, so far as its own direct influence could be exerted, it has hitherto been liberal in the distribution of good engravings. All this is excellent; but to early subscribers, who have now on hand a large number of the engravings, a change, in the shape of some first-class chromo-lithograph drawings, would certainly be grateful; whilst the drawings themselves have in them those merits which, without detracting from the dignity of the Art-Union's object, would undoubtedly tend to advance that object, and add an honest popularity which no such society can afford to be without.

The interest which I know to be felt by many subscribers on this subject must at once be my apology for offering this suggestion to the Council of the Art-Union, and asking you to lend it the influence of your Journal. The present time seems particularly favourable for a consideration of the question, as shortly the usual Annual Meeting of the Society will be held, when facilities will exist for ascertaining the truth of my remarks, or announcing any fresh arrangements.

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
C. H.

THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sir,—In the notice with which you have honoured my "Life of Michael Angelo" in the last *Art-Journal*, you state that I have made no reference to the essay of Mr. J. E. Taylor, or his poetry: I am anxious to correct this mistake. In my second volume, page 136, honourable allusion to it will be found; and perhaps you will allow me, by means of your widely-spread Journal, to add that I highly appreciate the ability with which he has traced back the great artist's poetry to its primary and philosophic sources.

J. S. Harford.

Blaise Castle, near Bristol.

[On referring to the page pointed out by Mr. Harford, we find Mr. Taylor's work alluded to in a short note, which had escaped our observation.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy Pictures will be received (according to advertisement) on the 6th and 7th of the present month: the Exhibition will no doubt open, as heretofore, on the first Monday of May.

The Royal Academy.—The subject selected for the gold medal competition of this year is "The Good Samaritan:" it applies to both painting and sculpture.

The Royal Academy Lectures on Architecture.—Two amongst the architectural members of the Academic body have recently set an admirable example to their brethren, by coming forward to address to the students of their own particular department of Art a series of lectures eminently calculated to produce a beneficial influence. Mr. Sydney Smirke and Mr. G. G. Scott have increased their already high reputation by these addresses, which, besides their intrinsic value, can scarcely fail to lead to the delivery of many other similar lectures bearing upon various departments of Art, as well as such as would treat of the great art of architecture. Courses of lectures in Art, available to the public as well as to Art-students, would be of great value, and we are disposed to believe they would be duly appreciated. Architecture, in particular, is a subject upon which public attention at the present time is concentrated with singular earnestness, and yet there is ample room for much public teaching upon this form and expression of Art. We have able and attractive lecturers, who might deal with this subject in a satisfactory manner: it is to be hoped that some amongst them will make an attempt thus to direct along a right channel the taste and feeling of the public at large, while others devote themselves more particularly to professional students.

The Society of British Artists was opened to the public on the 23rd of March, but too late to be treated in the present number of the *Art-Journal*.

The Art-treasures at Manchester.—Our report may be given in a sentence—the supply of all classes and kinds of objects of Art has been "excessive." The Exhibition will open early in May: His Royal Highness the Prince Consort will preside on the occasion.

The Manchester Mechanics' Institute.—The Exhibition closed on the 16th of March; the results having been entirely satisfactory, a sum of about £4000 being thus added to the fund.

The Sheepshanks' Gift.—Arrangements are in progress for rendering this munificent gift as largely useful as possible to the people to whom it has been presented. We postpone for awhile the notice we contemplate of this invaluable acquisition. The papers moved for by Lord Montcagle have not yet been circulated; it is probable, however, they will give to the public little information beyond that which they now possess—sufficient to justify the warmest expressions of gratitude. We shall, no doubt, be ere long enabled to bring this treasure under detailed review.

The Royal Institute of British Architects, at a Special General Meeting of its members at the beginning of last month, unanimously passed a resolution—"That it is humbly submitted for her Majesty's gracious consideration, that the Royal Gold Medal for the year 1856 be awarded to Owen Jones, Fellow, author of the 'Alhambra,' the 'Grammar of Ornament,' and other works." This proposition is as honourable to the body from whom it emanates as it is to Mr. Owen Jones, whose books are certainly among the marvels of the age, and as valuable as they are beautiful. We shall rejoice to hear that the recommendation of the Institute has met with the approval of her Majesty: the gold medal could not be more worthily bestowed than upon this most laborious, learned, and skilful student of decorative art.

Equestrian Statue of the late Lord Hardinge.—We hope that every one—and, unhappily, there are many who are so blind or so ignorant as to entertain such an opinion—who thinks that England cannot produce a grand work of sculptured art, may have the opportunity of viewing Mr. Foley's colossal equestrian statue of the late Lord Hardinge, prior to its departure for Calcutta, its final destination: and if, after careful examination, they are not converted from their error of judgment, why then there is no help for them, nor hope that anything will eradicate their credulity. To our minds it is the finest work of the kind we know, either here or elsewhere—bold, almost daring, in conception, and masterly in execution. Lord Hardinge is seated—and the "seat" would be the admiration of the best horsemen in the kingdom—on his Arab charger "Meannee," the animal he rode throughout the engagement. The general is bareheaded: over his uniform is thrown a short cloak, falling in light graceful folds almost to the knees; his attitude and bearing are firm, resolute, dignified, yet easy; there is repose, but not inaction—calmness holding in check the energy of life. Of the horse we know not how to speak in terms sufficiently high: Job's magnificent description of the war-horse comes to our aid: Mr. Foley certainly had it in his "mind's eye" when he modelled the animal, though "Meannee" was before him:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men; . . . . he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." From whatever point of view one examines this sculptured group, it presents something to admire, and causes us almost to envy the inhabitants of Calcutta the possession of so noble a work of Art. It has been cast in bronze by Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, and will, ere very long, be shipped for India. There has been some talk, we believe, in military circles, of erecting in London some tribute to the memory of

the late commander-in-chief; and it ought to be a duplicate of the Calcutta memorial: wherever located, it would be honourable to the worth of Lord Hardinge, and honourable to the country and the sculptor, who, by it, has placed his genius in the production of "heroic" Art side by side with that he has long since shown in the representation of the beautiful and the pathetic—each of them on the loftiest pedestal of artistic fame.

Exhibition of Plans in Westminster Hall.—In answer to a question put by Lord R. Cecil, in the House of Commons, on the subject of the approaching competition for the new government offices and their approaches, in Westminster, a statement was made by the Chief Commissioner of Works, which in all probability is intended to express his intention in the matter of the Wellington Monument also,—and which demands a word of notice, inasmuch as it had the air of making some pretension to a principle, while revolving itself into a very evident fallacy the moment it is examined. Sir Benjamin Hall announced, that "it was not his intention to nominate any of the judges until after the plans were sent in." At first sight, an impression seems to have been produced—and perhaps intended—that the First Commissioner had hit upon an expedient for securing fair play in the matter of selection among the competitors,—inasmuch as he intended to take care that the parties commissioned to decide between them should not be known till he had all the competing models in his hands. Anybody who will look twice at the proposition will, we think, fail to see what is gained in the matter. Sir Benjamin Hall *must*, we suppose, name his judges *some* time before judgment can be given; and, on the hypothesis that any undue influences are intended to be attempted on the part of individuals, they are just as easily set in motion after the models are in Westminster Hall as while they remained in the studios of the several competing artists. We abide by our opinion, that it would have been far more satisfactory to the artist body in general if they could have had some assurance before they began to work under this competition, that labours so special as theirs would undergo the testing of a competent and impartial tribunal. The answers of the First Commissioner to some further questions proposed by the same noble querist were of a more satisfactory kind. "With regard to the judges," he said, "it was his intention to nominate some gentlemen who were not connected with engineering or architecture, and to associate them with others having a thorough knowledge of those professions. It would not be difficult, he thought, to select competent persons who were not at all connected with the competitors, and it was not his intention to appoint any judges who were connected with the candidates."

Gibson's "Queen."—Mr. Gibson's group, for the new houses of Parliament, representing the personal Majesty of England—and for which Parliament voted a sum of £5000 some years ago,—has, after many delays, been completed on its site, and may now be seen by such of our readers as choose to pay a visit to the House of Lords. It stands in what is called the Prince's Chamber, the ante-room to the house itself, with its back to the throne within; and so fronts the Queen, as she passes from her robing room to meet her faithful Lords and Commons in the Upper House. The site assigned to the work is expressly architectonic,—and the work itself, in character and arrangement, is eminently architectonic, to fit it. In this point of view the performance is an imposing one. It has much of the simplicity and repose which are suitable to history. The work possesses great advantages of site and of accessory,—and these advantages have been used with a sobriety and dignity which are felt to be proper to the theme. Occupying the terminal centre of the fine room mentioned, the group is thrown into strong relief, and gets at the same time an effect of colour to enrich its white forms, by means of a background of gold. In this regal atmosphere, as it were, three separate female forms convey at once the abstract idea and the individual personal presentment of the royalty of Britain. Seated in her coronation chair, on a tall pedestal (whose facets have allegorical representations, in low relief, of the forces—commerce, science, &c.—which lay the foundations of her empire), her Majesty the Queen holds in her hands a sceptre and a laurel crown; and on levels scarcely raised above the floor on either side of her, so as to make the arrangement strikingly pyramidal, stand the figures of Justice and Mercy, as joint supporters of her throne. It must not be denied that, to obtain the fine general effect, some minor graces have been sacrificed, and the several figures, that of the Queen herself in particular, are not such as we could offer for examples of the best that our sculptors can do in this kind. The figure most to our taste of the three, is that of Justice,—which has a severe and stately beauty, highly characteristic of the theme. In a word, if we were to regard this work only in a sculpture point of view, we should say that it is not such an one as could either make or extend a reputation like that of Mr. Gibson;—but looked at architecturally, as suited to its place and purpose, it is, as we have said, a fine performance, and forms a striking and important Art-addition to the new Palace of Westminster.

The Literary Fund.—The management of this valuable institution has been during the last two or three years subjected to various embarrassing "criticisms;" two parties having adopted very opposite views; both, we cannot doubt, being influenced by an earnest desire to enhance its means of utility. At the head of the one are all the officers of the Fund; while the other is led by Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. John Forster, and Messrs. Dilke, senior and junior. We imagine, however—and we certainly hope—the painful and useless discussion has been brought to a close: for the questions at issue were determined during the past month—a series of resolutions, moved by Mr. Dilke, sen., and seconded by Mr. Mark Lemon, having been rejected by a majority of sixty-nine to eleven. We only allude to the discussion because the principal ground taken by the opposition is that inasmuch as the "Artists' General Benevolent Fund" is conducted at about a third of the cost of the management of "The Literary Fund," the machinery of the latter ought to be made as inexpensive as the former. Without entering into explanations as to the essential differences between the one and the other, we are bound to say that the "Artists' General Benevolent Fund" is managed with far too much thought to economy: and we believe it is fully admitted by the benevolent gentlemen who superintend its concerns, that a somewhat more liberal expenditure would add very considerably to its income.

The Lords of the Treasury have appointed Mr. Thomas Carlyle, the well-known author, one of the commissioners of the projected National Portrait Gallery, in the room of the late Earl of Ellesmere. Apartments in the house, No. 29, Great George Street, Westminster, have been temporarily placed at the service of the Commission, where business will for the present be transacted, and the portraits which may be acquired will be located. Mr. W. H. Carpenter undertakes the duty of Secretary *pro tem.*; but it is understood that the office has been conferred on Mr. George Scharff, who is at present employed, and will no doubt be employed for a year to come, by the Committee of the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. Mr. Scharff is undoubtedly a gentleman of much ability, but his fitness for this appointment may be fairly questioned. We believe he has devoted no part of his time or attention to British biographies or British portraiture: and, moreover, it is said that Government (by whom, and not by the Trustees, the appointment has been made), with its usual regard to "economy" in all that appertains to Art, have allotted so poor a salary to the office as to exclude all idea that Mr. Scharff will give much labour to its duties.

Scottish Association.—The first list of pictures selected by the Council of the "Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland" has reached us; the list contains the titles of seventy-six works, chosen from the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; these will be distributed among the subscribers of the current year. The prices vary from £3 to £200, that being the highest sum paid for a single picture—Mr. H. Macculloch's "Summer Day in Skye;" Mr. E. Nicol's "Irish Pilgrims" has been bought for £180; Mr. Bough's "Port of London" for £126; Mr. J. Archer's "Shadow on the Path" for £105; and Mr. H. Paton's "Nameless Rill" for £100; the remainder have lower figures marked against them. By the way, we see that *fifteen* drawings—of single figures, we presume, by their titles—by Mr. E. Nicol, have been purchased at £5 each. Surely this, to say the least of it, is giving undue preference to one artist, who, whatever his talent, ought not to have monopolised the suffrages of the Council. Such exclusive patronage will, we think, scarcely satisfy the subscribers, and certainly is not calculated to *promote the Fine Arts in Scotland*.

The London Stereoscopic Company continue their bountiful issues of pictures of all conceivable subjects; the most valuable and interesting of which, however, are certainly those which contain "portraitures" of places rendered memorable by history or events, or remarkable for scenic beauty. The latest series is that of Windsor; it was impossible to obtain a theme more desirable, or one that advances a larger claim upon the English people. It is treated in a variety of ways; all the most attractive points have been taken; and with so much accuracy and startling effect, as to bring the venerable structure absolutely before the eye. The Company are, we understand, about to introduce several novelties in their most agreeable and instructive art; and we shall no doubt be ere long called upon to treat the subject again at some length.

The Peace Conference.—The chronicles of our time are as frequently written with the pencil of the artist, as with the pen of the scribe, and oftentimes more effectively. Coronations, marriages, christenings, royal visits, "tales of flood and field," the operations of war, and discussions concerning peace, banquetings of the high and mighty, and incidents of general domestic interest, are constantly rising up before our eyes in the dramatic language of the painter's art. Future students of history will find in these a record of events to which the political bias of the painter has given no partial colouring; unlike the historical writer, generally, he is independent of creed and party. A large picture of the Peace Conference, painted by E. Dubufe, C.L.H., and the property of the Emperor of the French, was exhibited at Messrs. Leggatt's and Co., during the past month. The subject is one of that unpicturesque class which demands more skill to render it agreeable than do events of stirring action and history,—and M. Dubufe has certainly disposed of the fifteen plenipotentiaries, ordinary and extraordinary, who form the high contracting parties, in as pictorial a manner as the circumstances admit of. The figures are all life-size, and are vigorously painted; that of the Turkish ambassador is fine, and the heads of the others very like life. M. Blanchard, of Paris, is engaged in engraving this work. Messrs. Leggatt had also "on view" an admirable three-quarter-length portrait of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, by M. Dubufe; it is the property of Mr. Gurney, and is to be engraved by Mr. S. Cousins. The lady stands with her right hand, in which is a pencil, on the neck of a heifer, painted by herself. The bright eyes and intelligent face of this extraordinary female artist have been most happily rendered on the canvas by M. Dubufe: the drawing and colouring of the entire figure are excellent; but the hand spoken of seemed to us the perfection of painting.

Nelson's Monuments.—Sir Benjamin Hall stated a short time since, in the House of Commons, in reply to a question put by Mr. Warren, that a sum of £4000 was required to complete the column in Trafalgar Square, but that Government did not consider it advisable to put in a claim for the sum during the present year. We have also heard that the small amount necessary to repair the Nelson column at Yarmouth cannot be scraped together. Well may our contemporary, the *Builder*, cry out, "Poor Nelson! his glory seems to be departed." What stains are such facts as these upon the British nation! "Poor Nelson," indeed! poorer people, we say: poor in spirit, poor in purse—"all too poor to do him reverence."

The Collectors' Club.—A new society of amateurs of *vertu* has just been formed under this title; consisting solely of such gentlemen as *collect*, for their own tastes, objects of antiquity, and are not dealers therein. The society will have stated meetings, at which will be exhibited the articles of Art and antiquity gathered by the members. Baron Marochetti gave the use of his studio for the preliminary meeting, at which a large assemblage gathered; and Sir A. Fountaine's antique majolica formed an important point of attraction. As collecting is decidedly on the increase in England, such

meetings will be of much interest for the exhibition of objects and comparing of notes among collectors, as well as for the opportunity afforded of seeing much generally hidden from public gaze, no country having such rich private collections as England, many of which are comparatively unknown.

THE KRUGER COLLECTION, at the National Gallery, has been "weeded," and thirty-seven pictures have been sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson for the sum of £249 8*s.*, ten pictures having been previously selected by the governors and guardians of the National Gallery of Ireland. Seventeen pictures have been retained, for which the country has paid about £2500. The weeds have thus been in number somewhat less than half that of the flowers; while the seventeen have cost about six times that which the thirty-seven brought. This is, however, by no means to be assumed as an evil; in every collection there will be a mingling of bad with good, and it is wise to remove the one while preserving the other.

REGULATIONS CONCERNING THE EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON have just been issued by the Department of Science and Art. The Museum will be open free to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays; and on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to students and the public generally on payment of 6*d.* each, or a subscription of 10*s.* a year, or 5*s.* a quarter, payable in advance.

EXHIBITION OF ART-MANUFACTURE AT BIRMINGHAM.—It is in contemplation to have an Exhibition of Art-industry at Birmingham; but there is at present some uncertainty as to whether it will take place this year or during the year 1858. Probably a postponement will be determined, inasmuch as public attention will be absorbed in 1857 by the display at Manchester, although modern industrial art is not to be represented there. Birmingham has been making admirable progress of late, and if the Exhibition be delayed, and time for preparation be thus given, the result cannot fail to be highly honourable and largely beneficial to the great capital of our staple trade.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Although it is probable we shall bring under detailed review the revival of "Richard the Second" at this theatre, we cannot allow the event to pass even for a month without some comment. It is beyond question the most perfect work that has ever been represented on the stage, and is well described in the *Times* newspaper as "more like the production of a society of antiquarians than the result of a single manager's energy and genius." But, in truth, the aid of such a society has actually been made available; for Mr. Kean has obtained the valuable and cordial assistance of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Salviu, Mr. George Godwin, Mr. Fairholt, and others; and the artist, Mr. Grieve, has worked so earnestly and ably with them, as to render every portion of the scenery, and its accessories, as exquisite in character and as authentic in facts, as if they had all been employed in illustrating a volume that should gratify and satisfy alike the Art-connoisseur, the antiquary, and the historian. In noticing the *mise en scène* of this play, however, we may not pass over the acting; although certainly, the gorgeous decorations, the admirable costumes, and the several aids to it as "a spectacle," put, in a degree, aside the merits of the actor. There will be, however, but one opinion on this head; Mr. Charles Kean will be taught to consider the part of Richard as his best character: it was conceived and sustained throughout with admirable judgment and discrimination, and may, indeed, be described as by far the most perfect performance we have witnessed on the modern stage. It is impossible to overrate the public debt that is due to Mr. Kean for rendering his theatre not only a means of rational amusement, but a source of useful instruction.

A DIORAMIC VIEW of the most celebrated places in the northern part of Russia is to be seen in the building in Leicester Square, known as the Great Globe. The pictures, which are skilfully and brilliantly painted by Mr. Marshall, include cities, palaces, fortresses, rivers, &c.; the incidents of the late war, and the coronation of the emperor.

MR. PEABODY, the opulent American merchant resident in London, recently presented to the city of Baltimore a sum of 300,000 dollars, for the establishment of an institution which is to include a free library, a musical academy, and a picture-gallery. The gift is hereafter to be increased to half-a-million of dollars. Such munificence as this—so rare but so honourable—carries with it its own reward. Men like Mr. Peabody deserve all the wealth they acquire: in their hands it becomes a wide-spread and fertilising stream of blessedness.

EARLY EDITIONS OF PLAYS BY SHAKSPERE AND BEN JONSON.—Some of the French journals state that several Shaksperian and other discoveries have been lately made in Switzerland. The editions of "Romeo and Juliet," 4to, 1609; "Hamlet," 4to, 1611; "King John," 4to, 1591; "Volpone," by Ben Jonson, 4to, 1607; and other scarce plays and works of early English history.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The judges appointed to select the best designs, and to award the prizes in the competition for this most interesting edifice, have reported to the committee, upon the forty-six designs submitted to them, that they have awarded the prizes as follows:—1st, to Mr. W. Burges; 2nd, to Mr. G. E. Street; and 3rd, Mr. G. S. Bodley. An additional prize is recommended for Mr. W. Slater, and honourable mention is made of Messrs. C. Gray, R. P. Pullan, G. Truefitt, Weightman, Hadfield, and Goldie; A. Bell, F. Franke, of Meiningen, Howell and Budd, Prichard and Goldie. Hence it appears that the same gentlemen who obtained the first and second prizes at the Lille Cathedral competition, again occupy similar honourable positions. The prize designs were exhibited for a single day at the Architectural Exhibition, and subsequently, for a short time, at the apartments of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, where a lecture upon them was delivered by Professor Willis. All the designs are now about to be exhibited publicly in King's College, and when we shall have been enabled to compare the prize designs with those which have failed to attain to that distinction, we hope to give some particulars respecting both the prize designs themselves and certain others of the group. Meanwhile we invite public attention to these designs, as possessing peculiar claims upon general regard; and we congratulate the prizemen, and also the architectural profession, on the high terms of approbation which have been used in their report by the Bishop of Durham, Sir C. Anderson, the Dean of Ely, Professor Willis, and Mr. Beresford Hope. There is one circumstance connected with the report upon Mr. Burges's design, which demands a word of present notice—it is that this design, as originally prepared and submitted to the judges, contained such fittings as are only suitable for the altar of a Roman Catholic church. This grave error has been properly noticed by the judges. When will those of our architects who now show themselves best competent to deal with Gothic architecture, understand that the grand principle of their complete success consists in their producing in the true Gothic spirit churches which shall also in every respect be in harmony with the true spirit of the Church of England? We desire also especially to remark upon the importance, or rather the *necessity*, that the proposed Memorial Church, in order to its being in reality what it will profess to be, and what it will be expected to be, should be essentially true to the type and the traditions of the Ecclesiastical Gothic of England.

SHAKSPERE PORTRAIT.—The somewhat celebrated picture, purporting to be a portrait of Shakspere, painted by Burbage, the actor, on the back of a pair of bellows, and hence termed "the Bellows Portrait," is again in England for sale. It was purchased by the great French tragedian, Talma, who was stated to have encircled it with diamonds. It appears that he only bestowed upon it a case padded with green silk. The portrait is painted on canvas, which is affixed to the wood, and an inscription carved on the edge of the bellows around it. It is curious as showing what was unblushingly done in the way of deception some years ago. The whole history has been plainly told in the pages of Vivell.

AUSTRALIA.—An Art-exhibition, consisting of works of painting, sculpture, photography, &c., has recently been opened in Melbourne, and premiums were awarded for the best specimens exhibited. At Victoria an "Institute of Architects" has been already established; and thus, with the increasing prosperity of the colonists, comes increasing desire to encourage and possess those objects of taste and elegance which are the surest marks of progressive civilisation, refinement, and intelligence.

REVIEWS.

PRE-RAFFAELLITISM. By the REV. EDWARD YOUNG, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Every man who propounds new doctrines or theories, and attempts to establish them by the destruction of what is valued, if not for its worth, yet for its antiquity, must enter the arena of contest fully prepared for the vigorous opposition of adversaries. There is scarcely anything more ungenial to the natural mind than an attempt to reason it out of its belief; such an attempt seems an insult to the understanding, while, if it succeeds, it casts down the object of our love or our idolatry, wounding our vanity, and dissipating every atom of self-sufficiency. It is possible that when Mr. Ruskin entered the lists of Art-criticism, to prove that for nearly four centuries the world had seen only a single great and true painter, he may have expected to encounter great hostility; but whether he did or no, he has certainly found it, and as certainly owes much of the opposition with which he has been met to the manner, rather than the matter, of his attack. It was assuredly quite unnecessary that, in order to set up his "golden image," he should knock down the golden images of others, ruthlessly, discourteously, yea, savagely. It is this, "the head and front of his offending," that has raised up, and will continue to raise up, so large and powerful a host of adversaries, not for the purpose only of proving Mr. Ruskin and Turner are not right, but to show that the former is an advocate whose arguments are not always to be trusted, inasmuch as they frequently contradict each other. We have sometimes felt surprised that so deep a thinker and so subtle a logician as Mr. Ruskin generally appears to be in his writings, should have overlooked his errors of this character, and also have arrived at different conclusions from the same premises adduced at different passages in his various books. The apology we offer on his behalf for these mistakes of judgment, and for his many strange deductions, is that the writer's imaginative powers and enthusiasm have led him astray, made him oblivious of foregone assertions, have often rendered him paradoxical, and sealed up his more sober senses.

Under the title of "Pre-Raffaellitism, or a Popular Inquiry into some newly-asserted Principles connected with the Philosophy, Poetry, Religion, and Revolution of Art," Mr. Young makes a vigorous and well-directed attack on the new school of painting in its most objectionable practice, and on its strong supporter, Mr. Ruskin. As to its practice, let any one go into the rooms of the British Institution now open, and notice pictures hanging there by candidates for "Pre-Raffaellite honours," and then let him consider what English Art (!) is striving after: the "offence is rank." Several chapters at the commencement of the volume are, however, devoted to show the inconsistency with itself of much that the "Modern Graduate" has written, and the dubious truths—if such a term may be allowed—of more; and we think that Mr. Ruskin himself will be surprised at Mr. Young's analytical extracts. In the other chapters, treating of the poetry, religion, and revolution of Art, he handles the respective subjects in an honest, hearty, fearless manner, with a felicity of thought and eloquence of expression scarcely inferior to the champion whom he assails. His book will, it cannot be doubted, find very many readers; and of these, it is even less problematical, he will carry with him the suffrages of the far larger portion; for, to quote one of his observations in the vindication of his course of inquiry, he says that Mr. Ruskin, "by pushing beyond all wholesome or legitimate limits the demands of science, and by converting artistic criticism into a moral impeachment, he has not only disturbed our enjoyment of ancient Art, but wounded our sense of justice, and compelled, I might say, a fight for decent standing-room in the commonwealth of the liberal Arts." To this we will add another, as the expression of our own opinion and feelings:—"Cut out of his writings all I understand by Pre-Raffaellitism, and few would go beyond myself in the admiration of the remainder."

TRAVELS IN BOHEMIA, WITH A WALK THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS OF SAXONY. By AN OLD TRAVELLER. 2 Vols. Published by T. C. NEWBY, London.

Few countries of central Europe are so rarely visited by English travellers as Bohemia; and yet it is not difficult of access, and, moreover, lies contiguous to the kingdom of Saxony, whose capital, Dresden, is a great point of attraction to continental tourists who do not object to journey a considerable distance from home. One of the causes which,

perhaps, deters travellers—we mean, of course, that class especially who must go somewhere for a month or two in the year, and who travel without any particular object, except to see something and be amused—from directing their steps thitherward, is the general abseuce of what ordinary "sight-seers" usually look for—picture-galleries, places of great and well-known historical interest, numerous and gay company. Another cause is the comparatively indifferent accommodation offered in the hostels of the country; for we English have a decided feeling in favour of comfortable lodgment and a delicate table, which essentials the Bohemians have not, as yet, found it expedient to provide for our necessities, unless it be in three or four of the principal towns—as Prague, Carlsbad, and Töplitz. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks to mental and personal enjoyment in those who so consider them, Bohemia is a country that is quite worth a visit: its scenery is beautiful, often magnificent; the climate healthy, the people, generally, are refined and intelligent, while there is enough for the eye to rest upon in the shape of ruined castles, monasteries, palaces, and other public buildings, and in the quaint architecture of private dwellings, to wake up tales of old romance, and to delight the lover of the picturesque.

The *nom de plume* adopted by the author of the "Travels in Bohemia" is that which has appeared at the head of a series of papers published in the *Art-Journal* for the last two years and longer; both productions are, in fact, from the same pen; many of our readers, we are assured, when they know this will not require our good word on behalf of the "Travels" to recommend them. But without any reference to such a coincidence, these volumes will be appreciated for their own merits. A pleasant, entertaining, and instructive writer is their author, a lady,—we may so far reveal the secrets of our prison-house to tell the reader,—now leading us through galleries of Art, (but this before she enters the territories of Bohemia), now relating old legends attached to some dilapidated baronial residence or ecclesiastical edifice—for the spirits of romance and of superstition still brood over the land; at one place carrying us back to the ancient chroniclers of the country, and at another introducing us to the various phases of modern life; here inviting her readers to accompany the "Traveller" through some lofty mountain-pass; and there to wander with her through rich grassy meads, where young maidens do the work of our robust husbandmen. The style in which these volumes are written, and their varied and interesting contents, can scarcely fail to give them popularity. The "Old Traveller" is neither too prosy nor too loquacious; she is cheerful, intelligent, and observant—qualities one is always pleased to meet with in a writer of such works as this.

The Arab's Ride to Cairo: a Legend of the Desert. By E. T. White Melville. Illustrated and Illuminated by Mrs. Wolfe Murray. Published by Seton & Mackenzie, Edinburgh.

This very beautiful volume is, we believe, the joint production of a brother and sister. The name of Mr. White Melville is well known; he is the author of several excellent works of fiction, and takes high rank as a man of letters. The ballad is founded on a Moorish legend, and is of that character with which we have been made familiar by many writers—the latest being Mr. Lockart. It is interesting in story, and composed with a happy mingling of the heroic and the pathetic. It is illustrated on every page by lithographic drawings, printed in colours—and very carefully printed—at the press of Messrs. Schenck and MacFarlane, of Edinburgh. The accomplished lady who has undertaken this task as "a labour of love," draws with fecling, force, and expression. The vignettes which head the pages are exceedingly graceful, some of them far above the usual order of book illustrations; they are rightly executed without tints, colours being applied only to illuminated letters and page-borders. Here a large amount of ingenuity and fancy have been exercised; they are of no classic or "authorised" class, but the themes are generally derived from the "hot south," in which the scene of the ballad is laid—leaves, fruit, flowers, and birds being tastefully interspersed with arabesque enrichments. The book is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, and a more graceful publication, or one more entirely satisfactory, has rarely emanated from the fair hand of an amateur.

Chromolithographs. Printed by Vincent Brooks. Published by T. Boys, London.

Mr. Boys has just published two pairs of chromolithographic prints, from drawings by J. Ritchie, an artist who has a good reputation as a landscape painter in his native country, Scotland. One pair, of very large dimensions, represent respectively "The Enjoyments of Peace," and "The Miseries of War;" the former a composition in which the artist seems to have had Rubens before him for the landscape, and Teniers for the figures, but the combination does not come well together; the picture is fragmentary, broken up into parts, over which the eye travels from one to another without finding repose: there are all sorts of groups, occupied in all sorts of amusements on the village green. The companion-print shows a village fired by some unseen enemy, and the inhabitants fleeing from the scene of devastation; but not a soldier makes his appearance before the spectator. These prints are singular rather than agreeable, and must be accepted more as examples of the art of clever and powerful colour-printing, than for any excellent pictorial qualities they show. The other pair, entitled respectively the "Cricketers," and a "Picnic," are much smaller, and are certainly better as compositions; still there is a peculiarity in Mr. Ritchie's style which, it must be confessed, we cannot admire; if he looks at nature and assumes to copy her, he undoubtedly selects the most unpicturesque and ungraceful of her forms, and the most "unnatural" of her effects. We would suggest to him a close study of the laws of harmony in composition and in colour.

The Annals of England: an Epitome of English History, from contemporary Writers, the Rolls of Parliament, and other Public Records. 3 Vols. Published by J. H. & James Parker, Oxford & London.

As the title of this work indicates, it is little else than a record of events arranged in the chronological order in which they occurred; but this, in our opinion, is just what a history designed for young people ought to be; it will be quite time enough for them to read works calculated to render them partisans, when they have become thoroughly acquainted with facts, and have arrived at years when reason and judgment may be brought to bear upon opinion. The early history of Britain has been so slightly glanced at by most writers, that, with the exception of accounts of some of the principal narratives, we are almost left in the dark respecting it; this deficiency is well supplied in these "Annals," the best and most recent authorities having been consulted for information. Throughout the whole of the work, which, however, comes down only to the end of the Stuart dynasty, brief biographies are given of the chief personages that figure in its pages, and numerous illustrations from coins, seals, monuments, &c., are introduced, and are valuable as offering a series of portraits, heraldic arms, and devices. At the end of the volume are an appendix, notes, and an index, which will be found most useful as references. The novel arrangement of this History, and the concise and careful manner in which it is compiled, are strong recommendations in its favour, and entitle it to a large claim on the public notice.

A Cyclopædia of the Physical Sciences. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. Published by Griffin, Glasgow and London.

The numerous applications made of the discoveries in physical science, render it more than ever necessary that we should be enabled easily to obtain some reliable information on that important department of human knowledge. Electricity has been engaged to multiply equally the useful and the beautiful by the electrotype process. In the electric telegraph we have one of the most remarkable triumphs of mind over matter which high intelligence has yet achieved. The sunbeam has become our artist, and truthfully and beautifully the shadows of external nature are fixed upon the tablet of the photographer. It is not merely electricity and light which have been subjected to man's control, but the study of the laws regulating the force of heat has led to numerous useful inventions relating directly to this force. Our space will not admit of our stating even the branches of physical science which have been made subservient to our wants or our luxuries; suffice it to say that the present age can boast of having applied a large number of the truths which were developed by the industry of former ages; consequently there never was a time when a cyclopædia of the sciences was more required than at present. It is not many men who can afford the time, or who have the inclination, to wade through the few standard works on physical science in our language, and a still smaller number who can seek out the truths which are scattered through the memoirs of our learned societies. Professor Nichol has performed a laborious work, but it is an eminently useful one. Such a book as a cyclopædia of physics is only valuable according to its reliability, and had the work fallen into less able hands, the result would not have been so satisfactory. The position of Professor Nichol in the world of science, and his world-wide reputation as a writer on astronomy, are sufficient guarantees of the sterling character of this work. In the heavy task Professor Nichol has been assisted by men of the highest class. The Rev. Dr. Robinson of Armagh, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Professors William Thomson and Rankine, may be named amongst others as having supplied valuable articles upon astronomy, mathematics, electricity, and heat. The printing of the volume and its illustrations deserve commendation; and, as a whole, we know of no book which so completely supplies a want long felt—a standard general work on the physical sciences.

Local Nomenclature: a Lecture on the Names of Places, chiefly in the West of England. By George P. R. Pulman. Published by Longman & Co., London.

Proper names of persons or places have now nearly lost all significance among us; we can receive no precise idea of a person from the surname he bears, or of the place in which he may reside, from the name given to it; but it was not always so, nor was it natural that it should be. Names were bestowed in accordance with personal peculiarities, or personal prowess, as amongst the Romans. Ovid was termed *Naso*, from his prominent nose; and Scipio, *Africanus*, from his victories on that continent. With the northern tribes similar customs existed, and their proper names indicate some real or imaginary resemblance to great types in nature, or great mental endowments: as Æthelwolf (in our own annals) signified "noble wolf"—an auimal peculiarly typical of the predatory and piratical habits of the Northmen; or as, at a later period, our Henry I. was named "Beauclerc," from his learning; and Edward I., "Longshanks," from his legs. Nearly all our towns and villages bear uames that are equally translatable into the vernacular, though now meaningless to modern ears: thus Exeter is *Exan-caestre*, the fortified town upon the river Exe; Cumberlaud, the land of *combes* or valleys; Chepstow, the *market-place*, from the word *ceap*, to buy or sell (a word we still use in our term *chcapening*), and *stow* a place. Terminations of other words also aid us to their meaning when the whole is not subject to the rule: as words ending with *ham*, such as Clapham, signify the home or dwelling of a chieftain whose name forms the first syllables—this being *Clapa's home*. In the same way *burgh* or *bury* indicates a stronghold or city; *holt*, a wood; *hurst*, a thicket; *croft*, a farm, &c. Many places still retain their meaning, because the old Saxon proper names are yet used among us—as Rushywood, or Heathfield, which requires no translation. To all who would understand these, and hundreds of other proper names, this little book will be welcome. It is, as Moore the almanac-maker phrases it, "calculated for the meridian" of the West of England; but it is useful all over the country. Such little books are capital travelling companions — good, useful handbooks; not curious merely, but having an enlarged utility, leading to conclusions and study beyond their own bounds, they teach us to think and investigate, and are consequently of double value to the ordinary "run-and-read" style of compilation with which modern literature abouuds, and which is often as trashy as it is pretentious.

Madeira: its Climate and Scenery. A Handbook for Invalids, and other Visitors. By Robert White. Published by A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

This is a new edition of Mr. White's book, published about five years since; but, even during this brief space of time, so many changes and alterations have taken place, even in the small and far-off island of Madeira, that it has been found necessary to "re-write and re-cast the whole work," a task which was confided to Mr. J. Y. Johnson, the health of the original author not permitting him to undertake the task. The book is strictly what it professes to be, a succinct and particular account of the island, containing all the information with which the visitor, whether he goes thither for health or pleasure, need be acquainted; nothing seems to be omitted that a stranger from England would desire to know; even to the shops from which he would draw his daily supplies of food, his articles of clothing, his mental aliment in the shape of books, or his drugs—if uuhappily he requires them. No one who contemplates a voyage to Madeira should omit to carry Mr. Johuson's "Hand-book" with him as his guide and counsellor.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, May 1, 1857.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF HUGH MUNRO, Esq., HAMILTON PLACE, PICCADILLY.

It has seldom been our good fortune to meet with a collection of pictures so interesting as that which we now describe, as to the modern portion of its catalogue — that is, of our own school. It may be observed that patrons of Art seldom blend to any extent ancient with modern productions, or *vice versâ*. Those who have purchased ancient Art, or who have acquired examples of the old masters as heir-looms, are content to retain them; and the eye, having become so habituated to the mellow harmony of hundreds of years, is oppressed by the brighter colour of more recent works. The collection of Mr. Munro is one of the very few in this country which contain some of the best productions of the great masters, with the best examples of our own school. The catalogue of the Italian pictures is that of a gallery of the first class—and it has been very much augmented since it was noticed, now some years ago, in this Journal. The catalogue of the productions of the British school is that also of a collection of the highest order. Each work has in its year of exhibition been noted as a fresh wreath to the brows of him who produced it, and the greater proportion of these works has constituted the transcendent splendours of each particular exhibition in which they have been seen. But Mr. Munro is not merely a painter in feeling, but a painter in deed—for he passes day after day labouring assiduously in his studio: it is, therefore, an ardent love of the beautiful that has urged him to the formation of this valuable collection, and, we believe, with a worthier motive than the hope of its increasing moneyed worth. The catalogue of works of the British school comprehends an unusual number of Turner's best productions—celebrated works—the emanations of the healthiest period of his art; and the numerous and brilliant series of Etty's pictures is nowhere equalled. The collection contains, also, very many of the noblest landscapes of Wilson, the best works of Bonington, landscapes by Constable, a variety of subjects by Stothard, Hilton, Fuseli, Wyatt, Maclise, Paton—portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough; and, moreover, other valuable pictures placed with their faces to the wall, because there is no space to hang them. And in addition to these, we have observed some highly meritorious works in crayon, especially a study of a young lady in a black dress, distinguished by exquisite sweetness and simplicity of expression. We proceed to particulars of some of Turner's works.

'Rotterdam,' J. M. W. Turner.—This would form an excellent pendant to Turner's picture of Antwerp — both are so breezy and sunny— both painted under the excitement of a like enthusiasm. Here we are nearly abreast of the Church of St. Lawrence, with which every voyager who has visited Rotterdam is familiar. The eye, the most insatiate of colour, could not be otherwise than gratified here, although the whole composition is made out in tones departing but little from grey in its warm and cool varieties. The colour is focussed in the sail of a boat, which is running past us with the wind on her quarter. The Church of St. Lawrence, like Antwerp Cathedral, rises in the sunshine, the brightest spot in the picture; but the quays are invisible, and we look in vain for the site of the house of Erasmus. In this picture we see how little served Turner to establish local identity; in others which we are about to notice, it will be seen that the most minute details were not beneath his attention.

'The Piazzo San Marco, Venice,' J. M. W. Turner. — This is really not a tempting subject, as consisting principally of domestic architecture; but the scene is presented to us lighted by the moon, and the thousand glimmering lights which assist at a Venetian *festa*, for to such are we here invited—the festal eve of St. John, or St. Mark. We look from the lower end of the Piazza, at the other end of which towers the Campanile, and behind it St. Mark's, in all the breadth of its mosque-like architecture. According to the perspective, we are placed at a considerable elevation, because we see the Ducal Palace over the houses, and the line of the quays of the Porto. The piazza is thronged with groups of pleasure-seeking Venetians, and vessels off the quays are throwing up fireworks. This is a most difficult subject to divest of its angular every-day character; it has been painted as a *tour de force*, and no one but Turner could have conceived the moonlight and all but unreal character with which the whole is invested. It is a combination of phenomena but rarely seen, and when seen, it is such as to require for its representation the highest order of human power.

'The Grand Canal, Venice,' J. M. W. Turner. —We look here up the vista to the distant Dogana on the right, and the Ducal Palace on the left; but the buildings are only accessory—the force of the picture resides in its composition of fishing and carrying craft, with those endless gondolas. And here we recognise the surprising merit of the black spots which Turner inserts here and there in different degrees of force, and at different distances, and with degrees of tone so nicely graduated as at once to define distances with the utmost perspicuity. We are again at a *festa*—perhaps that of St. Nicholas—for all the vessels in the canal have "dressed ship," and are therefore hung with their gayest colours. But this must not be taken for the usual aspect of the canal; a simple voyager may peer for years from the windows of these palaces without witnessing such a scene. The picture, then, consists of the agroupment of boats, and if we look at the work, we see that the colour is perhaps exaggerated; but if we consider it as a reality, we are sensible of colour, yet do not feel the scene as a painted canvas.

'Modern Italy,' J. M. W. Turner.—This composition places the spectator on an eminence, whence he looks down upon a river that flows at the foot of a precipice, on the summit of which is a city. This is the left section of the nearer composition. On the right the ground rises also from the level of the water to a broken height, on which appears a procession of priests about to enter a church. Here, then, is a city like an amphitheatre, and a river mocking the Po with its unbroken lustre, and imitating the wilder Adige where it is confined by rocky and precipitous banks; or we might think we are looking down on the Arno from near Empoli. And the Campagna is not forgotten, for beyond the river and the city is opened a vast plain, lying in alternate breadths of subdued light and shade, which succeed each other until the distance mingles with the sky. Here, then, is Italy, materially and sentimentally, in the full tide of its dreamy and sunny *far niente*—nothing is forgotten. The scene is full of minute allusion to existing circumstance: it was painted for the Rev. T. Daniell, but he never possessed it, as he died in Asia Minor while it was in progress.

'Cicero's Villa,' J. M. W. Turner.—This subject is near Puteoli, in Campania, and there Cicero may have passed the greater part of his time after the battle of Pharsalia. Turner has made the most of the site and its splendid ruins; the place looks extensive, insomuch that we would ask Pliny where Cicero's interest began and ended. We are placed upon a terrace, and a little below us extend those walks and vistas which, in the days of their pride, were abundantly planted with the rarest fruit and flower-bearing trees and shrubs. Again, the allusive indefinition of the picture carries us back to history, far beyond the vulgarities of an insolently literal imitation—the professed faith of the many, because so few can accomplish that kind of narrative which thus passes from the realities of the present to the shadows of the past.

'Boulogne,' J. M. W. Turner.—Turner was accustomed to say that he never went to Boulogne except in a hurricane—he never saw a Boulogne sky save presided over by a storm-cloud. The spectator is here placed at the end of the jetty, with a fearful sea rolling in, driven by a howling tempest coming directly on to the land. Between the vast volumes of water and the grand forms of the clouds there is a coincidence of movement, which is assisted wonderfully by a near boat, that appears to be pitched within the jetty on the crest of a wave. As in his 'Rotterdam,' 'Antwerp,' and other similar pictures, Turner identifies locality by one striking feature; here, it is the Column, which is lighted up by a flitting gleam of light.

'Modern Rome,' J. M. W. Turner.—This picture was painted for Mr. Munro, and, at his request, it was to be "a portrait of Rome." From the point of view—the Capuchin Mount—we look down upon the Tiber, which goes into the picture, and at a little distance is crossed by the Ponte Rotto, and there we lose its course, which is thence indicated only by the recognised points on its shores. The canvas presents a vast expanse to the eye, but we find every striking feature of the city in its proper place, especially all the *monti*, with their prominent buildings:—far away on the right St. Peters, and lower down in the grey shade the Castel St. Angelo; then again the Capitol, and everywhere the forms of the well known churches. But the triumph of the work is the manner in which Turner has disposed of the lofty modern buildings on the quays below, which run into the composition, with all their angularity of form and inexorable stiffness of line, without being disadvantageously felt. The space shown in this work is prodigious; those forms which we know to be the most important in the vast panorama are as nothing to the extent under the eye; and the warmth and harmony of the colour, so much assisted by a near pine thrown up against the sky, are most captivating.

'The Departure of Adonis for the Chase,' J. M. W. Turner.—This is the only large figure picture by Turner we have ever seen; and so well are the figures painted, that it might be suspected that he had some aid in the work. Venus is extended on a bank, and Adonis, accompanied by his dogs, and grasping his hunting-spear, is about to depart for the chase, but Venus seeks to detain him. The upper part of the composition is closed by trees, against which, in relief, are seen four Cupids disporting on the wing. It is spirited and Titianesque in character, and so different from all Turner's other works, that but for a knowledge of the fact it would never be attributed to him.

'The Colosseum,' J. M. W. Turner.—This view is from the Campo Vaccino, presented under an afternoon effect, and showing the Colosseum opposite in the middle distance, standing out as a principal object, to which all near edifices are but as minute accessories. As in all this magnificent series, the whole is presented under the aspect of a broad and sunny daylight, and with the same fidelity of notation observable in the others. The small section of foreground is forced with shade tints, that throw off into airy distance the whole of the remote composition, which is essentially a picture, having for its principal features some of the grandest memorials of the Rome of the Cæsars.

'Ancient Rome,' J. M. W. Turner.—In composition this picture resembles the 'Carthage,' as here the Tiber occupies the centre of the field, each bank being covered with buildings, which on the left side rise to a great height, temple above temple. In the nearest section are strewed the spoils of a victory, and removed a little inward is a crowd of galleys and figures. To the sunny splendour of this work no description can do justice.

'Avalanche in the Val d'Aosta,' J. M. W. Turner.—When the sketch was made for this picture, Mr. Munro was with Turner, who expressed a hope to him that he (Mr. Munro) did not know what he proposed to paint, for if so he should feel himself obliged to abandon the subject. This, not less than any work he has ever executed, is an example of Turner's power of impressing the mind with sentiments of wonder and awe.

'The Wreck Buoy,' J. M. W. Turner.—This is an open sea-view, simple in its construction of effect, but marvellously powerful in its concentration of light and colour. The near breadth of the heaving water is thrown into shade in such a manner as to force colour and effect into one flash of brilliancy. There are two rainbows in the sky, and a heavy rain-cloud is passing off on the left. The principal object in the composition is a passing boat, the sails of which are constituted the colour focus, supported by the buoys, which are also forced, but only contributively, with colour. There is the utmost amount of knowledge presented to the eye in the semblance of the utmost simplicity. This is the art of the master—most learned yet most simple.

'The Golden Age,' W. Etty.—A picnic, the number of the participants being that of the Graces—a happy trio, that is, before the invincible wine stretched the ladies on the green sward. There are, in short, three figures, a satyr and two nymphs; a golden wine-cruse lies by them, emptied of its ruddy liquor, and the nymphs (*victæ vino*) have fallen asleep; but the copper-skinned satyr,—as rich in colour as a Pawnee,—with his harder head, survives his applications to the wine-flask, and crowns the sleeping nymphs with flowers. Etty here passes at once all the Roman poets, and takes his place among the Greek pastorals.

'The Forest Family,' W. Etty.—An agroupment of three figures, dispersed in the shade of a dense texture of branches and foliage. The mother, a nude figure, lies extended, with her left arm cast around her infant, which is on the ground near her; the man, with his back turned, reaches toward some grapes that hang over the party. It is a work of great power, distinguished by all the facile execution of the painter.

'The Bathers,' W. Etty.—A group of two children who have just stepped into a pool to bathe; the younger is in shade, the elder, with the utmost brilliancy of flesh-tint, presents a forcible contrast. The timidity of the two is a beautiful expression, and their innocence and purity are charmingly felt.

'The Backbiter,' W. Etty.—This title is given to a composition consisting of a nymph sleeping, while a snake coiled round a tree is preparing to strike her. No effort in flesh-painting has ever excelled this figure in roundness, breadth, mellowness, and vital warmth.

'Repose after Bathing,' W. Etty.—Consisting of three female figures, of which the centre one presents the face nearly full. On the left the back of the second is shown, and the third, on the right of the agroupment, is seated. This picture was painted for the late Mr. Carpenter, who stipulated that it should contain the utmost amount of brilliant colour that could be thrown into it. When an essay of this kind was proposed to Etty, it may be understood what the merits of the work may be. The exquisite tone of these incomparable nudes is supported by a great power of colour, disposed in relief of the group.

'The Good Samaritan,' W. Etty.—A figure, representing the wounded man, worked out with great breadth and purity of tone, is extended parallel with the base of the composition, while the Samaritan kneels and bends over him, in the act of ministering to his need. These two figures, with the ass of the Samaritan, constitute the principals of the picture. The uncharitable wayfarers pass on as secondary figures. This picture was painted for Mr. Cartwright, the medical attendant of Etty, as a mark of his estimation of Mr. Cartwright's services; and when the work was presented, the painter said that it was worth six hundred pounds to him should he at any time desire to turn it into money. After Etty's decease Mr. Cartwright parted with the work.

'The Signal,' W. Etty.—A nude figure extended at length, having the back turned to the spectator, and raising her right hand, in which she holds a handkerchief. This back is a charming study, and the lines of the figure are essentially those of beauty. The incident and supplementary material show great elegance of feeling.

'A Naiad,' W. Etty.—She is extended, and presents her back, resting with her left arm on a vase, whence flows a stream of water. This picture looks less finished than others that we have noticed; it contains but little of accessory, the merit of the work being concentrated in the beauty of the figure.

'The Standard-bearer,' W. Etty.—A small picture, presenting a study of a knight in armour grasping a standard. It is a dark, broad, and sketchy picture, improving upon Giorgione, supplying that force and breadth of which he is deficient.

'Diana visiting Endymion,' W. Etty.—This is perhaps the most charming piece of idealism that Etty ever painted; and we think it original—at least we have never before seen the subject thus treated. According to the classic conception of the moon every night visiting the mountain, we see here Diana, in her quality of crescent, luminous, contemplative, and very elegant in design, bending over the sleeping youth. The picture is hung rather high, but as far as we can see there is less of individuality here than in other conceptions of the painter.

'The Bather,' W. Etty.—A study of a single nude figure standing in water, and relieved by a sky and water background, entirely open.

'A Sleeping Nymph,' W. Etty.—She rests upon her side, having a veil loosely thrown over her. The composition is open on the right, and a group of trees assist in forcing the colour, which is as luminous in tone, and as descriptive of vital warmth, as anything the artist has ever painted.

'Zephyrus and Aurora,' W. Etty.—He here pins his faith to Milton—the passage in "L'Allegro;" but everything, even to the veil of the rosy-fingered Eos, is strictly according to the classics. The golden chariot of Aurora awaits her, but she is detained by Zephyrus, who is seated with his back to the spectator, having his left arm thrown round the goddess, who is in the act of dispelling night and sleep. The picture is in parts freely painted, but the personal breadths are executed with inimitable tenderness of gradation, and a purity of tint never to be excelled. The movement of the figures, and the dispositions of the limbs, afford a masterly system of lines. This, in colour, is one of Etty's most splendid essays.

'A Nymph on the Sea-shore,' W. Etty.—She has cast herself on a bank in grief or weariness, and lies turned towards the ground. The back and lower limbs constitute a study of incomparable truth in the imitation of the throbbing warmth and roundness of life. The lustrous breadth of the study can never be surpassed.

'A Nereid,' W. Etty.—She is extended at length on the sea-shore, the back of the figure only being seen. On the left, and hanging nearly over her, is a jutting rock; on the right the view is open to the sea. Like many of these works of which we have already spoken, this is one of the most captivating exercises of Etty's genius.

'Venus Bathing,' W. Etty.—She stands upright near the brink of a pool or river, on the bank of which, at a little distance, stands Cupid; one arm of the figure rests upon the bough of a tree, and she is relieved by trees.

'Cupid and Psyche,' W. Etty.—Psyche is extended on a couch sleeping, and Cupid, while contemplating her, raises his torch above his head.

'Venus and Mars,' W. Etty.—A very large picture, painted while Etty was working with Sir Thomas Lawrence, to whose feeling there is much resemblance in the picture.

'A Study,' W. Etty.—This was the property of Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the sale of whose effects it was purchased by Mr. Munro. It is an exquisite study of the back of a nude female figure.

'The Deserted,' W. Etty.—A nude figure seated, and looking to the ground with a fixed expression of grief.

In addition to this long and valuable list, there is a copy from Paul Veronese, and an Academical study.

'Francis the First and his Sister,' R. P. Bonington.—The public is well acquainted with this very attractive picture, by the engravings which have been published from it. The composition is so well known that we need not describe it. We have never before seen the work, and we confess much agreeable surprise at its sustained tone and excellent condition. There is a great deal of red in it, but it is by no means monotonous, from the harmonious variety of hue given to the king's dress, in which this colour prevails. The two dogs play a most important part in the work as vehicles of black and white, besides assisting, by expressive form, the lower part of the picture. It is sketchy in execution, but it is Bonington's *capo d'opera*—he never attained the same degree of excellence in any other work. He is one of the few who have displayed equal power in two very distinct departments of Art—that is, figure subjects and coast scenery. The French claim him as a painter of their school; but if he be a French artist, then every French student who passes any time in Italy is a member of an Italian school. The feeling which certain departments of the French school derived from Bonington is still recognisable.

'The Fish-market, Boulogne,' R. P. Bonington.—This is a large picture, showing at the left extremity the cottages of the fishing inhabitants, and on the left centre a concourse of figures with a squadron of boats, from which the fish is being landed. The effect is sunny and Cuyp-like, the boats with their sails hoisted to dry tell forcibly against the warm and broad sky.

'Coast View,' R. P. Bonington.—A small picture; an example of a lengthy series of similar coast views, painted with great breadth and facility of execution: charming as affording the most captivating effect with the smallest quantity of material.

'Coast View,' R. P. Bonington.—Another example of this minor class of subject, most harmonious in unobtrusive colour; admirably diversified with light and shade, and very poetically expressive of air and distance.

'The Little Coquette, Novar.'—This is painted by Mr. Munro himself; it is a single figure, representing a girl looking complacently in a glass at the garland of flowers with which she has adorned her head. It is admirable in colour, and very skilfully painted.

'Hampstead Heath,' J. Constable.—A small picture, containing a very picturesque disposition of quantities. The nearer section presents a large proportion of broken ground, which rises in the right of the picture; the left opens with near trees, water, and graduated distances terminated by a remote and airy horizon. It is a skilful composition, and would have been worthy of development in a large picture.

'Near Highgate,' J. Constable.—Another small picture from the same picturesque vicinity. Here the gravelly bank rises on the immediate left, and the right opens to distance over a succession of fields studded with trees, and retiring to an almost invisible distance.

'Rome, from the Villa Madama,' R. Wilson.—This is a very large picture, and in superb condition. The whole of the broken foreground, which is an eminence overlooking the valley of the Tiber, lies in deep shade. The river appears on the left, and we trace the line of its course to and through the city, which occupies the middle distance, extending nearly across the entire composition. By close examination, we recognise individual edifices here and there, but the entire expanse lies in one breadth of mellow light, and beyond the city all definite form is lost, until the eye rests on the Appenine chain which closes the distance. This is one of the most important pictures that Wilson ever painted.

'The Destruction of the Niobe Family by Apollo,' R. Wilson.—This work is so well known from the version of the subject, also by Wilson, in the National Gallery, that it is not necessary to describe it here. This is the first picture—that in the National Gallery is a repetition. This was executed by Wilson for the father of the late Lord de Tabley, but when the latter understood that the price was three hundred pounds, he demurred to such a price, and declined the purchase. When Mr. Grenville heard that the work had been rejected, he expressed a desire to possess it, and acceded to the terms of the painter. It is in the best possible preservation, and all its details are more distinct than those of the work in the national collection.

'Italian Landscape,' R. Wilson.—This picture is

extremely pure in colour and perfect in surface. It was the property of Colonel Bowles (having been originally executed for a member of his family), from whose possession it passed into that of Mr. Munro. The composition shows on the left an ancient fountain, near which are three figures: a river flows from the right transversely to the distances, on the opposite side of which is the ruined tower, which appears so frequently in Wilson's works. The extreme distance is closed by mountains.

'Adonis crowned by Venus,' R. Wilson.—A classic landscape, resembling the works of Claude in the tranquil dignity of its sentiment. The components are very similar in all Wilson's productions of this class. The left is closed by a dense screen of lofty trees, and in the more open portion appears a river, a ruined temple, and a distance, concluded by a chain of blue mountains. The group of figures, of which Venus is the principal, was painted in the landscape by Cipriani. This picture was also the property of Colonel Bowles, and was, like the preceding, executed for a member of his family.

'View of Sion House, from Kew,' R. Wilson.—This large picture was painted to commission. The view is taken from a point opposite to Sion House, and looking up the river towards Richmond. It is broad and fresh in colour, distinctly different from Wilson's so-called classical compositions, in which he was so much influenced by Claude. There is in the collection another example of English scenery—fresh, luminous, and natural, apparently a subject from the romantic banks of the Wye. In the enunciation of these two very distinct sentiments this artist was most enthusiastic—his compositions are studiously mysterious, but his pursuit of nature is a continuous sunny revel.

'The Harlot's Progress,' W. Hogarth.—The collection contains two of the compositions of this serial story. They were the property of Mr. Beckford, and are all of this set that survived the conflagration at Fonthill. The series is well known to the public through the engravings. These two are the scene in which the tea-table is overturned, and that in which the profligate is beating hemp in the House of Correction.

'Landscape,' J. M. W. Turner.—This is an early picture, extremely simple in composition and colour—presenting a wild, rocky, and mountainous landscape, consisting of a very few principal parts. The base of the view is the termination of a plain, broken up with incidental rocks and inequalities of surface. On the left rises a mountain, on which, everywhere, the bones of the earth crop-out above the vegetation. Another more distant mountain occurs, closing the centre and right of the picture, and rising above the clouds which sweep its rocky sides. The sentiment of the work is elevated and impressive—the feeling of the lower portion being supported by a sky correspondingly wild. This picture must have been painted in the early years of the present century, long before Turner vindicated for himself the Turneresque. We read his unsettled thoughts while at work on this canvas—he was distracted first by Poussin, then by Wilson, now by Loutherbourg, then by Salvator.

'The Bride,' W. Etty.—This is a semi-nude figure, seated, in profile, the lower part of the person being covered with a red drapery. In the hair is interwoven a chaplet of flowers, and from the head falls a gauze veil. The high and mellow tone of the figure is forced and relieved by some dark green foliage immediately behind, leaving the rest of the field light.

'A Sleeping Nymph,' W. Etty.—This is also a nude study of great beauty, representing the figure lying on her right side, and showing the features, though in some degree screened by the right hand being thrown over the head. The upper part of the figure is relieved by a red drapery, the remaining portion of the background consisting of landscape with trees. It is painted upon one of those brown milled-boards of which Etty continually made use, both at the Royal Academy, and also in the school at St. Martin's Lane.

'Leda and the Swan,' W. Etty.—This picture was commissioned by, and painted for, Sir Thomas Lawrence. In comparison with many of the works we have already mentioned, it is less mature in its manner than those—indeed it is an early picture. The breadth of light formed by the figure and the swan is opposed to a red drapery, suspended from the trees, which rise above it, and close the rest of the background.

'A Study,' W. Etty.—The subject is a female figure recumbent on her left arm, the right arm being extended downward, the hand resting on the right leg. The head of this figure is among the most characteristic of the series—passionate enough for Medea, proud enough for Semiramis, and deriving not a little of its force from the manner of the black hair. The red drapery here occurs again—a very favourite resource with Etty, but always effective and never obtrusive.

'The Vow of Vengeance,' W. Etty.—A study of a nude male figure seated, and looking upwards with an expression of earnest determination, as menacingly grasping a sword in his right hand. The character of the features is oriental, and the deep complexion of the person is also eastern in its hue.

'The Bower of Venus,' W. Etty.—Venus is here extended at length on a draped couch, reclining on the left side, with the face turned from view. The flesh tints are high and mellow in tone, and the disposition of the figure affords the most beautiful flow of line with the utmost delicacy and elegance of proportion. She is attended by two Cupids, one of whom attempts to catch a flying dove.

'Venice,' R. P. Bonington.—Again we are afloat, but this time only on a raft (ingenious device!), on that famous Grand Canal, with San Giorgio on our right, looking up to the Dogana, with the indistinct forms of the palace and adjacent buildings reduced by distance. The most fastidious advocate of the mysterious interpretation of Venetian subject-matter must be charmed with the simplicity of this picture. Turner admired this picture so much that he wished it to hang near his own works.

'Titania and Puck,' J. Noel Paton.—A small picture, worked out with the veriest minuteness of manipulation.

'Rose Bradwardine,' C. R. Leslie, R.A.—A head, the bright features and joyous expression of which are well known through the engraving.

'A Lady playing with a Parrot,' C. Brocky.—Very much in the feeling of the Dutch school—powerful in colour. To this little picture there is a pendant, the subject of which is a lady standing at a window, and on the outside is a small black spaniel. These pictures, although pendants, afford each a contrast to the other in tone and colour. There are in the collection many very accurately drawn and brilliantly-coloured pictures by this artist, who can scarcely be said to be a member of a foreign school, as he came to London under the patronage of Mr. Munro, before he had in anywise distinguished himself elsewhere.

'Satan, Sin, and Death,' W. Hilton.—The composition is strictly according to the text of Milton: Satan is a dark figure in strong opposition to the lighter tone of Sin and the other agroupments. The forms are distinguished by the usual good drawing of this artist.

'La Pensorosa,' G. S. Newton.—This is a small picture, the most charming of all the minor studies that Newton painted. It is a head and bust of a girl presented in profile—she is reading a large volume, and rests her head upon her hand. A black veil is cast over her head, and she wears a large miniature, suspended by a ribbon from her neck. It is an essay of infinite sweetness, and is well known from the very excellent mezzotinto engraving executed from it before the death of the painter, published first as an individual plate, and secondly in a collection of his works. Gilbert Stuart Newton was a native of America, but he exercised his profession in London, and died a member of the Academy.

'The Deserted,' G. S. Newton.—Also a small study; the head and bust of a lady presented full-face. The dress has been originally white, but it is finished with a thin red glaze. This is much more sketchy in execution than the preceding picture; it has also been engraved and published with the collected works.

'An Oriental Study,' W. Wyld.—The subject is a section of the enclosed garden of some Moslem harem, with two figures lying in shade in the centre of the composition. We recognise at once our whereabouts by the architecture and the character of the vegetation.

'A Study from Nature,' J. Constable.—A small picture, presenting a rich variety of English scenery, trees and green fields, in most effective disposition.

'The Tinker,' Alex. Fraser.—A small dark picture, showing the tinker at work before a cottage door, and in the act of raising to his lips a glass of ale. A gardener stands in conversation with the peripatetic mender of pots, and a woman stands at the door. It is probable that this is an early example, when the artist was intimately associated with Wilkie.

'The Cup of Cold Water,' C. W. Cope, R.A.—The subject is treated not scripturally, but in the spirit of ordinary charity. The picture is rather large, but everywhere finished with the utmost care. A pilgrim family, consisting of father, mother, and child, have stopped at a rich man's gate to crave a cup of cold water to revive their fainting girl, who has fallen in exhaustion before the gate. An elegant and touching sentiment pervades the composition, of which every figure is a well-conceived impersonation, strictly appropriate to the tender motives of the subject. A powerful stream of light passes through the doorway, the reflections of which subserve a beautiful variety of tones.

'A Tiger attacked by a Boa-constrictor,' J. Ward, R.A.—This is the most brilliant and exciting picture we have ever seen by this veteran painter. A large male tiger is represented writhing in the crushing folds of a boa of the largest size. The huge and terrible python has wound himself in many circles round the body of the animal, which, in helpless agony, yields to the vast contractile power which is crushing its bones.

'Lady Stanhope,' Sir Joshua Reynolds.—The pose of the figure is in some degree like that of Mrs. Siddons as the 'Tragic Muse.' The lady is seated, and rests her head upon her left hand, looking upwards in a contemplative attitude. The head is a most captivating essay, both in colour and expression. The dress is white and of the utmost simplicity, and the general treatment of the composition is correspondingly unaffected.

'Kitty Fisher,' Sir Joshua Reynolds.—She is seated, and presented in profile, holding a dove before her, with a second bird of the same kind near her.

'An Italian Landscape,' R. Wilson.—The favourite object of a broken bridge is introduced here; the pieces stand in a river, which is circumstanced in an extremely romantic country. This work is very highly finished.

'Landscape,' R. Wilson.—Rarely is a composition of this artist to be seen without water. This is an upright picture, showing in the distance a castle on the banks of the river—a portion of the sky is obscured by the dense foliage of trees in the immediate foreground. In another very highly finished picture, lately the property of a gentleman at Bath, the foreground is entirely shaded by overhanging trees, from beneath which appear the windings of a road with two figures, one mounted on horseback, and beyond these portions of the composition there is a very tenderly painted distance. A yet larger picture than these is a romantic Italian subject, with a city on an eminence on the left—the nearest sections deep and powerful—and beyond these a far-spreading campagna. With a 'View on the Thames' we may conclude the enumeration of Wilson's pictures.

'Sin and Death,' Fuseli.—This picture is considered the masterpiece of Fuseli. It shows Sin as a principal yielding to Death—a shadowy and fearful form beyond her—and whose hand is placed upon her heart. It is very much the best example we have ever seen of that mysticism in which Fuseli excelled. There is also by him a picture entitled 'Revenge,' containing five figures—one of whom, a man, supports a woman in his arms, into whose breast another woman is about to plunge a dagger. Also a subject from "Romeo and Juliet," and another from "The Tempest."

There are numerous pictures by Stothard—subjects from a variety of sources:—two from the "Arabian Nights," 'Adam and Eve entertaining the Angel Raphael,' 'Bacchanals,' 'Lear and Cordelia,' 'Hallowe'en,' 'Temperance,' from "The Economy of Human Life," 'The Resurrection,' a subject from Blair's "Grave," 'Pericles,' 'Hope,' 'All's Well that Ends Well,' &c., &c.; and besides the works by Reynolds already mentioned, there is another portrait of 'Kitty Fisher,' when no longer young, and a portrait of Reynolds's sister—a very piquant performance.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

In consequence of their decision to remove the collections of the Architectural Museum from Canon Row to the Government museum buildings at South Kensington, the committee of management have had to encounter precisely that kind of opposition which, perhaps, they might have had reason to expect, but to which they certainly ought not to have been subjected. That some few individuals should consider the location of the museum in their own immediate neighbourhood as an indispensable condition for them to render to it their support, would have been naturally anticipated. These collections have become of the utmost value to earnest, thoughtful, laborious students of architecture; and to such persons a distant position of the museum, which involves the consumption of time in reaching and returning from it, is really a serious consideration. So soon, however, as the removal of the museum has been completed, such objectors will scarcely fail to consider whether, in their new position and under their fresh arrangements, the collections of casts and other objects will not have acquired a value, impossible to have been attained by them before, which will more than compensate to the student for the additional expenditure of time required by a visit to South Kensington rather than to Canon Row.

But there are other objectors, whose opposition to the removal of the museum is far less reasonable in itself, and who consequently may not be so readily open to ultimate conviction. In the opinion of these persons, the committee have acted in this matter either under an influence altogether unworthy, or without the exercise of any thought, reflection, or discretion. The composition of the committee of management of the Architectural Museum, coupled with their devotion to its welfare, ought to be a sufficient guarantee that so important a matter as the removal of the museum itself would never have been contemplated by them without motives at once consistent and powerful, and that they would not have actually resolved upon any such removal unless convinced that it was necessary in itself, or calculated to prove beneficial both to the institution and to their art. And, on the other hand, from the cold and indifferent supporters of the establishment in Canon Row, a sudden display of energy in opposition to the decision of the committee leads rather to the opinion that the imputation of thoughtlessness, indiscretion, and a want of due reflection ought to rest with themselves in place of the museum committee. The fact is, that the first idea of this removal was forced upon the committee in consequence of their failing to obtain such a measure of support as would enable them either to develop the existing capacities of the museum at Canon Row, or to extend its range, and, by adding to its contents, to render it more complete and more perfect. In the quaint old galleries where they first were gathered together, the collections of the Architectural Museum have long ceased to be practically available for study, except so far as each student might be able to discover for himself what he desired amongst the crowded assemblage of casts. Every effort was made with the view to accomplish a satisfactory classification and arrangement; but the limited space and the peculiarity of the construction of the rooms rendered these efforts abortive. Nor could a more extended area be obtained on the spot, nor (with the sole exception of their locality) was it even desirable that the Canon Row premises should have been so far extended as to have met the requirements of the museum. The Canon Row lofts have been elevated into "galleries," through the potency of association; but, in plain matter of facts, lofts they are, and such they will remain until the contemplated new palace of the executive Government sweeps them away altogether; and, even for the sake of being within a stone's throw of Westminster Bridge, we ought not to locate in such a home what may now claim to be the national museum of the noblest of the arts. Such a museum ought to have a suitable habitation, though it be but a temporary one, as well as an appropriate and consistent position. We are well aware that the *suitableness* of the South Kensington Museum buildings for their purpose will be instantly disputed; nor are we disposed to enter upon any attempt to advocate their cause, beyond the point with which we now are immediately concerned. As a temporary structure, designed only to fill a void until the deliberate voice of the legislature shall have pronounced what shall be the National Museum of Art, perhaps it was a matter of indifference what the external aspect of these buildings might be; and possibly with many persons it might be considered desirable that they should be unmistakeably impressed with the visible characteristics of a brief and subsidiary existence: still we confess to a feeling of regret that, even in their capacity of temporary museum-buildings, these structures should have been produced as they now appear. But the character and external aspect of the South Kensington buildings are considerations altogether subordinate to the capacities of these buildings for effectually discharging the duties required from them. We have now simply to consider how far the galleries, which will contain the Architectural Museum within these walls of iron, in place of the former walls of wood, are calculated to provide for the requirements of the museum collections, and to meet the wants of students and visitors. This is a matter which appears to have been very generally overlooked, when the external aspect of the so-called Art-museum had been seen, and, having been seen, had been promptly condemned. The exterior being so far from satisfactory to the eye, the interior was assumed to be as remote from what would be required for use. But here, certainly so far as the Architectural Museum is concerned, a conclusion exactly at variance with the facts would be arrived at by such a process of reasoning. The galleries of the Architectural Museum are admirably suited to their purpose. Spacious, commodious, well-arranged, well lighted, these galleries enable the committee of the museum to place their collections upon a system at once altogether satisfactory and consistent with the importance of the collections themselves, and they will also enable students to study, and visitors to inspect, the contents of the museum with every facility and every advantage. What they so greatly needed is here provided for the museum committee—available space and light. The Architectural Museum had outgrown its home at Canon Row, and yet it demanded space for a continual and a vigorous growth. At South Kensington it has the room it now requires, and what it may need in time to come can be provided, and will be provided for it. Nor is it only a larger range of gallery which the Architectural Museum can now command. The museum collections having now been classified and arranged, can be seen and compared; so that one visit to the museum as it is, ought to be more valuable in its results than several such visits as heretofore could be made at Canon Row. The great objection to the South Kensington Museum, arising from the distance of its location, is here met with a reply which, while it confessedly still leaves this distance much to be deplored, really deprives it of its most serious evil. This is a point which will establish its own importance when the museum, shall have been attended for a while by students; and it will, without doubt, be found to operate very effectually towards removing the unfavourable impression excited in the public mind by the position of the South Kensington museums. The combination of several Art-collections there, beneath a single roof, will also speedily demonstrate its own influence for good—for good, no less in popular opinion than in practical effects. In the case of the Architectural Museum it must be particularly borne in mind that, besides better, more spacious, and more commodious galleries, the institution derives various other important advantages from the removal, which will combine to render its development comparatively easy to be accomplished. New means of obtaining fresh casts are opening before the committee; and the resources already at their disposal being no longer burdened with rent and certain other charges of a somewhat similar character, will admit of a direct application of their full powers to the purposes of the museum itself. And in all these matters the action of the committee will continue to be absolutely free and independent. With them will rest the entire direction of the museum, as in time past: the removal will have been accomplished under their orders, though not at their cost; the collections will have been rearranged by them, and with them the future destinies of the museum will rest. There has been some misapprehension in this matter, which it will be well to have removed. It has been alleged that the government authorities will gradually encroach upon and eventually absorb the independence of the Architectural Museum Committee. What the government authorics will do, will be this—they will desire to render all the Art-collections which may be brought into contact with one another beneath their roof as perfect as possible, and as practically valuable as possible; and in the department of architecture they will gladly secure the services of the museum committee on the only terms upon which those services could be obtained—by securing to the committee themselves their independence of action, and by maintaining their authority.

THE SOULAGES COLLECTION AT MANCHESTER.

The Government having exercised, as we believe, a wise discretion in declining to purchase for the National Art-museums the Soulages Collection, the Directors of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition have become the purchasers; and accordingly, the labours of the old advocate of Toulouse have found an unexpected recognition from amongst the merchant-princes of the great emporium of English textile manufactures. This is a fact at once singular and significant: singular, since it indicates the deep hold which the present Art-passion has taken upon the Manchester mind; and significant as demonstrating that this passion has assumed just that practical bearing which with Manchester men is the sure token of sound sense, and the equally sure promise of genuine utility. The Soulages Collection is far from being simply a collection of works of Art, in the direct and usual acceptation of that term: on the contrary, consisting of an assemblage of different productions of what we now understand under the designation of Art-manufactures, it is to the manufacturer who would improve and elevate his productions through the agency of Art rather than to the student of the history of Art and to the artist properly so called, that this collection makes its appeal and propounds its teaching. Its Manchester proprietors, without depreciating its historical value, have formed a just estimate of its character; and hence it is that we regard the purchase of it by them with such sincere satisfaction.

From the hour in which we first examined the much-extolled Soulages Collection, we have considered that it has been estimated considerably above its intrinsic and real merits; and, consequently, we have invariably entertained and expressed a hope that, as a whole, it would not become national property. The conditions under which the purchase of this collection has been effected at Manchester do not, in any respect or degree, militate against such an ultimate disposition of its various components as may place in the national museum certain most desirable specimens, while Manchester itself, and perhaps other provincial cities and towns also, may become the permanent possessors of other portions of this series of Art-Manufactures and works of Art. Thus, whatever benefits the practical arts of our own times and our own country may acquire from this Soulages Collection, will be more diffusive in their application than if the whole were kept together; and, at the same time, what would be useless in one museum may become useful through the different circumstances in which it may be placed when in another. And should the result of the Manchester purchase be to keep the Soulages together as a single collection, and as a department of one museum, it would in that capacity possess a greater value in any other museum than in the Art-museums of the nation. We can better spare the whole collection from the national museums than admit the whole collection within them: and hence, though we certainly should be glad to know that certain works, once the property of M. Soulages, had been purchased by the Government, we rejoice to feel assured that the Government purchase will be restricted to selected specimens, instead of extending over the entire collection.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXIV.—CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

CLARKSON STANFIELD is a native of Sunderland, in the county of Durham; he was born, we believe, in 1798. The fact of his boyhood having been passed in a seaport town, where everybody, as well as everything, is, or seems to be, impregnated with sea air and salt water, had, no doubt, considerable influence in determining him to enter the marine service, in which he passed several years of his early life, and thereby acquired a partiality for the class of art which he has since so successfully followed, and such an acquaintance with the sea and shipping as enabled him to attain the high position he has reached as a marine-painter. He made his first appearance in London as an exhibitor in 1823, at the Society of British Artists, in the formation of which he, with David Roberts, and some others who have risen to high distinction, took great interest. But before speaking of the pictures which have passed out of Stanfield's studio, it will be necessary to allude to another branch of Art with which his name is honourably associated, because we are of opinion it laid the foundation for a large portion of his future excellence.

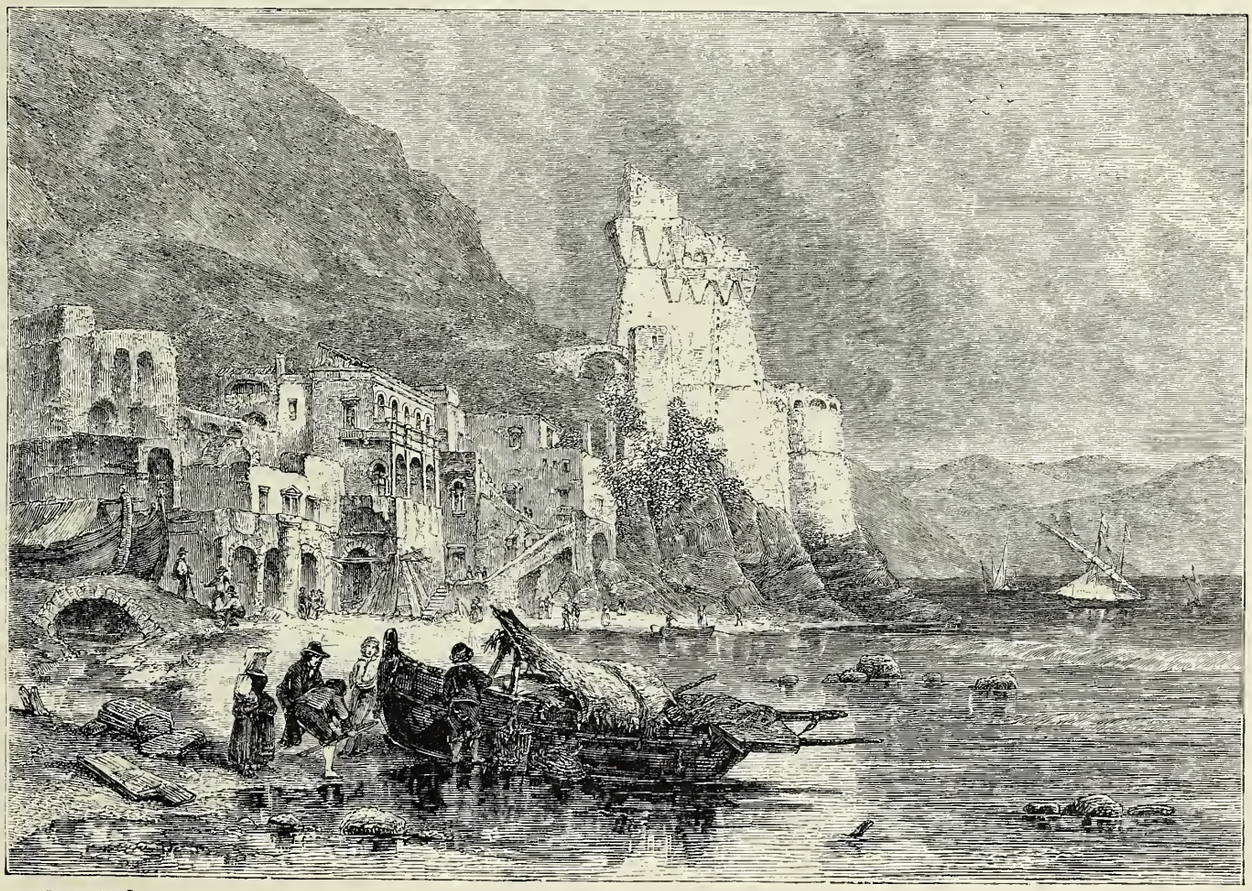
While Stanfield was serving at sea, we have heard that he used frequently to amuse himself with painting, employing whatever materials were at his command. On his settlement in London, he engaged himself to paint scenes for one of the minor theatres; here was an excellent school of practice, from which the artist, no doubt, derived considerable benefit, and through it Stanfield himself was the means of raising scene-painting to the dignity of Art: before his time it was little else than daubing for the stage. We are old enough to remember the beautiful drop-scenes and dioramic views which he subsequently painted for Drury Lane;—pictures they were of real beauty, so beautiful as to make it a matter of sincere regret that they should have passed away with the season which called them into existence. To Stanfield, and David Roberts, who had rendered himself famous by his architectural representations, succeeded Marshall, Beverley, and some other names, whose works are the delight of the present generation of dramatic patrons; but to the two former must be assigned the honour of rendering the scenery of the British stage what it now is—the best in Europe.

The first of Stanfield's easel pictures that attracted marked attention was "Market Boats on the Scheldt," exhibited at the British Institution in 1826: the picturesque grouping of the boats laden with various commodities, the number and diversity of figures in gay costumes, all reflected in the quiet surface of the water, constituted a representation as agreeable to the eye as it was true to nature. In the following year he exhibited, in the same gallery, the "Wreckers off Fort Rouge, Calais," a work of far greater originality and power than the preceding: many of our readers may probably know the subject from Quilley's mezzotint engraving; the print, however, conveys but an imperfect idea of the spirit of the original. In the same year (1827) his name first appears in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, appended to a picture entitled "A Calm."

His next important work, exhibited at the Society of British Artists in 1829, was of a subject differing entirely from all preceding it—a view of "Earlstoke Park," the seat of the late George Watson Taylor, Esq., a distinguished patron of Art. We have no recollection of this picture, but we find an anonymous writer speaking thus of it three or four years after it was exhibited:—"An extensive view of a very beautiful country, masterly coloured, and executed with magnificent powers of handling."

On reference to our catalogue of the Academy Exhibition of 1830, we find sundry "notes" of commendation upon his picture of "Mount St. Michael, Cornwall;" certainly it is superior to the "Wreckers."

It was about this period, we presume, that Stanfield first visited the Continent, for he exhibited at the Academy, in 1831, four pictures, entitled respectively "A Storm," "Strasburg," "Venice," and "A Fisherman of Honfleur;" the three last were drawings: these foreign scenes constituted the advanced-guard of that long array of continental scenes which we have seen passing



Engraved by] TERMINATI MARINA DI CITARA. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

before us, and ever welcome, up to the present time. In 1832 he exhibited at the British Institution "Portsmouth Harbour," a commission from William IV., and engraved among the "Royal Pictures" which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*; and at the Academy another commission from his late majesty, "The Opening of the New London Bridge," which Mr. Prior is now engraving for us. In the autumn of this year Stanfield was elected Associate of the Academy.

In 1833 he exhibited at the Academy the first of a series of large pictures commissioned by the Marquis of Lansdowne for the banqueting-room at Bowood; they are ten in number, and are inserted in the panels of the wall: the subjects are all of Italian scenery,—the "Piazza di San Marco," the islands of "Mazerbo" and "Livenza," the "Ducal Palace from the Dogana," "Sta. Maria della Saluta," the island of "Murano," "Citara," &c. &c.; this last completed the number, it was finished in 1840. In 1834 Stanfield commenced a series of Venetian views, for a similar purpose, for the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland.

About this time it was that those charming ephemeral illustrated books called "Annuals" were at the height of their popularity: Stanfield executed a

number of drawings, varied in interest and beautiful in character, for the "Picturesque Annual," which were published in the years 1834 and 1835. In the latter year he was elected Academician.

In 1836 he exhibited his large picture of the "Battle of Trafalgar," painted for the Senior United Service Club; the original sketch was purchased by the late Mr. Vernon, and is now in the National Collection at Marlborough House: an engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal* for November, 1851.

We pass over the succeeding two years of Stanfield's life—although they were productive of several admirable works—simply because of our limited space: in 1839 he was absent abroad; but in 1840 there hung on the walls of the Academy six pictures from his pencil,—"Citara," one of the Lansdowne series, "Ancona," "Salerno," "St. Georgio Maggiore," "Aviguon," "View near St. Malo," and "Amalfi," all of them landscapes of a high order of merit.

Of two pictures exhibited in 1841, "The Castle of Ischia," and "Pozzuoli, Bay of Baiæ," the former is tolerably well known from the engraving issued by the Art-Union of London, in 1844.

"Vallone dei Maliui, Amalfi," a rocky defile, crowned in the near distance by a few white Italian buildings; "Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore;" a view of "Pozzuoli," taken from a different point to that of the picture of the preceding year; and "Kitchen of the Inn at Amalfi," a semi-interior,—were Stanfield's contributions to the Academy in 1842. In the following year he sent "Mazerbo and Lucello, Gulf of Venice," one of the finest landscapes he has ever painted, "The Ducal Palace and Columns of St. Mark, Venice;" and to the British Institution, a "View of the Islands of Ischia and Procida."

In 1844 Stanfield left the fair country of Italy, and carried us to the shores of Holland, through the medium of two pictures—one "Onde Scheldt, Texel Island," a comparatively small but beautiful example of his pencil; the other, a truly noble composition, "The Day after the Wreck—a Dutch East-Indiaman on shore in the Ooster Schelde,"—this work, studied carefully in all its parts, was the greatest triumph the artist had yet achieved; and although in two or three later productions he may have equalled, he has certainly never surpassed, it in fidelity to nature and poetical feeling: the masterly treatment of the sea, yet chafing under the effects of the storm that passed over it, is, perhaps, the most striking passage in the picture.

Of three pictures exhibited in 1845, "The Mole at Ancona, with Trajan's Arch;" "Dutch Boats running into Saardam, Amsterdam in the distance;" and the "Action and Capture of the Spanish frigate, El Gamo, by the English



Engraved by] IL PONTO ROTTO, ROME. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

sloop, Speedy, commanded by the then Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald,"—we can only just refer to the last, as being one of the few sea-fights which the painter has given us: he seems to have caught, in his representation of the action, no little amount of the spirit which the gallant Cochrane showed in the capture of his comparatively gigantic adversary.

Three pictures were Stanfield's contingent to the exhibition of 1846,—"A Dutch Dogger carrying away her Sprit;" "Il Ponto Rotto, Rome," in the possession of Mr. Arden, Cavendish Square, who has kindly afforded us the opportunity of engraving it; and a "Scene at Monnikendam, on the Zuyder Zee;" the first full of life and motion, the second truthful and substantial, the last a quiet picturesque representation of Dutch coast-land. In 1847 he contributed six pictures—two views of "Dordrecht," gems, rich and luminous; "On the Zuyder Zee," showing a number of Dutch craft in a stiff breeze; "Scene near Cattolica, Adriatic;" "Naples," a smaller "gem" than the "Dordrecht" pictures, but quite as beautiful; and "French Troops fording the Magra in 1796," painted for the late Earl of Ellesmere, a picture which to describe at a length, in some proportion to its merits, would occupy a column of our page: it must suffice, that we say it honours the collection in which it is placed, and that is no mean compliment to the work.

"A Saw-mill at Saardam," in the British Institution, in 1848, is a highly picturesque subject, painted under a twilight effect. "Amalfi," a large picture, and the "Mola de Gaeta, from the Appian Way," sustained the well-earned fame of the artist in the Academy exhibition the same year. In the following he sent to the Academy five pictures,—"Tilbury Fort, Wind against Tide," painted for Mr. R. Stephenson, M.P., engraved by the Art-Union of London, and also introduced as one of our illustrations; "Lugano, Switzerland," a lake scene of exquisite beauty and finish; "Salvator Rosa's Studio," a wild, rocky composition, most true to nature; "Lago Maggiore;" "Near Miori, Gulf of Salerno;" and a home scene, "The Reculvers by Moonlight."

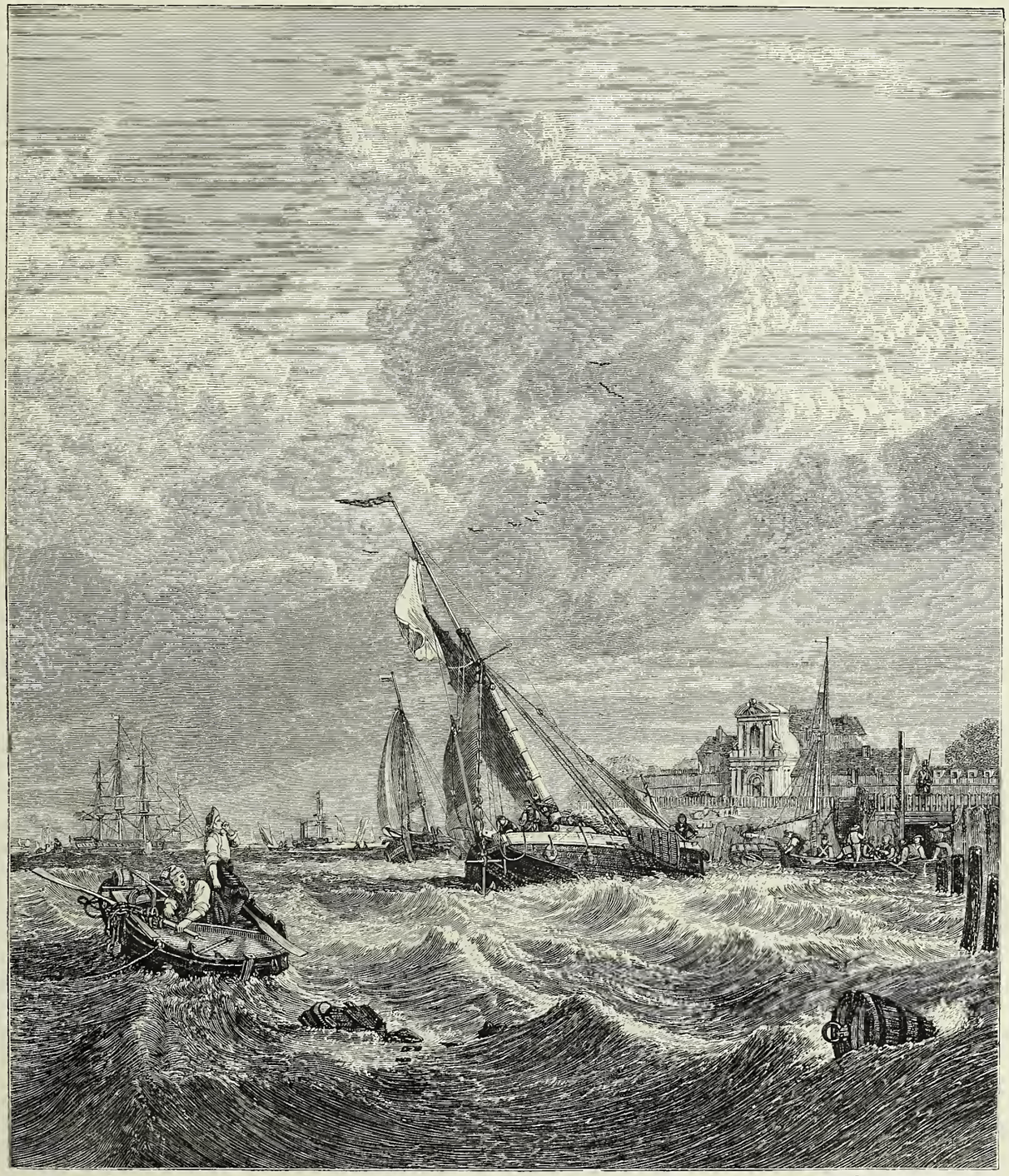
Glancing over the Academy catalogue of 1850, before we had seen the pictures, we noticed the name of Stanfield appended to one entitled "Macbeth," and naturally enough began to think that this great master of landscape and marine desired to essay his powers in historical painting; but on examining the work we found it to be a large picture of dreary moor and mountain, in which Macbeth, Banquo, and the witches are introduced, to give it a name as it were. Another, painted for the late Sir R. Peel, and exhibited at the same time, a "Scene on the Maas, near Dordrecht—Market-boats waiting for the evening Tide," is a composition of abundant pictorial materials, simple in themselves, but expressed with such powerful artistic qualities as entirely to redeem the work from everything that could be construed into a charge of commonplace. Three other pictures of scenes previously painted were also exhibited this year.

"The Battle of Roveredo" is one of the four pictures exhibited by Stanfield in 1851: it was painted for J. Astley, Esq. The engagement was fought in September, 1796, by the French, under Massena and Augereau, and the combined forces of Russia and Austria under Davidowich, who guarded the Tyrol with a force of forty thousand men. The point of the picture is the

passage of the French troops over the Adige; but the whole composition, which covers a large canvas, is full of material skilfully disposed as to pictorial effect, while every object is worked up to the closest imitation of nature. "Near Monnikendam, on the Zuyder Zee;" "Arco de Trajano, Ancona;" and "The Great Tor, Oxwich Bay, South Wales," were the respective titles of the other pictures exhibited by Stanfield this year.

In 1852 he contributed three works, "The Bay of Baiæ, from Lake Avernus;" "The Port of Rochelle;" and "Citara, Gulf of Salerno;" familiar subjects to the visitors, with the exception of the second, but not less welcome, for though the artist often repeats his subject, he varies his treatment, so as to render them almost novelties.

The next year we had but two pictures from him; one of these, however, "The Victory, with the dead body of Nelson, towed into Gibraltar," was among the "stars" of the exhibition: we spoke of it two or three months since, when noticing the engraving by Mr. John Cousen, and need, therefore, say nothing more. The other, "An Affray in the Pyrenees with Contrabandistas," is a spirited and powerfully expressed work, but painted with less attention to finish than we ordinarily see in Stanfield's pictures.



Engraved by] TILBURY FORT—WIND AGAINST TIDE. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Four pictures were exhibited in 1854,—"The Last of the Crew," a cast-away sailor seated on a rock against which his small vessel has been wrecked—the composition tells the tale with touching pathos; "La Rochelle," an old subject; "Hulks in the Medway," a beautiful "harbour view;" and a "View of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, in the Pyrenees," a winter scene, into which the artist has introduced a band of brigands. "Ilfracomb, Devon," "Dutch Boats entering Harbour, Zuyder Zee," and the "Siege of Sebastian," the companion picture to the "Victory," both painted for Sir M. Peto, were in the Academy in 1855: last year he exhibited "The Abandoned," and "A Guarda Costa riding out a gale of Wind off Bidassoa:" of the three last-mentioned we can only say that they must always take rank with the most remarkable pictures which have come from his easel, and with the best, in their respective classes, which any age or country has produced.

If any of our readers should, perchance, complain of the meagre notice given of this popular artist, they must bear in mind how frequently we have been called upon to speak of him; moreover, what can be done in our restricted space with a painter who has been before the public upwards of thirty years, and each year sending forth numerous pictures of exceeding interest and undoubted excellence? True it is that, unlike historical painting generally, such works as Stanfield's have a certain degree of sameness; but there is not one unworthy of comment, and of more than a few brief lines, were we to enter upon an analysis of each: we have been able to do little else than enumerate the chief of them.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

"NOLI ME TANGERE."

Rembrandt, Pinxt. G. Levy, Sculptor.

Size of the Picture, 2 ft. ½ in. by 1 ft. 8 in.

From what authority this picture has received the title here adopted, and by which it is known among many connoisseurs, we have no means of ascertaining: "Noli me tangere," we just remark for the information of those who do not read the dead languages, is the Latin for "Touch me not," the words in which, as we learn in St. John, Christ addressed Mary Magdalene at the sepulchre. This picture has, however, received another title, by which it is also as well known, that of "The Gardener;" this is intelligible enough, and is sufficiently warranted by the artist's conception of the principal figure in it, as the whole narrative is related by the evangelist:—"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him," &c.

Perhaps the singularity of Rembrandt's genius in his compositions from sacred history is nowhere more conspicuous than in this work; he has rendered literally the words of St. John, by representing the risen Christ as a gardener, though one can scarcely suppose that even a Jewish gardener was so habited: he wears a broad-brimmed straw hat, a spade in his hand, and a pruning-knife is placed in the girdle round his waist: here are the attributes of the gardener's occupation. Moreover, as we read in the narrative that "in the place where Jesus was crucified there was a garden," so Rembrandt, whose ideas of such a place could never have travelled beyond the limits of Dutch horticulture, has fashioned his Eastern garden after the similitude of one about Leyden or Amsterdam, with its carefully trimmed borders of box, and caused to grow therein a mass of huge dock-leaves, whose natural bed would be the edge of a Dutch river or dyke. The same train of thought seems to have pervaded his mind in other parts of the composition: a flight of steps leads to the sepulchre, as to a bower or temple in the garden, and the undignified attitude of the two angels in white may not unaptly be compared to two sculptured figures placed as ornaments at the entrance. Rembrandt has borrowed his ideas of the architecture of Jerusalem, as seen in the distance, from the ruins of some old Norman castle.

The question may not unnaturally arise to the minds of some who read this description, "Why has so strange a composition been selected for engraving?" The replies to such a query are three: first, to issue a work professing to emanate from the Royal Collections in Art in England without an example of Rembrandt would be absurd; secondly, out of the very few Rembrandts in the Royal Galleries, this one is, in most respects, the best for our purpose; and thirdly, and chiefly, its very peculiarities are significant of the master, and moreover, it is in itself a fine piece of painting, held in the highest repute by the best judges of Art. Dr. Waagen says—"This composition has, in a high degree, that strange originality which is peculiar to Rembrandt. The dawn of morning has given full scope for his deep *chiaro-oscuro*. It is very carefully executed." And Smith, in his "*Catalogue of the Works of the Dutch and Flemish Painters*," remarks—"There is a sublimity about this picture which stamps it among the most poetic compositions of the artist." It exhibits but little colour beyond the deep brown of the back and foreground in general, and the lurid yellow light in which the early day is represented shining full on the figure of Christ, and on the upturned face of Mary. This arrangement of the *chiaro-oscuro* produces a wonderfully powerful effect.

This picture, in the Collection at Buckingham Palace, is signed by the painter, and dated 1638: it was purchased in 1736 by the Elector of Hesse Cassel, of Madame de Renver; was taken, in 1806, to Malmaison; was sold with the effects of the Empress Josephine, in 1816; brought to England, and purchased by George IV. It is painted on panel, and is in excellent preservation, though it has become very dark.

TESTIMONIAL

PRESENTED TO CHARLES RATCLIFF, ESQ., OF BIRMINGHAM.

The manufacturers, Messrs. Elkington and Mason, having furnished us with a drawing of a very beautiful claret-jug, recently produced by them, and having submitted to us the production itself, a work of considerable elegance in design and of great merit in execution, we have been induced to engrave it;—not only for its own worth, and as evidence of satisfactory progress in Art-manufacture, but as an honourable mark of public favour to a gentleman who has been long respected by all classes of his fellow-townsmen in Birmingham. It is pleasant to record such gratifying instances of acknowledgment for public services rightly and liberally performed. Mr. Charles Ratcliff, who for many years held a foremost rank among Birmingham manufacturers, and who contributed largely by judgment and good taste to improve the Art-character of its productions, has, it appears, retired from business, but devotes his time and mind to the good of the town, and to the advancement of its many useful and benevolent institutions.

A Library and Museum have been recently established at "Adderley Park," and their "opening" was commemorated by an entertainment, at which the Lords Leigh and Lyttleton, Sir Robert Peel, and several of the town "authorities" were present—received by Mr. Adderley, the founder of the institution.

We extract from one of the local papers:—"The most interesting incident of the occasion was the presentation of a testimonial to Charles



PRESENTATION CLARET-JUG.

Ratcliff, Esq., whose praiseworthy exertions in connection with the opening of the Park had won for him much esteem, and whose energy and public spirit, as manifested in his promotion and encouragement of the various institutions of the town of Birmingham, and his philanthropic efforts to elevate the working classes, reflect so much credit on his judgment and good feeling, &c. There was an inscription on the plate to the effect that it had been presented to Mr. Ratcliff in token of the esteem in which he is held by the friends of social progress for his philanthropic efforts in behalf of suffering and degraded humanity, and the elevation of the working classes."

We believe there are few persons in Birmingham, and none in his own locality, who will not participate in the satisfaction thus obtained by Mr. Ratcliff, and the numerous "friends and neighbours" by whom his exertions have been appreciated.



REMBRANDT PINXT

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

RECENT PATENTED AND OTHER INVENTIONS.

WHENEVER the attention of the public becomes engrossed by any subject of general interest, all the efforts of thought which do not flow in the pervading channels are subject to a considerable depression, or, sometimes to actual interruption. As, when we suffer from some severe epidemic, we find that the number of smaller diseases are diminished, and those which prevail assume the general epidemic type—so when one leading idea seizes on the mind, all things are drawn in the direction of that idea; and as the rod of Aaron swallowed the rods of the lesser soothsayers, so the greater thought involves all the minor efforts of the mind.

This is manifest in the conditions of our patent lists during the past twelve months—and it is evident in the Exhibition of Inventions at the Society of Arts. There is little of novelty in either the one or the other. War, with its feverish excitement, prevented that calm thought from which alone any important invention can arise, and unless it was in the direction of the agents of destruction, there appears to have been an absolute repose on the part of our inventors. Let it not be understood that we pretend to say that the patent lists are not so full as usual—all that is meant is, that the character of the things patented display crude ideas and imperfectly digested plans. Few indeed of the entire number will ever be useful to mankind.

While speaking of patent inventions, a word or two on our system of granting patents cannot be avoided. Any person applying for a patent, and conforming to the fixed rules of the Act of Parliament, has, unless he is opposed, his patent granted to him. It is quite possible that there may not be a new idea in the invention—that every point involved in the patent belongs to other men, and yet the patentee secures to himself the results of the mental industry of others, unless they are disposed to pass the expensive and harassing ordeal of a trial before a jury—not one man of the twelve probably having the slightest knowledge of the principles involved before he goes into Court. Take another case:—A man may honestly produce some new invention; he may have laboured diligently, and thought deeply, and the result may be really an advantage to the community. He is allowed to patent his invention, and he incurs much cost in placing it before the world, when some one finds that in some out-of-the-way work something like it has been published before, and the patentee is deprived of his privilege, and possibly ruined. A third condition occurs to us: a man seizes upon two known substances, known in combination and separate—and he uses them to produce a certain result. The patent laws, in the opinion of eminent counsel, secures to that patentee the right of using these two substances, and even the discoverers of their properties cannot employ them. At the present time a case in connection with this instance is in the hands of the lawyers. A second party uses the two substances employed by the first patentee to produce a different result from that previously patented, and patentee No. 1 brings an action against patentee No. 2 for infringement—the fact being that neither of them have any moral right to the materials which they use. Here we have in every direction some injustice, and this condition of things is constantly leading to the most unsatisfactory legislation. This might be avoided by forming a properly constituted board, that is, a board formed of men who were known to be conversant with mechanics, chemistry, and manufacture. To this board every inventor applying for a patent should submit his plans in all their entirety, and he should be informed, after due examination, if he was using what was the property of the public,—having been made so by publication,—and prevented from taking that to himself which belongs to all, or to another. This board should decide what portion of a process a man could secure by his patent, and what he could use but not lock up; and at the very outset of the matter the patentee might know exactly his position, and fairly proceed with his speculation. At present it is known that a patent is quite valueless until a jury has decided upon its validity. Surely this ought not to be. An inventor should be enabled to secure, by a straightforward process, all that which he can prove to be his own; and he should be prevented from securing to himself those things to which he cannot establish a legitimate claim.

The Exhibition of Inventions consists mainly of engineering and mechanical appliances, which, although of much importance, would not prove of much interest to our readers. Among the articles belonging to this class there is but one which appears directly to concern us, which is a machine for "beetling" woven fabrics.

In the ordinary system of "beetling," or the mechanical finishing of woven goods, by a direct percussive squeeze upon the fibres of the cloth, the effect is produced by an arrangement of cam hammers, which strike the cloth so as to work up the threads to the required degree of finish. The inventor of the "Stenter" finishing machine has, in his improvement, substituted a purely rotatory motion for the reciprocatory hammering. The rotatory "beetle" consists of a triple roller arrangement working on a mangle or calender frame. The central roller is made with alternated surface and sunk parts over its entire surface: it is cast in metal, with the diamond relievo and intaglio portions upon it. The fabric to be beetled is wound upon one of the plain and external rollers, and during the process it is wound off this roller, passed round the central beetling roller, and rewound upon the opposite plain roller. The two external rollers are kept in hard contact with the diamond roller between them, so that the central roller is thus made to exert a powerful squeezing pressure upon the fabric as wound upon the external rollers. When put in operation, the rollers are driven first in one and then in the other direction, winding and re-winding the fabric, until the required "beetling" effect is produced.

There are two varieties of artificial stone exhibited: one is a combination of emery and metallic substances, for the purpose of producing a very abrasive surface, which may be used for sharpening, grinding, and polishing; and the other is Frederick Ransome's *Siliceous Stone*. In the first, which is the invention of A. Meillet, we do not ourselves see any great advantage, as many natural stones—the French burr stones, for example, and some of our Yorkshire grit stones—possess abrasive powers equal to that which can be produced by the artificial aggregation of powdered emery, or any other hard substances.

We have formerly described Ransome's siliceous stone. It may, however, be stated that it is formed by cementing together sand by means of a solution of flint. Flints from our chalk formation are subjected to the action of caustic soda in close steam-boilers, under some increased pressure. Thus is formed a silicate of soda or a soluble glass, which is mixed with about ninety-two per cent. of sand. While in a plastic state, this composition is pressed into moulds, dried, and subjected to the action of heat in a kiln. Thus the silicate forms a glass cement, which connects the particles of sand together, and forms an imperishable material, in texture and colour similar to our best Portland or Bath stone. As this material is first in a plastic state, it admits of being moulded into capitols, friezes, or any architectural ornaments. Mr. Ransome has also introduced a method for preserving stone in our buildings. Whether we employ the best Portland stone, or the Roche Abbey stone, in this metropolis it is found that in a very few years a considerable amount of disintegration will take place, and many of the best buildings which have been reared in the metropolis within the last few years are found to be already in a state of gradual decay. This is, no doubt, hastened by the effects of the combustion of gas and coal. These are continually pouring forth into the air sulphurous acid and other eroding agents, beyond the ordinary carbonic acid and water, which are the constant products of combustion, and it is to these that the disintegration of the stone is due. Mr. Ransome's process is as follows:—The stone is first coated with a solution of silicate of soda, and then with a solution of the chloride of calcium; the result is the formation of an insoluble silicate of lime in the pores of the stone, filling in every vacuity, and thereby preventing decay from the action of the weather in or on the substances.

The *Lithometer*, or stone-cutting machine, is an ingenious arrangement for cutting stones for building with much rapidity. It is the invention of Mr. William Williams of Milford Haven; and the patentee states that the time occupied in cutting about forty-four superficial feet would be only one minute.

An improved apparatus for making moulds for castings, by Mr. James Howard of Bedford, is very ingenious, and, as belonging especially to one branch of Art-manufacture, we must attempt to describe it. The patterns are mounted on a sliding mandrel; a plate surrounds the pattern of the exact shape of the profile, and when the mould has been rammed up in the usual manner, the mandrel is drawn down by means of a screw; the mould is then free to be lifted off the plate without risk of disturbing the moulded sand, or injuring the sharp edges of the impression.

The corrugated Papier Maché of Messrs. Healey and Allen, of the Strand, appears to promise much. The sheets are prepared of various thicknesses, the corrugations being proportionate to the thickness of the sheets and quality of the material. The patentees state that these sheets of papier maché can be rendered water-proof and uninflammable—*i.e.*, although they can be charred, no flame can be produced. The sheets are made of various sizes, suitable for the exterior walls, or the interior lining of portable houses; also for partitions, panelling of furniture, doors, &c. The thin sheets can be made into ornamental boxes, screens, &c. The surface of the sheet may be ornamented by painting, or inlaying to any extent, and afterwards varnished or French polished. The grain being produced in the manufacture itself, or by means of dye-colours, it may be rendered very ornamental at a small cost.

Among the useful things may be named the clay "*imperishable garden labels, indicator tiles, and ground indicators.*" These are hollow bricks, of peculiar and adaptable forms, made hollow, either of the red pottery clay, in terra cotta, or in stone ware. They have a solid beveled top, on which are impressed, and coloured with a permanent vitrified black, any letters, figures, or devices, which may be required. At the lower part are some perforations, to give the indicators a firmer hold in the ground.

Gutta percha has now become one of our necessities; it is applied to so many uses of real importance that any failure in the supply of this interesting vegetable production would be severely felt. A new combination of gutta percha and cocoa-nut fibre is now introduced, as a "patent improved gutta percha." The advantages claimed for this combination by the patentee are the following:—"The vegetable products, the cocoa-nut and the gutta percha, being of the same botanical family, the chemical affinities are nearly identical; hence sufficient carbon is eliminated for the chemical combination of the two matters when in contact, to produce a substance superior in essential qualities to gutta percha alone." We must confess we have not the least idea of the meaning of this; the cocoa-nut may improve the gutta percha, but the "sufficient carbon," and the "chemical combination of the two matters in contact," are mysteries far beyond us.

"The economy of the adjunct is evidenced by the fact, that it will not exceed £20 per ton, prepared for the gutta percha; and from 25 to 40 per cent. of the adjunct may be combined, according to the description of the manufacture. But, besides economy, the improvement includes its capability of use in all climates, durability, resistance to extreme friction, elasticity, and universal adaptation. Gutta percha gives and spreads in warm temperatures, and in cold climates becomes very brittle and cracks; but by the use of the adjunct, the effects of high and low temperature, and severe friction, are equally obviated." . . . . "It is suited for (*covering*) electric wires, for mill-bands, over-shoes, soles, tubing, covering damp walls and floors, for ornamental purposes, &c." The material, indeed, appears to be one which may be available to many important uses. If it proves to possess but one half of the many advantages enumerated by the patentee, it is sure to command attention. If it possessed ten times those applicabilities which he has enumerated, its introduction would be retarded by the absurd description of the combination.

The flat pressure process of Stereotyping, by James Hogg, of Edinburgh, appears to be really of

much promise. The process is as follows:—A stiff paste, chiefly composed of cheap earthy substances in a state of impalpable powder, is made up and spread evenly upon a stiff wrapper. This paste is laid upon the "form" of types, and an impression taken similarly to the pulling of a proof-sheet. This gives the matrix, which, when properly dried, is cast from, by pouring the fluid type metal into an ordinary casting-box, consisting of two iron plates held vertically, and having between them the matrix, with a gauge for the required thickness of the plate. The flat pressure process is stated to be quite as cheap as the old methods, and is recommended as having the following important advantages:—There is no appreciable wear in the types; they are neither ground nor rounded on the face; they are not dirtied; they are not returned to the compositor in a caked condition. The matrix gives a level surface, almost free from shrink or twist, hence the plate is easy to "make up" at press. The matrix having an earthy base, the type-metal can be poured at the proper temperature (in order to obtain a homogeneous plate), without fear of charring, an evil to which the paper system is liable. The plates are perfectly free from those globules of metal, which, in the gypsum system, fill up the "daylight" of letters. Woodcuts, whether separate or mixed up with letter-press, can be taken with remarkable sharpness, and without the slightest injury to the blocks. By the paper system woodcuts cannot be taken, and by the gypsum system the blocks must first be coated with a varnish, which has a tendency to fill up the fine lines. The specimens which are exhibited appear to fulfil all those conditions; and should this be found to be the case in general practice, Mr. Hogg's process for stereotyping must become very valuable.

A good portfolio for holding loose leaves or pamphlets is wanted. M. A. A. Gaget attempts to supply this want. His invention consists in the employment of hooks for binding or holding together at top and bottom all such loose leaves, &c. At the top and bottom of the cover, a connecting piece is placed over all the hooks for obtaining a firmer hold. The back is composed of wood in one or several pieces united together, as it is fixed or progressive, and is furnished with slides or notches to receive the pressure hooks and connecting pieces.

We have been much pleased with the very beautiful forms adopted in the patent apparatus for the more perfect combustion of gas, by Mr. D. White. Most of them have been adopted from the antique tripod, and so adapted as to form ornamental stands, at the same time as they possess many elements of utility.

Some "imitations of stained glass" are ingenious, but we doubt its applicability. The invention consists in the use of sheets of gelatine upon which designs are painted in mineral colours. The gelatine picture is then placed between two sheets of glass and fixed in the usual manner. As an improvement upon diaphane and potichomanei, this may be adopted by ladies as a means of displaying a large amount of artistic effect.

The Patent Glass Enamel Company of Birmingham have exhibited some very interesting examples of their manufacture. Not merely have we enamelled saucepans, which recommend themselves by their cleanliness, but they are now producing enamelled plates and dishes of all descriptions, upon which the ordinary earthenware designs have been painted; thus we have all the advantages of pottery in a much more durable material.

Nothing has interested us more than the patent process for coating iron with copper and brass, by Mr. William Tytherleigh, of Birmingham. In these examples the metals are spread over the iron by means of heat. We have seen some other specimens in which the same result has been produced by the electrotype process. As an advance, and an important one, in Art-manufacture, we shall return to a consideration of these processes.

The solid parquetry we have already fully described. Some parquet floors and borders are now exhibited by the London Parquetry Company, but these are veneered, and upon the relative advantages of the two we have already expressed an opinion.

Such are the few articles, in the ninth Exhibition of Inventions, which fall within the province of the *Art-Journal*.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of this Society opened on the 23rd of March, with a collection of works of which landscape, and what may be called *genre*, constitute the majority. It is known that there are members of this Society who have painted works of high character, but it is much to be feared that the privileges of institutions induce a sense of security which destroys that healthy energy which should be fostered by competitive exhibition. There are among these pictures landscapes painted with a conscientious devotion truly exemplary; but in the personal narrative we seem to have a nodding acquaintance with all the characters; this remark is, however, but essentially a reiteration of the standard complaint of the deficiency of figure pictures. Yet there are a few essays in poetic art of ambitious character, and others which pointedly exemplify the curiosities of execution.

No. 13. 'Landscape and Cattle,' G. COLE. A large picture, presenting many agreeable features of landscape composition. On the right flows a river closed by rising banks luxuriantly wooded, and leading the eye to a distance, very skilfully treated as to atmosphere and colour. The cows are well drawn and painted; in short, it is the best production that the artist has of late exhibited.

No. 16. 'Fresh Breeze—Scene between Bantry and Glengariff, South Ireland,' ALFRED CLINT. This is a view from the sea, looking upon a rocky and iron-bound shore. We feel here that, in some degree, the expression of wind is assisted by colour as much as by form. The subject is romantic and striking, and brought forward with a feeling that justifies the title.

No. 18. 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' T. J. HUGHES. This is at once recognised as a portrait of Mr. Willmore, A.E.—a sufficient testimony of the highest merits of a portrait.

No. 24. 'An incident from Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England,"' J. NOBLE. The incident is a visit paid by Charles II. to the widow of Oliver the miniaturist, who then resided at Isleworth. The king's object was to prosecute personally his inquiries relative to the Oliver miniatures, which, in the time of Walpole, were preserved in Queen Caroline's closet at Kensington. The king is seated in Mrs. Oliver's humble abode, examining the miniatures as they are drawn forth from a cabinet; while Rogers, the person who apprised the king of the existence of the relics and their whereabouts, stands behind the king. The subject is admirably adapted for painting,—in these days all praise is due to the artist who reads for himself.

No. 25. 'On the River Usk—Early Morning,' J. TENNANT. The thin and almost watery sunshine is here a very definite allusion to the "early morning." We know not whether we compliment this artist too much, but it must always be felt, in looking at his works, that each seems to be a most conscientious reduction from veritable locality. This is fresh and substantial.

No. 26. 'Refreshment by the Way,' A. J. WOOLMER. A group of a mother with her child resting on a wayside bank. The head of the former is very sweetly painted.

No. 31. 'Return from Jack-fishing in Llangorse Lake, near Brecon,' J. TENNANT. The process of weighing the jack, which is the life-incident of the picture, is scarcely sufficiently sentimental for a landscape so distinguished by romantic beauty as this. It is a large picture, in which it has been the desire of the artist to express space. The distance is an amphitheatre of mountains, on which the intervening atmosphere is painted with the utmost delicacy of feeling.

No. 32. 'A Contadina,' T. GOODERSON. The treatment of this picture is perhaps too sombre: we feel, however, that the character is rendered with truth. We meet her in her every-day gear; she is not flaunting in those *festa* colours and the gay attire, without which we seldom see an Italian peasant in a picture.

No. 36. 'The Delights of Summer,' A. J. WOOLMER. In these "delights" there is no activity of enjoyment; the subject might well have been accompanied by a passage from the "Castle of Indolence:"—

> "For each sound here to languishment inclin'd,
> Lull'd the weak bosom and induced ease."

The story is somewhat of the Watteau or Decameron kind, with park-like scenery instead of a garden composition.

No. 37. 'A Willowy Stream,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The water-course runs transversely into the composition from right to left, shaded on the further bank by the willows alluded to, and rich on this side in the rank vegetation which tells so effectively in a picture. The execution is extremely neat, and the colours are the freshest hues of summer.

No. 38. 'On the Beach near Hastings,' W. SHAYER. This artist executes these beach compositions with much taste and good feeling.

No. 40. 'Going to Market—Winter,' J. ZEITTER. A peasant woman mounted on a pony, endeavouring to make her way through a snowy wilderness. The difficulties of the passage are impressively described.

No. 46. 'Cottage Scene on Willesborough Lees, near Ashford, Kent,' J. J. WILSON. This simple subject is rendered very agreeable from the manner of its execution. It consists only of a row of cottages, with adjacent trees, all put in with a studious sobriety of tone and tint, and forming a spirited and interesting picture. No. 58. 'Kentish Pastoral,' by the same painter, is a similar subject, treated with like success.

No. 51. 'A Sea Rover,' R. B. PAUL. We have yet to know this sable model, who is all things to all painters—now a black pasha, now a slave merchant, and anon the father, it may be, of the lost Haidee.

No. 52. 'Heartsease,' C. BAXTER. 'The Lily' was, we believe, the title of the work which last year occupied this place. The idea is similar, that of a female figure bearing a bunch of heartsease. In this impersonation there is more of rustic character than in the other. It is, however, distinguished by equal purity of colour and sweetness of expression.

No. 53. 'Tasso,' J. MORGAN. This composition is grounded on the story that Tasso believed himself inspired by a beneficent spirit, with which, upon the occasion of a visit paid by the poet to Count Manso, he held a conversation with his invisible patroness, which struck the count with awe and admiration. The work has many merits, and nothing but what is honourable can be said of an artist who reads and thinks for himself.

No. 60. 'Christmas Time,' W. HEMSLEY. A small picture, representing a boy crossing a snow-covered plain, and carrying a quantity of holly enriched with its scarlet berries. The expression of cold is highly successful.

No. 64. 'Near Trefrieu, North Wales,' J. SYER. This is a small landscape, impressive in effect and very agreeable in colour.

No. 65. 'Calves and Landscape,' W. HORLOR. The animals are certainly well drawn and painted. This devotion to calf-painting is a resource not without an originality of its own, even amid the wild vicissitudes of taste. It is calf-extra.

No. 72. 'Absent Thoughts,' A. F. PATTEN. A study of a girl in Greek costume presented in profile at a lattice. It is a small picture, very studiously worked out, and charming in expression.

No. 76. 'Nest and Grapes,' W. WARD. An unworthy subject for such exquisite elaboration: the modest, retiring, yet marvellous manipulation of this little picture is well adapted for examination by microscope.

No. 77. 'The Gardener's Daughter,' A. J. WOOLMER. She stands at the door of her father's cottage, idly plucking the flowers that cluster round the threshold. Her listless air reminds us of the poet Thomson, who accustomed himself to eat the fruit of the trees in his garden with his hands in his pockets.

No. 79. 'The Letter,' J. NOBLE. A study of a girl reading a letter. The features are presented under a very powerful reflected light.

No. 80. 'Recollection of Sunset on the Thames,' ALFRED CLINT. We look up the river from some point—perhaps off the Stepney shore. From this point, and lower down, where the masses of buildings are not yet lost, the sunsets are of the most gorgeous description. This is a worthy "recollec-

tion" of what the artist may himself have seen there.

No. 81. 'Peasant Boy of the Roman Campagna,' T. Y. Gooderson. There is an elevated feeling in the treatment of this study: but the pose and sentiment of the figure are too melodramatic. The person is not that of a rustic, but rather that of one assuming the character for the nonce: but in all else the work is successful.

No. 84. 'Recollections of the Rhine,' E. Niemann. The spectator is here placed upon a rocky eminence overhanging the stream, which flows in a narrow channel formed on both sides by steep and rocky barriers, clothed with wild and luxuriant foliage. The picture is masterly in manipulation.

No. 86. 'The Sick Boy,' T. Roberts. The subject we are told has been suggested by a passage of Nicholas Nickleby; and the picture, according to the title, represents a boy lying on a pallet in a garret, and immediately by the window, attended by his nurse, a girl, who sits near him. It is a striking example of clean and effective execution—extremely simple in colour, and without the slightest embarrassment in, or impropriety of, composition; the room is fittingly described, and everything falls into its place. It may, however, be observed that both faces are in profile; and, without any special purpose to serve, a portion of the dress of the girl is a repetition of that of the bed-quilt. It is a production of the highest promise.

No. 88. 'Roslin Chapel—showing the Apprentice Pillar,' S. D. Swarbreck. A faithful description of this oft-described interior.

No. 101. 'Innocence,' W. D. Kennedy. *Dulcia dulcibus*—a combination of beauties rarely met with in so small a compass. Innocence is personified in a female figure wearing a white drapery, and standing in a pool of water shut in by trees. A sketch of captivating sweetness.

No. 109. 'The Fisherman's Return,' J. J. Hill. He is welcomed by his family at the door of his sea-side hut; the view on the right opens to the sea, where his boat is seen, from which he comes loaded with his net. It is a large picture, very powerful in colour.

No. 114. 'Puffin Island, North Wales—Timber Ship Ashore,' J. B. Pyne. A small composition of dazzling power as to light and colour. The island and the ship are but supplementary incident—the story is a poetical description of a gorgeous sunset, to which great intensity is given by a piece of rich foreground.

No. 115. 'On the Northumberland Coast,' J. Henzell. A study of rocks, with a couple of limpet gatherers: in the drawing and painting there is much of the force of reality.

No. 117. 'C. Ionedes, Esq.,' C. Couzens. A portrait of a gentleman in a Greek dress—qualified by that kind of individuality which bespeaks resemblance.

No. 120. 'Treport, Normandy,' J. J. Wilson. The subject is perhaps the most picturesque on that line of coast—it has been painted from every possible point of view by French artists. From this part of the beach the town is but partially seen, the church and the côte being the principal objects. There is more material in the composition than in any antecedent work of the artist.

No. 121. 'Mont Blanc from the Col de Balm,' J. P. Pettit. A very impressive view of the mountain is obtained from this point, which in every passage has been worked out with scrupulous assiduity.

No. 128. 'The Son of Louis the Sixteenth under the tutelage of Simon,' F. Y. Hurlestone. The particular instance of barbarity in the treatment of this unfortunate child set forth in the picture is, that Simon surprises him while in the act of repeating his morning prayers. We see, therefore, the child in a devotional attitude, and Simon, seated in the exercise of his trade, turns round and menaces him. The composition contains only three figures—those of the boy, Simon, and his wife, with enough of allusion to indicate the calling of Simon. The picture is not vulgarised by an excess of importunate accessory, the treatment relying rather on personal expression, than still-life auxiliary, for its narrative.

No. 142. 'Portrait of Mrs. Clement Satterthwaite,' H. Moseley. The lady is presented at half length, and of the size of life, with a treatment of much elegant simplicity.

No. 143. 'Scene on the Hastings Coast,' E. J. Cobbett. This is the largest work we have ever seen exhibited under this name. The base of the picture, a sea-cliff section of thin seeded grass and stones, is most skilfully introduced; and here is circumstanced a group of coast children, one of whom, a boy, who has been shrimping, is a most felicitous example of his class. The view opens to the sea, and the sea cliffs trend off to the right.

No. 146. 'The Valentine,' J. Noble. A study of a girl reading "the Valentine," having placed it so near her face as to throw a strongly-reflected light on the features.

No. 153. 'Il ritorno della Contadina,' E. Eagles. Without the bad taste of giving a foreign title to this picture, there is sufficient evidence on the canvas that the artist has studied in a foreign school. It is an Italian peasant woman wading across a river, and bearing on her head her child in a basket. The figure is accurately executed, but the landscape portion of the work is feeble.

No. 160. 'The Finishing Touch,' T. Clater. We observe here a youthful aspirant in art, making a study of his elder sister, who presides at the same time at the cradle of a younger child. The picture is painted with much decision of execution, and otherwise evidences a command of the means of good effect.

No. 167. 'A ruined Stronghold, Argyleshire,' J. Mogford. This ruin is most picturesquely situated, being surrounded by the waters of a lake which lies encircled by mountains. The castle is in shade, opposed with felicitous result to the glowing sky of sunset.

No. 171. 'Sons of George Carew Gibson, Esq., of Bradston Brook,' F. Y. Hurlestone. A group of two children seated on a fragment of rock, and relieved by a larger and darker portion of like material. The heads are charming in colour and expression.

No. 172. 'The Wounded Lamb,' W. Salter. The lamb is borne by a country girl: the pose of the figure is graceful, the head being turned to the spectator, while she is walking away from him. The picture is substantially painted.

No. 176. 'Le Papillon,' A. J. Woolmer. This is a very luminous picture, but too full of contending material: it represents a girl, as about to catch a butterfly that has settled on her shoulder.

No. 178. 'Salmon Leap on the Conway,' J. Syer. The subject is a rough and stony watercourse, over which the downward current makes its impetuous way, opposed by rocks and boulders. It is an attractive composition, distinguished by varied and harmonious colour and firm execution.

No. 187. 'Othello's Lamentations—Iago, Montano, and Gratiano—

> *Emilia.* Nay, lay thee down and roar,—
> For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
> That e'er did lift up eyes.'

The subject is from the second scene of the fifth act, and Emilia, who stands on the extreme right, addresses these words to Othello, who is kneeling at the bedside of the lifeless Desdemona. Iago, Montano, and Gratiano, are entering the chamber, alarmed by the cries of Emilia—Montano first, in official robes, followed by Gratiano and Iago. The impersonations are judiciously brought together and well conceived, insomuch that the subject is at once declared. The picture is extremely powerful in colour.

No. 193. 'Coast Scene, North Devon,' W. West. This is principally a study of rocks, which in nature are different in colour from their representation here; but the utmost care has been exercised in drawing the masses, and the retirement of the line of cliff is very effectively managed.

No. 195. 'Evening on the Llugwy, from the Bridge, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales,' J. P. Pettit. This is an admirable subject, which we do not remember to have before seen painted from this precise spot. It is a large picture, and has been worked out with marvellous labour.

No. 205. 'Near Capel Carig, North Wales,' J. Syer. A study of rocks, circumstanced in a country which breaks up with advantageous effect. The whole is brought together into a most agreeable whole, but looking rather like composition than nature.

No. 206. 'Beg, sir!' E. J. Cobbett. This command is addressed by a girl to her dog, which looks most anxious to fulfil in every way the command of his rustic mistress. The principal figure comes out very forcibly, being relieved by a white wall. It is rather a large picture, but distinguished by the same earnest manipulation as are the smaller pictures.

No. 212. 'Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe—Evening mists gathering on Ben Cruachan,' P. C. Auld. An attractive subject, treated in a manner to sustain the title.

No. 223. 'A Summer's Noon,' H. J. Boddington. This picture presents some of the grandest features of our landscape scenery—water and stupendous mountains, both introduced in a manner most immediately to affect the mind. The sun is overhead, just out of the picture, and the disposition of the shadows, the warm haze of the atmosphere, and tranquillity of the scene, coincide in strong expression of the heat of a sunny mid-day.

SOUTH-EAST ROOM.

No. 267. 'A Summer's Evening on the Thames,' H. J. Boddington. The dispositions here have become perhaps too popular—that is, showing one line of the river bank running into the picture. The greenish east of the evening atmosphere is, under certain conditions, not uncommon; but it is to be apprehended that the strength of this tint may be deepened by time.

No. 269. 'Scene from "As you Like It"—Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando,' H. A. Bowler. The production exemplifies the new principle of forcing on the eye as the primary that which is properly only the accessory of the composition. Every praise, however, must be accorded to the author of the work for the elaborate justice which he has rendered to the foliage and herbage. He desires, perhaps, to distinguish himself rather in this direction than as a figure painter.

No. 270. 'Affection,' G. Holmes. A family group, remarkable for the substance and drawing of the figures, and even more so for the positive definition of direct and reflected lights.

No. 281. 'Dumbarton on the Clyde,' W. E. Bates. A small picture, presenting the picturesque scenery of the subject under an evening aspect of much truth.

No. 320. 'Paddies on the Move,' J. Zeitter. This is the most dramatic composition that its author has of late years exhibited. It represents an emigration of Irish peasants, whose picturesque rags constitute the most valuable feature of the sketch.

No. 322. 'Ariadne in the Cave,' T. R. Powell. A study of much classic elegance, containing a recollection rather of the statuesque than an impression of living individuality.

No. 328. 'A Labrador of Valentia,' F. Y. Hurlestone. A study of a boy playing the guitar; the head charming in the sweetness of its youthful expression.

No. 329. 'Fraternal Affection,' A. J. Woolmer. A group of a brother and sister seated on the steps of a garden composition. An essay of great power of colour.

No. 332. 'A Tender Chord,' T. Roberts. The subject turns upon the endearments of a pair of youthful lovers, of whom the lady, while responding to the caress of her companion, touches a piano which is placed within reach. It is a picture containing many beauties of a high order; the relation established between the figures merits unqualified eulogy.

No. 339. 'The Novel,' H. J. Pidding. A study of a girl reading. The features are characterised by an appropriate expression. The head is the best that has of late been exhibited under this name.

No. 334. 'A Passing Shower,' H. Moore. The subject is not so much the shower as a well-painted group of cattle cooling themselves in a stream.

No. 359. 'Solitude — Evening,' J. Tennant. This is a composition infinitely sweet in sentiment.

No. 368. 'The Hay-field,' J. J. Hill. The warm breadths of the hay-field are very powerfully contrasted with some very firmly painted trees in the near centre of the view. The position of the tree—by the way, a daring expedient—at once fixes the attention.

No. 379. 'Waiting for Legal Advice,' J. Campbell, jun. To the artist who works out his subject thus earnestly all praise is due. The face of the patient client is singularly life-like.

SOUTH-WEST ROOM.

No. 391. 'A Nook in the Conservatory,' Miss L. Rimer. Flowers and their leaves rivalling nature in the vividness and delicacy of their hues.

No. 396. 'Home Again,' J. Collinson. The story is of the return of an old soldier of the Coldstream Guards to his home, where he is received by his family circle. The work contains numerous figures, and is full of appropriate material very minutely executed.

No. 418. 'Old Mill near Caernarvon,' A. Deacon. A passage of wild scenery, immediately shaded and screened by trees, and shut in by more distant rocks. The drawing and painting of the trees are very felicitous: it is altogether a production of much merit.

No. 421. 'In the Essex Marshes—Barking in the distance,' T. F. Wainwright. This is a broad daylight picture, showing a wide expanse of meadow land, with a knoll on the left, on which are placed some sheep. The bright effect of the view is extremely agreeable.

No. 429. 'Glaucus and Nydia,' A. F. Patten. These, it will be remembered, are the names of two prominent characters in "The Last Days of Pompeii." There is much elegance in the way in which the figures are brought together. Nydia, the blind girl, in a paroxysm of fear at the madness of Glaucus, clings to him as he raves. There is by the same artist, No. 483, 'The First Meeting of Preciosa and Victorian,' a picture also of excellent quality. If these works were of no merit, the novelty of their subject is deserving of high commendation.

No. 437. 'Lucy Ashton at the Mermaid's Well,' W. D. Kennedy. The figure is taller than the general impression conveyed by the text; it is, however, a conception of much impressive depth and force.

No. 444. 'The Dream of Love,' C. Baxter. A study of a head and bust of the size of life, equal to the very best of the artist's works.

No. 445. 'I am helping Mamma,' S. Anderson. This is a production of exquisite finish, representing a little girl busily engaged in needlework.

No. 475. 'Early Spring,' W. J. Webbe. An eccentric but most elaborate study from the roadside, with, from the grove, the addition of a pair of redbreasts.

No. 507. 'Scarborough from the Sea,' J. Danby. We look towards the cliffs from the sea, between which and the spectator is interposed an expanse of water, warmed and richly tinted by the light of the setting sun. The airy glow of this picture is most successfully felt.

Of the more remarkable of the works in the North-east Room we can do no more than give the titles, as—No. 521, 'Little Bo-peep,' J. D. H. Francis; No. 522, 'Portrait of the Countess of Fife,' J. R. Swinton; No. 532, 'Ma Belle,' W. F. Smith: 'Sunday Morning,' E. J. Cobbett; No. 550, 'Approaching Storm near Marlow-on-Thames,' H. J. Boddington; No. 551, 'Pennyarth and Dharvole Mountains, Breconshire,' J. Tennant; No. 554, 'On the Bridgewater River,' E. Niemann; No. 574, 'Peasants of Murcia, Spain,' F. Y. Hurlestone; No. 575, 'Willie,' C. Baxter; No. 595, 'Going to School,' J. F. Pasmore; No. 605, 'Rustic Group—Autumnal Evening,' W. Shayer; No. 608, 'Graveseud,' E. Niemann; No. 618, 'Fête Champêtre—time of Louis XV.,' J. Franklin. And among the water-colour drawings there are—No. 653, 'Zuleima,' Karl Hartmann; No. 662, 'Antwerp,' J. Dobbin; No. 663, 'Study from Nature, Shipbourne, Kent,' T. Cafe, jun.; No. 673, 'The First Meeting of Florizel and Perdita,' Miss Macirone; No. 681, 'Under the Beech-wood Shade,' G. Barnard; No. 687, 'Pifferari,' Karl Hartmann; No. 692, 'Near Wimbledon, Surrey,' C. Groves; No. 724, 'Fruit,' Mrs. Bartholomew; No. 725, 'Crayon Portrait of Hamilton Becket, Esq.,' T. Senties; No. 741, 'A Portrait,' S. B. Godbold; No. 751, 'Sketch of Character,' J. Hayllar; No. 760, 'An Itinerant Shoeblack,' F. Smallfield; and others by J. Campbell, jun., F. Piercey, T. W. Bowler, E. Evans, R. W. Chapman, G. S. Keys, G. H. Browne, C. Pearson, &c. In sculpture there was but one exhibitor, E. J. Physick. The entire number of works exhibited is 852, of which 644 are oil pictures.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE AMAZON.

(PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS HELENA.)

F. Winterhalter, Pinxt. T. Vernon, Sculptor.

Size of the Picture, 7¾ in. diameter.

Beneath a well-burnished casque, and rising above the circle of a glittering shield, we see here a face almost as round as the latter object of defence, and as bright: it is a portrait of the Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, accoutred, certainly, as a youthful Amazon, but, excepting her armour, as unlike a descendant of those stern female warriors as one might expect to find even in a poet-painter's dream. What kind of fellowship could such a ruddy, joyous countenance, such laughter-loving eyes—their radiance heightened, no doubt, by the thought of her novel costume—have with creatures whose pastime was war, violence, and bloodshed? as ancient writers tell us. Those wavy, golden locks seem as if they should be set free for the summer breeze to play with, instead of being confined, as they now are, by the pressure of the steel helmet—a crest but ill-suited to the head of childhood in all its beauty, freshness, and innocence.

Yet 'twas a pretty conceit—whether of the painter, or of his royal patron, we know not—to have the young princess thus represented: pictures of children "in character," when not overdrawn, or, rather, overacted, are always agreeable, and in this the natural sweetness and intelligence of the royal lady's countenance seem to be more strikingly developed by its fanciful "setting:" it is a charming picture.

The Princess Helena is the fifth child of her Majesty: she was born May 25, 1846, and is consequently now in her eleventh year. But the portrait by Winterhalter must have been painted some time back; it represents a child four or five years of age.

We remember to have heard old men speak of Windsor Castle and George III. towards the close of the last century,—men who had seen the monarch

> . . . . . "On his terrace proud,
> Walking in health and gladness;
> Begirt with his court, and in all the crowd
> Not a single look of sadness."—Horace Smith.

The glory of the scene, however, as described by those who witnessed it, was not so much the courtly throng by whom the monarch was surrounded, as the train of royal children who, in pairs, followed the King and Queen as they walked to and fro on the terrace, in the midst of their subjects, on the days when the public were admitted to join in the promenade. It was a sight well calculated to leave a strong and most pleasing impression upon the minds of a people in whom domestic happiness is a deeply-rooted feeling.

The picture presented to the generation of our fathers in the family of George III. is reappearing to us in the family of our own most gracious Sovereign, whose royal grandmother, Queen Charlotte, is said to have been "a pattern to wives and mothers;" how truly the remark applies to Queen Victoria is felt and believed by us all, though of course it can only be actually known to those who are privileged to be witnesses of the manner in which the young members of the royal family are trained and brought up under the immediate eye and careful watching of their august parents. It is at Osborne principally where the "studies" are carried on; and here, in the "home" of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, is accumulated whatever may tend to enlarge the intellect, and develop its faculties; the accomplished and well-stored mind of Prince Albert contributing in no measured degree to the work of instruction with respect to the education of the royal princes, for whose use there is an apartment fitted up with a large variety of ingenious mechanical and scientific instruments, besides the ordinary tools employed by the carpenter and bricklayer, to teach royalty the use of common things; and in this apartment many an hour is passed by those whose future destinies will in all probability involve the interests of kingdoms and nations.

The Portrait of the Princess Helena is at Osborne.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Manchester.—At the last annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art, the chairman, Mr. Potter, announced that the committee had been enabled, during the year, to pay off one-half of the debt of £400, for which they had become responsible. So far this is satisfactory; but, he added, that "although no similar institution stood firmer, there was one clog—the school was desperately heavily rented. Considering the Art-Treasures Exhibition, if something was not done this year to put the school upon a higher footing, the chance might almost be considered as gone for ever. During the twenty years' existence of the school they had certainly improved as to the system of teaching; but, generally, they had not taken the rise they ought to have done. This year he thought that a move should really be made to attach the school to the Royal Institution."

Norwich.—The Exhibition of Works of Art closed a short time since, and the number of visitors exceeded 4000. Although the sales effected have not been numerous or of large amount, still the committee are by no means discouraged—it has been of much service in the city in promoting a love and knowledge of Art. The East Anglian and City of Norwich Art-Union, held in connection with the exhibition, has been very successful—211 shares having been disposed of, double the number sold last year. The Norwich Photographic Society exhibited in conjunction with the Fine-Art Society, and had more than 600 photographs: some of considerable merit were exhibited. Out of about fifty contributing photographers, one-half were members of the Norwich Photographic Society. A large majority of the pictures, however, seem to have been received from strangers, since the members, with a single exception, exhibited entirely as amateurs; whereas 450 out of the entire number were for sale. Mr. Hogarth, of London, sent his Egyptian series. The Fine-Art committee made arrangements that every subscriber of 10s. 6d. to the Art-Union should receive a photograph of a certain value. This arrangement aided very much the sale of photographs. The rooms were visited by about 3900 persons. An exhibition productive of such results can scarcely fail to be followed by others, and a taste for the beautiful in nature and art will thus be created, or at least stimulated, in a population which is now supposed to be almost exclusively devoted to music as a relaxation from the cares and business of life.—The new building for the School of Art erected by the corporation of Norwich is now completed, and the School of Art was to reopen in these premises on the 28th of April, with a students' *soirée*. The number of pupils in the morning classes has much increased, and all the classes are well attended. The Yarmouth School of Art is now made a branch of the Norwich School, and is under Mr. Nursey's—the head-master—superintendence.

Dublin.—We copy the following paragraph from our contemporary, the *Builder*:—

"National Gallery of Ireland.—There seems to be a fair prospect of the establishment of this institution. The Board has directed its attention to two objects:—the erection of a suitable building on Leinster Lawn, for which a fund of £11,000 has already been provided; and the creation of a fund to purchase Works of Art to exhibit permanently in the building when finished. The plans and estimates are in the hands of the Building Committee, with a view of entering into the necessary contracts, so that the ceremonial of laying the first stone will shortly take place. The building will correspond externally with the Museums of the Royal Dublin Society, now in course of erection on the south side of the lawn, and form a corresponding wing to the main building on the opposite side. The 'Picture Fund' is also progressing."

The bronze statue of Thomas Moore will shortly be placed in its destination, opposite the entrance of the House of Lords, College Street, Dublin. It is the work of a sculptor bearing the same name as that of the poet.

Warrington.—The opening of the new premises recently erected for the School of Art in this town was signalised by a *soirée*, which the local papers report to have been well attended. "The various rooms are large, commodious, completely and excellently fitted with all the requirements of a first-class School of Art; well warmed, ventilated, and lighted, and in every way calculated to promote the great and valuable object to which they are devoted."

Reading.—A School of Art is about to be founded in this town; several meetings of the inhabitants favourable to its promotion have been held, and a committee, with a president, vice-president, and treasurer, appointed.



TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER V.

Confession of Von der Hagen—Forgotten jewels—Giovanni Bellino and Vittore Carpaccio—Santa Maria della Salute—Tintoretto's "Marriage in Cana"—Church of San Cassano—Crucifixion in the chancel—Santa Maria dell' Orto—Last Judgment—The Academy—"The Miracle of St. Mark"—Death of Abel—The Ducal Palace—Il Paradiso—Short-comings of the Master—The Critic not partial—Hands held up for Mercy—Wait awhile—Scuola di San Rocco—Adoration of the Magi—Domenico and Marietta Robusti.

USEFUL and even valuable, for many purposes, are the works of Von der Hagen; nor is it altogether in reprobation of the excellent author that the following confession is related;—nay, rather, I would have you admire, with me, the useful warning to his reader, as well as credit to himself resulting from the candour of his announcement. He has been visiting the churches of Venice—that of Il Redentore, of Santa Maria della Salute, and of San Giorgio Maggiore, among them—and he says, "There are many great and important pictures in these churches; works by Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, and other great masters, *but I have forgotten them all.*"*

A most "lame and impotent conclusion," without doubt, and one for which the reader is so little prepared, that his first sensation, on reading it, is one of disappointment and displeasure. But a moment of consideration induces him to forgive the faithful companion, who, if then deserting his side for an instant, has, on other occasions, served him well; wherefore, accepting the frank declaration as merely intimating that he must, for that time, seek assistance elsewhere, he shakes hands again with the culprit, and restores him to that fair place in his favour, which had, for the moment, been forfeited.

Yet must you love him well before you concede so much, for do but see what it is that he has "ganz vergessen!" Omitting works of Giovanni Bellino, Vittore Carpaccio, and other truly admirable masters, whose works are all to be found among these "forgotten pictures," I will but mention some few of those by Tintoretto—his "Martyrdom of St. Stephen," namely, described in our last chapter,† "The Gathering of the Manna," and others, all in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, with the "Marriage in Cana," in that of Santa Maria della Salute, where is, or then was, a St. Mark, with SS. Cosimo and Damiano, by Titian, other works by the last-named master being also among "the forgotten" of our culpable friend Von der Hagen.

We, too, if not forgetting, must at least be silent respecting the greater part of these pictures; we can find place for the mention of one only—Tintoretto's "Marriage in Cana," in the sacristy of Santa Maria della Salute.

"No genuine work of Art ever was or ever can be produced, but for its own sake: if the artist do not conceive to please himself, he never will finish to please the world." So thinks Fuseli,‡ and he is right; the picture before us is one of the many that might be adduced to show what results when the artist *does* work "to please himself," and that he has done so in this instance there is abundant evidence throughout. Few pictures received the signature of Tintoretto—three, or at most four, of all his many productions, are thus distinguished—"The Crucifixion," in the Scuola di San Rocco, is one—this "Marriage in Cana" is another; it bears the name of the noble master, and well does it merit the honour; numerous as are the excellencies attributed, by common consent of every good authority, to the works of Tintoretto, in this you shall find all exemplified. That grandeur of design wherein he had reverently, and yet confidently followed where Michael Angelo alone could lead the way; that knowledge of form, "that brilliancy of imagination, that freedom of execution and beauty in his tones of colour," accorded to him even by a writer but little addicted to indiscriminate praise, and ever keeping an impartial eye on the defects no less than on the beauties of his subject,§—all are to be found in the picture before us. "It is not often that the works of this mighty master conform themselves to any of the rules acted upon by ordinary painters," remarks another authority; "but, in this instance, the popular laws have been observed, and an academy student would be delighted to see with what severity the principal light is arranged in a central mass, which is divided and made more brilliant by a vigorous piece of shadow, thrust into the midst of it, and which dies away in lesser fragments, and sparkling towards the extremities of the picture. This mass of light is as interesting by its composition as by its intensity. . . . .

"The table is set in a spacious chamber, of which the windows at the end let in the light from the horizon, and those in the side-wall the intense blue of an eastern sky. The spectator looks all along the table, at the farther end of which are seated Christ and the Madonna, the marriage guests on each side of it—on one side men, on the other women; the men are set with their backs to the light, which, passing over their heads, and glancing slightly on the table-cloth, falls in full length along the line of young Venetian women, who thus fill the whole centre of the picture with one broad sunbeam made up of fair faces and golden hair. Close to the spectator a woman has risen in amazement, and stretches across the table to show the wine in her cup to those opposite; her dark red dress intercepts and enhances the mass of gathered light." The writer has previously remarked that "there are assuredly no female heads in any of his (Tintoretto's) pictures in Venice elaborated so far as those which here form the central light." He calls attention to the fact that neither bride nor bridegroom are unmistakeably to be distinguished, but considers that "the fourth figure from the Madonna, in the line of women, who wears a white head-dress of lace and rich chains of pearls in her hair, may well be accepted for the bride." . . . . "Be this as it may, the fourth female face is the most beautiful, as far as I recollect, that occurs in the works of the painter, with the exception only of the Madonna in the 'Flight into Egypt.' It is an ideal which occurs indeed elsewhere in many of his works—a face at once dark and delicate, the Italian cast of features moulded with the softness and childishness of English beauty some half a century ago; but I have never seen the ideal so completely worked out by the master. The face may best be described as one of the softest and purest of Stothard's conceptions, executed with all the strength of Tintoret. The other women are all made inferior to this one, but there are beautiful profiles and bendings of breasts and necks along the whole line. The men are all subordinate, though there are interesting portraits among them; perhaps the only fault of the picture being that the faces are a little too conspicuous, seen like balls of light among the crowd of minor figures which fill the background and foreground of the picture. The tone of the whole is sober and majestic in the highest degree; the dresses are all broad masses of colour, and the only parts of the picture which lay claim to the expression of wealth and splendour are the head-dresses of the women. In this respect the conception differs widely from that of Veronese, and approaches more nearly to the probable truth. Still the marriage is not an unimportant one; an immense crowd, filling the background, forming superbly rich mosaic of colour against the distant sky. Taken as a whole, the picture is perhaps the most perfect example which human Art has produced of the utmost possible force and sharpness of shadow, united with richness of local colour. In all the other works of Tintoret, and much more of other colourists, either the light and shade, or the local colour, is predominant; in the one case, the picture has a tendency to look as if painted by candle-light, in the other it becomes daringly conventional, and approaches the conditions of glass-painting. This picture unites colour as rich as Titian's, with light and shade as forcible as Rembrandt's, and far more decisive."*

After reading the above, you will be glad to know that the next to follow, a Crucifixion in the Church of San Cassano, will be treated by the same hand. "It is among the finest in Europe," says the authority we quote, "and is one of three by Tintoret, all in the Church of San Cassano, a building not otherwise remarkable." After expressing his satisfaction at the care with which this picture has been preserved to us, declaring it to be "in a better state than most pictures in galleries," and remarking that the light, though not bright, permits all such parts as are seen at all to be seen well, the writer, having mentioned "the new and strange treatment of the subject," proceeds to say, "It seems to have been painted more for the artist's own delight,"—what a promise is in those words! nor is any part of their import unfulfilled,—"for the artist's own delight, than with any laboured attempt at composition: the horizon is so low that the spectator must fancy himself lying at full length on the grass, or rather among the brambles and luxuriant weeds, of which the foreground is entirely composed; among these the seamless robe of Christ has fallen at the foot of the cross, the rambling briars and wild grasses thrown here and there over its folds of rich but pale crimson. Behind them, and seen through them, the heads of a troop of Roman soldiers are raised against the sky; and above these, their spears and halberds form a thin forest against the horizontal clouds. The three crosses are put on the extreme right of the picture, and its centre is occupied by the executioners, one of whom, standing on a ladder, receives from the other at once the sponge and the tablet with the letters I. N. R. I. The Madonna and St. John are on the extreme left,—superbly painted, like all the rest, but quite subordinate. In fact, the whole mind of the painter seems to have been set upon making the principals accessory, and the accessories principal. We look first at the grass, and then at the scarlet robe, and then at the clump of spears, and then at the sky, and last of all at the cross. As a piece of colour, the picture is notable for its extreme modesty. There is not a single very full or bright tint in any part, and yet the colour is delighted in throughout; not the slightest touch of it but is delicious. It is worth notice also, and especially, because this picture being in a fresh state we are sure of our fact, that, like nearly all other great colourists, Tintoret was afraid of light green in his vegetation. He often uses dark-blue greens in his shadowed trees, but here, where the grass is in full light, it is all painted with various hues of sober brown, more especially where it crosses the crimson robe. The handling of the whole is in his noblest manner, and I consider the picture generally quite beyond all price." *

Very powerful is the temptation here to repeat what our author has remarked of the "Massacre of the Innocents," and the "Flight into Egypt," and greatly will he profit who shall turn to that passage which we mark for his guidance;† but our space would fail us: we are the slaves of "Circumstance," so well called that "unspiritual god," and must remain within the narrow limits prescribed. Of "The Last Judgment," the poor remains of which are in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, our author, after alluding to the treatment of the same subject by Giotto, Oreagna, Fra Angelico, and other masters, proceeds to say:—"By Tintoret only has this unimaginable event been grappled with in its verity; not typically nor symbolically, but as they may see it who shall not sleep, but be changed. Only one traditional circumstance he has received, with Dante and Michael Angelo—the boat of the condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoption of this image; he has not stopped at the scowling ferryman of the one, nor at the sweeping blow and demon dragging of the other, but, seized, Hylas-like, by the limbs, and tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is dashed into his destruction; nor is it the sluggish Lethe, nor the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth, and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white ghastly cataract; the river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruins of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes, and caverns, and shadows of the earth, the bones gather, and the clay-heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl, and startle, and struggle up among the

* See "Briefe in die Heimath," Zweiter Band, s. 152.
† See "*Art-Journal*" for April.
‡ See his "Life and Works," vol. iii., Lecture xii., p. 54.
§ Phillips—See "Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting." London, 1833.

* Stones of Venice, vol. iii. p. 354, *et seq.*

* Ruskin, *ut supra*, p. 289, *et seq.*
† Modern Painters, vol. ii., part iii., sec. ii., pp. 172, 173.

putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clothes, and their heavy eyes, sealed by the earth darkness, yet, like his of old who went his way, unseeing, to the Siloam Pool, shaking off, one by one, the dreams of the prison-house, hardly hearing the clangour of the trumpets of the armies of God; blinded yet more, as they awake, by the white light of the new heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment-seat: the Firmament is all full of them—a very dust of human souls, that drifts, and floats, and falls into the interminable, inevitable light; the bright clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom-life in the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, and higher and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no further, borne up, wingless, by their inward faith, and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation." *

Now, if there be any one of our students who has not read these suggestive descriptions in the pages of the author, he will feel obliged to the present transcriber—for that it is in those words, and not in any less instructive and thought-inspiring, that our account of the lost treasure in question is given. Lost, because unhappily the picture is so cruelly injured that "unless the traveller be one accustomed to decipher the thoughts in a picture patiently, he need not hope to derive any pleasure from it." "Yet no pictures," says our author in another place, where "the Worship of the Golden Calf," is joined in his lamentation over the neglect suffered by the paintings in the Church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto, "no pictures will better reward a resolute study." And this is true, without doubt, of the one picture as of the other; but in respect to the "Golden Calf," the present writer, discouraged by a first attempt, did not make a second, and was impressed chiefly by the conviction that the dampness of the place must eventually destroy that painting utterly! There is a "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," with a "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," also in this church; the latter, as our author informs us, has recently suffered renovation.†

In the Academy of the Fine Arts (Accademia delle Belle Arti) is the renowned "Miracle of St. Mark," painted, as were others from the life and works of that saint, for the Scuola di San Marco, and described by Vasari as follows:—"Nella Scuola di San Marco da San Giovanni e Polo, sono quattro storie grandi, in una delle quali è San Marco, che, apparendo in aria, libera un suo divoto da molti tormenti che se gli veggiono apparecchiati con diversi ferri da tormentare, i quali rompendosi, non gli potè mai adoperare il manigoldo contra quel divoto; ed in questa è gran copia di figure, di scorti, d'armadure, casamenti, ritratti, ed altre cose simili, che rendono molto ornata quell' opera."‡

A picture representing Cain slaying his brother Abel is also among the treasures of the Venetian Academy. Painted by Tintoretto for the Church of the Servites—that building now a ruin to weep over, so beautiful are its few poor relics in their sorrowful decay—the picture once formed part of a larger work, the uppermost portion, as described by Italian writers, comprising figures of the saints Philip and Augustin. These last were painted on one of the doors closing an organ, and on the opposite fold was an Annunciation, now very probably the boast of some distant gallery; but the writer has not been able to ascertain its fate with certainty, and this is no place for the accumulation of mere conjectures; nor can we add more respecting the works of Tintoretto in the Venetian Academy, save only the recommendation that ample time be reserved for the study of these paintings by any student whose good genius may be preparing for him the high privilege of long hours therein.

By the Ducal Palace we must pass all but in silence, yet not regardless. Who that loves Venice—and this comprises all who know her thoroughly—but must feel his heart leap at the remembrance of all that he has here luxuriated in, or grieved over, as the case may be—for where have neglect and decay more to answer for than here? In this building is that "Paradise" for which what some call a sketch, but what French critics affirm to be an independent work, is to be found in the Louvre, as we have said above. A picture of vast dimensions, occupying one end of the great council-chamber, it contains "not less than 500 important figures. . . . . The whole composition is divided into concentric zones, represented one above another, like the stories of a cupola, round the figures of Christ and the Madonna, at the central and highest point; both these figures are exceedingly dignified and beautiful." * I would fain give the whole of our author's words in relation to this picture, which he furthermore designates as "on the whole, Tintoret's *chef-d'œuvre*," and "the most precious thing Venice possesses." But it appears to me that we shall find even more instruction for our particular purpose in the short sentence referring to a picture in the Sala dei Pregadi—"The Doge Loredano in Prayer to the Virgin," and I give these in preference:—

"Sickly and pale in colour, yet a grand work; to be studied, however, more for the sake of seeing *what a great man does 'to order' when he is wearied of what is required of him*, than for its own merit."

Let the painter and his patron alike ponder this; it has been said in substance, and more than once, by other writers, but the reminder will not be useless. I have beside another motive for quoting these words here. When our author—beyond all doubt the first of his day and subject, or rather the first of any day as regards his subject—when, in his wise impartiality, our author has in any case signified a fault, after dwelling delightedly on the beauties of the master in discussion, there are those who say, "A recantation!" Is, then, the above a recantation? Are the remarks that follow recantations of the praise just bestowed on Tintoretto? Certainly none who read this great and earnest writer, as he should be read, will ever be persuaded to think so. Speaking of the "Descent into Hades," in the Church of St. Cassano, Mr. Ruskin says:—"Much injured and little to be regretted, I never was more puzzled by any picture, the painting being throughout careless, and in some places utterly bad." It is true that there is a doubt expressed as to whether this picture be by Tintoretto or not, but in respect to the following no such doubt is intimated, yet is the expression of opinion equally frank and unfettered. "Saint Rocco in Glory" is called "one of the worst order of Tintorets; with apparent smoothness and finish, yet languidly painted." † Of a "Last Supper," which, like that above, is in the school of St. Rocco, we have the following:—"A most unsatisfactory picture, I think about the worst I know of Tintoret's where there is no appearance of retouching." ‡ There is more to the same effect, but these must suffice for the moment, although we might still continue, and that to our great profit.

Yet would we fain implore one added grace from the master, at whose feet it is so good to be seated; let him spare us those shrieks that rend the air in all directions, as he holds up some hapless delinquent, caught, as he will have it, *flagrante delicto*, and convicted of *lese majeste* in the realms of Art. For, admitting the haseness to be proved,—a thing not in every case easy to admit, with all one's respect for the authority of the judge,—why will he lash the culprit to the bones?—nay "sync" shake the very life out of him, nor release the victim from that ruthless grasp of his, until he cast him forth a mere shapeless mass, wherein those who have best loved and most warmly admired the form once holding honoured place, shall find no trace of all they had been wont to delight in—

> "The very mother that him bare
> She had not known her child."

The rule of Draco is not a good or wholesome rule, and within the gentle sway of the well-beloved Arts, we should deeply mourn to see it established.

It will be said, that to what he holds to be villain baseness *only* is Mr. Ruskin thus merciless—and that is true; but even when "the offence *is* rank," must the criminal be torn with beak and claws? From what appears to him to be vile, Mr. Ruskin revolts with a loathing that finds utterance in phrases making one shiver with resentment, even while fearing that they may not be wholly inappropriate. One lays down the book—one looks round for some good cudgel that shall defend the creature, flagellated so cruelly; but not always—and this must be admitted—with very signal or encouraging success, for when, having exhausted one's own resentment—perhaps caught a knock or two on one's own crown from said cudgel, in one's own unskilful hand—one looks more coolly into the subject, ten to one but justice is found to be at the base of the judgment; and even while weeping over the wounds inflicted, you can do little more than pity the victim; rarely do you see hope of a reversal to that decree under which he suffers. Mr. Ruskin has but a poor gift at doing things by halves—sure and why would he, your honour?—but if you doubt the fact, take him some pretentious picture—present it in your most pretentious fashion, and you shall see. Well, you are satisfied? Fully! Without doubt, *et pour cause*.

But all nonsense apart, and deploring what we admit to be the unsparing severity of our author, never—we repeat it—never is he consciously partial or unfair, whether in praise or blame. Even as relates to the object of his first and best regards—that Master whom all agreed with him in lamenting—the firm resolve of the writer is ever to be just, though the friend in him be self-wounded by the words he utters; thence, indeed, the chief cause given for those charges of inconsistent and contradictory statements occasionally made against him.

As respects the "self-contradictions" affirmed to exist in Mr. Ruskin's works, let him who believes he has found one, read again: let him turn—as is most needful in all works involving the discussion of numerous considerations, and as sometimes directed in the margin—to other sections of the book in hand—or to other works of the author, as the demand of the moment may require—and the cases will indeed be very few wherein all such seeming contradictions are not clearly explained, all apparently conflicting statements fully reconciled. At a word, the high attribute of justice *is* to be counted among those distinguishing this great writer; but it might be advantageously tempered with a somewhat larger exercise of mercy; and let us hope that this may at some future time be added to the rest. He is busy trouncing us now, and finds the "sins unwhipped-of"—the judges—too many for his present amount of longanimity: but let us wait awhile,—he will have driven some scores of them out of us some day, if we prove not the more hardened sinners; and when that shall have been accomplished, see if he will not "put on his white kid gloves," as say our friends across the water, to deal with all the rest.

The small remainder of our space must be given to the "Adoration of the Magi," by Tintoretto, also in the Scuola di San Rocco, and with that we must conclude the mere glance, which is all our space permits us to take of the works of this noble Venetian master.

"The most finished picture in the Scuola, except the 'Crucifixion,' and, perhaps, the most delightful of the whole. This work—the 'Adoration of the Magi'—unites every source of pleasure that a picture can possess; the highest elevation of principal subject, mixed with the lowest detail of picturesque incident; the dignity of the highest ranks of men, opposed to the simplicity of the lowest; the quietness and serenity of an incident in cottage life, contrasted with the turbulence of troops of horsemen and the spiritual power of angels.

"The placing of the two doves as principal points of light in the front of the picture, in order to remind the spectator of the poverty of the mother whose child is receiving the offerings and adoration of three monarchs, is one of Tintoret's master touches: the whole scene, indeed, is conceived in his happiest manner. Nothing can be at once more humble and more dignified than the bearing of the kings: and there is a sweet reality given to the whole incident by the Madonna's stooping forward and lifting her hand in admiration

* Modern Painters, vol. ii. pp. 174, 175.

† See "Modern Painters," vol. ii. pp. 173—175; see also "Stones of Venice," vol. iii. pp. 317, 318.

‡ See "Opere di Giorgio Vasari," Ed. Flor. 1823, vol. iv. p. 467. The version following is taken from Mrs. Foster's "Translation of Vasari's Works:"—"In the Scuola of St. Mark, near the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, are four large pictures by Tintoretto; the first exhibits St. Mark appearing in the air, and delivering a man who was his votary from grievous torments, which an executioner is preparing for him, but the irons break short in his hands, and cannot be made to act against the pious votary. In this picture there is a great number of figures, and much able foreshortening, with numerous portraits from the life, buildings, armour, and other objects of various kinds, making the work one of much interest." See "Lives of the Painters, &c.," vol. v. p. 55.

* Stones of Venice, vol. iii. p. 294.

† Ibid., p. 338.

‡ Ibid., *loc. cit.*

of the vase of gold which has been set before the Christ, though she does so with such gentleness and quietness that her dignity is not in the least injured by the simplicity of the action. As if to illustrate the means by which the Wise Men were brought from the East, the whole picture is nothing but a large star, of which the Christ is the centre; all the figures, and even the timbers of the roof, radiate from the small bright figure on which the countenances of the flying angels are bent, the star itself, gleaming through the timbers above, being quite subordinate. The composition would almost be too artificial, were it not broken by the luminous distance, where the troop of horsemen are waiting for the kings. These, with the dog running at full speed, at once interrupt the symmetry of the lines, and form a point of relief from the over-concentration of all the rest of the action." *

Respecting that "Crucifixion," "excepted" in the lines above, we have these significant words:—"I must leave this picture to work its will on the spectator, for it is beyond all analysis, and above all praise." We add a short passage respecting the "Flight into Egypt," and some others, which we refused ourselves the pleasure of dwelling on above, partly because restricted by the close limits of our space, but principally in the hope of sending you, for your benefit, to the volume itself:—†

"I should exhaust the patience of the reader," says Mr. Ruskin—but then the reader will be most unworthy to approach the book—"I should exhaust the patience of the reader if I were to dwell at length on the various stupendous developments of the imagination of Tintoret in the Scuola di San Rocco alone. I would fain join awhile in that solemn pause of the journey into Egypt, where the silver boughs of the shadowy trees lace with their tremulous lines the alternate folds of fair cloud, flushed by faint crimson light, and lie across the streams of blue between those rosy islands, like the white wakes of wandering ships; or watch beside the sleep of the disciples among those massy leaves that lie so heavily on the dead of the night, beneath the descent of the angel of the agony, and toss fearfully above the motion of the torches as the troop of the betrayer emerges out of the hollows of the olives; or wait through the hour of accusing beside the judgment-seat of Pilate, where all is unseen, unfelt, except the one figure that stands with its head bowed down, pale like a pillar of moonlight, half bathed in the glory of the godhead, half wrapt in the whiteness of the shroud. Of these, and all the other thoughts of indescribable power that are now fading from the walls of those neglected chambers, I may, perhaps, endeavour at some future time to preserve some image and shadow more faithfully than by words; but I shall at present terminate our series of illustrations by reference to a work of less touching but more tremendous appeal—the 'Last Judgment,' in the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto."‡

And of the "Massacre of the Innocents," hear only the closing words—"Their shrieks"—the shrieks of the mothers—"ring in our ears till the marble seems rending around us; but far back, at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman sitting quiet, quite quiet, still as any stone, she looks down steadfastly on her dead child, laid along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly on her brow."

Admirable Tintoretto! many have been thy eulogists, and according to the measure of their perceptions have they given thee praise, but here hast thou found an exponent worthy of thyself.

To the son of the master, Domenico Robusti, high praise has not at any time been awarded; but it is too much to call him "a miserable painter," as is done by our great authority: his feebler light was eclipsed by the glory of that within whose sphere he moved, but contemporaries speak of him as a portrait-painter of considerable merit, and a French writer—one of the most upright of our day and of *his* country—refers to Domenico's historical works with some approval. It is true that, comparing him with his father, the French author remarks, "Il le suivait comme Ascagne suivait Enée, dans l'incendie de Troie, *non passibus æquis*,"—but who is it that does follow Tintoretto "with equal steps?" And further: "Il l'imite, sans l'atteindre, il lui ressemble, sans le remplacer." * But a painter may go far, and happily too, without "overtaking" Tintoretto; and it is not a little to say that the son "resembles" such a father. That he should "replace" him is not to be expected, nor yet desired.

The passing events of the day were those by which Domenico Robusti was chiefly occupied, portraiture excepted. Of these the reader will find examples in the Ducal Palace of Venice, where there are now two battle-pieces, both mentioned by Viardot,—the second taking of Constantinople, namely, and a naval victory, that obtained by the Venetians over the emperor, and in which Prince Otho, son of the latter, was made prisoner. In the Venetian Academy there is a "Christ crowned with Thorns," with two portraits of senators, by Domenico Robusti. In the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is a picture representing the Doge Aluise Mocenigo concluding with Philip of Spain and the Pope the well-known treaty, of which one result was that "Battle of Lepanto," which all will remember to have seen depicted;—and on the good broad space in which the soul of the painter, who is no other than our Giorgio Vasari, delighted,—between the door of the Scala and that of the Sistine Chapel in the Sala Regia of the Vatican.

Of Marietta, the daughter of Tintoretto, we know much less than could be desired, but of that little, one circumstance is highly significant. The disciple of her father in his well-beloved art, she confined herself for the most part to portraiture, but in that branch she became renowned: not only were the most eminent of her father's compatriots and fellow-citizens ambitious of delineations by her hand, but she received the offer of commissions from personages of yet higher rank, and was invited to the Court of Spain, first by the Emperor Maximilian, and then by King Philip II. But no temptation could avail to separate the devoted child from her beloved father, nor could Tintoretto be prevailed on to support the applications of those who would have lured her from his side. United in their lives, in their deaths they were not long divided. Marietta died when not quite thirty years old, and her father survived her but four years: with her the best light of his life was extinguished; yet is it pleasant to remember that in his art the glorious master not unfrequently found consolation, even for that irreparable loss.

* Stones of Venice, pp. 327, 328.
† Modern Painters, vol. ii. p. 173.
‡ See p. 145.

MR. OTTLEY'S LECTURES ON ART-HISTORY.

A FEW years ago, the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures would have been an impossibility, and a lecture on Classic Art, intended for a popular audience, an absolute failure. Now the Art-Exhibition is a great fact, which, in the midst of many other exciting influences, the whole people look forward to with avidity; and an Art lecture—the first, we believe, of a course—has been delivered by Mr. H. Ottley (son of the late Mr. Young Ottley, the well-known collector and author), and promises to become popular. Mr. Ottley inaugurated his lecture with the title of "An Hour with the Old Masters," at the Mary-le-bone Literary and Scientific Institution, on Wednesday evening, the 4th of March, and he has since repeated it at the same institution, and at the Myddleton Hall, Islington, to an increasing audience; and he is now, we believe, on his way to repeat it in Manchester, and other large towns in the manufacturing districts. We will glance at a few of the heads of this interesting discourse.

The lecturer, after a brief reference to the achievements in Art under the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Greece, and the conquest of Greece, which led to the dispersion of Art throughout the Roman empire, came at once to the history of the revival, which commenced in the early part of the thirteenth century, tracing the progress of improvement, and the discovery of resources and appliances, under the hands successively of Cimabue, Giotto, Ghiberti, Massaccio, Fra Bartolomeo, to the glorious days of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, Giorgione, Titian—a mighty galaxy, who crowned and closed the swelling theme of high poetic Art in the early part of the sixteenth century.

* See Viardot—"Musées d'Italie," p. 330. Paris, 1842.

We were thus carried over the real Pre-Raphaelite period, which gave occasion for some remarks from the lecturer upon a pseudo similar movement now going on amongst us. Without wishing to disparage living Art, he invited the judicious observer to compare the works of the old masters of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries with those of the Pre-Raphaelite school of the present day, having regard to their essential characteristics and obvious tendencies, and to judge for themselves how far the two movements were parallel, and likely to lead to a similar result. A recent writer on Art-History had remarked, as a distinctive characteristic of the Florentine and Roman schools of this early period, that they arranged their groups of figures so as to make complete compositions, without the intervention of drapery, and afterwards clothed them without interfering with the first arrangement; whilst, in later times, the drapery became an essential part of the composition, commanding attention by the opportunities it afforded for the display of splendour, colour, and chiaro-oscuro. The same fatal mistake still prevailed, and we have frequent occasion to admire very elaborate fancy costumes, resting entirely upon their own independent pretensions, without a hint of fleshly influences to sustain them. Another striking feature in the artists of that period was their entire freedom from affectation and conceit; they learned and laboured truly to do justice to the subject in hand by the best means at their disposal, without indulging their own fancies, or attempting to show off their own cleverness, merely for purposes of display. The lecturer showed how these old Pre-Raphaelites had been, indeed, the precursors of Michael Angelo and Raphael himself—there being scarcely a point of excellence seen in them but in its nature, not certainly in degree, had been already foreshadowed in the works of one or other of these earnest labourers. He described, in pointed and happy terms, the distinguishing features of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Correggio, Titian, Giorgione, and other principal masters; and then, after a glance at the rapid decline which followed them, spoke of the Bolognese school under the Caracci, which, with all its errors of fanciful theory, did much for Art, if in this alone, that it combined beauty of colour and chiaro-oscuro with excellence in design and composition.

But this executive excellence was no sufficient substitute for earnest purpose and grand inspiring sentiment, which had marked the earlier Art, and now every day gave way more and more. Art had hitherto been wholly employed in the cause of religion; now this grand unity of theme began to fail, and give place to mythological and fanciful subjects, and at length to portrait and landscape; whilst religious subjects themselves were treated in a fanciful manner, in which the artist often indulged his own conceits at the expense of the solemn interests of his theme. Then came a long, dull, dubious interval of misrule and humiliation. Art, in search of patronage and pay, was fain to minister to every vain taste, every weak and foolish taste, every depraved taste, until the very name of Taste became a by-word of reproach with men of sense and station.

The general tendency of the lecturer's remarks was to show that the Fine Arts, to be great and productive, must be free, and accepted by the people as a national requirement;—how that, whilst under the imperial patronage of the Cæsars they languished hopelessly; it was in the free republics of Venice, Pisa, Florence, and amongst the commercial communities on the Rhine and in Flanders, they revived in all the grandeur of creative power. Nor did the illustration of the pleasing fact end here. In our own country, Art, which in the midst of state intrigue and turmoil had languished to the extreme of dejection when dependent solely upon the chances of courtly patronage, now, in times of peace and commercial prosperity, found in the cotton lords of Manchester, the woollen lords of Leeds, and the merchant-princes of London and Liverpool, munificent and discriminating patrons. In America, also, Art was making energetic and noteworthy efforts from the spontaneous action of free intelligence. He insisted, therefore, that the dogmas of Art were not to be considered an exclusive mystery; that artist and public should both understand a common language; and that Art-Education, widely diffused, would be the best promoter of Art, as of the civilisation of communities.

The lecture, which lasted upwards of an hour and a half, was illustrated by a large number of copies and fine engravings after the principal masters; together with a very fine photograph, fully five feet wide, after "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, which, arrived from Milan, was lent for the occasion by Messrs. Colnaghi. On the second night were, in addition, several original gems by Raffaelle, Gentile de Fabriano, Gozzoli, and other rare masters, the property of Mr. Farrer, &c.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

The pressure of domestic subjects has excluded of late from our pages much of the intelligence we have usually given relative to Foreign Art. The interest and importance of the incidents daily occurring in relation with the most eminent of our contemporary schools, require at our hands a retrospective summary, especially of those matters which are more than mere passing subjects of Art-gossip.

Paris.—There is in active preparation at the Gobelins works a series of portraits of the famous artists and architects of the Renaissance, intended to be placed in the Salon d'Apollon, in the Louvre. —Ingres, the well-known French painter, although eighty years of age, has executed a work entitled "The Naïads," which is the admiration of all who have seen it; it is even preferred, by a large circle of critics, to his famous Odalisque, painted many years since. It has been purchased by Count Duchatel for 23,000 francs.

Berlin.—The photographers of Berlin are experimenting according to the process discovered by Beauregard, of procuring at once in the camera portraits with all the natural colour of life; the process is described in the *Polytechnic Journal*.—The King of Prussia has commissioned V. Klœber to paint the mythological subject, "Perseus and Andromeda." The work is in progress, and promises to equal the best productions of this painter, who has achieved a celebrity in this class of subject. His "Cupid and Psyche" is now in the hands of Seidel, to be engraved as a plate for the Art-Union of 1859. —The landscape-painter Eduard Pape has won for himself honour and distinction by his picture of the "Bernese Alps." This artist feels deeply the grandeur of Alpine nature, and invests it with a charm peculiar to the magnificent features of such scenes.—Hildebrandt's last picture, "Evening," which is enriched by the warm glow of his powerful colour, has been purchased by the Russian Count Tischkiewitsch, for 250 Friederichs d'or. The same nobleman, with a view to the formation of a gallery of moderu Art, has effected many other purchases, and is now in Paris in search of eligible works. —Two landscapes of surpassing merit are in progress by Max Schmidt, the subject of the larger represents a harvest in the Campagna of Rome, with extremely picturesque figures of Appenine neatherds, who with their oxen are come to assist in the harvest—in the distance are seen the broken arches of an aqueduct. The subject of the smaller is a passage of simple landscape material from Dessau.—Schrader, the historical painter, is engaged upon a religious picture—in this there is nothing anomalous; but as another instance of the versatility of talent, in which there is some anomaly, Karl Steffech, the horse-painter, is engaged on an altar-piece for the Protestant church in Karlsbad, the subject of which is the "Ascent of the Saviour to Heaven."

Brussels.—The King of Holland has named Schelfhout, the landscape-painter, a commander of the Order of the Crown of Oak. This aged artist—the Nestor of the living school of the landscape-painters of the Netherlands—received from his brother artists on the occasion of his last birthday, a congratulatory address written upon vellum.

Munich.—The Rubens Festival, recently held in Munich, was distinguished by some novel features in its preparation. When the committee met to consider the different propositions for carrying out the entertainment, the sketches of Lembke were unanimously adopted. The various departments were thus determined: the background—a View of Antwerp—was executed by the architectural painter, Schwendy, from Berlin; to Kirchner, also a painter of architecture, were assigned the trees and foliage. Another portion was executed by the genre-painter Seitz, and the decorations fell to Lembke, consisting of angels, garlands, &c., &c.; and thus the whole was accomplished by divided labour. The costumes for the men were designed by Petzl and Martin, and those for the ladies by Bamberg. — The sculptors Brugger and Widemann, to whom has been confided at Munich the execution of a monument in honour of King Ludwig, have so far advanced their work that it was inspected by the king before his departure for Rome.—The Academy of Munich was established in the year 1808, therefore, next year there will be held in that city a jubilee in celebration of the fiftieth year of its existence, on which occasion will be got up a general exhibition of all the works which have been effected under the auspices of this Academy, wherein every branch of Art will be represented.

Dresden.—On the occasion of the finishing of Rietschel's great work, the Goethe and Schiller monument, a festival was held here in honour of the sculptor. The room in which the guests and contributors were entertained, was, by means of floral decoration, turned into the semblance of a garden. After the health of the King had been drunk, the artist Lichtenberger rose and announced in verse the object of the assembly. At the conclusion of his address a transparency was instantaneously exposed, representing the Schiller and Goethe monument, and between the figures was placed the bust of Rietschel, in such wise that the wreath which they held was suspended over the head of the sculptor—a very elegant compliment, that was at once acknowledged by those present, who rivalled each other in their congratulations of the sculptor. The health of Rietschel was proposed by Julius Hübner in a copy of verses, in which he animadverted severely on the taste and feeling of those who devoted themselves more to the study of costumes and draperies than expression.—Overbeck is now in Rome, and the Pope has visited his studio to inspect his new work, "The Saviour communicating to future Evangelists the Secrets of the Trinity."

Ulm.—An ancient mural painting has lately been discovered at Ulm, which has apparently been executed in water-colour on the dry wall. It has not suffered materially, the colours having changed but little; the work, therefore, may be regarded as a favourable example of its period. The subject is the interment of a saint, and the composition consists of four figures. The body lies upon a white cloth, and three angels are about to raise it, as if with the intention of bearing it for interment to a tomb high in a neighbouring mountain-side. The saint—a woman —wears a red robe, and on the head a golden crown, and over and partly behind this appears a nimbus with a broad gold border, the inner breadth of which is filled up with red of the same colour as the drapery. The angels have a white drapery falling in ample folds to the feet, and pointed wings widely extended. The angel on the other side of the body, already rising on the wing, supports the head with the right hand, and with the left points upwards to the tomb prepared as it were, in a cloud. The second angel that holds the sheet at the feet of the body is standing, and the third is still kneeling. The style of Art is distinctly that of the end of the fifteenth century, having been whitened over at the time of the Reformation. There is below the picture a legend, but it is so defaced as to be entirely illegible. From another source, and after extended research, the picture is discovered to represent the death of St. Katherine of Alexandria. This discovery is of some importance to the history of Suabian Art.—At Cologne the contributions for the last year to the fund for the restoration of the cathedral amounted to 42,000 thalers, an increase upon the receipts of the preceding year of 11,230 thalers, and approaching the sum collected in 1845—the largest amount which has yet been received.

Darmstadt.—The erection of the Luther column at Darmstadt, the town in which the great German reformer appeared before Charles V. and the council of the empire, progresses slowly, but surely. Important contributions continue to be received, so that it is hoped that a memorial so purely national will soon be brought to a happy conclusion.

Dantzic.—The Dantzic society for the preservation of antiquities have lately worthily exerted themselves in the restoration of many interesting and valuable relics. The well-known picture restorer, Stübbe, of Berlin, has been summoned to Dantzic, in order to restore and examine a work attributed to Hans Memling; and Xeller, the restorer to the Museum, has been invited to assist. Of this opportunity advantage will be taken for the restoration of the altar-piece in the Church of St. Mary, which will be effected at the expense of the physicians of Dantzic.

Hanover.—Frederick Kaulbach, who has been some time occupied in painting portraits of the royal family of Hanover, has received from the King the appointment of portrait-painter to the court.

Saxe-Weimar.—It is stated that the Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar has it in contemplation to assemble within the walls of a new Museum the various artistic collections which at present have a separate existence throughout his capital; and that the building of this Museum will be commenced as soon as the restoration of the Wartburg, on which he is at present engaged, shall have been completed. —At Weimar another monument, in honour of the greatest *litterateurs* of Germany, is in progress—that commemorative of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. The sum of 7500 thalers has been collected for this work, and the King of Bavaria has presented the metal; but there is yet a deficit of 600 thalers, the estimated cost of the casting and pedestal. It is proposed to inaugurate the monument on the 3rd of September, in the current year.

BOADICEA.

FROM THE GROUP BY J. THOMAS.

The early history of England, like that of all other countries of ancient date, is so shrouded in obscurity that we are only able to take hold of a fragment here and there as something real and taugible. We are indebted to the Roman historian Tacitus for the little that is told of Boadicea, the widowed wife of Prasutagus, king of the Iceni, or those early Britons who inhabited the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. While Suetonius, the Roman commander in Britain, was absent in the Isle of Anglesea on a military expedition, Catus, the collector of the revenues, was guilty of great excesses among the natives of the eastern part of Britain: his cruelty in causing Boadicea to be scourged, and her two daughters to suffer the grossest indignities, roused the indignation of her subjects and of their neighbours, the Trinobantes, the inhabitants of Middlesex and Essex. They flew to arms, attacked the Romans and their allies within their territories, of whom 70,000 were slain, and compelled Catus to flee into Gaul. Suetonius, on hearing of the revolt, hastened back with his army, and, posting his troops in a narrow pass, where the hosts of undisciplined savages were unable to avail themselves of their numerical superiority, completely defeated them, and their gallant leader, Boadicea, who, in a chariot with her two daughters, went from tribe to tribe exhorting them to fight bravely and revenge her wrongs and their own. This occurred A.D. 61.

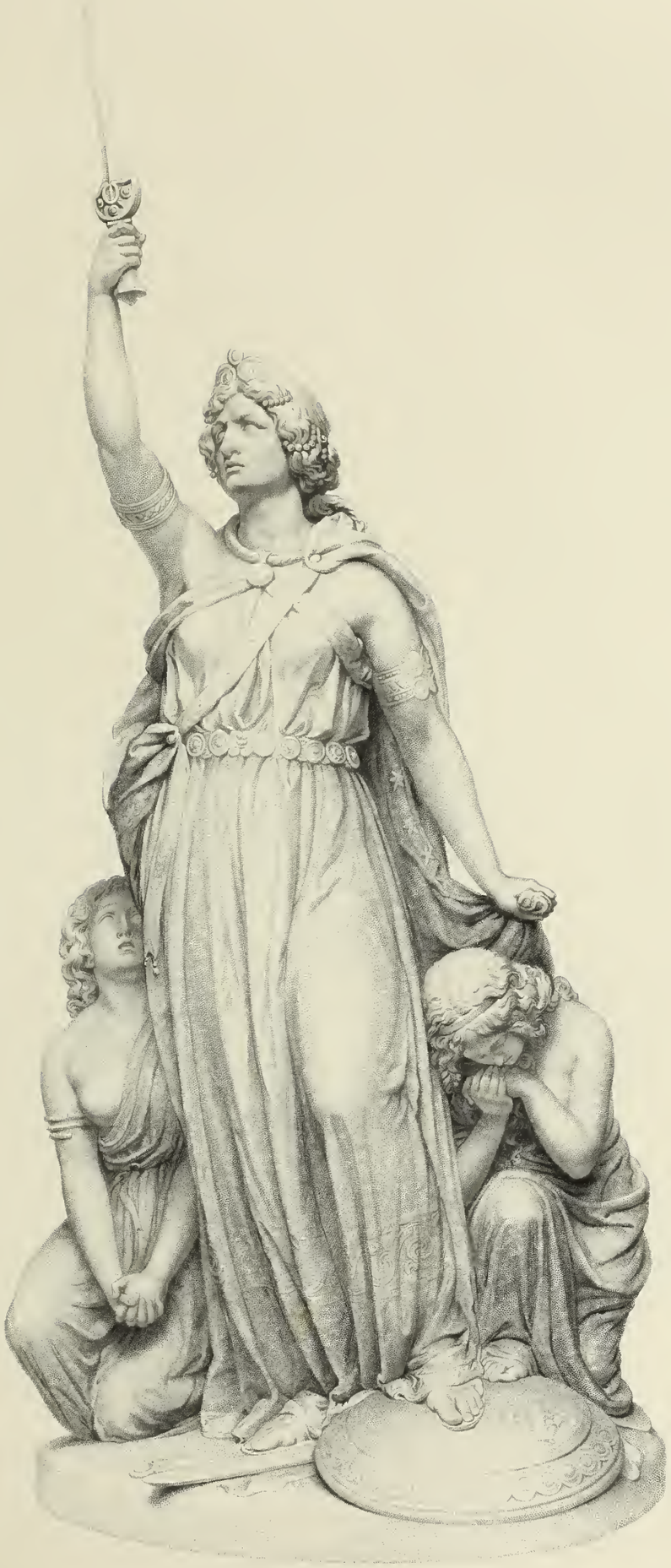
> "There is a sound of armies on the sea;
> Northward the eagle's mighty wings are spread;
> O'er conquered Gaul he wildly rushes free—
> Gloats o'er the dying, and devours the dead.
> Victorious legions, by the Cæsar led,
> Cleave the rough wave to Britain's hostile shore:
> With bloody strife the furrowed sands are red,
> The white cliffs echo back the battle's roar.
> Rouse, Boadicea, arm!—the foe is at thy door.
>
> She comes—her chariot glistens from afar;
> Half-maddened coursers drag its ponderous wheels:
> Revenge and fury guide the whirling car,
> Upon whose track the famished wolf-dog steals."
>
> * * * *

Rapin, the French historian, who wrote the earliest complete history of England down to the death of Charles I., says that Boadicea closed her address to her countrymen on the occasion referred to with the following words: "It is much better to fall honourably in defence of liberty, than be again exposed to the outrages of the Romans."

This is the subject, and the point of time in the narrative which Mr. Thomas has chosen for illustration, and it is one well adapted to the requirements of sculpture, where vigorous action and energetic expression are intended to be made the chief characteristics of the work; but there are others that can scarcely be deemed subordinate to them—a deeply-seated sense of wrongs inflicted, and the desire to avenge them. The introduction of the three figures has also afforded the sculptor scope for pourtraying as many varieties of female beauty—the perfect form and mature features of the mother, in contrast with the slight figures and expanding loveliness of her daughters. Mr. Thomas has assumed, as he had a right to do in the absence of contrary evidence, that the queen of the Iceni and her daughters were cast in nature's fairest mould, though Cæsar says the men painted their bodies blue, to terrify their enemies.

The principal figure in the group is, of course, Boadicea, standing with her arm uplifted towards heaven, as if in the act of invoking its vengeance on the oppressors; the left hand grasps nervously a portion of her robe: the countenance and attitude are expressive of powerfully excited feelings; the Roman shield and sword she has trampled under her feet. In the young female to her right we seem to perceive one who echoes the mother's prayer; in the other, her younger sister, one who has resigned herself to whatever fate may befall her. The composition as a whole, no less than in its several parts, is poetical and beautiful.

Mr. Thomas, it may not be known to many of our readers, is the artist who has so successfully carried out the various ornamental sculptures that adorn the exterior of the new Houses of Parliament. His "Boadicea" is the property of Sir M. Peto, who, having seen the model, commissioned the sculptor to execute it in marble.



BOADICEA.

ENGRAVED BY E. A. ARTLETT. FROM THE GROUP BY J. THOMAS

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

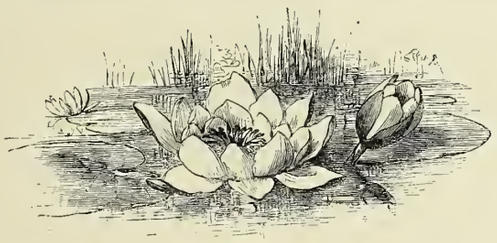
PART V.

ALTHOUGH, no doubt, much was gained to religion and liberty by the suppression of monasteries, and we may rejoice that we no longer hear in our "schools"

"The harsh jargon of contentious monks,"

something was surely lost of intellectual supremacy. Osney shared the fate of so many wealthy establishments which the cupidity, and not the piety, of Henry VIII. caused him to suppress. Although the friaries and the lesser monasteries were destroyed by law, the more powerful establishments were ruined by "surrender." By threats, cajolery, or bribery, the abbacies came into the king's hands, or under his control. Untractable abbots were summarily disposed of by easily-sustained charges of high-treason, and the monks were "sent adrift to dig, or beg, or starve." Osney revived somewhat in the days of Queen Mary, masses were again chanted within its walls; but during the Commonwealth its ruin was completed, and of its remains there is now nothing but the site, which the Thames waters as freely and abundantly as it did three centuries ago.

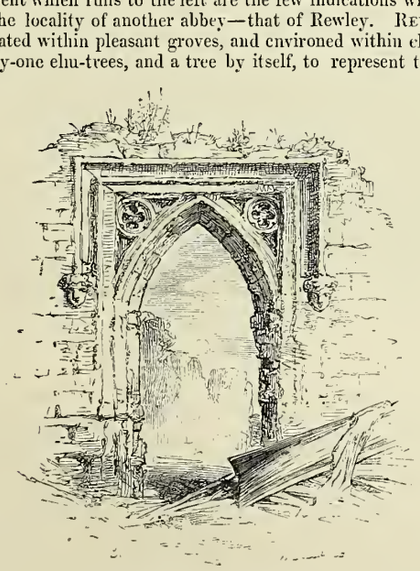
In the still recesses of the river we found that queen of water-nymphs, the White Water-Lily (*Nymphæa alba*) in the greatest luxuriance, both in number and in the extraordinary size of the flowers and leaves; on dragging some of these into the boat we found that the stems were from eight to ten feet in length, and the leaves were of immense breadth; the flowers also were unusually developed, and some specimens were suffused with a blush of roseate tint that contrasted delightfully with the rich green of the calyx and leaves. It



THE WATER-LILY.

is in our aquatic flora, certainly, that we can vie with the richness of tropical regions; and we should wish to see our ornamental waters better stocked with these native beauties than, with few exceptions, is the case. What more lovely decoration could a small piece of water receive than a group of water-lilies, white and yellow, the elegant Frog-bit, and the princely Flowering-rush, with its crown of purple and white blossoms, with a number of other charming plants either growing in the water or fringing its edge?

On the current which runs to the left are the few indications which still exist to point out the locality of another abbey—that of Rewley. REWLEY ABBEY, "sometime seated within pleasant groves, and environed within clear streams," with its twenty-one elm-trees, and a tree by itself, to represent the abbot and



GATE OF REWLEY ABBEY.

the number of its monks, was situated on this branch of the river; its former splendour is, however, indicated only by a doorway, and a wall which now incloses part of the North Western Railway.

The left stream is the course that is most picturesque; but there is no exit, as the current is arrested to turn the mill which still works there, where, by itself and its predecessors, it has worked since the castle first reared its strong and stately towers and battlements by the river's side; indeed, there is evidence that the miller had precedence of the chatelain. We pass under a new railway bridge, close to the entrance to the Oxford and Coventry Canal; and, at the entrance to the city on this side, as we near one of the most ancient of its bridges—Hithe or Hythe Bridge—we observe a small cluster of rude and primitive houses, the small dwellings of a race of fishermen, who have followed that calling from father to son in unbroken succession for several hundred years.

It was in this neighbourhood we heard an anecdote, to listen to which we ask the reader a brief delay "*en route*."

Years many and long must pass before "cemeteries," with their cold marble monuments, and hard-hearted catacombs, their vaults, and gravelled walks, and slender trees—rational, and well-ordered, and necessary as they are—can become a natural feature in our English landscape; the village church-yard was and is a sanctuary—however neglected, however overcrowded, it is sanctified to us by that strong English bond, "old association:" it has formed for centuries the link between the living and the dead—the present and the past. The church has been deprived, by modern innovation, of a most imposing and attractive ceremony, which the law of man has changed from a religious compact to a civil contract—thus breaking with a rude and coarse hand a tie that was hitherto so sacred; but the old English church-yard is still with us, and still bears the hallowed fruitage of abundant memories: it is one of the evidences of the

"Immortality that stirs within us,"

this craving to perpetuate the remembrance of what was dearly loved in life. The sentiment is as strong in the lowly, when they mark a resting-place by a simple head-stone, as in the rich when they erect the costly cenotaph. This

"Keeping the memory green in our souls,"

is one of the dearest of all hopes and all duties, and the humblest natures cling to it as closely as do the highest.

Within sight of our noble river, some ten years ago, a man named Jabez Lloyd, was considered as treading the path to independence; he was growing from a village carpenter into a boat-builder. He was a courteous, frank, and kindly fellow, becoming famous for launching those canoes in which "Oxford men" skim the surface of the Thames. Jabez was married to a meek, dove-eyed little woman—one of those who continue to work on silently through the world, attracting very little attention while they are with us, but if laid up by illness, or called home by death, leave a blank which, because we find it impossible to fill up, we know how well it must have been filled. In this instance, however, it was not the meek little creature—never happy but in the sunshine of her husband's presence—who was taken, but the strong-handed Jabez; he was trying one of those painted skimmers of the Thames, and had just got free of the reeds and weeds and rushes that weave a leafy barrier at a particular bend of the river, when, leaning incautiously a little on one side to extricate his oar from the tough fibres of some water-plants, he went over, right into a bed of lilies, and was drowned before he could be extricated from the meshes of the golden-chalices flowers and their broad leaves. Jabez left absolutely nothing, or "less than nothing," to his widow. After the sale of spars, and paint, and fishing-tackle, and household goods, there was barely enough to pay the funeral expenses, and to purchase unpretending mourning. And in the overwhelming and miserable loneliness of her first widowhood, the little creature was forced to think of what she should, or could, do, to keep from out the workhouse. She was quite uneducated; he married her when she was but sixteen, just learning to be a dressmaker. What could she do? She could sew, and attend to a cottage home; she could be a farm servant—that little delicate pet of a woman, whom the great boat-man cherished and watched over, and tended as if she was his one darling child—poor Mrs. Lloyd a farm servant! She tried it. She hired herself out at three shillings a week at the farm,—you can see the ricks and trees of that large farmhouse from where we stood,—and the farmer's wife—a great glory of a woman, as far as size and good-nature goes—trained her voice to speak gently, and abandoned altogether the tone of an ill-used woman she was wont to assume when addressing her domestics, saying, "Thank you" to Mrs. Lloyd for every service, meek and useless as she thought it, which the poor little woman rendered. She washed and ironed, and took most loving care of the poultry; chickens grew rapidly under her superintendence, and young turkeys "cut" their red heads—as children do their teeth sometimes—with very little difficulty. She worked too at her needle. She did all she could; but she was so neat and exact, so fond of doing everything she knew how to do in the best manner, that the farmer's wife considered her "slow." She preferred her "helps" to be quick and slatternly; she could not bear them to be slow. The little widow felt this, but what could she do more than she did? and despite the sympathy of the farmer's wife, her quick temper overcame her humanity, and she gave the widow warning. Just at this time the curate of the village wanted a housekeeper, and with a belief in her being quite unfit for such a post, Mrs. Lloyd still felt it a duty to "try;" and so, with a trembling hand, she raised the garden latch, and presented herself as a candidate. The curate, besides being the earnest, hard-working minister so suited to a country parish, was just the person to inspire poets with a subject, and young ladies with the enthusiasm which leads to the manufacture and presentation of pen-wipers, slippers, and footstools; he was pale and thin, with a clear soft voice, and such truthful eyes! Well, he told Mrs. Lloyd that he was too poor, he feared, to offer her sufficient remuneration: he could not afford to pay a good servant. And Mrs. Lloyd assured him she was *not* a good servant, and if he would try her, very moderate wages would be more than she deserved: indeed, she feared she was hardly worth wages, but she had something to do before she died, and she could not be happy until it was done. Accordingly that evening she brought

a bundle, and the clerk carried her box. She was installed in the smallest of all kitchens, and had even a smaller bedroom; but there was room on the white wall for a portrait of her husband, which some Oxford youth had painted, and though a dreadful daub, it was a likeness. Before *that* she knelt, and before *that* she prayed; and at the end of the week the curate thought—such was the peace, and comfort, and quiet, and neatness of his cottage—that he must be entertaining an angel unawares. The curate had £80 a year, and the rector, who had £800, cautioned him, when he first came, in a fatherly sort of way, not to be extravagant. The advice was very good, and the young man profited by it, for he kept out of debt, and often sent his sister, who was a governess, small sums in postage stamps. All he could pay the little widow was about two and sixpence a week, and she had to find her tea and sugar and "beer" out of that. Do not pity her! She was bright and cheerful; she could do very well without sugar, and as her master could not afford "beer," surely she was better without it. She was her own mistress—never found fault with; her black dresses (she had two) wore to a miracle, but she was forced to buy another, because she must look respectable: that took away the savings of more than six months. But she went on saving, adding halfpence to halfpence, denying herself everything almost which the humblest servant considers she wants; sitting up at night when the moon was at full (for she would not waste her master's candle), making her caps "do," and ironing out her cap-strings—darning, turning, trimming, all to save perhaps twopence; but she had a purpose to work out. She rarely opened the garden gate except to go to church or to do the small marketings. On Sunday evenings she indulged in the luxury of tears over her husband's grave; and returning from market, she always paused at the stone-cutter's yard, eyeing the tomb-stones. Once she entered timidly—she was timid in all things—and inquired the various prices; and the stone-cutter, when he saw her threadbare but neat dress, and observed the fluttering of the washed-out crape curtains on her bonnet, and noted how limp and poor she looked, wondered why she troubled him: but he was a kind man, and did not say so. Time wore on: the curate had an ever-accumulating stock of pen-wipers, slippers, and foot-stools; sometimes went out to dinner, but more frequently to tea; and still more frequently visited the poor and the schools, and lectured, or staid at home; or, as a great luxury at Midsummer, when there was not much sickness in the parish, and it was holiday time in the school, took his rod to wander beside the queenly river he loved so well. The rod was simply an excuse for loitering, though he did sometimes bring home some little fish that would have formed good subjects for the microscope. Time wore on, and some people wondered that the curate permitted his little servant to wear such threadbare black; but others—the majority—only saw the widow's meek thankful face, and her soft hopeful eyes, and marvelled, with more reason, how neat and pleasant she made all things in her master's house. How different are the meanings different people draw from the same readings!

Time again passed on, and it was now three years since the strong boat-builder had found his death in the Thames, when the "widow" again entered the stone-cutter's yard; she placed a slip of paper in his hand, and he read:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JABEZ LLOYD,
AGED TWENTY-EIGHT, BOAT-BUILDER,
WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE SUNSHINE OF THE 24TH OF JUNE, 18——,
AMONG THE WATER-LILIES OF THE THAMES.
HE WAS BELOVED BY GOD AND MAN.

She pointed to a tombstone, the one upon which her heart had long been fixed.

"But who will pay for this?" inquired the stone-cutter.

The little widow put the money into his hand. The man looked at her with astonishment, and involuntarily lifted his hat while he spoke.

"It is a very humble stone," she said, "and no one can think I have taken a liberty in putting it up. I have worked and saved for it day and night. I shall be able to see it every Sunday. You will put it up at once, sir?"

"God bless the woman!" exclaimed the stone-cutter; "I would have done it long ago if I had given it a thought. I loved Jabez; and as to your money, I'll not touch it. You shall see the stone in its place next Sunday."

Such a warm colour as came to the widow's cheeks—such brightness as flashed from the widow's eyes! and how she trembled beneath her threadbare drapery!

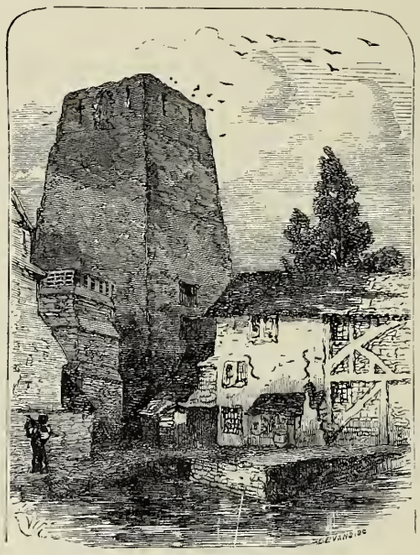
"You *must* take the money," she said firmly; "it *must* be my doing. Take the money, sir, or else I must go elsewhere; only thank you for your offer—you meant it in kindness."

The following Sunday it *was* in its place, and the stone-cutter told the story over and over again, interrupted occasionally by a guttural sort of sound in his throat. The only one who did not appreciate this woman's offering was the churchwarden, who stoutly contended that the poor had no business with such fine feelings, and grew very red, and looked very indignantly at the tomb-stone. Nevertheless it excited a good deal of interest; after evening service, even the little children retired from the corner of the church-yard in which it is placed, knowing who had a right to kneel there in solitude and silence.

Of Oxford Castle there remains only a solitary tower; but the mound, planted with evergreens, still rises at its northern side. As will be seen in our engraving (for the sketch we are indebted to Mr. Harvey, of Oxford), the old mill and its dependent dwellings are in harmony with the old walls with which they have been so long associated. The castle was begun by Robert Doyly in 1071, and finished in 1073, "to keep in order the neighbouring parts, especially the city of Oxford, which gave great affronts and proved troublesome to King William." It was famous from that time to the civil wars, when it had lost much of its strength and value, afterwards it gradually became a ruin, which ranks among the most interesting relics of the venerable city.

"Time's gradual touch
Has mouldered into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

The old castle could tell many strange stories from its palmy days, immediately following the Conquest, to the commencement of the present century, when this tower was the jail of the county. Perhaps the most remarkable of its incidents is that which relates to the Empress Maud, who, being besieged there by the army of King Stephen, contrived to escape thence into Abingdon. The river was frozen over, and, accompanied by three trusty knights, all clad in ghostly white, she issued from its postern gate at dead midnight, and, crossing the ice, passed the sentinels of the enemy unobserved.



OXFORD CASTLE.

We bring together, in the appended engraving, the ROACH and DACE, for as all Thames anglers know, they are generally found together, and caught with the same bait—the gentle. These fish supply the principal sport of the angler during the summer months—the dace being more abundant in June and July, and the roach in autumn; biting most freely, and being in best condition, in September and October. It is only the skilful angler who can fill his basket with these fish, although they abound in all parts of the Thames.

The Roach (*Leuciscus rutilus*) is found in nearly all English rivers, preferring, however, those which are comparatively slow; and living freely in lakes, ponds, and pools, where the water has no egress. According to Yarrell, "the colour of the upper part of the head and back is dusky green, with blue reflections, becoming lighter on the sides, and passing into silvery white on the belly; the irides yellow, cheeks and gill-covers silvery white; dorsal and caudal fins pale brown tinged with red; pectoral fins orange red; ventral and anal fins bright red; the scales are rather large, marked with consecutive and radiating lines." The roach is a handsome fish, and is known at once by his bright red colour, and especially by the marked redness of the eye. It is frequently caught



THE ROACH AND DACE.

of about six or eight inches in length, and weighing between half-a-pound and a pound. It is not uncommon to catch four or five dozen of that size as the result of a day's sport; particularly in the neighbourhood of Marlow, where perhaps the largest roach are found in greatest abundance—especially during the autumn months, and when the water has been somewhat "coloured" by rain. It is rare to find a roach in the Thames weighing more than two pounds. Mr. Jesse speaks of one that weighed three pounds; we have ourselves caught one, but only one, that weighed a pound and three quarters.

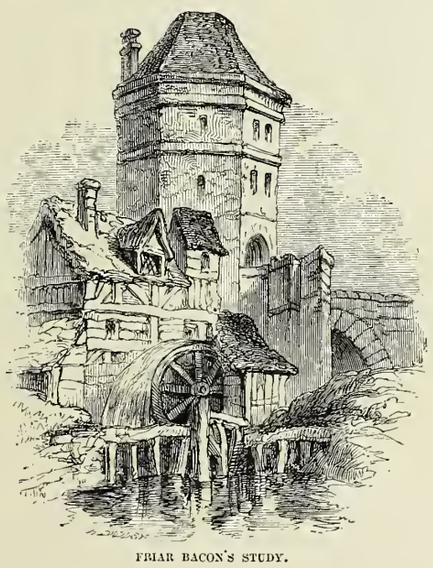
The Dace (*Leuciscus vulgaris*) is like the roach, gregarious—roaming and feeding in shoals; it is found in all parts of the Thames; it bears a resemblance to the roach, except that its body is more taper and graceful, the scales are much smaller, and its hue is silvery without any admixture of red. It prefers the more rapid to the quieter current; and, although, as we have stated, these fish are usually found together, the angler knows by experience where the one will be found more abundantly than the other. The dace seldom measures

more than six inches in length, and rarely weighs more than half-a-pound; but it is by no means uncommon for a skilful angler to kill twenty dozen of them in the course of a day. The dace is frequently caught with the fly, for it will rise freely.

The usual mode of angling for roach and dace is, however, by "bottom-fishing," in a depth of water about six feet: the angler moors his punt in some well-known "pitch," where the fish are known to congregate; it must be free from weed, and the current neither too rapid nor too slow. He fishes with a very small hook, baited with a single gentle, or it may be two gentles; his bait should lie as near the ground as it can be without actually touching it; his bottom line is of horse-hair, or, at all events, the lower portion of his line—not plaited, but single; and he soon finds that, if his strike is sharp and sudden, he loses both hook and fish; good hair, however, will last a whole day, if properly used, and be of sufficient strength to land a heavier fish than any roach or dace in the Thames. Many anglers prefer to fish with fine gut; but no matter how fine it may be, it is never so efficacious as the single hair: the gut will aways "magnify" in water, and usually raises bubbles, so small as to be imperceptible to the human eye, but which the fish see well enough to have warning of danger; the hair has not these disadvantages: in using either, care is taken that the colour is of a pale tint—as near as may be to the colour of the water. It is obvious that the angler who fishes with hair must be more skilful and experienced than he who trusts to gut; but we answer for it, that he who uses the one will be twice as successful as he who depends on the other. "When you fish for roach or dace," as honest Isaak says, "you must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand." And let the fly-fisher say what he will—and he does say a deal to lower the craft of the bottom-fisher—the skill required to secure sport is at least equal to that which is demanded by him who throws the mimic insect under a bough across a river fifty feet wide. The ire of the fly-fisher, however, is chiefly induced by a common practice of the bait-fisher, who, in order to draw the fish to his vicinage, is continually throwing in ground-bait—*i. e.* balls composed of bread and bran mixed up with clay, which, dissolving and separating, attract the fish to the source from whence food has proceeded. It must be confessed that this practice does look unseemly, and goes far to justify the sneers which the more ambitious anglers of the Scotch and Irish lakes so frequently aim at the simple joys of those who are content with such pleasures as are supplied by the venerable river which gladdens and glorifies the great capital of the world.*

Leaving to the left the rugged island, once the site of Osney, and now covered with houses of a low grade, with rough gardens, inclosed by dilapidated walls or broken palisades, and to the right the fertile meadows around which winds the ancient bed of the river, we arrive at Folly Bridge,† but must previously pass through a lock, the river here having a fall of about three feet. At the extremity of the little island we have described, was the famous tower with which for centuries was associated the once dreaded, but now venerated, name of Friar Bacon.

"Friar Bacon's Study," which formerly stood on this bridge, "near the end next the city," was taken down in the year 1779; and the prophecy thus



FRIAR BACON'S STUDY.

failed, that "when a man more learned than he passed under it the tower would fall"—hence the old warning, when a youth was sent to the University, "Beware of walking near the Friar's Tower!" It is certain that to this tower Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar (who died in 1292), used to resort at night "to take the altitude and distance of the stars." Popular prejudice accused him of practising magic, and he was cited to Rome by the general of his order; but having cleared himself, he was sent back to England. The tower was said to have been built in King Stephen's time, as "a Pharos or high watch-tower for the defence of the city."

* Not very long ago, roach and dace were valuable chiefly for their scales, which were used in the manufacture of artificial pearls; this trade has, however, now altogether ceased. Neither of these fish is desirable for the table, although some persons profess to be fond of them, and they may be good enough when nothing better is to be had.

† The bridge at which the several branches of the Thames unite was anciently called Grand Pont and South Bridge; it is now named Folly Bridge.

We have been passing for some time through the lower parts and the outer side of Oxford; for these picturesque houses and gardens that skirt the bank of the river are the lanes and alleys of the city. Into Oxford, however, it is not our design to enter with a view to describe it; our business proper is with the Thames, and sufficiently to describe the city would be to occupy the volume we devote to the whole theme. The visitor will readily lay his hand on one of the many books in which it is illustrated largely and described fully.

We will only, therefore, ask the reader to "step" with us into Oxford before we rejoin the river, and resume our voyage between its banks.*

Its antiquity is as remote as that of any existing English city. The earlier chroniclers, in the absence of fact, had recourse to fiction; and finding the early history of the city depended on tradition only, gave these traditions a lasting form in monkish history. Of these the most amusing, but the most fanciful, is the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, a monk who lived in the twelfth century, and whose industry and credulity were both equally remarkable. He declares Oxford to have been originally built one thousand and nine years before Christ, by Memphrii, King of the Britons, when it was called Caer-Memphrii, "upon the ryver Temes," and therefore "deserves to be reckoned not only amongst the first and most antient cities of Britain, but of all Europe and of the world." More correct chroniclers come to our aid, and we know from authentic history that the Saxons "much affected this city with hurt." It was burnt by the Danes, and suffered in a hundred ways during the wars and civil contests that followed—from the Conquest to the struggles of Charles I. and his parliament.

At the conquest its citizens numbered twelve hundred. It is stated in Domesday Book that in OXENEFORD "are two hundred and forty-three houses, as well within as without the wall, that pay or yield geld; and five hundred and twenty-two more, at least, which are so wasted and destroyed that they cannot pay geld." †

Commentators differ as to the derivation of the name. It is probable that Oxenford, by which it was called in early time, means neither more nor less than a ford for oxen; much useless controversy has been expended on this point, which might, it would seem, be at once determined by common sense: Domesday, the old Saxon chronicles, and the city seals,‡ confirm THE FORD. It was called Oxford probably from the king's oxen being driven thither (for it was a royal demesne under the care of a bailiff) from the royal forests, in the summer, to pasture on the luxuriant grasses of the meadows, which were flooded and inaccessible to them in winter. In the time of Harold the walls were so ruinous that the rents of several houses were allotted for their repair. It is certain that it was a walled town in the time of the Confessor: nay, that King Alfred had set his halls *infra muros Oxoniæ*, and that long previously the city had both walls and gates. Of these walls there are several interesting remains; the best preserved being in the gardens of New College. The Mayor and Aldermen have an annual ceremony—proceeding in procession to trace these walls, and demanding the right of entry into any garden or house that occupies the site of any portion of them. The moat and trenches may be still accurately traced,§ and are generally clothed with ivy—

> "To gild destruction with a smile,
> And beautify decay."

It is to the University, however, that Oxford mainly owes its fame; for centuries it has been—

> "That faire citie, wherein make abode
> So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
> And with their branches spreade all Brittany."

Walking through its lanes, and courts, and streets, and reminded at every turn of the sacredness of its history, associated with so much that is great and good—of learning, piety, patriotism, and true courage—the enthusiast is almost tempted to cast the shoes from off his feet, for the ground on which he treads is holy; while it is impossible for the mind least instructed or inspired to withhold homage, or to avoid exclaiming with the poet—

> "Ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
> Gardens and groves! Your presence overpowers
> The soberness of reason."

The High Street, from the bridge which crosses the Cherwell—the Botanic Gardens on the left, and the fair and honoured college, Magdalen, on the right—to the Carfax Church, at its extremity, is said to be the most beautiful street in Europe; and, surely, with truth, for the very inequalities of the later-built houses aid the picturesque; while, on either side, are the interesting and time-honoured structures—University College, Queen's College, All Souls' College, and the richly-adorned Church of St. Mary; down narrow alleys, glimpses are caught, at brief intervals, of New College, St. Peter's Church, St. Mary's Hall, Oriel College, of Corpus, also, and Brazen Nose, the Radcliffe and Bodleian Libraries, "the Schools," Lincoln College, and the great college, Christ Church, in St. Aldates.

* The distance from London to Oxford by water is one hundred and sixteen miles and a half; by land it is fifty-two.

† Domesday Book is the most important and valuable monument of its kind possessed by any nation. It was compiled under the direction of William the Conqueror, and in accordance with the resolution passed at the council held in Gloucester, A.D. 1085. It contains a survey of all England, and minutely specifies the extent of lands in every county, and who they are held by. It also gives the various tenures under which they are held, and notes whether they are meadow, pasture, or woody districts. In some instances it gives the number of persons living on them, and notes if they be bond or free. To the historian and topographer this work is invaluable; and it aids us in the darker times of Saxon rule, by incidentally narrating its grants.

‡ The old city seal represents an ox crossing a ford.

§ The Corporation claim a right to refreshment at certain places on the route—commencing with crawfish and sops in ale at the starting-point, a house in St. Aldate Street, and ending with "Canary wine" at the lodgings of the President of Corpus.

Without dating the commencement of learning in Oxford so far back as did Geoffrey of Monmouth—a thousand years before the commencement of the Christian era—we may safely believe that in the ninth century it had become the fountain whence issued many learned clerks, and that among the earliest to endow it was the king *par excellence*—King Alfred,* "whose memory shall be always sweeter than honey." The erection of colleges, or houses set apart for students, and for their special accommodation, did not, however, commence until the middle of the thirteenth century—students having been previously lodged in various houses of the town. Merton College, Balliol College, and University College, were founded about the same time, between the years 1264 and 1300; Exeter College, Oriel College, Queen's College, and New College, between 1314 and 1386; Lincoln College, All Souls' College, and Magdalen College, between the years 1430 and 1460; Brazen Nose College, Corpus Christi College, and Christ Church, between the years 1507 and 1532; St. John's College, Trinity College, and Jesus' College, and Wadham College, between the years 1555 and 1610; Pembroke College in 1620; and Worcester College in 1714. There are thus in Oxford nineteen Colleges, and five "Halls," which differ from the colleges only in some unessential forms and privileges. These halls are St. Alban, St. Edmund, St. Mary, New Inn Hall, and Magdalen Hall.†

The Bodleian Library owes its foundation to the munificence of Sir Thomas Bodley, by whom it was commenced at the close of the sixteenth century; it has been increased by the gifts and bequests of many other benefactors, and also by annual grants of the University. But its principal augmentation was by an act of parliament, which ordains that a copy of every new book shall be contributed by the publisher. The library was first opened to the public on the 8th of November, 1602. Its management is creditable to the liberality of the University; it is freely opened to all applicants who desire its use, and are properly introduced: and it has thus been made available to men of letters, not only of England, but of all other countries.

The Radcliffe Library was founded by the eminent physician, Dr. Radcliffe, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The lovers of Art have always a special treat at Oxford: the "University Galleries"—erected by C. R. Cockerell, R.A.—contain treasures of rare interest and value—chiefly the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, collected by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the gift of the widow of Sir Francis Chantrey of the busts and monumental figures which were the original models of the accomplished sculptor. This is a new building—and by no means the only one by which modern architecture preserves the supremacy of the city; while, from time to time, "restorations" are effected judiciously and liberally. Oxford to the Future will therefore be as grand and beautiful as it has been to the Past.

Of the once famous Beaumont Palace, built by Henry I., nothing now remains; its site, however, is indicated by a new street, to which it gives a name. Of ancient structures—made venerable by time and holy by uses—Oxford has, of course, many besides her colleges; the most interesting of these are the several parish churches, all of them containing venerable relics of times long gone by. In several of the streets, also, there are singular relics of old houses. But, as we have stated, to convey anything like a reasonable idea of the attractions of this great city would be to fill a volume of more than "goodly size." For this reason, also—because it would be impossible to do justice to the theme within limited space—we have given fewer illustrations than usual to this part of our work. The establishment of Messrs. Parker and Son will, however, supply all the information the tourist can need; and that upon every subject concerning which he will require knowledge.

We have but named the several colleges and public structures which have made, and make, Oxford famous throughout the world; and give to it importance next to London, and interest second only to that of regal Windsor:—

> "Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
> Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
> And giving tongues unto the silent dead."

The visitor who goes through and about them will have days of enjoyment, not alone because of "old renown" and the memories associated with every step he treads, but as the great intellectual hereafter of the nation. The names that will occur to him are those of England's loftiest worthies: here, apart "from the bustle of resort," they girded on their armour to battle against ignorance, superstition, infidelity; here, great men of the past, who best "penn'd or uttered wisdom"—

> "Their spirits, troubled with tumultuous hope,
> Toil'd with futurity"—

drank deep of that holy fountain which gave them strength for life. Here the aristocracy have their full share of glory; but here the people have just right to pride;—for high among the highest of their country's benefactors are, and ever have been, those who "achieved greatness" unaided and alone.* Rare delight, and ample food for thought, will he obtain who wanders through the streets where Wolsey walked in triumph, and Shakspere housed in obscurity; where Laud and Wesley taught; where liberty inspired Hampden; where Wicliff planned for his country freedom of conscience, achieved and kept; where was the chief battle-field of that great contest which threw from England an intolerable burthen; whence the Reformation spread its light; and where perished the great THREE, who, by their deaths, "lit such a candle in England as, by God's grace, hath never since been put out."

Here have gathered, fraternised, or fought, great men—from the age of Alfred to the reign of Victoria: men hostile in politics, opposed in religion, often zealous over much, but earnest, faithful, and unflinching; however separated by opinion, all labouring in the great cause of human progress—differing only as "one star differeth from another star in glory"—

> "their names
> In Fame's eternal volume live for aye!"

But chiefly the visitor will pause and ponder beside the iron cross which, in the middle of a causeway, marks the spot where bigotry consumed three prelates—Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley; and he will thence make pilgrimage to the "Martyrs' Memorial,"† which a grateful posterity raised as a perpetual reminder that by their heroic deaths they gave vigorous life to that purer faith, which, far above all other things—kings, principalities, and powers—makes England a land of liberty.‡

It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the claims to consideration of stately and learned Oxford; such is its solemn and impressive grandeur, that even in walking its streets laughter seems desecration, and haste unnatural. Its very atmosphere is a lure to study; the "mossy vest of time" is everywhere instructive; the crumblings of its ancient walls tempt to thoughtful repose. Even the waters of the Thames are calmer here than elsewhere; while its many spires are closely, and in true glory, linked in happy association with the memorable past:

> "Amid th' august and never-dying light
> Of constellated spirits, who have gained
> A name in heaven by power of heavenly deeds."

In cloisters pale, in venerable halls, beneath stately porticoes, in silent galleries, in sombre quadrangles, by solemn altars, in neatly-trimmed gardens, in umbrageous walks,—the students think and work: its rare libraries, enriched by the wisdom of ages; its large assemblages of Art-wonders; its vast resources of science,—are their daily teachers. Lessons still more valuable are taught by tombs and tablets in their chapel courts; by quaint windows, that let in "religious light;" and by statues of pious founders and canonised saints, still speaking from niches they have occupied for centuries, giving emphasis to that memorable text, more impressive here than elsewhere, commingling piety with loyalty,—"Fear God! Honour the king!" Move where we will in this fair and holy city, we think and feel as of a higher and a better race than the world's ordinary denizens; while

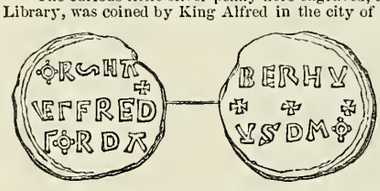
> "The attentive mind,
> By this harmonious action on her powers,
> Becomes herself harmonious."

We must resume our course; and, making our way again to Folly Bridge, bid adieu to the fair city, quoting, as we enter our boat, the quaint and homely couplet of the old poet:—

> "He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,
> And healthinesse, ne'er saw a better place."

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* The curious little silver penny here engraved, from the rare original in the Bodleian Library, was coined by King Alfred in the city of Oxford. The letters exhibit all that irregularity which characterises the early Saxon coinage of England, many of them being upside down, while the O looks more like an ornament than a letter. On one side is the king's name, ÆLFRED, and above and below it the name of the town, spelt ORSNAFORDA. The other side contains the name of the "moneyer," or person who struck the coin.



† "The University is a corporate body, 'styled and to be styled by none other name than the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford.' It is not, as is often supposed, a mere collection of colleges, nor do the colleges form part of the corporation, though its existence may be said to depend on a union of them. The business of the University is carried on in the two houses of Congregation and Convocation, which are made up of members of the University who have obtained the degree of M.A. The duty of the upper house, or Congregation, is principally to pass graces and dispensations, and grant degrees. The power of Convocation reaches to all the affairs of the University, though it can only entertain questions sent to it from the Hebdomadal Board, or heads of houses, who are so named from their meetings being held weekly; and its power is limited with regard to matters regarding the statutes of the University. Yet, while these houses are entrusted with such authority, their measures are subject to an absolute veto by the chancellor or vice-chancellor singly, and by the two proctors jointly. The chief officer of the University is the chancellor, who is elected for life, and holds, nominally at least, high powers; but, actually, these are delegated to the vice-chancellor. According to Oxford etiquette the chancellor, after his installation, never enters the University, except when he is called upon to receive or accompany any royal visitants. The office is now an honorary one, and is always conferred upon some eminent nobleman who is already a member of the University. The resident head of the University is the vice-chancellor, who is chosen in rotation from the heads of houses, and holds his appointment for four consecutive years. He is the chief executive officer of the University, and his position is one of much dignity as well as importance. His immediate deputies are the two proctors, also officers of importance. The other University officers are the professors, and such as are required for carrying out its educational purposes, with those necessary for the enforcement of discipline, and the management of its pecuniary concerns. The chief distinction in the members of the University is into those 'on the foundation,' and those 'not on the foundation;' the former consisting of the heads of houses, or persons holding college fellowships or scholarships, and receiving from them a certain income: those not on the foundation being, on the other hand, such as maintain themselves, while at the University, wholly at their own expense. The distinction is pointed out in the term applied officially to the two classes, the one being styled 'dependent,' the other 'independent' members. There is no difference in their privileges. All students who matriculate at the University are required to belong to some college."

* As old Fuller quaintly says, "It is not the least part of Oxford's happiness that a moiety of her founders were prelates, who had an experimental knowledge of what belonged to the necessities and conveniences of scholars, and therefore have accommodated them accordingly; principally in providing them the patronage of many good benefices, whereby the fellows of those colleges are plentifully maintained after their leaving the University."

† "The "Martyrs' Memorial" was erected in 1841, and stands in St. Giles'. It is the work of Messrs. Scott and Moffat, the statues of "the Great Three" having been sculptured by Weeks. It is a fine work of Art, and worthy of the city.

‡ It has been ascertained that the burning took place a few yards from the spot indicated by the iron cross in Broad Street. Mr. Parker, whose numerous publications have given to Oxford a renown akin to that which it derives from its University, has instituted a close research into the facts connected with this deeply-interesting subject, the result of which has been to demonstrate that the fire was lit immediately opposite the gateway of Balliol College, over which at that time the master's lodgings were situated.

RAMBLES IN ROME.

No. III.—MODERN ART IN ROME.

The pontificates of Julius II. and Leo X. included the Augustan age of modern Art in Rome. To grandeur of conception, and a boundless liberality, they added an enthusiasm which ever urged onward the great men by whom they were surrounded. Impatient of delay, or even of rest, the fiery Pope Julius quarrelled chiefly with the pace which could not keep up with the velocity of his wishes. Michael Angelo seems to have been best fitted by nature to cope with this pontiff; but the gentle Raffaelle died under the impetuosity of Leo. The artist, fearing this want of patience, ran from his palazzo upon a sudden summons, in the full heat of the sun, and died immediately afterwards. His pupils carried out his great designs, but we miss the master-mind after his death. The galaxy of talent which shed a glory over the pontificates of these popes makes their rule an important era in the history of Art. The faded glories of the Vatican still shadow forth the grandeur of design and beauty of execution which rendered it the greatest Art-palace of the age of the Renaissance.

We say these walls "shadow forth faded glories," and we say so advisedly. Perhaps no feeling can be more distressing to the artist, or lover of Art—who has made his pilgrimage to Rome for the first time—than the mortifying state of decay in which he finds some of the most celebrated works by these master-minds. The gloomy chambers, whose walls exhibit this crowd of faded figures, are the famous "Camera" of Raffaelle; the open galleries around the court-yard of the Vatican, partially decayed by weather, is his "Loggie." The dim grey picture on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, whose general features are now only barely distinguishable, is "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo. "After all your high-raised expectations, you will walk through a set of cold, square, gloomy, unfurnished rooms, with some old, obscure, faded figures painted on the walls—your disappointment will have no bounds. But have patience—suspend your judgment—learn to look on them, and every fresh examination will reward you with the perception of new beauties, and a higher sense of their excellence."*

The ruin brought upon these noble works is the result of the most wanton neglect and injury. In 1528, when Rome was taken by assault and cruelly pillaged by the Constable Bourbon, the brutal soldiery did more mischief than the Goths in their earlier ravages. They lighted their fires in these glorious rooms, blackening Raffaelle's frescoes, then fresh in their beauty, and wantonly destroyed many of the finest heads he had painted. The popes afterwards endeavoured to repair the injury; but the charmed hand was wanting, and Lanzi reads a severe remark made by Titian on this "restoration" when he first saw it.† Every inch of walls and roof of these chambers were once refulgent with the glories of Art. So was the Loggie; Lanzi says, "They who saw it after it was finished—when the lustre of the gilding, the brilliancy of the colours, and the freshness of the marbles made it respleudent with beauty on every side—must have been struck with amazement as at a vision of Paradise." The open gallery in which they are painted overlooks the district of the Trastavere and the whole of Rome beyond, the view being bounded by the Sabine Hills; it is the noblest prospect to be seen of the city, with the grand colonnade of St. Peter's at your feet. Well might the old popes delight to linger in this lovely gallery, and inhale the pure breezes as they floated over the Eternal City; but Lanzi sorrowfully notes that "the exposure of the gallery to the inclemency of the weather, had almost reduced it to the squalid appearance of the ancient grotesques" in that comparatively short period. Now the frescoes have, in some places, faded altogether, many great pieces of stucco have fallen from the walls, and the whole has a dirty and ruined look. The present pope has glazed the whole of the arcades; but this is like another realization of the old proverb—"Shutting the stable after the steed is stolen." He has also commenced an expensive restoration of the topmost story, which is certainly a most brilliant reproduction; but, of course, it ceases to be of the same interest as the original work, and it is much to be regretted that a loving care was not earlier bestowed on this renowned work.

The "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo is a still greater wreck. It also has suffered from its position. It occupies the entire wall of the Sistine Chapel, against which the altar is placed, and this obscures a great part of the picture. To make it still worse, a baldachin rises high above it, and altogether hides the central part of the lower half of the design. The smoke of the incense, and the chills and damps, as well as the general neglect of more than three centuries, have ruined it as a picture, and you can now only dimly discern the general design; the figures come forth, as you study it, like ghosts through the foggy haze of a supernatural vision. It is like experiencing a dream to look upon it.

It is in the divine pictures by Raffaelle that we must now seek his master-mind. "The Transfiguration," the noblest of human works, still exists in purity. We need not descant on that which is so well known, but speak rather of his other works in Rome. In the Borghese Gallery is his own portrait at the age of thirteen, remarkable for its purity and truth, and full of the rich promise of his after life. In close proximity is placed his first historical picture, painted when he was twenty-four years of age. It is full of action, powerful in composition and colour, and as perfect in preservation as could be wished. On looking at such pictures, astonishment rises in the mind stronger than ever, that men should exist to "write down" so divine a spirit; and, cloyed with the beauties of pure and true Art, defend and worship the hideous conventionalities of pre-Raffaellitism: thus preferring the darkness of the middle ages to the "light from heaven."

In the bright light and clear air of Italy, pictures certainly "tell" more powerfully than in our dingy galleries. They evidently accord better with a sunny land than a foggy one. Their artists, too, seemed to have dipped their pencils in brighter tints, and had generally a gayer fancy than the northmen. No artist shows to more advantage here than Titian; his glorious allegory of "Sacred and profane Love," in the Palazzo Borghese, is a work on which the eye and mind may rest without satiety. There is a half-length of a noble female slave, richly dressed, among the small collection of pictures in the Barberini Palace, finer than the Raffaelle Fornariua (a coarse picture of a coarse woman), or the over-praised "Beatrice Cenci," which Shelley has invested with a poetry not its own. Then for Titian's power as a portrait-painter, look upon the children of Charles V. in the Corsini Gallery; you leave them as if you were leaving living people, and you remember them afterwards as vividly as you do the persons to whom you may have been introduced at Rome. For such undying records of fleeting life can any artist be paid too highly? It is but a purchase of immortality!

In visiting the Roman palaces, the stranger will be first astonished by their enormous size; then by the lavish splendour of their decoration; and lastly by their desolate air. Generally constructed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the nobles were very wealthy, and anxious to outstrip each other in display, they are now scarcely properly tenanted. Many are let in suites of lodgings, or for the season to wealthy travellers. The Barberini Palace has the look of a deserted barrack, and the remains of the picture-gallery are huddled in three small rooms down a back stair; while acres of apartments show closed shutters, broken windows, or servants' rags out to dry. More melancholy pictures of fallen magnificence than some of these palaces exhibit, cannot well be conceived. It is in the Palazzo Pamphile-Doria only, that we see a noble building nobly kept up, and absolutely lit with gas—an improvement quite recent in Rome, and so much opposed to the spirit of the ruling powers, that it is restricted to the one long avenue—the Corso—all others being left in dark, dirty insecurity, two centuries behind the present age.

The older palaces, the Borghese, Spada, &c., are very striking in their interior arrangements. The fountains in the saloons of the former are pleasant novelties to a stranger; but the sculpture, painting, and gilding which cover walls and ceiling are quite oppressive by their lavish design. It reminds one of the full-blown glories of the court of Versailles. But it is all splendour and no comfort; you clatter along on stone or stucco floors, and the rooms are totally unprovided with fireplaces. A brazen or an ugly open pan of charcoal is introduced when warmth is required; generally the inhabitants content themselves with a small earthen pot of charcoal, which is placed in the lap, and the hands held over it in cold weather. The alternations of climate are sometimes very severe in Rome; generally the change of temperature between day and night is violent. From the contiguity of the Pontine Marshes, fevers are generated, and there are few cities more unhealthily situated.

In wandering through the half-deserted streets between Ponte Rotto and the Ponte St. Angelo, many fine old houses will be noticed, once the residence of important signors, now inhabited by colonies of poor families. Traces of misery and want peep forth from the dirty doors and broken windows of these noble old mansions; but the walls tell tales of better days. Many fine fragments of ancient sculpture decorate their *façades*, and you occasionally meet with pleasing designs upon the fountains with which Rome is provided abundantly. The classic Romans first gave the inhabitants this supply of pure water; and though it is now more limited, it is still a noble one for all purposes. Many of the large palaces have a small fountain at an exterior corner, always running, for public use; and there is one at the Simonetti Palace very indicative of the sixteenth century, it represents the half-length figure of a man in a gown and cap, holding a barrel in both hands, and pouring the water through the spigot-hole. With grander designs for fountains Rome abounds,—from the vast heap of sculpture at the back of the Conti Palace, known as the Foutana di Trevi, to the simple and graceful Triton who blows the water through his shell in the Piazza Barberini. The first is in very questionable taste—a huge assemblage of rocks, sea-gods, horses, and shells; but the latter is an elegant design by Bernini.

Rome possesses specimens of the art of Bernini in all its phases, and exhibits his gradual deterioration in style as he grew older and more mannered. Thus, the group of Apollo and Daphne in the Villa Borghese, executed when the sculptor was only eighteen years of age, is a really fine work: so also is the Æneas and the David; it is, indeed, in this one room, "the Camera di Bernini," we see how great the sculptor was when young. If we would see what he was in the zenith of his fame, when he unfortunately exercised a fatal influence on the Arts, we must go to St. Peter's; and there, in the place of honour, see his gigantic absurdity, the group of fathers of the Church supporting the bronze case for the chair of St. Peter. Here you have his vulgar figures, his conceited attitudes, his meaningless draperies, in perfection, and sigh to think of the mischief his want of taste did in his own day, and long after it, by means of the false school he founded.

Canova has honours in Rome second only to the ancients. To him one of the four pavilions in the "Cortile di Belvidere" of the Vatican has been assigned. It contains the Perseus, and the boxers Creugas and Damoxenus. A work more characteristic of the peculiar style of this artist, is the reclining Venus of the Borghese collection, modelled by him

* "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," 1820. This opinion of an amateur is still more strikingly enforced by the written experience of one of our greatest painters—Sir Joshua Reynolds—who visited these works with longing enthusiasm. He records his first impressions thus:—"I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but, on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaelle had the same effect on him; or rather, that they did not produce the effect which he expected." He adds how much he felt mortified at not finding himself enraptured with the works of this great master, and declares "it was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me." He naturally solves the enigma in the course of due study; and finds that if Raffaelle's works "had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained. The excellence of his style is not on the surface, but lies deep, and at the first view is seen but mistily. It is the florid style which strikes at once, and captivates the eye for a time, without ever satisfying the judgment."

† It was Sebastian del Piombo who had been employed thus, and Titian purposely asked him who had presumptuously and ignorantly bedaubed them. Lanzi, in his *Storia Pittorica*, thus records his words:—"Che fosse quel presumtuoso ed ignorante, che area embrattati que' volti?"

from the sister of Napoleon; its delicacy is almost carried to excess—it is the "stippling" of sculpture, and, like his "Graces," reminds us of the opera ballet rather than of nature. How great and pure he could be, let his monument to Pope Clement XIII. in St. Peter's testify! Nothing can be finer in conception, or purer in execution, than one figure here—the Genius of Death. It is a graceful figure seated with torch reversed, the face tinged with melancholy; but it is the melancholy of reflection, rather than of sorrow; the pondering over mankind's inevitable doom; a melancholy seductive, rather than repulsive; no hideous, hopeless sorrow here, like the weeping children, and broken-down mourners over urns on ordinary tombs. Death is here not frightful, but hopeful. He is the angel of God employed in his immutable decrees,—the harbinger of a better world, whose placid holy face bespeaks the quiet and happiness that he brings to all who walk faithfully on earth. This one figure is worth a journey to Rome, and few minds have produced so high and holy an embodiment of pure thought and right feeling.

The studios of modern Roman sculptors—including as they do many who are only Romans by residence—are among the most delightful visiting places within the whole city walls. You need no ceremonious introductions here. You merely knock and enter. Around you are the workmen and their labours, — the living artists who cut from the shapeless marble-block works destined to last ages after the frail human hand that fashioned them has mouldered into its native clay. Happy men seem they all!—for all true lovers of Art must be happy. The consciousness of the appreciation of beauty is a joy to every mind; how much more must be the pleasure of giving that consciousness a tangible form —an enduring existence; rewarding him who made it, gratifying him who possesses it, and hundreds yet unborn who may gaze on it? Master-minds in various grades of life there are many; but the poet and the artist has the most powerful mastery in the witchery of his works through all ages of change.

To the honour of Art and its professors in Rome let us close our notes with a testimony to the brotherhood they form. From all quarters of the world students flock to Rome; and here they literally live as "a band of brothers." The nature of their studies breaks down all barriers which nationality or customs might impose elsewhere, and all meet on common ground, whatever their native country may be. An amicable cordiality seems to reign in men who might, in all else but Art, feel and act very oppositely to their competers; but Art is the cement of friendship and peace: may it always produce "goodwill among men!"

We have no statistics of the numbers of native and foreign artists who reside in Rome. Very many are foreigners, who, like our own Gibson and Penry Williams, live there entirely: others are students —birds of passage—who carry home the experience of months for the guidance of home-life in after years. They have their known resorts, and one famed one is the Café Greco, in the Via Condotti, where coffee, ices, tobacco, and general conversation employ their evenings, and where breakfasts of a simple kind are generally eaten. An artist's day is passed in his studio, and if his dinner be not sent from a *trattoria*, he goes there. It would not be easily possible to mention an existence more replete with the elements of happiness than that of a true votary of Art. Removed from the turmoil of life, he exists only for the study of the beautiful; and if his course be chequered by the crosses which are the lot of all, he may console himself by knowing they are fewer than those that beset the more adventurous in the battle of life; while his mental organisations open a field of pleasure closed to mere worldly men. If Rome offered no other lesson, this, that teaches the amenities Art always offers to its devotees, whether professional or amateur, is worthy of all consideration.

"Ye nobler Arts! as life's last lustre given,
Gilding earth's grossness with the gloss of heaven,
'Tis yours to crown complete the social plan,
And harmonise the elements of man."*

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

* Sir M. A. Shee's "Rhymes on Art."

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE Board of Trustees appointed to carry out the new parliamentary project of a National Portrait Collection of British Worthies, have made known certain of the principles by which they propose to bind and govern themselves in the execution of their trust. These principles, so far as they go,—for they leave questions of great and leading interest wholly untouched,—harmonise sufficiently well with the views which we have ourselves announced as necessarily underlying a successful embodiment of the scheme. It will be their desire, the Board say, in either making purchases or accepting presents, to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist representing. Why, this, as we have pointed out, is of course:—matter of what must be called "first principle" in such a project. In this particular collection we are in search of the portraits of illustrious men, not of the works of illustrious portrait-painters. If we can have the first in the form of the last, so much the better; but the first is, by the terms, what we want, in whatever form. A portrait *of* Sir Joshua Reynolds is far more to our purpose here than a portrait *by* Sir Joshua Reynolds. A likeness of some nobody by the great master would be a valuable addition to our present National Gallery; but a likeness of Sir Joshua, even by a nobody, would be the welcome feature in our new Gallery of Portraits.—The trustees proceed to say, that they will attempt to estimate the celebrity of the person proposed for exhibition in this gallery, without any bias to political or religious party. Very good, so far as the expression of their intention goes; and we should scarcely expect *any* body of trustees, in our day, to say less. But the manner in which this intention shall be actually carried into effect includes, as we have said, one of the vital conditions of the scheme. We believe, that it is for the most part in some higher name than that of party that party works its injustices. Even good abstract intentions themselves have too often broken down before particular applications. In morals, as in mechanics, it is the law of bias that it must act after its nature. Colour blindness cannot contain within itself the means of its own correction; the faculty of rectification must be sought in a careful and honest appeal beyond its self-consciousness. It is precisely at this point that the trustees will need most careful watching, and have most need carefully to watch themselves. We confess, that what follows gives us some uneasiness:—"Nor will they [the Board] consider great faults and errors, even though admitted on all sides, as sufficient ground for excluding any portrait which may be valuable as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the country." Here we are on very ticklish ground. This mention of "faults and errors" lets in all the suggestions of party judgment. Great action *must* have its historic place in any great portrait history like this, without being subjected to the chance of condensation as below standard on any partial and shifting assay. We are not reconciled by the qualifying clause which speaks of "great faults and errors, *even though admitted on all sides.*" We should like to know how many of the greatest names in history there are which are wholly free from the "faults and errors" that must be "admitted on all sides." We wish that "faults and errors" had not been mentioned at all in connexion with this subject. It is true, the trustees declare their intention to reject such elements from their decisions; but we do not hear the mere hint of these considerations as possible influences affecting the integrity of an historic series without a painful recollection of the monstrous things which have been already enacted by the dogmatism that affected to determine what was "fault" and what was "error."—No portrait, the Board go on to say, of any person still living, or deceased less than ten years, shall be admitted by purchase, donation, or bequest, except only in the case of the reigning sovereign, and of his or her consort, unless all the trustees who shall be at the time in the United Kingdom, and not incapacitated by illness, shall, either at a meeting or by letter, signify their approbation. "And no portrait shall be admitted by donation, unless three-fourths, at least, of the trustees present at a meeting shall approve it." Thus, so far as appears, the trustees consider themselves as the tribunal of final resort for the dispensation of such fame as depends on a place in this portrait gallery. Their arrangements, however, are of course young and experimental,—and will probably grow as the institution grows for which they are framed. We should have gladly welcomed, even in the outset, something larger and more definite in the expression of principle than these rules embody; but there is, at any rate, nothing in them which is not consistent with a wholesome growth. That growth we shall expect with an interest free from apprehension; because, notwithstanding its present delegation in the matter, *we* still look, beyond the trustees, to Parliament as a court of appeal.

PICTURE SALES.

A COLLECTION of pictures by the old masters, the property of Mr. Braine, was sold at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, on the 6th of last month, and realised nearly 8000*l*. The principal lots were the following:—'The Grand Canal, Venice,' GUARDI, 47 gs.; a small 'Landscape,' BOTH, 41 gs.; 'Night Scene,' a small picture charmingly painted, VAN DER NEER, 65 gs.; 'A Troubled Sea View,' BACKHUYSEN, 65 gs.; 'Interior,' ECKHOUT, 54 gs.; a figure subject by OSTADE, 69 gs.; a 'Marine View,' VANDERVELDE, 112 gs.; 'Fête-Champêtre,' LANCRET, 77 gs; another 'Marine View,' VANDERVELDE, from the De Gruyter collection, 116 gs.; two small pictures by LANCRET and F. MIERIS, respectively, 66 gs. and 77 gs.; a composition of figures, by TENIERS, a fine specimen, 205 gs.; 'River Scene,' P. WOUVERMANS, also an admirable example, 205 gs.; 'Interior,' OSTADE, 105 gs.; a 'Rich and Elaborate Composition,' METZU, 155 gs.; a 'Sea View,' VANDERVELDE, a very beautiful work, 255 gs.; a graceful example of the pencil of GREUZE, from the collection of Mr. Pierpoint, 240 gs.; an exquisitely finished small 'Landscape,' WOUVERMANS, from the collection of the Baron Nagel, 200 gs.; an 'Italian Scene,' A. VANDERVELDE, from the Montcalm Gallery, small, 72 gs.; a pair of CANALETTIS, Venetian views, very fine, and large, 215 gs. and 230 gs. respectively; an 'Interior,' peasants drinking and smoking, OSTADE, 203 gs.; a 'Lady and a Cavalier,' an interior scene, very small, from the De Berri collection, NETSCHER, 94 gs.; 'Landscape,' RUYSDAEL, 126 gs.; 'Landscape,' WYNANTS, a picture of the highest quality from the Nagel collection, 210 gs.; another 'Interior,' by OSTADE, 185 gs.; 'Camp Scene,' WOUVERMANS, 150 gs.; 'Landscape,' VAN DER HEYDEN, 95 gs.; 'Head of a Girl,' GREUZE, 150 gs.; 'The Bowl-players,' D. TENIERS, small but brilliant, 110 gs.; 'Landscape,' N. BERGHEM, very fine, from the collection of Count de Morny, 261 gs.; a magnificent 'Landscape,' by CLAUDE, was knocked down to the Marquis of Hertford for 500 gs.; 'River Scene,' CUYP, eagerly sought after, 110 gs.; 'Figures,' G. DOUW, 95 gs.; a fine 'Italian Scene,' DU JARDIN, from the Montcalm Gallery, 180 gs.; Lot 45—considered the "gem" of Mr. Braine's collection—a small picture by P. POTTER, after a keen rivalry among the bidders, was knocked down to the Earl of Normanton for 590 gs.; 'Italian Landscape,' BOTH, 215 gs.; a 'Landscape,' N. BERGHEM, from the Redleaf collection, an exceedingly fine work, 370 gs.; and one equally beautiful, by WOUVERMANS, from the De Berri collection, 350 gs.; the 'Rape of Europa,' TITIAN, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 325 gs.

At a sale of water-colour drawings, in the early part of April, by Messrs. Foster, five small subjects by TURNER fetched the following prices:—'Aysgarth Force, on the Tees,' 50 gs.; 'The Alpine Pass,' with figures, 50 gs.; 'Ehrenbreitstein,' 95 gs.; 'The Land's End,' 55 gs.; and 'Hastings from the Sea,' 90 gs. 'A View of the Lago Maggiore,' by STANFIELD, brought 53 gs.; and 'The Hay-field' and 'Driving the Flock,' by DAVID COX, companion drawings, 48 gs.

Mr. Lewis Pocock's pictures, recently sold by Messrs. Foster, realised good prices; but we have not space to enumerate them.

THE WELLINGTON COMPETITION.

THE time is near at hand when the public will be called on to take their share in this important award. By our next day of publication the competing models will have been delivered in at Westminster Hall, or such other place of address as the First Commissioner of Works may in the meantime direct;—and the business of arrangement only will remain between them and that exhibition on which, if the public be true to itself in the matter, the fate of this great monument must, to a considerable extent, depend. It is of the utmost importance, then, that we should once more, while yet there is time, call the serious attention of our readers to the part which properly devolves on them in the approaching Art-contest. In the face of the opportunity about to be afforded to them, we summon the public to take charge of the interests at stake, and to exercise the control which belongs to themselves over the balances in which these interests are to be weighed.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that, in the number of this Journal for October last, we explained to them the terms on which the First Commissioner had summoned this competition for the great national monument to the late Duke of Wellington; and that we took that opportunity of trying the provisions of the minister's manifesto by the principles for which we had ourselves contended as the fit ones to preside over the distribution of the Government Commissions in respect of the National Works of Art. We were glad, then, to recognise a certain amount of reconciliation between Sir Benjamin Hall's views and our own; though we had at the same time to call attention to the fact, that on some points which we had treated as of great importance the Commissioner still remained ominously silent. The general assumption to himself of an authority in the matter of this Monument which we maintain that he could receive only from Parliament, coupled with the silence in question as to points of detail which we deem of high significance, had left with us, we confess, a feeling of distrust, and taken from even the concessions made, as we think, in a right spirit, something of their value. We have reason to know, that our views as to the legitimate principles of Art-competition, and our distrust as to their application in the present case, are both shared by some of the most eminent members of that profession for whose service, and for the service of the public through whom, they were originally designed.

Our readers will remember that, amongst other points of difference between ourselves and Sir Benjamin Hall, we differed from him on the question of site. That objection may as well be now withdrawn,—for the question of site must be considered as settled. Sir Benjamin Hall clings to the notion of the last half century, that St. Paul's Cathedral is the English Pantheon;—and in St. Paul's, accordingly, it seems to him inevitable that our modern Mars must have his monument, among the *dii minores* who already "fight their battles o'er again" beneath the shadow of its cross. It is just possible that this is one of the particulars in which the First Commissioner may find the summary character of his action disapproved of. If Parliament should happen to be of opinion that the most fitting site has not been chosen, it will see, at the same time, that Sir Benjamin Hall has put the point beyond the reasonable reach of a parliamentary remedy. Under his ministerial summons, an amount of Art-labour has been called into action, with direct reference to this locality, with which the omnipotence of Parliament will not choose to break faith. The House may, nevertheless, be disposed to hint that, having found the money for the Monument, it would have desired to be consulted on this and some other matters. For ourselves, we retain the objection, which we have already expressed, to disturbing the *one* idea that should preside within a Christian temple by the intrusion of hero-worship;—and we also retain our opinion, already expressed, that the metropolis offers a space that expressly recommends itself for this Monument. The wide area that stretches between the Horse Guards and the ornamental ground in St. James's Park, amongst other favourable conditions, contributes, as we have said, in its inevitable associations, much of the sentiment which is necessary to the completeness of a work of the kind,—while it is itself greatly in want of just such an embellishment and illustration as this Wellington Monument would be. We can say, nevertheless, that considered in an architectonic point of view, the site actually chosen is a fine one. We have examined it carefully with a view to this Monument; and certainly, within the conditions which it offers, a grand composition may here be obtained.—So, the argument against proclaiming human triumphs in Christian churches may be considered as for this once more adjourned. The Wellington models have been made for, and the Wellington Monument will arise doubtless in, the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The presence of the foreign artist in this competition may also—and for a similar reason—be regarded now as a settled conclusion. Since the specification appeared, there have been hundreds of applications for copies at the Office of Works,—and of the copies issued in consequence, more than one half have been sent into foreign lands. Should Parliament even be of opinion that it was unnecessary to supplement English inefficiency by calling in the foreigner,—that the celebration of a British hero is most fitly assigned to a British sculptor-bard,—it will, still, be unwilling to confiscate, after the high ministerial fashion, the conditional rights of those whose models are already growing in the Art cities of two hemispheres under this specification. The question, therefore, how far it is necessary—or reasonable—that the artists of foreign nations shall, to the prejudice of our own, be maintained by our national grants, must also, we apprehend, like the question of site, be for this once more adjourned. On these two points, we are, for the present, beaten by a *coup de main*.

But there are certain other points in reference to the management of this competition on which Sir Benjamin Hall has of late suffered a more definite expression of his intentions to transpire:—some of which we must meet by a word or two of comment. Generally speaking, their character is not reassuring. They partake too much of that air of official assumption, official irresponsibility, and something like official infallibility, which had its votaries in happier times, but has lost its *prestige* in this questioning age. Sir Benjamin has fallen upon sceptical days. The faith in wisdom *ex officio* is extinct:—a hint which, by-and-by our readers will see, is not without its justification. On one head, however, under which, as we have formerly taken pains to show, many abuses have been wrought, we are indebted to the First Commissioner for a clear and distinct enunciation of principle conclusive against such abuses. The terms of the specification prescribed, amongst other things, the dimensions on which the competing models are to be executed; and this express form of prescription has been again and again violated on former occasions, with the result of a triumph to him who broke the law of competition over those who wrought in obedience to it. Again and again the very wrong against authority, authority has sanctioned as establishing a right. Against any such evasion of his own enactment the First Commissioner expressly declares war. In the interpretation of this particular clause he adopts the logical method,—not always recognized in the reading of ministerial programmes,—and declares that his specification is meant to be specific. No departure from the dimensions therein demanded will, he expressly announces, be allowed.

But Sir Benjamin Hall's refusal to give any hint as to the nature of the tribunal by which this competition is to be adjudicated on, coupled with his direction that all these models shall be addressed to himself, is, as our readers know, a subject of considerable uneasiness to those who are anxious, as we are, that this great contest shall have a result which cannot reasonably be impeached. To this source of uneasiness we have now to add another. It is declared by the First Commissioner that, with half the Art world, in this department, at work for him, and prizes to the amount of upwards of £2000 to be given away, the Government will yet not consider itself under any obligation to have the monument executed by the author of the best design. Now, truth to say, it is because we read these reservations by the light of former official doings, that they assume a significance which would not of necessity have attached to them in a more transparent atmosphere. There is about them a flavour of previous transactions that struck unwholesome roots in the ground of official dogmatism, and grew up unpleasingly in the air of ministerial irresponsibility. We have here the First Commissioner in an attitude of which our recollections are far from satisfactory. We have certain familiar propositions repeated over again, which led before, as we remember, to very bad logic. As for the question of the judges:—we have already insisted on the importance of their being a court removed from all suspicion of extrinsic influence, and so endowed and constituted as to give to their decisions the character of unquestionable authority. It is urgent to have it understood, that a First Commissioner of Works, with all his staff, are not *ex officio* a competent Art-tribunal. We will not repeat our argument here, but refer back to it at page 296 of our October number for last year. The First Commissioner has done a wise thing in reference to this competition, in summoning the public to Westminster Hall as his assessors; and we wish that, in the same spirit, the names of the judges had been amongst the guarantees offered by him to competitors. In the case of a work of such mark and magnitude as this Wellington Monument, there is very much to tempt an artist into the lists; otherwise, we must express our surprise that sculptors of rank should consent at all to enter into any Art-trial in which it is not declared beforehand who are the parties to arbitrate on what they do. Confidence in the court can alone make their voluntary appearance therein a reasonable proceeding.

With Sir Benjamin Hall's declaration, that no obligation can be incurred as to the final concession of the commission even amongst the prizemen, there seems perhaps some difficulty in dealing at first sight:—yet, it opens a vista over very dangerous ground. Through the door thus left ajar we get a glimpse of some of the worst official abuses that have beset the path of the Arts. Of course, we have no intention to contend that, under any circumstances, a minister is bound finally to erect a National Monument which would be discreditable to the nation. If the case be made to rest absolutely on that issue, there is not a word to be said in the matter. *That* is a round proposition, presenting an angle of attack nowhere. Let us see, nevertheless, where this reservation of the ministers will land us, if it be maintained and acted on. We overlook for the purpose, and for the moment, the extravagance of the supposition, that a challenge which has summoned all the sculpture chivalry of Europe shall bring into the lists no knight of the chisel who must not go down before the critical lance:—that out of three hundred competing models, contributed from all the cities where Art has a home, by men many of whom are famous for what they have done, there shall not be one which can have acceptance before a *competent tribunal*. Let us, we repeat, see where the ministerial proposition itself will leave us. What, in the case supposed, will the minister do? Will he pay off his prizemen,—and declare that there can be no monument? Will it be proclaimed, that, two continents having been appealed to for an Art-memorial to the Duke of Wellington, it is found that no such memorial is possible, and the £20,000 must go back into the pockets of the people. *Or*, will the First Commissioner—somewhere in the background, hanging about the back stairs, it may be—find some retiring sculptor who did *not* compete, and whose non-competition is the pledge of his ability to perform? Will the minister *give*, on his own responsibility, to some favoured artist what the congregated Art of the world, omitting that one, could not win? If the first of these courses would be a stultification, the second would be—something worse than we choose to name:—yet, the history of Art-commissions in this country protects us against any just charge of gratuitous alarm when we suggest the possibility of the last-mentioned conclusion to a case of competition.—For ourselves, we confess, it seems to us, that the work which shall be good enough to deserve a prize of £700 will be good enough to be executed, in default of a better. We think it clear, that the competition, should it not result in a direct selection, should go finally amongst the prizemen, or the chief of them; and that these should furnish models or modifications, in the manner formerly explained by us [*Art-Journal* for October, 1856, p. 295], until that result shall be obtained. Out of that system Sir Benjamin Hall may be quite certain of getting a work which will be satisfactory to the nation.

Meantime, we feel, as we have said, that the artists

have cause to be dissatisfied with the attitude of a minister who reserves to the future the constitution of the tribunal which is to try them,—and, as to any positive issue of the competition itself, keeps a veto in his pocket.—We shall soon have the opportunity of accompanying our readers in an examination of the models themselves; and we ask, we repeat, our readers, in and out of Parliament, to stand by us in the maintenance of the principles which should preside elsewhere over the same examination.

THE KALOTROPE.

A NEW optical arrangement, invented by Mr. Thomas Rose, of Glasgow, and named by him the Kalotrope, or *beauty-turner*, is one of the novelties recently produced at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The design of this instrument is to show the ordinary illusions of the thaumatrope to an entire audience, and also to exhibit a succession of pleasing and instructive changes on any *one* disc of devices submitted to the action. The effects are the result of the persistence of vision; but this simple principle is presented under various conditions. The mechanical arrangement of the kalotrope consists of two wheels, to which a considerable range of velocity is given by a series of pulleys in connection with a first motion. The wheels are placed one behind the other, and move in contrary directions; the hinder wheel carrying a disc charged with certain devices, and the one in front, a disc with a number of radial perforations. This double-disc action is not in itself a novelty, various forms of it having been contrived by Duboscq-Soleil, Plateau, and other ingenious men; but we believe that its adaptation, in the present instance, to the production of a series of illusive changes on a single disc of devices, is both new and interesting. To understand the action and its effects, it is necessary to mention one or two simple facts in connection with them. The devices can no otherwise be seen than through the apertures of the front disc, and their appearance to the eye is affected by the angular motion of the apertures, or the space they travel in passing over any figure. Now if the devices were stationary, and the apertures only moved, the latter must travel a space equal to the full width of the figures, in order to pass them; but as both wheels are moving with equal velocities, and in contrary directions, the figure and the aperture meet each other, and the latter clears the figure when it has passed over a space equal to one half its diameter. So long, then, as the velocities of the wheels are equal, the figures are only narrowed to one half of their breadth; but when differently perforated discs are applied in succession, the figures are multiplied in proportion to the apertures; and if there is not room for these repeats of the devices to stand out singly, they involve and overlay each other. The inventor's discs are contrived with a view to this effect, and the most remarkable illusions of multiplication, combination, involution, and motion, are produced. We may give one instance as a general illustration of the action. A disc is charged with twelve intensely black balls, arranged in a circle, and nearly touching each other. Under simple persistence a delicately shaded ring is produced; the second wheel is then applied in front, and its spokes allowed to play over the balls, when they become a ring of twenty-four segments; a disc of twelve perforations is placed on the front wheel, and twenty-four oval figures are seen; a disc of twenty-four perforations is next applied, and forty-eight involved figures, beautifully varied in tint, are produced; lastly, a compound-perforated disc is used, when an intricate lace-work device is shown. The perforated discs might easily be extended to a series of twelve, or even a larger number, and of course the two wheels might have various velocities in relation to each other. If advantage were taken of all the varieties of action of which the kalotrope is capable, not fewer than a hundred changes could be brought over one disc of devices. Whilst the effects of this optical arrangement are beautiful as mere spectacles, many of them are of high value as illustrations of scientific principles. The instrument may claim to be admitted into the drawing-room as a philosophical recreation, and into the lecture-room as an exponent of scientific truth.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH,
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE designs which were submitted to the judges in the recent competition for this most interesting edifice have been exhibited gratuitously to the public during the last month at King's College; and we have observed, with much satisfaction, that very many persons have availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them for examining these drawings, which are invested, after so peculiar a manner, with a national interest.

Whatever results an all-wise Providence may appoint to issue from the permission that a church of the English should be erected at Constantinople, this one condition in the construction of that church must be of primary importance—that the church itself be, in itself, true to English feeling, to English tradition, to English faith. In its essentials, it must be on the shores of the Bosphorus what, on English ground, would be an English church: and, happily, we possess in our own England a style of architecture which, while being eminently English, is also so versatile in its spirit, and so comprehensive in its range of expression, that it will admit of every such modification in details as a Western church would require when erected in the East, and yet it would not fail to retain the characteristic impress of its own genuine identity. To build an English Gothic church in Constantinople in all respects after the same model as we should build such a church in England, would indeed denote a poverty of resources, both in an architect and in the style at his disposal; and so, on the other hand, to adopt an Eastern type, or any type not essentially English, for this English church, and to orientalise its architecture instead of adapting to the East the architectural treatment of its details, would be to sacrifice truth to an imaginary expediency, and to deprive the building at once of its appropriateness as an English memorial, and of its character as an English church.

The foregoing considerations prescribe to the architect a definite train of thought and course of action: there is that, however, in the definition which demands the exercise of the highest genius and the most consummate skill. He has to design an English Memorial Church for Constantinople. Let us consider in what manner the designs submitted for competition, and exhibited at King's College, will supply what we require. Here are some (so-called) Gothic churches, which certainly are uninfluenced by any excessive sympathies with the East; and here are other (so-called) churches, which might, without any serious difficulty, be converted into mosques, so fraternally mosqueish they are in the first instance. Then there are a few designs respecting which it is impossible to say what ideas they were intended to convey, and a few others in which we may suppose that their authors never did intend to do more than demonstrate their own ingenuity, without at all having regard to any particular or definite aim. All these, and certain others also, may be set on one side, while we search with more minute carefulness for our Memorial Church. We now find our attention attracted by Mr. Truefitt's most original and expressive conception, so effectively embodied in his earnest and telling group of drawings; Mr. White's Byzantinised pointed church, with its glow of colour within and without, its excellent ground-plan, domical lantern, and spired campanile; Mr. Gray's Early English Gothic church, also Byzantinised, and that to such a degree that all traces of the original style have been obliterated from the exterior, while within, in the fine, spacious, vaulted interior, they yet linger in native beauty. The brothers Francis, also, have placed before us a cruciform church, such as the fourteenth century produced in England, with the exception of the west front and western tower and spire, which can claim no affinity with that noble period of Gothic art. Mr. Thrupp has another church cast in the type of the same period, with two towers towards the west; this design, while good and pleasing when contemplated from the south-east, degenerates rapidly as the eye passes on westwards. Mr. Slater appears with the honours of an "extra prize:" perhaps the award may be a sound one, but yet we are of opinion that this extra prize, if it must have been awarded, might have been more appropriately divided amongst some other candidates than given as it has been. Mr. Slater's details, particularly his buttresses and arches, are very good; yet, as a whole, his design is to us far from satisfactory. Having mentioned Mr. Slater's buttresses, we are reminded of the circumstance that that characteristic feature of our national Gothic is almost discarded from these designs, except in one case, to be presently particularly noticed. Why is this? Was the buttress too Gothic for the Byzantine bearing of the prevailing tone of architectural feeling, or would the earthquakes of the East threaten a buttressed edifice with any peculiar peril? Messrs. Weightman, Hadfield, and Goldie, have produced a noble design, consisting of a cruciform church with an open atrium or arcaded quadrangle to the west. A fine tower, somewhat heavily finished, rises above the intersection of the transepts, which end in half hexagons, and bold turrets flank the western façade. The interior deserves careful study, and cannot fail to elicit warm approbation. The several drawings also are worthy of their subject: one we cannot pass over without especial notice—it represents a bay of the nave as seen from without. Of the three prizes which were proposed to be given, the third has been assigned to the design by Mr. G. S. Bodley. His church consists of a nave with aisles, a choir of two bays, with chapels to the north, a massive tower at the west end of the south aisle, and a porch carried still farther to the west. The whole is striking, and evidently has resulted from careful thought. The Byzantine influence, however, has unfortunately been permitted to overpower the expressions of the true Gothic spirit: this, as in other instances, is particularly the case with the exterior; the interior is very fine, and it appeals more readily to our sympathies than any other example which we have yet noticed. Mr. Street comes next as the second prizeman, and then follows the victor in the competition, Mr. Burges. We have studied the churches of both these gentlemen with the most anxious care, and no less carefully have we read much that has been written respecting them. Objections have been raised against Mr. Street's design, because of its assumed excessive magnitude, and its consequent excessive cost; such objections are not just, simply because not founded upon fact. Mr. Street's noble church would be indeed worthy of its object, but it would not of necessity involve anything extravagant either in its own size or in the cost of producing it. If larger than Mr. Burges' church, it is much simpler; if more majestic, it is less intricate. We should have liked an aisle carried round the apse, as in Mr. Burges' design; and we should have been glad to have substituted for one of the two very beautiful turrets a thoroughly English tower—otherwise this design is as perfect in itself, and as perfectly suited to the special requirements of the case, as we could have desired. The presence of the Gothic element is everywhere to be felt, and it is always the Gothic of England; yet such Gothic would not be suited to England, and it is suited exactly to Constantinople. The western façade is singularly beautiful and appropriate; and the external deeply-arched canopies to the windows, which crown the boldly projecting buttresses, with the skilful adjustment of the different pitch of the roofs, and the treatment of the details throughout, all combine to confirm the favourable impression produced by the first glance at Mr. Street's always beautiful drawings. The great drawback from the value of Mr. Burges' church is, that it is the Gothic of Italy and not of England, while even this Italian Gothic has been freely Byzantinised. The plan demands the highest commendation, and the feeling and spirit of a true architect are evident throughout the design, with the sole exception of the penthouse, which cuts the west front into two divisions, and overhangs the portals. This may be all very well for obtaining a shade, but assuredly a similar result might have been obtained after a more artistic fashion, and without so serious an injury to the architecure of the edifice. Mr. Burges has shown in his details his intimate acquaintance with the best examples of Italy, and he has also demonstrated his own power as an architect; had that power been put forth in illustration of English rather than of Italian tradition, we should have felt more of satisfaction and less of anxiety about the church which we may expect will be actually erected.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

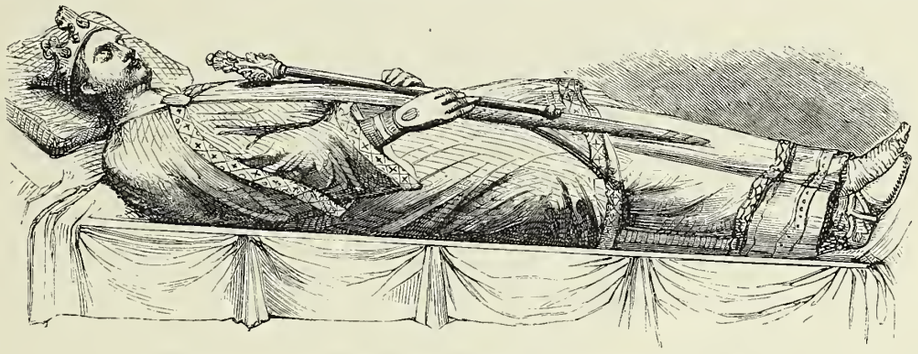
A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
Hon. Sec. of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, and of the Architectural Museum, &c.

Part III.—Roman and Romanesque Art.

In constructing the Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, in accordance with the object and the plans of their projectors, it was absolutely necessary to render each member of the group complete in itself as a structure. A good general effect was thus obtained, but it was obtained at the cost of sacrificing the full capacity of the several Courts as Exponents and Teachers of Art. The collections of details from which each Court was to be formed, required to be worked together into a definite composition, and to be so blended one with another as to avoid, as far as possible, all appearance of incongruity and want of harmony. Such adaptation and adjustment of various examples would, however, involve the exclusion of all that precise classification which is so essential to the student who aspires to investigate the principles of Art; and consequently, in treating of the teaching of these Courts, it becomes essential to associate with them certain auxiliary instructors, in order at once to avoid a confused and prejudicial generalisation, and to attain to a sound system of study in Art. Amongst the most valuable of such allies, as Art-teachers, would be collections of Photographs from original works. These collections, if judiciously selected and accurately classified, would not require to contain a great number of examples. Their object would be, in each Court, to carry out and give both completeness and exact accuracy to what may be learned from each Court in itself. Very brief historical and descriptive statements might accompany the photographs, and then all that would remain to be desired would be courses of short lectures, to be delivered periodically in the several Courts.

The English Gothic Court will appear to stand in especial need of some additional means for conveying true impressions of the various phases, under which this great form and expression of Art appeared amongst our ancestors in the middle ages, and also of the various purposes to which it was then adapted and applied. I have already noticed the absence from the Romanesque Court of such examples of our own Anglo-Norman as would elucidate the development of the style, and illustrate its characteristics in successive periods. Those works which exhibit the English Romanesque in its maturity have been considered sufficient to illustrate the style in this country. Upon the same principle, the general character of the Lombard Romanesque and of the Spanish, has been left to be gathered from the same types which exemplify the Romanesque of England. The Byzantine, also, as a distinct style, or at least as a distinctive expression of the comprehensive Romanesque style, requires much more illustrative teaching than the Court supplies; and this is needed, as well to give their full effect to the examples which the Court actually contains, as to convey just ideas of Byzantine Art. An examination of the Greek and Roman Courts will lead to the same results; they teach much, and they also fail to teach much, from the circumstances and the necessities of their own constitution. But before we concentrate our attention upon the examples which have been here brought together, as Teachers of Art, while in the hands of the Romans, it will be well to examine the group of monumental effigies which occupies the central area of the Romanesque Court. All the other works of this class I propose to consider hereafter, collectively and by themselves; but these memorials appear to be associated so closely, as works of Art, with the Court in which they rest, and they are also distinguished by characteristics so peculiarly their own, that it will be in every respect preferable to notice them at once.



SKETCH FROM THE EFFIGY OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION, AT FONTEVRAULT, A.D. 1199.

The group consists of seven effigies, in a recumbent position; of the originals, one only is in England—that of King John, at Worcester: four were discovered at Fontevrault, and one at the ruins of the Abbey of l'Espan, near Mans, in Normandy, in the year 1816, by the late Charles Stothard, and they are engraved and fully described in his noble work on Monumental Effigies: the seventh effigy which, like one of those at Fontevrault, is to Richard I., was discovered in Rouen Cathedral, in the year 1838, by M. Deville. Saved by some unexplained good fortune from the destruction that devastated the churches within which they had originally been placed, these effigies furnish us with most important examples of the highest condition of sculpture at their period in Northern France, and at the same time they carry back to the era of the second Henry the series of contemporary representations of our English sovereigns. In all these figures the costume, without doubt, exhibits the actual dress worn by the royal personages themselves; and there is also good reason to believe that, with the exception of the Rouen effigy, an attempt at least has been made to preserve portraits, in the proper acceptation of that term, of the several individuals. The originals have been several times painted and adorned with gilding, and they appear to have been subjected to this process, for the last time, in the year 1638: they still retain much of the colouring which they then received, and traces of their earlier decoration by colour may also be distinguished from beneath the work of the seventeenth century. Henry II., and Richard I., with Eleanor of Guienne, Queen of Henry, Isabel of Angoulesme, third Queen of John, and Berengaria of Navarre, Queen of Richard, are the personages thus at once commemorated and represented: all are habited in royal robes, and wear jewelled diadems. The draperies, when contrasted with other works of sculpture of the period, exhibit much of artistic feeling and power, though, with the exception of the Berengaria, they still are impressed with the Byzantine influence, and consequently fall far short of the dignity and grace which distinguish the first effigies of our Edwardian age. The early artists have, however, succeeded in imparting a truly royal character to their works; and in these same works they have left a no less truly honourable memorial of themselves in the history of Mediæval Art. In the effigy of Berengaria is apparent the work of an artist who had studied in a school where the free energy of the West had been uninfluenced by the traditions of Byzantium. Between this figure and the monumental effigies, both sculptured and engraven, of the two succeeding centuries, there exists a remarkable sympathy in general feeling and in artistic character. Every effigy in this group will abundantly repay a most careful study, both in its own treatment, execution, and expression, and also in comparison with later works of the same class and with the draped sculpture of Rome.



SKETCH FROM THE ROYAL MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES AT FONTEVRAULT.

The effigy of Richard I., at Rouen (where his heart was buried), is in every respect inferior to the companion memorial at Fontevrault; and that of his brother and successor, John, which is the earliest royal effigy known to be still in existence in England, differs very considerably in its artistic style and character from the effigies at Fontevrault. This difference becomes strikingly apparent from a comparison between the effigies of King John and of his consort, as they may be studied, lying side by side, in the Romanesque Court. While greatly inferior in execution, and devoid altogether of the delicacy of the Fontevrault sculpture, the figure of John is boldly and effectively rendered, and it harmonises well with the prevailing character of the carved-work of its age. The accompanying sketches will serve to convey a general idea of these very remarkable memorials.

When, with the culmination of its power, the grandeur and magnificence of imperial Rome attained to their most exalted elevation, Art was the great agency which embodied and gave material expression to the pride of the world's conquerors, and which promised to record in imperishable memorials,

for all future time, how powerful they were, how grand and magnificent. Art, in its Roman form and condition, may indeed be said to have grown with the growth of the Roman greatness, and to have spread more widely its influence amongst the Romans themselves, as the arms of the Romans extended over a continually increasing area the authority and the control of Rome. And yet the Romans cannot be regarded as essentially an artist-race. Art in Italy died with the last ante-Roman Etruscan; and after a long and stormy interval, it had to be reanimated on Italian soil by a transmission of the vital element from Greece. And this introduction of Art from fallen Greece into rising Rome was, in fact, a true reanimation of Art in that Italy, where she before had flourished, and from whence she had passed away. Art, at a remote period, had spoken the same language in Greece and in Etruria: and now that her voice was to be again heard in Italy, speaking in the dialect of Rome, she would not fail to cherish the remembrance of her earlier career in the same region. At the same time, the lapse of ages and the distinctive characteristics of the Romans would naturally, and indeed necessarily, impress upon Greek Art, when naturalised as Roman, the attributes of Rome. And such we find to have been the fact, now that we look back, through the long vista of fifteen hundred years, upon Roman Art as a subject for careful and contemplative study. We see the Greek principle everywhere adjusted to the Roman feeling and the Roman requirement: in other words, the principle of Roman Art is seen to be essentially Greek. Greece herself, as a Roman province, continued to be the centre of Roman Art-study, and probably of Roman Art-practice also. The best Roman artists were still Greeks—the natives of the Grecian province of Rome. In Roman sculpture, as it has come down to us, the tone and sentiment and the very touch of the chisel are almost universally Greek, though the influence of those traditional attributes of Rome herself, of which I have already spoken, rarely fails to be also apparent; and in the portrait and national sculptures, the true Roman type is most faithfully preserved. The architecture of the Greeks, in like manner, exhibits to us certain new conditions when we find it to have been translated to Rome, and used for Roman edifices: and in combination with the true Greek elements of Roman architecture, we find that the Romans themselves introduced that all-important member, the arch, the value of which both in construction and ornamentation they appear to have clearly understood. The introduction of the arch by the Romans, and its combination by them with their versions of the Greek columns and columnar orders, involved a general remodelling of the architecture which they had learned from Greece, as a practical Art: and hence the architecture of Rome, in its maturity, is found apparently to retain little more than certain forms and members, both constructive and decorative, which are actually true (though themselves considerably modified) to the character of their Greek parentage. And yet the Greek principle continued to affect, and, to a certain extent, even to control, the architecture of Rome, until, with the dissolution of Rome herself, Roman Art declined and fell. The column, which the Romans received from Greece, continued to the last, and under all its Roman modifications, to be a true column; and consequently, in the hands of the Romans the column never ceased to be by far better adapted to the Greek entablature than to the Roman arch. The Romans set the arch upon columns, but they failed so to adjust their columns to the arch as to blend into a single architectural member the curves of the arch itself, and the vertical lines of its supports; and so the columns of the Romans continued to be columns still: instead of masonry horizontally disposed, they might carry arches, but there was no artistic assimilation between the columns and the arches.

The Greek influence is no less manifest in the decorations and decorative accessories of Roman works, than in their architecture properly so called. The conventional rendering of forms, which may be presumed once to have been studied from nature, but in which all that is really natural has long ceased to exist, transmitted through Greece from the East to Rome, was preserved throughout the entire period of Roman Art; and Nature herself was consequently disregarded, both as the source of all that is beautiful for ornamentation, and as the authority for such artistic treatment as alone can lead to the most excellent results. Roman ornament is found to consist, in addition to certain established architectural conventionalities, for the most part of scroll-work, in which a series of scroll convolutions is usually developed from a single branch, the leafage being strictly conventional; and with this scroll-work figures are not unfrequently associated, the figures themselves being often actually incorporated with the scrolls on their foliated offsets, as in the illustrative example which I have here introduced.

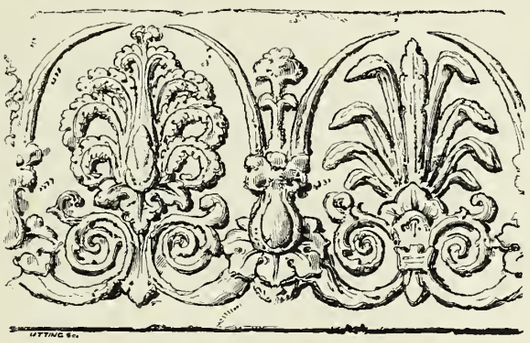


ROMAN SCROLL-AND-FIGURE CARVED ORNAMENTATION.

The Roman Court and Corridors of the Crystal Palace are surrounded by enclosures decorated with columns and pilasters, and pierced at intervals with half-circular arches; these arched communications, with some corresponding roof-vaultings, constituting the chief constructive distinction between this group and the Greek Court adjoining to it. The singular circumstance that the Greeks should not have employed in their edifices the arch, with the principles and use of which they were certainly familiar, becomes the more remarkable from an examination of these two Courts: and certainly such an examination leads us to attribute special honour to the Romans for having introduced, not indeed the knowledge, but the practical application of the arch into the architecture of Europe. Where it seemed to be desirable the Roman corridors are vaulted, and the ceilings are decorated with paintings from ancient examples, of which some relics yet linger among the remains of that Rome which belongs to the past. The Romans evidently delighted in decorations obtained through the agency of colour: and they employed marbles of various hues, gilding, mosaic-work and paint, as the vehicles for producing the desired polychromatic effects. Hence the similar processes in the Byzantine style of Mediæval Art would naturally be derived: and from this same source also such coloured ornamentation as was in use throughout the entire range of Romanesque Art would, in the same manner, have come into use. I do not propose here to enter upon any consideration of the still vexed question of the free use of polychrome (colour obtained by painting) in the Gothic of our own day—the great style which, having attained to a royal dignity amongst the styles of the middle ages, promises, if fairly dealt with, to hold an equally exalted rank in Art in our own times: I content myself with a general expression of my deep sense of the value and importance of colour in all Art; and while I would also add that both this value and this importance of colour in all Art will ever be measured by the manner in which colour is obtained and used under different circumstances, I must request the Art-student to observe and to reflect upon the decorative painting which, in the Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, has its own especial teaching prepared for him. Let him study the coloured cast from the Parthenon frieze, and the other casts from the same noble work where there is either a simple background of blue or no colour whatever; let him not pass over without careful notice and much thought all the colour and gilding of the Roman Court and corridors, and of the Greek Court, and also of the Romanesque Court; particularly, in this last named Court, let him remark upon the painted doorways from Shobden and Kilpeck; and with these let him associate the similarly decorated doorway from Rochester, in the Gothic Court: let him also no less carefully study the effigy of King John, in the Romanesque Court; and, if possible, while the impressions thus produced are fresh in his mind, let him go at least to Rochester and to Worcester, that he may bestow an equal amount of study upon the doorway, as it stands in the one cathedral without colour, and in the other cathedral upon the marble effigy from which the original colouring has now well-nigh disappeared. I am persuaded that the power to pronounce a decision as to the use of paint in our own productions in architecture and sculpture, rests exclusively with *examples* of polychrome, and of stone and marble and wood untouched with colour. The use in architecture of marbles and other precious materials of various colours is altogether a different consideration: in this case there can be no question as to the value of such materials: it remains, however, for the true artist to determine, through the judicious application of them, how great that value shall be.

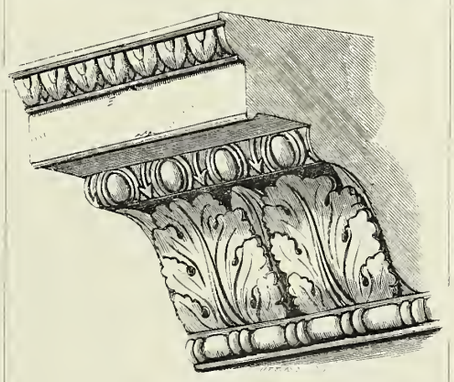
The architectural composition of the Roman Court, with its corridors, is not calculated to convey any vivid impression of either excellence in Art, or of splendour and grandeur; and, indeed, such impressions could scarcely be expected from the peculiar conditions under which these structures were erected. And yet, with the important exception of such architecture as the Romans employed in designing and building their temples, and such other edifices as were constructed after the temple type, there is here a faithful representation of the prevailing application of Roman architecture. But it was not possible here to exhibit the architecture of Rome on a vast scale, or to add one broad pile of edifices to another, until the very mass of the whole should become in itself an impersonation of the grand, and its component parts, from their very multitude, should rise into spleudour and impressiveness. And this is the secret of the architectural magnificence of ancient Rome. Like Rome itself, it grew into magnificence through the continued amplification of scale and accumulation of mass. A single temple, had it been reproduced in the Roman Court in its original completeness, would have afforded but a very imperfect idea of what this same temple contributed to the group of buildings, of which in Rome it was but one unit amongst many others. It would have been the same with a complete cast of a basilica, an arch of triumph, a column, a portico, a portion of a palace, or of a bath, or of a theatre. In their style of architecture, excellent in themselves, and executed with equal skill and feeling, they were grand as parts of that grand city; and we can then only approximate to a correct estimate of their full grandeur, when in imagination we contemplate them as a whole. The Roman Court, accordingly, aims only at showing in actual practice the Roman use of the arch and of ceiling-vaulting, and of wall and ceiling decoration; and, leaving it to its colleague, the Pompeian Court, to illustrate more directly, as well as more fully, the domestic architecture of the Romans, it is content to teach us how well suited to the great city of ancient Italy were such building and such decoration, while for our own use it provides also its appropriate lessons. And it is more especially with reference to the present practical utility of "Ancient and Early Art," that we study the collections of the Crystal Palace; indeed, to this point tends also all our study of the expressions of Art in past times and in various countries: from this History of Art, which Art herself has written with her own hand, we gather that weight of authority and that influence of example, which are so eminently calculated to exert a salutary and improving impulse upon ourselves in our own practice of Art. This Roman Court shows how speedily in classic architecture original design is of necessity exhausted. Columns, when carrying a horizontal superstructure, admit of but little more than modifications of a single idea. With the arch, either in the place of the entablature, or in combination with it (as in this Court), the architect had more freedom; still so long as the arch was not pointed, and so long as it continued to be associated with other architectural

members which were absolutely Greek in their type, so long the arch itself failed to put forth its full power, and to demonstrate the versatility as well as the range of that power, as an architectural element. The models of the Coliseum itself, which are placed in this Roman Court, serve but to prove the fact of Roman architectural magnificence arising almost exclusively from the greatness of Rome. The Coliseum shows the same single idea, expressed on a grand scale, and repeated until calculation as to number becomes lost in the multiplicity of the arches and the magnitude of the mighty amphitheatre. It was the same with the Forum. The most interesting model which, in this same Court, shows us the Forum of to-day, leaves us to meditate upon the ancient splendours of that unrivalled spot, as upon a vision of which but a few faint traces can be now discerned. The heaped up surface of the ground tells of buried witnesses to the realities of that centre of Roman power, which may one day, perhaps, be permitted again to see the light, and to give some definite form to our imaginings. But, assuredly, the very Forum itself would repeat the tale of the Circus Maximus, and would confirm our conviction that this grandest of groups of Roman architecture derived its supremacy from the number and from the greatness of its component *fora*, and temples, and basilicæ, and various edifices. There is one element in Roman architecture, and, indeed, in all noble Roman Art of which we have any knowledge, that here demands from us especial notice—and this is their admirable execution. Whatever may be the merit of the design, the workmanship was, with rare exceptions, of a very high order. When we pass on from considering Roman architectural works in their capacity as works of the art of architecture, to a consideration of their details, and more particularly of their ornamentation, and of the manner in which both details and ornamental accessories were produced, we have in these Roman Courts lessons in Art of peculiar value. The Romans ensured for their works a high and a lasting reputation, through the consummate skill with which their artists carried out their designs, coupled with a precision, firmness, and expressiveness of execution that all artists would do well to emulate. It is, indeed, strange that the men who worked out Roman designs after the Roman manner, should never have aspired to a nobler style of design—a style more worthy of themselves. They were, however, for the most part, content with the forms and with the modes of expression which had become stereotyped for their use; and though they sometimes elaborated upon these forms, and modified these expressions after various methods, no new system was introduced. Thus, the noblest of the Roman works are, at the best, splendid and splendidly executed conventionalities. But there is another circumstance connected with the entire system of Roman ornamentation, which stamps upon this entire system a character at once peculiar to itself, and in no respect possessing any claim upon either our respect or our admiration; this is the strictly superficial and supplemental nature of Roman decorative sculpture and carving. The acanthus leaves cluster around a Corinthian capital, and adorn it after their own fair fashion; but they are not integral parts of the capital itself: gather them all together and remove them, and there would still remain a complete capital, and one well adjusted in its general form to the shaft below. It is the same with every variety of Roman ornament: all are ornamental accessories—additions to, not parts of the work which is ornamented. This want of identity, and this absence of the appearance of an inseparable union between the actual building or the constructive member and the ornamentation, detracts, in Roman works of Art, from their impressiveness, in no less a degree than that impressiveness in the actual works is enhanced by their admirable execution. The Crystal Palace casts convey to us, in the most satisfactory manner, these characteristics of Roman Art; and they do this the better, because they appear before us exactly as the originals might do: they are true to the originals, and no attempt has been made to give them a fictitious effect, through imaginary combinations. The only subjects for regret are, that these casts are not more numerous, and, as usual, that they are not classified on some definite principle. The examples which are here present are not to be surpassed in individual merit, or in the capacity of Art-teachers. I have selected three other specimens for the illustration of characteristic Roman conventional ornament: the first exhibits the honeysuckle ornament, in such great and universal favour with the Roman artists, and, as it would seem, with the Roman people in



ROMAN HONEYSUCKLE ORNAMENT.

general; the second exemplifies some of the peculiar forms which are found to have no less generally prevailed in the decoration of Roman cornices—here is the "egg-and-anchor" ornament, with a series of leaves of scroll-foliage; the third cut shows another application of the scoll-foliage, which is eminently characteristic of Roman artistic feeling



ROMAN CORNICE ORNAMENT.

and usage. These examples all demonstrate that superficial and adventitious character in Roman decorative work, of which I have spoken; but, though faithful to the originals, as far as their capacity of woodcuts would admit, these sketches do not aspire to render the effectiveness and the execution of the originals in their full power. This can only be done



ROMAN SCROLL ORNAMENT.

by actual facsimiles of the originals themselves; and, therefore, I refer the Art-student to this Roman Court and its corridors, or, better still, to the Greek and Roman departments of the British Museum. There is one publication, devoted especially to such works of decoration, to which I here would also refer the student of ancient Art, as to a rich treasury of valuable teaching—Mr. Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament." The plates of Greek and Roman ornament are peculiarly excellent; and in the latter are comprised some of the same examples, from which the Crystal Palace collections possess casts, and of which I have here given sketches.

In the same corridor with the casts of scroll-work and of architectural details, are other casts from small works in bas-relief, in which various figures are introduced. Here is a wide field for study. The historical or legendary character of the groups, and also of the single figures, together with the method of their association with certain architectural compositions, are eminently suggestive, while peculiarly characteristic. The costume, action, and general character of the figures, show how powerfully the Roman type of architectural figure-sculpture was impressed upon the revivers of Art in the Romanesque, after Roman Art itself had passed away, and had ceased to exist as a living reality. The same observation is equally applicable to the case of the draped statues of the Roman artists, in the capacity of models for the study of the Romanesque sculptors. Let the Art-student in the Crystal Palace walk over from the effigies in the Romanesque Court to the small figure bas-reliefs in the Roman Corridor, and to the statues of Romans which also stand there and in the adjoining Court, and he will not fail to trace out the school in which the Romanesque sculptors studied. And if he extends his comparison to all the decorative works, of whatever class, which are assembled in the Romanesque Court, the student will at once be led to form a just estimate of Roman influence upon



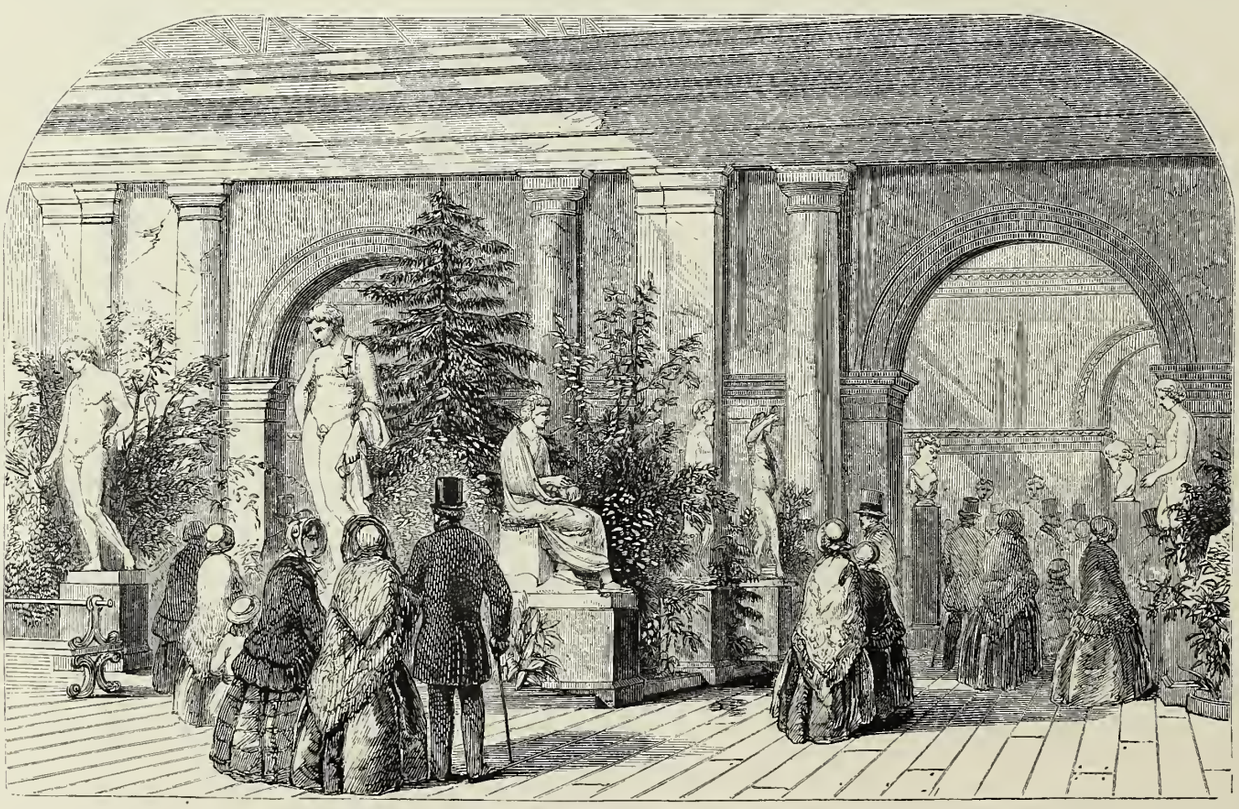
GERMAN ROMANESQUE CAPITAL AND SHAFT, GELNHAUSEN.

Romanesque Art; and, at the same time, he thus will more adequately appreciate the worth of what the Romanesque artists effected in their own art, by their own genius and their own judgment. The Roman system of surface ornamentation is everywhere apparent in the works of the Romanesque styles; and however these styles may have become affected by the altered circumstances of place and associations, there are almost invariably found at least traces of Roman feeling and usage in the prevailing ornamentation. Thus, in the richly carved pillars at Gelnhausen, in Suabia, the distinctive characteristics of the German Romanesque are blended with no less evident influences of Roman Art. In these fine works the florid enrichments of the shafts are deeply and boldly cut, so that they appear rather to form an enriched casing to the true shafts, than to be carvings wrought upon the shafts themselves. The Roman use of variegated marbles, and also of enrichment by mosaic, we have seen to have become an element of the Romanesque wherever the materials for producing this class of decoration were to be obtained. Even in the later works of the Romanesque, the Roman influence is occasionally to be seen with

remarkable distinctness. The cloisters of the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, which were executed in the first half of the thirteenth century, have supplied the central arcade between the Romanesque Court and Corridor, and in this arcade the student will observe a very singular exemplification of Roman treatment late in the Romanesque period: indeed, the antique model has evidently guided the artist in his design throughout, from the plinth of the coupled and mosaic-wrought shafts to the massive and complete entablature, with its appropriate architrave, frieze, and cornice, which crowns the curves of the arches; the details, also, no less than the general composition, are adjusted to the same classic model. Hereafter it will be necessary for us to carry this comparison much further, when in the Renaissance we examine into that reproduction of ancient forms and details which arose, not merely through the influence of the ancient spirit acting upon a fresh style, but from a direct and definite aim at reproducing the very styles of antiquity. It will be seen that the Romanesque artist who yielded almost unconsciously to the power of Roman Art, without any direct desire to be affected by that power, accomplished a far more excellent and successful revival than the deliberate copyist of the Renaissance.

Of Roman painting, in the highest acceptation of that term, as one of the grand divisions of works of Art, we know but little experimentally; and the Roman Court, like the Greek, is silent upon this point, except, indeed, as far as its wall and ceiling painting can be admitted to rank under such a denomination. But in Roman sculpture this Court and its corridors abound in fine and characteristic examples. As I propose to treat in another of these papers exclusively upon ancient sculpture, I now may be content with the general observation, that these collections of sculpture-casts, with the other great Roman works of the same class which are scattered through various parts of the whole building, constitute in themselves a museum of which every true artist understands the value. With the Roman sculpture must be grouped the casts from engraven gems and cameos, which invariably abound in points of great interest. Unfortunately, the collections of casts of this kind are at present placed where they are but seldom seen—in one of the galleries. They would form an addition of no trivial importance in the Roman Court. And here also, as in the Romanesque Court, and, indeed, in every one of these Fine-Art Courts (except, perhaps, the Pompeian and the Alhambra Courts), a small collection of photographs would be found by the Art-student to be endowed with a practical value to which elsewhere it would be scarcely possible for them to attain. Certain remains of what may be perhaps designated examples of the Art-manufactures of the Romans might be advantageously introduced amongst the subjects of such photographs, with others of a higher artistic character. The Arts of Rome, in their entire range, are so replete with historical associations, in which all the modern nations of Europe, with the great new nation of America, are directly and personally interested, that we cannot refrain from entertaining a desire to see concentrated in and about this Roman Court every possible illustration and elucidation of these Arts as they flourished in the flourishing days of Rome. The Romanesque, the Renaissance, and the Modern Italian, have each their own illustration and elucidation to contribute to the more direct historical essay which we expect to find in the Roman Court itself. So, also, to pass to the earliest periods of the general history of Art, Greek and Egyptian Art will not be found silent, when we seek to bring together everything which may bear upon the Art of Rome. Derived through ever-wonderful Greece, from the still more wondrous valley of the Nile, Roman Art extended its influence, and it worked out its designs, after its own strong method, throughout the civilised world. What the Arts were at Rome, they were also, in their degree at least, in every city of the empire. In many cities, not built on the soil of Italy, the relics of Roman Art are scarcely inferior to those which at Rome carry us back to their own grand era. In our own country, once highly estimated as a Roman province, Roman Art worked freely and nobly; but the evil days came, with a scarching severity, exceeding even what befel the imperial city herself; and now we find in Britain but little that Roman Art produced above the surface of the ground. But the Romanesque reached us when the storm had been blown away; and it grew up in strength and nobleness amongst us, and we still love well its deep arches and massive masonry. And then, from the Romanesque, the Gothic carried away the prize of excellence, that, in its turn, it might yield to a novel species of Romanesque—the so-called Renaissance of the classic revival. And now we have before us all these forms of "Ancient and Early Art," and we are removed to a sufficient distance from them all to contemplate and to study them with dispassionate candour. The public mind has been awakened to a sense of the value of Art, in its pure and noble condition; but there yet remains much for us to accomplish as a nation, before we may justly advance the national claim to being a people who both love Art and understand and appreciate it. Meanwhile, in these Fine-Art Courts, whither we have directed the Art-student, there is already much which may contribute to our general advance in the knowledge and appreciation of Art—much which, from the peculiar circumstances of these Courts, is not elsewhere to be found. If we show, as a nation, that we desire to make the most of this teaching, as it now is, we may feel assured that not only the Roman Court, but every other Fine-Art Court in the Crystal Palace, will be made more and more worthy to teach us, as we become continually better qualified to receive instruction in Art, and more anxious to obtain it.

A sustained advance towards a high standard of perfection in the several departments of the great Art-museum entrusted to his care, is the acknowledged aim of the Art-director of the Crystal Palace; and he will, without doubt, provide that practical improvements should be continually effected, as he finds himself encouraged by sympathy and appre-



ENTRANCE TO THE ROMAN COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE.

ciation on the part of the public. Such an allusion to improvements in these Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace may, perhaps, appear to imply something resembling an imputation upon those persons by whom they were originally planned and produced, to the effect that they failed to render their work as complete as they ought to have done, and as they might have done: this would be no less ungenerous than unjust, since the ultimate attainment of true excellence in these Courts will really result from the ability, judgment, and care which have made them what they are.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—We have been not a little startled of late by rumours of certain projected doings within the walls of the Royal Academy, which, if credible at all in the form in which they reach us, could be so only on the supposition of their denoting foregone conclusions in a matter in which the public have a very serious interest, or a desire to have such conclusions supposed in behalf of the parties more directly concerned. We have satisfied ourselves by inquiry that there is at least enough of truth in the substance of these rumours to demand the vigilance of our readers, and of those who act for them; and, earnestly soliciting the attention of our parliamentary subscribers to certain views and statements respecting this important Art-institution, and its prospects, which we published in our leading article for September last, we do hope that some member will now put such questions from his seat in the House as will save the country from one more job enacted behind cover of a false pretence, and one more abuse made permanent in the name of the provisional. Our readers know, that the mean and narrow accommodations provided for the exhibition of sculpture within the walls of the Royal Academy have been a crying grievance to the sculptors and the public for years, and discreditable to the Academy generally; and that no amount of protest and remonstrance, year by year repeated, has been effectual to produce even an attempt at amelioration. It is, therefore, somewhat startling to find, without any apparent change in the conditions of the case, the Academic conscience suddenly awake, and loudly proclaiming that something must be done within the walls of the Academy for sculpture. We are of the same opinion as the Royal Academy as to the necessity; but, then, we have been strongly of that opinion for a great many years, whereas the Royal Academy has arrived at a conclusion which involves expensive alterations in its house *only* at the moment when there is some possibility that it may have notice to quit. What is it that, according to the rumour, the Royal Academy purposes now to do, with the avowed object of meeting the difficulty to which it has thus become preternaturally enlightened? The large entrance hall which divides the National Gallery from the Royal Academy has, our readers know, been lying all but unused for years; and out of this hall, it is said, a gallery is to be found for the Turner pictures above, and the Academy is to get a sculpture gallery—with the present sculpture room, which is immediately behind it, thrown in—below. Now, that the scheme in the terms here stated is the actual scheme, of course we do not believe,—because, architecturally, it seems impossible. If a Turner Gallery—and its new dome, we suppose—*are* to be above, where is the architect to get his lights for the sculpture room below? Is it that the Royal Academy, having once carried its point and effected its lodgement, proposes to fall back upon its old neglect of its Art-Cinderella, and be content with the "darkness visible" borrowed from the chamber behind? The argument would, in that case, be that the light, having been utterly insufficient for the little den, could only be insufficient, as before, for the big den; and the sculptors would simply be as badly off as they were, with more room in which to be so. Seriously, however, though we have no doubt there is some mistake in the terms, we *know*, as we have said, that something of the kind mentioned is in contemplation; and what we desire emphatically to point out, is, that alterations so extensive and important—especially as the remedy of a grievance which has been borne with exemplary patience for so many years—are not the acts of a body who contemplate a possible removal, or have even any doubt as to the conditions of their future tenure. There is in this scheme something, we apprehend, like a dealing with the entire building; and it indicates either an understanding with the minister as to the future disposal of this building, to which the public are no parties, or a determination on the part of the Academy to take up, while it can, a position in respect thereof, from which it will be difficult for the minister to dislodge it. We have had instances before—and are warned by them—in which this sort of provisional occupation has been made afterwards the express ground for conversion into a freehold. But, our finest metropolitan site is too valuable to be occupied by *squatting;* and we trust by means of this notice to secure the interference of Parliament in the matters which it involves, while yet it is not too late.

The Art-Treasures Exhibition, Manchester.—The public receive daily information concerning the progress of this great work in the columns of the *Times* newspaper; we should but occupy space uselessly by repeating these details. It will suffice to say that plans have been enlarged, that contributions have been increasing, and that the real difficulty to be encountered arises not from the paucity, but from the over-abundance, of materials. The committee are indefatigable in their labours; they have obtained the services of competent assistants in all the departments; and the anticipated opening, on the 5th of May, under the auspices of the Prince Consort, cannot fail to be a brilliant affair—next in importance only to that which, on a 1st of May, rendered memorable in the annals of this country the year 1851. The building is so far completed as to remove all dread of its being ready "in time;" and preparations have been made in Manchester to receive the hosts of visitors who must be accommodated "somewhere and somehow;" but large as the city is, there will be no doubt difficulties in the way of "lodgings." We do not know whether the committee have yet directed attention to this necessity, but probably they will do so. We hope to prepare a sufficiently lengthened report of the proceedings, as well as such accounts of the contents of the building, as will convey to our more distant readers a proper "portraiture" of the scene and its attractions; but our space will be necessarily too limited to enter into such details as will be supplied by the London and Manchester papers, where, no doubt, notices will be given daily, descriptive of the enormous mass of the rare, beautiful, and valuable "furnishing" of the structure.

The National Gallery.—The famous picture by Paul Veronese, representing the family of Darius before Alexander, which has for three centuries been the property of the Pisani family, is said to have been purchased by the British Government for the large sum of £14,000 sterling.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The Anniversary Dinner, will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 16th May, under the presidency of Sir Robert Peel.

The New Reading-room and Library in the British Museum.—The reading-room and library, that now occupy what was formerly the central area of the British Museum, are being prepared for use. It is from this use that its form and character have directly sprung, and it is a remarkable structure. The reading-room is a domed expanse, clear of tie-beams, and wholly constructed of iron, and the proportions of the roof are simple and agreeable. It is of the same span, within a fraction, as that of St. Peter's at Rome. The problem to be solved was to produce those arrangements which would give the best conveniences for reading, and the readiest facilities for the supply of books, and the construction is the material rendering of this thought. In the centre of the great circular area is, so to speak, the embouchure of the stream of knowledge, where the books are delivered, and flow out to irrigate the desks that radiate from this point, which stream is supplied from springs, *alias* libraries, which rise all round the central space. These rise tier above tier, and, unseen from within, form the walls of the reading-room and square the circle—that is, occupy the space left by the circular form of that structure within the square area of the original court. These cells and galleries are, perhaps, the most original part of the edifice. They are constructed mainly of galvanized-iron, light but strong; and the floors being all open-work, the stories are lit all through from the top, not a particle of room is lost; and all possible facilities are afforded to the attendants who convey the books to and fro, and who are nearly the only persons who visit this part of the building. The report as to the capacity of these arrangements is one that one hardly ventures to repeat, viz., that they alone are capable of accommodating a million and a half of books—the whole library of the museum not containing at the present time much over five hundred thousand volumes! This announcement took us quite by surprise, and makes us believe in the possibility of even the catalogue of the present collection being completed, if the same genius apply itself to that question:—we say the same genius, inasmuch as for the above peculiar arrangements the structure is indebted to the suggestions of Mr. Panizzi. But to return to the reading-room itself. Its great size offers full accommodation to more than the number of readers that at present attend the museum. The light is good, and we see no reason at present why the ventilation and regulation of the temperature should not be equally satisfactory. The minor arrangements we have not space to enter into, but the reading public will, no doubt, at no great distance of time derive full benefit from them. Fancifully, the whole affair appears a great organism for the arterial and venous circulation of knowledge, and its plan a Kantesian diagram of its subtile flow. At present we have nothing to give it but all praise, except in regard to the lobby access in front of the entrance hall, which is contracted and meagre.

The Museum, and Schools of Art and Science, at South Kensington.—The Museum is being rapidly filled with objects of varied attraction—legacies from the '51 Exhibition, hitherto warehoused in Kensington Palace, and other contributions of interest and instruction. Among these will be the first steam-engine ever in action in this country—the little grandfather of all the great grand-children; also, we understand, Wren's original model for St. Paul's, belonging to the Dean and Chapter, a design differing considerably from the edifice actually erected—simpler in plan and character, and of one architectural order instead of two. It is of wood, and some twenty feet long. Rooms of access and refreshment are being erected close to Cromwell Road, and form an entrance to the museum. Everything about the place is better than the original "boilers," which are now painted, so as to look like an edifice of striped linen. They have evidently not known what to do with it. We should suggest an extensive wiring and growth of climbers over it, to shade its eccentricities. There are some fine trees in the area in front, and the garden is being nicely dressed with shrubs and flowers, and with the green mantle of summer will have a pleasing aspect enough. It will be Art and Science among the roses: a Brompton—we beg pardon—a South Kensington "Grove of Academus." It must be allowed, however, that the buildings altogether have a temporary character, with the exception of that erected for the Sheepshanks Collection, which is fireproof and substantial, and consists of a group of four well-proportioned rooms excellently lighted. Advantage has been taken of some old houses near, to convert them into offices and residences in connection with the schools that were removed from Marlborough House. These are convenient and well arranged, and afford excellent light and facilities for study. The department has also lately taken possession of an outwork on the opposite side of Cromwell Road, in the shape of a house and garden, by means of a mine under the road. This has been some of the day work of the corps of the "Sappers" on the premises, whose broad red backs may, however, be seen in the evening bending over the drawing-boards of the schools, their owners being as intent as any others of the students in acquiring powers of the pencil. The training schools for masters are regularly and well attended, and the Museum itself is expected to be open very shortly to the public.

Exhibition of Sculpture of the United Kingdom at South Kensington.—A proposition, emanating from the Sculptors' Institute, is being brought to bear at the Buildings of the Department of Science and Art. A portion of the museum has been set aside by the grant of the Lords of the Privy Council for Trade, for a collection of select works of British sculpture. This will consist not only of works by living artists, but is intended to include those of past time, as casts from the best and most characteristic works of Banks, Bacon, Nollekens, Flaxman, Chantrey, &c. The collection comprising works of the British school, past and present, will illustrate its history, and present a wholly new feature to the public and lovers of Art, differing from that of other exhibitions of this art. To draw this line more clearly, it is the intention, we understand, not to receive, except in special cases, any works of living artists that have not been previously exhibited at some one of the annual public exhibitions. The committee for conducting it consist of three members of the Institute, and two other gentlemen. The space set apart for the purpose is the further and

northern portion of the gallery, between the architectural collection and the building that is shortly to contain the munificent donation of Mr. Sheepshanks. So that Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture will be *en suite*. The situation has somewhat of a Crystal Palace character from the nature of the building, but the light is far better suited for the display of the works, than that either in the building of '51, or at Sydenham, being more concentrated, and wholly from the roof. Also there are no intersecting pillars. The warm grey colour, of an atmospheric character, that was adopted in the British Sculpture-room of the Exhibition of '51, also in that in Paris, in '55, lately in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and also, we understand, this year in the Belvidere portion of the Vatican, containing the Apollo, Mercury, and Laocoon, has been again selected on this occasion, but of a rather lighter tint, and other enhancements of colour will appear on the walls and floor. The works will be well seen, and the recognition of the desirability of such a collection is timely to the opening to the public of the new establishment. It is also a valuable acknowledgment on the part of Government, important as a precedent, and calculated, we trust, to produce good fruit.

Cast of the Colossal Statue of David, by M. Angelo, at South Kensington.—A cast of this work has been lately set up in the ground-floor of the Department of Art and Science. It is the gift, as we have heard, of the Grand-duke of Tuscany to her Majesty. Vasari gives the following account of the original, which stands in the Piazza del Grand Duca, at Florence, having been set up there in the month of September, 1504:—"A large piece of marble had for many years lain neglected in Florence, embossed for a gigantic statue, but with so little skill, that it was thought spoiled for any purposes of sculpture. This ill-shaped block Michael Angelo wished to convert into a statue, and the *gonfaloniere* gave him permission to do the best he could with it. He then composed a figure accommodated to the irregular shape of the marble, and in eighteen months produced a colossal statue of David, which was placed in the piazza, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, where it now stands." The block of marble was nine bracciæ long (sixteen feet six inches), and the statue is of the same height; on the top and at the base the rude surface of the marble yet remains. This statue is inferior to other works by the same hand—as the Moses, and the wonderful sketches of the Medici tombs. This is no doubt attributable in degree to the unusual difficulties arising from the half-spoilt character of the block when it came into the artist's hands. Some of its incongruities, however, cannot be thus accounted for—as, for instance, the great size of the head, and of the limbs for the trunk—a similar defect to that of the Perseus of Cellini, that stands near it in the same piazza, in Florence. These proportions of the David might be advocated by some as peculiar to a youth, but that the members themselves and the extremities have not a youthful character, the hands, especially, being those of an old man. The original does not appear to have added to the great master's reputation in his own country, nor will the cast of it in this; nevertheless, it is a work of much interest, both from its size, when we consider that it is hewn out of one block, and from the great reputation of its author. This interest is enhanced in the Museum of the Department from that establishment also possessing it in embryo, as it were, in the shape of the little first study for it, a sketch in wax about a foot high; also some anatomical studies of the limbs, all which formed part of the Gherardini Collection, recently purchased by the Department. Thus, it appears that any deficiencies that may exist in the statue do not arise from want of study. Although, however, the parts are incongruous—a defect into which Greek Art never falls—yet some are admirable. The torso by itself, for instance, is fine, and the back especially beautiful; indeed, the back view altogether is the best, as being that in which the lines of the figure present the finest contour, and in which the head does not appear so large. The choice of subject for so colossal a work is more than doubtful. We picture to ourselves David as a slim, earnest youth, an enthusiastic boyish hero—not as a giant, for that would lessen his exploit in destroying him who "defied the armies of the living God." As it is, the first impression is rather of him of Gath than of Israel. The head is finely and vigorously cut, though not especially a head of David. It resembles somewhat that, by the same hand, of Giulio di Medici, on his tomb. M. Brucciani, of Little Russell Street, Covent Garden, having a mould, is able to furnish casts of the bust and other portions of this remarkable specimen of the Florentine school.

The Annual Festival of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution was held on the 4th of last month at the Freemasons' Tavern; when Lord Dufferin, a young Irish nobleman, who has on several occasions manifested great interest in the Fine Arts, presided, and eloquently advocated the claims of the society on artists and the public. We confess disappointment when we saw his lordship supported at the table by two only of the Royal Academicians, Sir C. L. Eastlake and Mr. Cockerell, the former also the President of the Institution, the latter its treasurer. The associates mustered in sufficient strength; of these we noticed Messrs. Frost, Goodall, Egg, F. Stone, and F. R. Pickersgill. Seventy-three cases have been relieved during the past year out of the funds of the society, to the gross amount of £1019. The subscriptions announced during the evening reached £650, including £50 from his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and £20 from Lady Chantrey. Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, and M. Ary Scheffer, contributed each 100 francs, through the hands of Mr. Gambart. When we think of the large sums annually collected in aid of other societies of a similar exclusive nature, the thought will be uppermost in the mind, that artists, as well as literary men, do not receive such assistance from those who have the means of doing good as they are entitled to. On looking over the last year's list of subscribers—and a lamentably short one it is by comparison with many others—we may venture to assert it does not contain thirty names independent of those of artists, or of gentlemen directly or indirectly connected with Art. This is not as it should be.

Panorama of Moscow.—The approach of the Easter holidays generally brings with it some new panoramic picture in Mr. Burford's rooms, in Leicester Square: this season he invites the public to a view of Moscow, taken from a point near the Kremlin, with the procession of the Emperor and Empress passing to the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin, where the sovereigns of Russia are crowned. The city of Moscow, with its "half-barbaric" minarets, as Byron calls them, is, perhaps, still the most singular in Europe, although a large portion of it is of recent origin, having been built since 1812, when it suffered such terrible losses by fire at the hands of the Russians themselves. It is a place so little visited by English travellers that we have no doubt Mr. Burford's picture, so beautifully and truthfully painted, will prove a highly popular exhibition. The coronation "show" is a gorgeous pageant, completely harmonising with the gay and glittering architectural decorations which are characteristic of the various edifices contained within the Kremlin, while this side of the river Moskwa contrasts strangely with the quietude and the simple style of building that prevails on the other, the modern part. The whole forms a most interesting picture.

Mr. H. Richter, one of the oldest members of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, died on the 9th of April, at the advanced age of eighty-five. The best of his works, chiefly illustrations of the works of our dramatists and poets, peculiar both in character and style of execution, are little known to the present generation. Mr. Richter, at one time, was extensively engaged in making drawings for the "Annuals," and other pictorial publications. Almost to the last he retained his artistic faculties, for he exhibited last year a small drawing of the head of a child.

A Portrait of General Williams, the hero of Kars, will shortly be placed in the council-chamber of the Guildhall of London; the commission was intrusted to Mr. G. E. Tuson. It is a full-length picture, representing the general leaning on the sword lately presented to him by the Corporation.

The National Collections.—A measure which has also in view the popular education in matters of Art and Science, and the best means of making our national treasures subservient thereto, comes before us in the form of a return which was moved for by Mr. Ewart in the last parliament. Our readers know, that the national collections fail of a large amount of their teaching power without the help of catalogues,—and that the catalogue is at once a serious imposition on the means of that part of the public which needs their teaching most, and a cumbrous mode of reference, involving constant interruption and serious loss of time, to all. To remedy this, the House of Commons has been desirous to see carried out in all the museums in the United Kingdom the plan adopted in the Museum of Irish Industry,—where, as the readiest means of conveying to the visitors the greatest amount of useful knowledge, full descriptive labels are attached, individually, to all the specimens. The object of Mr. Ewart's motion was, to ascertain how far this recommendation of the House had been carried out; and it is satisfactory to know that—to say nothing of our botanic and other scientific treasures—as regards our collections of Art much has been done in this useful direction. In the Museum of Art at Marlborough House the rule of affixing a label to every work of Art appears to have been acted on from its commencement, in 1852, as fully as the varying arrangement of the collections would permit. The monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, of course, carry their own inscriptions; and the objects of artistic and historic interest in the Tower are explained by the warders. In the British Museum the large Egyptian sculptures have now generally the names attached,—and soon there will be none of them which have not. The Assyrian sculptures, and the Greek and Roman sculptures, have descriptive labels; and objects of curiosity in the other departments are to a great extent labelled and inscribed. In Hampton Court Palace this work of interpretation proceeds but slowly. There are a few labels; but such as there are give only imperfect information, and 204 pictures are without any written description at all. In the National Gallery, descriptions have been attached to all the pictures,—announcing, in each case, the subject, the master, the date of his birth and that of his death, the date of the picture itself, and the school to which it belongs.—We dare say Mr. Ewart will keep his eye on this matter,—and see that a parliamentary recommendation involving such an amount of public convenience, to give it its lowest character, is fully carried out.

Diffusion of Art-Education.—After due notice and discussion, a resolution has been adopted, and circulated, by the Society of Arts, which aims at the diffusion, as far as can be arrived at, for educational purposes, of those national treasures, the first law of which is, of necessity, centralisation,—and is of sufficient significance in itself and in its possible results to claim the attention of our readers. The resolution runs thus:—"That the Secretary be instructed to inquire of the Institutions in union whether they consider the time has arrived when, in order to give just facilities throughout the United Kingdom for acquiring knowledge in Art and Science, it is expedient that the museums situate in the metropolis and elsewhere, such as the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Museum of Ornamental Art, the Museum of Practical Geology, and the public Museums in Ireland and Scotland, &c., which have already acquired, or may hereafter acquire by parliamentary votes, specimens of Art and Science, should be rendered, as far as may be practicable, useful to the local institutions, promoting Art, Science, and Literature throughout the United Kingdom,—especially the Mechanics' and Literary Institutions in union with the Society, and free Libraries. Should it be the opinion of the Institutions that the time has arrived, the Council of the Society of Arts request that they may be favoured with opinions as to how the object may be best carried into effect, and the Council will be prepared to afford facilities for the discussion of the subject. That a copy of this resolution be sent, not only to the institutions in union, but also to the Provincial Museums which may not be in connection with the Society, and to the Free Libraries in the United Kingdom."

Photo-galvanography.—His majesty, the Emperor of Austria, has conferred on Mr. Paul Pretsch, the inventor of this art, the grand gold medal for Arts and Sciences. The grant is described as being in recognition of the artistical perfection exhibited in the specimen prints submitted by Mr. Pretsch to his majesty.

Canadian Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.—An addition of great interest is just about to be made to the gradually expanding attractions of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham,—an addition of a

nature indicating the spirit which may one day, under more ripe arrangements, make of this place of marvels a world's museum in a more large, systematic, and educational sense than any that has ever yet been founded. In the last session of the Canadian Parliament a sum of £2000 was voted for the object of commencing an exhibition, in this unparalleled show-room, of the products, raw and manufactured, of that great colony, and a collection of models of all the important works there executed. A sum of £500 a year is, the Canadian papers say, to be applied to the maintaining and enlargement of this collection; and a large space has already been allotted to the scheme by the directors of the Crystal Palace Company. In its outset, the exhibition, it is promised, will exceed in extent and interest that displayed by Canada at the great Paris Exposition, in 1855.

St. Martin's District School of Art.—A very gratifying proof of the successful progress of this Institution was afforded by the complete success of the first conversazione given by the students, which took place on the 3rd of April last. The spacious school-rooms in Castle Street, Long Acre, were filled with an assemblage who evinced the deepest interest in the collections of works of Art which surrounded them, and in the prosperity of the school itself. The chair was occupied by the reverend Vicar of the parish, and characteristic and excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. George Cruikshank and Mr. Ruskin. The latter gentleman delighted his audience with one of his brilliant addresses, in which he mingled much of simple and useful instruction with equally valuable encouragement in the pursuit of the study of Art. Mr. Ruskin was followed by Mr. Burchett, the head-master of the Government School of Design, who adverted to the high character of this particular institution, and paid a deserved tribute to its able master, Mr. Casey. We shall expect much from this School of Art, and we entertain no fears that our expectations will have to experience disappointment.

In Liverpool, the first stone has been laid of one of those monuments of private munificence which have grown, and are multiplying, out of that doctrine of the day, the first sowing of whose seeds the men of this generation can remember, and which is more and more earnestly maintained as the beauty and value of its fruits are seen—the doctrine that the true discipline for the masses is education. Mr. William Brown, the member for South Lancashire, has, at the request of the citizens of that great commercial town, taken the leading part in the ceremony of inaugurating the new building for the Free Library and Museum which the town owes to his own unaided donation. The facts deserve a word of record. The building in Duke Street which contains the historical and ornithological collection presented by Lord Derby to the town, and which formed the nucleus of the institution in question, having become too small for the students which it had helped to create, Mr. Brown, in consultation with the then Mayor as to what could be done to meet this wholesome growth, expressed his intention to assist any such effort with a gift of £6000. It would seem as if noble action grew by its own exercise; for, subsequently, Mr. Brown announced that his donation of £6000 had expanded into £12,000—and, finally, he took the whole cost of the new edifice on himself, involving, it is said, a liability of not less than £30,000. All the associations in Liverpool which represent Art and Literature put on record their individual testimonials to this magnificent act of fosterage of objects similar to those which they have themselves at heart. The address of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, in particular, was emblazoned in the highest style of the Art, as borrowed from examples in ancient manuscripts, and framed in a manner to correspond. The trowel, which passes as an honourable heir-loom into the family of the founder, represented among its rich embossings, "a classic figure presenting the drawing of the new building to Education, with Fame overhead crowning the donor with a wreath of flowers." Mr. Brown said, that, Providence having crowned his labours with wealth, he looked on this devotion of a portion of its bounty as his fitting acknowledgment. We trust his reading of the duty which success involves may spread; and we believe it will, since it is, happily, in the nature of beneficent example to propagate itself. Throughout the whole of Liverpool the day of inauguration was observed as a holiday, and the festival aspect of that busy, practical town, under the influence of the occasion, was itself a striking proof of the progress already made by the cause to which this gift of Mr. Brown makes so magnificent a contribution. Among the honours showered by a grateful population on the living head of the donor, two are more especially designed to represent him and his enlightened liberality to posterity. One is a portrait of him, by Sir Watson Gordon, destined for the building which is about to arise at his cost; the other is a statue of him, for which Mr. MacDowell has received a commission from the town and corporation, and which is to convey his lineaments to future generations from a pedestal in St. George's Hall.

The New Government Buildings.—The designs for this grand group of buildings are now in course of arrangement for public exhibition in Westminster Hall. We shall not fail to notice them carefully and at length in our next month's number.

Equestrian Statue of Lord Hardinge, by Foley.—This fine work improves on acquaintance. A second visit is even more pleasing than the first. The horse is admirable—a noble specimen of an Arab, and the attitude judicious, though novel. It is a really good horse, not cat-hammed or over-necked, but one that would live across country; with a good flank to drive him over timber, and well ribbed-up—fiery, but not peppery. We have seen no equestrian statue of late in England in which we have liked the horse so well. With all this, he is duly subservient to his rider, not only in the riding-school point of view, of being well in hand, but as a matter of Art—a consideration of great importance in equestrian statues, in which, too often, the horse is the more attractive and impressive animal of the two. This rock is thoroughly avoided in the statue in question, in which, if we were to remark one excellence as more emphatic than the others, it would be the admirable manner in which the rider seems to *occupy* the horse, which is evidently but his moving pedestal. Altogether, the simple and quiet domination and fine presence of this portrait-statue is remarkable. The eye of the spectator goes at once to the features of Lord Hardinge. The arrangement of the drapery and details is judicious and easy. Our earnest hope is that we shall retain a duplicate of this fine work in England, as the original bronze is going to India; and we trust that the unexpected objection which has met this desire of the friends of the late Lord Hardinge, to have such erected by subscriptions in London—viz., that the relations of the late commander-in-chief wish no second copy to be made (which seems about as reasonable as that a fine literary work should be confined to a first edition)—will be satisfied by some minor modification in the second statue, which, without deteriorating it, will stamp both statues as originals.

London and Middlesex Archeological Society.—This active and energetic society proposes to hold meetings during the approaching summer months at the Tower and Hampton Court: it is also intended, in accordance with a suggestion from the Dean, to hold another meeting in July at Westminster Abbey. We were present at that held last year in the abbey, and are pleased to hear that there is a probability of the visit being repeated, as a single day is barely sufficient to have a glance at half the interesting objects there to be seen and talked about. The Rev. Charles Boutell has recently been appointed secretary to the society, and there is but little doubt that under his able superintendence its progress will be greatly advanced: we know of none better qualified for the discharge of such duties as will devolve upon him.

The Monuments at St. Helena.—Naturally enough, under present circumstances, the French Government have taken charge of one of the places of historic pilgrimage. They are about to enlist the services of Art for the maintenance and embellishment of the shrine which keeps, amid the solitudes of a lonely island in the far seas, the great memories of the founder of that dynasty which it is France's pleasure to acknowledge to-day. It appears, that, the intervention of the British Government has obtained from the East India Company the cession to the Emperor of the French of the house in which the first Napoleon spent the long years of his captivity, and the tomb which received the mortal covering of the captive when he broke his chain at last. The house, which has, strangely enough (since, seen from whatever national point of view, it is a relic of extraordinary interest), been suffered to go to decay, is to be immediately repaired,—the tomb restored to the appearance and condition which it had when—up to 1840—it held the remains of him whose vassals—like theirs who represented the Roman greatness of old—were kings,—and a funeral chapel is, it is said, to rise by the side of the latter. All the visible points in that wild and majestic episode—an episode incomparably exceeding in its expression of grandeur and desolation that of Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage—are to be marked by Art for the future reading of the pilgrims. The hill from which in fine weather the captive looked out on the great waters that lay, like a symbol of the coming eternity before, between him and the mighty fortunes he had left behind,—and the point of the road at which he turned in those unimaginable rides when, attended by a long train of phantom memories, he went abroad, to taste the accidents of his dungeon and take the measure of his chain.

The Crimean Monument at Turin.—To the angry correspondence which has recently taken place between the ministers of Austria and Sardinia, Count Buol and Count Cavour, and which has led to the rupture of diplomatic relations between the two states, we owe some curious particulars relating to this monument. The project is not, as we had imagined, that of the Sardinian Chambers themselves in honour of their own army,—but the proposed work is a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the Milanese, and as such was first offered by them for the acceptance of the Sardinian Government. Of course, the reasons are obvious enough why the Piedmontese minister at Turin could not, as matters stand, accept this expression of their sentiments from subjects of Austria; and the offer was next made to the Municipal Council of Turin. In Sardinia, as Count Cavour says, the municipal councils do as they like,—very much as they would in England:—and so, Turin will have her new monument, let Count Buol, as the Austrian "Hercules, say what he may."

Lady-Artists' Exhibition.—Arrangements are in progress for opening an exhibition of paintings and drawings by ladies, professional and amateur. It will be, we understand, of a high order, and manifest a truth which is becoming every day less questionable—that in the Fine Arts women are capable of great achievements. All our exhibitions of late years contain abundant proofs in support of this belief; and although it may be expedient to gather their works into one collection, we cannot consider they have been unfairly or even "ungallantly" dealt with in any of the existing exhibitions. We shall probably be, ere long, better enabled than we now are to report on this novel project—a project which cannot fail to be interesting and agreeable.

Archæological Institute.—The proceedings at the last meeting were opened with a warm and feeling eulogium upon the late J. M. Kemble, as an antiquary and man of letters, by the chairman, his veteran fellow-labourer in the same field of inquiry, Mr. Hunter. Various Roman and Romano-British discoveries at Drayton Beauchamp and Chepstow were subsequently described, and specimens of the objects discovered were exhibited. An elaborate and curious paper on "Horns of Tenure," by Mr. Walford, followed, together with a letter from Prince Labanoff, accompanying a proof impression of an engraving of an unpublished portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. This Russian nobleman has devoted his attention to investigating the history of Mary Stuart, many letters from whom, addressed to various persons, were discovered by him at Moscow.

Westminster Abbey.—The south-western arch of the choir has very recently been closed in towards the choir itself with a screen of oak, designed to harmonise in its general character with the stalls that occupy a position to the westward of the transept. The design of this screen is truly admirable, and its very adaptation to the design of the stalls, while giving evidence of the purest taste, serves to render still more palpable than heretofore the unfortunate circumstance that the stalls themselves were not produced under the direction of the same artist. The carving of this screen is of the highest order of excellence, and the entire work forms a happy commencement to the series of practical improvements in this glorious church, which we confidently anticipate from the present Dean.

REVIEWS.

MISCELLANEA GRAPHICA; a Collection of Ancient Mediæval and Renaissance Remains, in the possession of the Lord Londesborough. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Part XII. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

Mr. Fairholt has, in this part of the MISCELLANEA GRAPHICA, brought his labours to a close,—and a most beautiful, curious, and interesting work is now in the hands of the public entire. We have reported its progress as the successive numbers were brought out, so that little else remains for us to do than to announce their completion. The last part—that which is now before us—is devoted to a history of what, in the phraseology of our day, would be termed Mediæval "Manufacturing Art," as it is exemplified in the various objects which Lord Londesborough has collected with so much taste and antiquarian knowledge, and at a vast cost; for the rarity of these objects, no less than the valuable materials—gold, silver, and precious stones—of which many of them are composed, could not have procured them for their possessor except on the terms of a very liberal expenditure. The historical introduction is from the pen of Mr. T. Wright, F.S.A., than whom no one could be found whose acquaintance with the subject is more erudite, or who has a readier faculty of compressing a large amount of information into a comparatively narrow compass: the essay is accompanied by numerous woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Fairholt; and, as a frontispiece to the volume, is a most elaborate engraved plate, by the same antiquarian artist, of a remarkable silver book-cover, of Italian workmanship, executed in the fifteenth century—a production as beautiful as it is unique.

The entire volume contains forty-four plates, most of them having several subjects on each sheet, copied from objects that had their origin in almost every civilised country in the mediæval ages. The subject of mediæval Art is one that now engrosses so large a portion of public attention, that every work which adds to our stock of information, and helps to develop the taste, ingenuity, and skill of the Art-workmen of antiquity, is a book to be welcomed: to such a greeting this is eminently entitled.

BILDER BREVIER DER DRESDNER GALLERIE. Von JULIUS HÜBNER und H. BÜRKNER, Dresden.

This is a charming little volume, containing twenty-five etchings after celebrated pictures in the Dresden collection. Each is accompanied by a sonnet, alluding to some characteristic of the painting or the master, much in the way of the "Sketches of Painters," which Henry Reeve published with Murray some years ago. But it is chiefly with the engravings that we have here to do. The "Madonna Sisteria" and the "Holy Family" of Holbein are literally gems: they are etchings about four inches high, and are masterpieces in this style of engraving. There is a delicacy in the expression of each countenance, small as it is, which we have hardly seen equalled. The "Magdalen" of Correggio, the "Madonna della Sedia" of Raphael, then a Titian, an Everdingen, and a Vandyke, the "Children of Charles I. of England," are all the most delightful *souvenirs* any lover of Art can well have of a sojourn in Dresden.

LAYS OF A LIFETIME: THE RECORD OF ONE DEPARTED. Published by DANA & Co., New York; S. LOW & SON, London.

These lays were sung by one who dwelt in the remote highlands of the Hudson, near a small town called Walden, which the father of the writer had reared, and caused to flourish, amid the solitude. Of the name of the songstress we are left in ignorance—the editor of the book, who tells us much of the history of the lady, speaks only of "Sophia:" a pure-minded and gentle being was Sophia; we should have judged her to be so by her poems, even had not he who has ushered her thoughts into the world recorded the fact in his narrative, over which the spirit of the heroine seems to have flung her own soft and ethereal shadow, for he writes tenderly and enthusiastically. The poems are not many in number; three or four playful and humorous, the others sad, solemn, and sacred; most of them penned when the writer was suffering under an acutely painful disease, that laid her, a young mother, in an early grave. The work has a tone of pensiveness throughout, which, allied as it is to pleasant thoughts and natural expression, will find admirers, and not undeservedly. The printing, on thick cream-coloured paper, and the binding, would do credit to the most renowned publisher in London. It is a very pretty gift-book, which the youth of England and America may alike read with advantage to themselves, and gather from it lessons of the true and the good.

CHRISTIAN MEMORIALS; being Working Drawings of Headstones and Tombstones, designed by Professional Members of the Worcester Diocesan Architectural Society. Published by the SOCIETY, and by PARKER, Oxford & London.

The first part of this work promises to supply a desideratum long felt and generally acknowledged. The engravings are large, clear, and expressive; the designs are generally appropriate, and throughout there is apparent much of artistic feeling, with the expression of a pure Christian sentiment. The designs are varied in style, and they comprise in their proposed materials both stone, wood, and iron. With the plates there is given a simple prefatory notice of the general subject of modern sepulchral memorials, with a table showing the cost of the several designs. The price of this work places it within the reach of every person who is interested in the subject of which it treats—and who is not interested in it? We congratulate the Worcester Society on having produced a work that is calculated to prove eminently useful, and which establishes the practical utility of the society itself.

LESSONS ON TREES IN WATER COLOUR, from Drawings by VICAT COLE. Parts I. & II. Printed and Published by W. DUFOUR, London.

Mr. Cole is a very excellent landscape-painter, whose pictures have frequently called forth our commendation; but we have very strong doubts whether the method he has adopted in these books will much assist the student in acquiring the art of drawing and painting trees. In the endeavour to simplify his subject, he has left it almost barren: a mere list of the colours used in painting a particular object, without the least reference as to how and where they should be employed, is, we think, to leave the learner as much in the dark as ever. In fact, the examples require explanation. The mistake of most writers who would teach Art, through the medium of books, is, that they say too much, and thereby confuse the young student by the multiplicity of words; Mr. Cole's error is that he says too little—in truth, nothing. In another edition this omission might be easily rectified, for the examples are quite of sufficient merit to justify the additions, and then the work would be really useful.

LES VASES CHINOIS ET LES VASES GRECS. Par M. BEULÉ. Published by J. CLAYE, Paris.

By bringing together the opposites in Art, M. Beulé has here argued so much in disfavour of Chinese mental capacity, that their claim to be considered "celestials" is much damaged thereby. Should any mandarin assume to himself extra importance, after the somewhat extraordinary sympathies and compliments of some of our politicians, he might be calmed by M. Beulé's *brochure*. He starts from first principles, and has no misgivings, but boldly propounds the theory of mental inferiority in the Chinese as one of the results of race. He thinks with Hamlet, it is "not to consider too curiously to consider so." He begs you to look at the colour of their skins, the conformation of their heads, the expression of their eyes; and, taking these as indications of a particular mental conformation, denies the name of Art to works from Chinese pencils: it is only a *bizarre* industry, which imitates nature slavishly in flowers or insects; and if it reach the imaginative, only disports itself in grotesque forms calculated to dispel the *ennui* of an opium-eating race. The Greeks, on the contrary, elevated man, and their ceramic works were devoted to beauty of form and grandeur of idea; they were infinitely inferior in material to the Chinese, but as infinitely superior in design: and this argument, deduced from the potter's clay, M. Beulé would bring to bear on the "human clay" all the world over; hence we have a few sly hints at the lugubrious tints of the German painters, and the *tristesse* of all northern nations. The argument is an old one with French philosophers; but by thus contrasting such extremes as Greek and Chinese Art, M. Beulé has made out a strong case, and certainly proved the vast difference in the mental organisation of both.

ADULTERATIONS DETECTED; OR, PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF FRAUDS IN FOOD AND MEDICINE. By A. H. HASSALL, M.D. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This volume is supplementary to a former work by Dr. Hassall on "Food and its Adulterations," in which the exposures of what the public are accustomed to eat and drink almost "frightened the isle from its propriety." Such revelations are a lamentable reflection on the commercial morality of the age, and are even more to be deprecated than the mischievous results in the public health to which they lead; for the conscience of the adulterator must be seared, his honesty of principle thrown to the winds, to induce the commission of offences so dark and destructive. We cannot, for the life of us, see the smallest distinction between the utterer of a base coin or a forged note, and the trader who sells knowingly an adulterated article either of food or clothing; in the case of the former, as being more prejudicial to the community, we would go so far as to make it a penal offence; a few convictions under such a statute would do more to cure the evil than any other power we might bring to bear upon the offender. Until, however, some measures, legal or otherwise, are in force to curb practices so notorious and prejudicial, there is nothing to be done but to submit to them; a knowledge of the evil will not mend it, when it is, as it seems to be, everywhere prevalent. Dr. Hassall's book may be advantageously consulted to detect imposition; we only wish he could tell us with equal clearness and certainty how to avoid it. Perhaps after all we may truly say as regards the matter—

> "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,—",

at least, till, with our knowledge of the bane, we have also learned the antidote, and how to apply it. This knowledge has yet to be acquired, and Dr. Hassall is doing most effectually his part in keeping the subject before the attention of the public; we hope and believe with some ultimate benefit to us all.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE CAOUTCHOUC OR INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURE IN ENGLAND. By THOMAS HANCOCK. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

A new class of literature has sprung up within the last few years: the specialities of trade are taking their place on the shelves of the shops in Paternoster Row, side by side with the specialities of science and the liberal Arts. We have the "Book of the Feet; or, the History of Boots and Shoes;" the "History of the Umbrella;" in the March number of this Journal we noticed an elaborate treatise on "Locks and Keys;" and Mr. Hancock now presents us with the story of the India-Rubber Manufacture. The use and varied application of this substance has now become so general and so important a feature in manufactures, as to render it quite worthy of a book devoted to its history and progress; and Mr. Hancock, as the "father of this wonderfully-increasing branch of the Arts," as he has been termed, and as a partner in the well-known firm of Charles Mackintosh & Co., is undoubtedly the fittest person to write such a history. The subject is one we need not discuss; it has already been the text of several articles in our pages, from the pens of Mr. Robert Hunt and other contributors; Mr. Hancock enters, of course, more fully into the matter, and dilates upon it in all its various ramifications and statistics. His volume is filled with engravings of the numerous articles in which caoutchouc is used—their name is "legion."

THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT. By S. B. BEAL. Published by DALTON, London; ETHERIDGE, Newport; BRIDDON, Ryde.

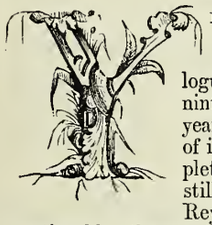
This little work possesses something more than a local interest; for, in addition to a history of the late Church of St. Thomas, pulled down in 1854, and a description of the new one, it contains a brief but interesting memoir of the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I., whose remains were interred in the chancel of the church, and whose death has been commemorated in the monument recently erected as "a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes, by VICTORIA R.," as the description on the pauel of the tomb indicates. We spoke of this memorial a short time since; it is by Baron Marochetti, and represents a full-length effigy of the young princess, clad in the dress of the period; it is thrown back into the wall, and behind it the stone-work is carved in imitation of the bars of a prison-grating, and also in the front, depending about twelve inches from the top. The fact of the royal lady dying in captivity at Carisbrook Castle renders the design most appropriate. Mr. Beal's book contains engravings of the monument and of the new church.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1857.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



EAR after year the age of the Academy is chronicled on the catalogue—this is the Eighty-ninth Exhibition: in eleven years more the first century of its existence will be complete. There may be those still living who remember Reynolds; there are unquestionably those who have known some of his contemporaries and friends. Nine-tenths of a century is relatively a long or a short period; it is a period sufficiently long to admit of numerous and great changes in many things, but not in Art. Antithetically to the shortness of life, it is well said that Art is long. Since the time of the first Academicians, the change is indeed great; but the great change has only of late years become confirmed. Could Reynolds, or even those of his more recently deceased friends, make a shadowy tour round these three rooms in Trafalgar Square, and could they express themselves intelligibly to mortal ears, they would say that Art in England was ruined. West might speak in mild but earnest language; but George Morland would not hesitate to say, in the coarsest terms, that all was gone to where—

> "A dark
> Illimitable ocean, without bound,
> Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
> And time, and place, are lost."

Reynolds was a great authority in Art, and is still so, but we cannot agree with him in what surely would be his absolute dictum. When the principle of the three lights was propounded, nobody thought of painting pictures with more or less than three lights; and the highest light in every picture was, according to prescription, warm, and every landscape without a brown tree was unendurable. But now we see unexceptionable pictures with any number of lights—with cool principal lights, and without brown trees. We admire now landscapes with a quantity of green that would set Fuseli's teeth on edge, and perilously shake the nerves of Sir George Beaumont. We reverence the austerities of our ancestors: we respect their virtues, but we absorb them in our enlarged principles. We receive as truths all they advance in the limited sphere to which they confined themselves; but we develop truths of which they did not dream. If there be any theorists living who deny that Art does not advance, we simply ask them, if it be not advancement to receive all the sound prescriptions of those who have gone before us, and to add to them others more strictly natural? Eighty-nine years ago—nay, less than that—our painters generally studied Art with too little Nature; now they study Nature with too little Art. We become by custom so habituated to certain things that we cease to be sensible to their new impressions. It was only when the French artists of all classes saw with amazement, and discussed frequently with contempt, the extent to which our school had carried finish, that we ourselves recognised the distance that we had insensibly, but enthusiastically, travelled in that direction. Everybody has eagerly sought out the Pre-Raffaellite essays in each exhibition of late years; but more from curiosity than love. They have been the lions of the exhibitions, and the worst and most extravagant have always been the most fruitful source of public pleasure and *amusement*. Photography has done much for Art in the smaller works,—it is recognisable everywhere in small landscapes, and small figure pictures; the finish of some of these is beyond all praise. We still feel the effects of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, in occupying certain of our most distinguished painters, who would otherwise contribute to the Royal Academy; many artists who have frequently contributed important works, have this year contented themselves with sending pictures smaller than usual, though not less careful as to execution than their larger productions. The number of oil pictures is 641, but the last number in the catalogue is 1372; the difference is, therefore, made up of miniature drawings, engravings, and sculpture. The Academicians and Associates who exhibit are, Mulready, Maclise, Stanfield, Roberts, A. E. Chalon, Cooper, Creswick, Sir J. W. Gordon, Grant, Pickersgill, F. W. Pickersgill, Redgrave, Uwins, Leslie, Dyce, Witherington, Cope, Jones, Sir W. C. Ross, Thorburn, Millais, Weekes, &c.; but, notwithstanding this array of names, there are very few productions in the highest class of subject: the pictures of Maclise and Cope are the two most ambitious and earnest productions; Mulready's picture for the Vernon Collection has cost him an immensity of labour, but it is of a domestic character. The names of E. M. Ward, Webster, Lee, Gibson, &c., do not appear in the catalogue as exhibitors. Millais contributes some works of which we shall speak in their place in the catalogue; but Pre-Raffaellism—*quoad* figure pictures—is not this season so prominent as it was last. The best spirit of landscape painting may be said to be entirely unrepresented in the Academy: and it is deeply to be lamented that, in the place of subjects of interest, so much of the space should be occupied by portraiture, of which so great a proportion is unqualified by any marked excellence. There are, we repeat, many small works of rare merit, but they must be sought out by taste and experience; several of these we shall particularise in the following notes.

No. 8. 'Life and Still-life,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. We are introduced here "au sixième, Paris," according to the catalogue—perhaps in the Rue des Petits Bossus, Quartier Montmartre. The "life" is a *couturière*, and the "still-life" one of those wooden heads on which women's caps and bonnets are made. The style of the figure is successfully French; she is one of the lower order of seamstresses, but she is personally "in good case"—a contrast to the shadows of women of the same class in London. The head is most satisfactory. This excellent artist has been gradually improving from year to year.

No. 10. 'Spanish Oxen,' F. W. KEYL. There are two of them—wild-looking animals with enormous horns, very like the cattle of the Roman States; they have been studied very searchingly as to the distinctive points of their race, and they strike the observer at once as of foreign breed.

No. 13. 'Mont Blanc from Servoz,' H. MOORE. This has the appearance of having been painted on the spot—being characterised; the "manner" could scarcely have been suggested by the ideal. In the valley the sun has set, but the light yet lingers on the sides of the mighty mountain mass. There is no undue attempt at grandeur, but yet the scene is grand in its simple tranquillity.

No. 14. 'Narcissus,' W. E. FROST, A.

> "For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
> Whom the sad echo answers in her turn.
> And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:
> When looking for his corse, they only found
> A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd."

This is the story of the sorrowful surprise of the nymphs at finding only the flower instead of the body of Narcissus. It grows at the brink of the pool, and is regarded with wonder by a mournful triad, representing the nymphs of the rivers and the groves. To the classical reader the subject is patent, but to others the aid of the quotation may not be unacceptable. The figures are very skilfully manipulated; and there is great power, as well as grace and beauty in the work.

No. 15. 'Her Majesty the Queen,' E. BOUTIBONNE. An equestrian portrait of her Majesty in the costume worn at reviews at Windsor and Aldershot. The horse on which the Queen is mounted is white, and in the distance troops are seen manœuvring. The resemblance is striking; and the picture is carefully painted.

No. 16. 'Burial of King Charles I.,' C. LUCY. A large picture, from the composition of which is judiciously excluded everything that could injuriously affect the solemnity of the occasion. The coffin is just disappearing in the vault, being lowered by men at the head and feet. There are few mourners present, but all the few who are there are not mourners; for there are some of the officers of the Commonwealth in attendance, one of whom rudely lays his hand on the book from which the bishop reads the burial service. The picture is not advantageously seen because the varnish is chilled. It is, however, perhaps the most meritorious work that has been produced by this artist.

No. 24. 'H.R.H. Prince Albert,' E. BOUTIBONNE. A pendant to the portrait of the Queen already noticed. His Royal Highness is represented also on horseback, in the uniform of a Field-marshal. He is mounted on a black horse, and circumstanced in an open composition, in which at a short distance is seen a review of the household cavalry. The features are like those of the Prince, but we think they make him appear older than he is.

No. 25. 'A Yorkshire River-bank,' H. F. WITHERBY. This is a study of the tangled greenery of the river-side and the hedgerow, made out with the most exemplary patience—a confusion of docks, grass, ivy, dog-rose, diverse foliage, and a variety of small salad, realised in a manner to which no praise can do justice.

No. 27. * * * * MISS R. SOLOMON.

> "'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with lowly lovers in content,
> Than to be perked up in glistening grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow."

Such is the quotation from Shakspere, standing in the place of a title. The story is of a gentleman of the time of Charles II., who, having been playing cards and dice, appears to have lost very considerably. He is sitting in deep despondency; his wife standing in sorrow near him. The narrative is clear enough, and the picture is generally well executed.

No. 28. 'A Crab and Lobster Shore,' E. W. COOKE, A. This picture has much the appearance of having been painted from a photograph; but it surpasses photography because the detail of the shaded portions is as perfect as that of the light passages. The pith of the picture lies in the wondrous painting of the shingle, every individual stone of which is represented. The entire shore, moreover, is brought forward

under bright daylight, which, with one or two darks, is worked into good effect. We do not, however, coincide in the geology of the composition.

No. 29. 'Portrait of a Lady,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. She is seated, and the figure has been studied in profile in a pose easy and natural. The features are clear in colour, and well drawn: the work is one of high merit.

No. 38. 'The View,' F. W. Keyl. A small picture, of which the subject is a lady and her horse; she has dismounted, and stands by the animal, contemplating the expanse of country which lies below her. The horse is drawn with a perfect knowledge of the form of the animal.

No. 39. 'A Syrian Sheik,' J. F. Lewis. The costume of this figure is such as we may believe the prophets and patriarchs of old to have worn; the Arab costume of to-day is the same as that of three thousand years ago. There is something grand in the breadth and forms of the classic draperies; but with our improved knowledge of the costume of sacred history, it is an impertinence to use them now in religious art. This is a small picture, in which the sheik appears at half-length. The appearance of finish is not so obvious here as in the painter's water-colour works.

No. 40. 'Captain M'Clintock, R.N., late commanding H. M. discovery-ship *Intrepid*,' S. Pearce. A small portrait worked into extreme softness of surface.

No. 41. 'Interior of the Duomo, at Milan,' D. Roberts, R.A. It has often been a source of surprise to us, that this magnificent interior is so rarely painted. We feel here, perhaps more than in the place itself, the full importance of the two great pillars which support the octagon, with the bronze and silver pulpits by which they are encircled—works begun by Carlo Borromeo and completed by the Cardinal Frederick. The bassi-rilievi by which they are enriched were executed by Andrea Pellizone, and the caryatides which support them represent the symbols of the four Evangelists and the four doctors of the Church,—St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine,—modelled by Brambilla and cast by Busca. A procession ascends the steps leading to the choir, and a rather thin attendance of visitors and devotees is distributed in the area. It is a noble production, painted with the true feeling for giving effect to this kind of subject; and such as few artists, living or dead, have surpassed.

No. 48. 'An Arab of Mocha,' T. Pickering. A study of a head rendered with a softness of line and imperceptible gradation, which rounds the features with the closest imitation of nature. The face is full of animated character.

No. 50. 'News from Home,' J. E. Millais, A. The trenches before Sebastopol form the scene of this composition, wherein is introduced a principal figure, that of a soldier of the 42nd, who, on his post and with supported arms, very attentively peruses a letter, in which is conveyed to him the "news from home." Mr. Millais' small pictures have generally, of late, been his best, but this is much inferior to his minor works of last year.

No. 51. 'Sir Roderick Impey Murchison,' S. Pearce. A small portrait rivalling enamel in the softness of its textures and gradations.

No. 53. 'From the early Life of Queen Elizabeth,' W. J. Grant. During the harsh imprisonment of Queen Elizabeth in the Tower, the only kindness she received was from a little child, who used to run into her room every morning with a present of fresh flowers. We find, therefore, the princess caressing the little boy as she receives the flowers. It is an original subject, but the background is too black; the figures would have been quite as well supported by a background of greater depth and transparency. The work has, however, very considerable merit; and adds to the well-earned repute of the painter.

No. 54. 'A Salmon Leap,' T. Creswick, R.A. This "leap" is formed by a fall in the watercourse, over which the stream rushes with foaming impetuosity. The picture has not the spirit of earlier works.

No. 55. 'Mrs. Creyke,' T. S. Heaphy. The lady is in full dress, and presented at half-length; the figure is graceful, and the features are animated and intelligent.

No. 61. 'Fort Socoa, St. Jean de Luz,' C. Stanfield, R.A. The fort is a round Roman tower, situated close to the water's edge, machicolated, and bearing an armament limited to one gun, pointing seawards. This picture, as to subject, classes with the "Ancona,"—the Spanish coast scene of two years ago,—and others in which, as a *point d'appui*, a shred of the coast is given with its actual and probable incident, and with all the solidity of reality. Beyond the tower the eye is led to the line of coast which trends to distance, until lost behind a brig and a felucca—primary objects in the composition. The shore is lashed by a heavy sea, the volume of which is painted with this accomplished artist's usual felicity.

No. 62. 'The Well-known Footstep,' R. Redgrave, R.A. The cottage and garden described here exists, we think, in some private collection as a sketch, but here it is so assiduously worked out as to form a picture of itself; there is now, however, a story—that of the return of a wounded soldier, whose home it is, and whose wife sits in the little porch, listening momentarily to the familiarity of the footfall, without being able to see her husband.

No. 63. 'Reading the Psalms,' W. C. T. Dobson. In this work are introduced two children of tender years reading, the upper part only of whose persons are shown. In character and expression the little heads are spiritualised beyond the cast of children of that age; and, although this is strictly inappropriate, it is yet a conquest in the field of the beautiful. The work is an essay in the "æsthetic" walk (like Gratiano, we are thankful for this word), that is, the children are set before us as *on* this earth, but not *of* it. The picture is of high merit—simple, forcible, and suggestive.

No. 64. 'The Jew's-harp,' C. Rossiter. This study, although illustrating the commonplace of domestic life, is a finished example of the successful study of direct and reflected lights. The truth is pursued with as much tenacity of purpose as if the subject had been of the worthiest and most elevated kind. The figures in the composition are a boy sitting near the window playing the Jew's-harp for the amusement of a child held on its elder sister's knee.

No. 65. 'At Rest,' A. J. Stark. The composition contains two horses standing at a barn-door; they are well drawn and substantially painted.

No. 69. 'A Highland Interior,' D. W. Deane. Discomfort and the picturesque are almost essentially conjoined: the houses we prefer to paint are not often those we desire to inhabit; and the habiliments we select for painting are seldom those in which we should choose to appear. The very desolation of this hovel is most valuable on canvas; the depth and subdued lights of its darker passages are precisely what they should be; the light from the window, broken on the girl seated at the cradle, is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, but time will reduce it.

No. 70. 'The Marquis of Lansdowne,' F. Grant, R.A. This is a head and bust of the Marquis, the features of which are pointedly expressive. His Lordship is dressed according to the taste of the commencement of the present century—in a blue coat with plain gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat,—a combination discountenanced by Brummell, because it was worn by the Prince Regent.

No. 71. 'The Rev. Dr. Adler, the chief Rabbi,' S. A. Hart, R.A. A life-sized portrait, in which the subject is presented in the costume, we presume, of his degree. The portrait is unaffected and life-like.

No. 72. 'The Evening Saunter,' G. P. Green. A portrait—that of a young lady wearing a grey dress; it is a graceful performance, reminding the spectator of the earlier school of our portraiture.

No. 77. 'Scene on Brae Mar — Highland Deer, &c.,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A. This large picture takes rank by the side of the best works of the artist of the same class of subject. The deer are placed on one of the peaks of the mountain, above the eye of the spectator, so as to bring them in relief against the sky. The principal of the group is an old antlered stag with limbs very deficient in grace, but they are of course represented as they appeared. It is a family party,—there are does and fawns, two of which are attentively looking at what appears to be, for it cannot be very distinctly seen, an eagle, that has risen into the air with prey in its talons. The point of the work is the movement and character of the stag's head.

No. 78. * * * * D. Maclise, R.A. We know not whether a redundant or a defective imagination be the greater evil in the practice of Art: the former we always observe derogates from the solemnity of grave subjects, while the latter is frequently right in the abnegation of supernumerary and injurious accessory. The observation is suggested by the bewildering plenitude of objects, which in this really splendid picture importune the eye. The subject is a visit paid by William III., attended by Lords Carmarthen and Shrewsbury, to Peter the Great, in the winter of 1697-8, when working as a shipwright in the dockyard at Deptford. The Czar is attended by Menschikoff, Golownin, Galitzin, and Prince Siberski; he has also in his train a dwarf, a negro boy, a young actress of Drury Lane, and a monkey, the familiarity of which caused some alarm to William on the occasion of a later visit to Deptford. It is generally asserted that Peter not only worked hard himself, but made all about him exert themselves with equal industry. We find him accordingly in the act of sawing a rudder or stern-post, momentarily resting from his work to address William, who has placed himself in a somewhat formal attitude, while gravely receiving the Czar's salute. Two more opposite characters cannot well be imagined. Peter is a jocund and hilarious personage as we encounter him here, but nothing in life can be more sad or solemn than William in expression, dress, and demeanour. The attention of the entire Russian party is fixed upon William, with that happy persistence which Mr. Maclise always evinces in indicating the points of his subject. Near Peter his three officers are working, one of them with an adze, but handling it so awkwardly that it cannot be well determined whether he is aiming at the head of one of the group or at some unseen block of wood. On the left are three women—one of them the actress aforesaid; on the right, behind William, are the Lords Carmarthen and Shrewsbury; and in the centre, near the base of the composition, are the dwarf, the negro boy, and the monkey, with an endless diversity of tools and scientific instruments; while yet farther on the left—a quiet allusion to Peter's predilection for the bottle—is an assemblage of bottles and glasses, with an accompaniment of fruit, which simply and alone would form a picture, so

wonderfully is the texture of the orange-peel imitated. The enumeration of this material would furnish an auctioneer's catalogue, and the drawing and painting of the items are a kind of perfection in Art which it is difficult to describe. But these are the injurious particles of the picture, with all their excellence of delineation; it is these that induce a doubt whether we are most to admire the life or the still-life of the picture; and we cannot leave the canvas without remarking the linear hardness of the execution. But, withal, we know of no other painter of our school who could send forth such a composition. We know not the destiny of the picture, but the subject is national, and it is well worthy to form one of the historical series in the New Houses of Parliament.

No. 79. 'Marlborough Forest,' J. Stark. We can scarcely venture to allude to improvement in speaking of the works of this veteran artist. Nevertheless, this is the best production we have ever known him exhibit.

No. 80. 'Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., D.C.L., &c.,' J. P. Knight, R.A. This head and bust of the President is a presentation to the Royal Academy. The likeness must be at once acknowledged; it is an excellently painted work, and a valuable acquisition to Art, in more senses than one.

No 87. 'The Duke Orsino and Viola,' F. R. Pickersgill, A.

Viola. My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
* * * *
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too,—and yet I know not.

This is Viola's famous confession in the fourth scene of the second act. The Duke is seated —Viola stands by him, looking on the ground, in maidenly diffidence at having proceeded so far in her declaration. The sentiment of the features is perfectly in accordance with the literal expression. She has excited the attention of the Duke, who does not understand, nor does he care to understand her answer to his question, but at once returns to the subject of his thoughts. The picture is excellent in that best quality which is the essence of true Art—expression.

No. 88. 'The Piazza Navona at Rome,' D. Roberts, R.A. This large picture illustrates a subject less pictorial—more architectural—than the interior of the Cathedral of Milan; it is, however, highly interesting, as affording an example of the modern ecclesiastical architecture of Rome. It is admirable in execution.

No. 89. 'Slender's Wooing of Anne Page,' A. M. Madot. The fatuity of Slender, and the aversion of Anne, are distinctly pronounced here. In this we say enough for the figures; and it is hoped that a word in favour of the brick wall behind them will be considered no disparagement of the impersonations.

No. 91. 'Scene in a Welsh Valley,' F. W. Hulme. This is very like the Conway, with its alternate streams and pools flanked with river shingle and green trees—rendered here with the finest feeling: like all the works of this excellent artist, it is pure and true, and very carefully manipulated.

No. 92. 'The Photographer,' G. Smith. The deficiency of the picture is, that we cannot see a subject of interest sufficient to engage the attention of the photographer; nevertheless his camera is set, and he is adjusting his lens. The theatre of his operations is a village, the entire youthful population of which is come forth to wonder at the magic of his doings. The picture is remarkable for careful finish.

No. 93. 'Rough and Ready,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A. This is a portrait of a pony—a quiet, sensible, and very safe animal. The accessories of the picture are simple and commonplace, but yet they are adjusted with the taste and feeling of a master. There is nothing that could be expunged without a sensible hiatus; nor could anything else be introduced without a sense of repletion.

No. 102. 'To Let,' J. Collinson. The point of the title is not very clear; the picture shows a lady in a dark dress, in the act of drawing up her Venetian blind, at a window well furnished with flowers. The figure is round and well drawn.

No. 103. 'Sacred Song,' S. A. Hart, R.A. Extremely chaste in treatment, containing two figures singing from a slip of music which they hold before them. The expression in the features of each is of pure and elevated character.

No. 104. 'Upon the Mountain,' T. S. Cooper, A. The subject is a small society of goats and kids upon the summit of a hill sparse with pasture, and hard with the cropping out of the limestone rock. Goats are not the forte of this painter; it would appear that he paints them with difficulty; certainly not with the same felicity that he paints sheep and cows. The composition does not hold well together.

No. 107. 'Titian preparing to make his first Essay in Colouring,' W. Dyce, R.A. "Ridolfi states that Titian gave the earliest indication of his future eminence as a colourist by drawing a Madonna, which he coloured with the juices of flowers"—such is the legend which follows the title in explanation of the picture. This picture is what would have been called Pre-Raffaellite before the inconsistencies and extravagances presented in the works so called. But it differs from such productions in two very important particulars, which are—the accurate drawing of the figure, and that it represents what might have been a living creature. The boy is seated on a chair, looking over the back of it in contemplation at the marble figure of a Madonna, which resembles more one of the beautiful Nuremberg Madonnas than anything we have seen in Italy. His hand rests upon the paper on which he has been drawing, and he is surrounded by flowers strewed upon the ground. Everything in the picture is worked out with the utmost refinement of labour; the leaves are individually represented, and every crack in the bark of the trees is made out in the spirit of the most perfect imitation. The expression of the boy is intense; he looks as if he had not succeeded.

No. 108. 'The Rev. G. T. Marker, Rector of Uffculme, Devon, and Mrs. Marker,' J. P. Knight, R.A. The two portraits are painted on the same canvas, the figures being seated side by side. The features of both are animated and agreeable.

No. 114. 'Flowers,' T. Grönland. A small study consisting principally of yellow roses, rendered with the truth which usually distinguishes the works of the artist.

No. 116. 'A Portrait,' A. Boxall, A. It is that of a lady wearing a white dress; the features, which are turned full towards the spectator, are painted with the utmost softness, but the chin is out of drawing. This artist is, perhaps, the last of the sketching school—upon him the new movement has no influence. We do not mean that the head is in anywise loosely executed; but the dress is sketchy, and the left hand, which rests in the lap, is only indicated; it is, however, a production of much elegant simplicity.

No. 117. 'The First of October,' A. Cooper, R.A. This picture contains portraits of the painter and his son, who are resting at the skirt of their cover after their sport; for it is scarcely necessary to say that "the first of October" means pheasant-shooting. Mr. Cooper, Sen., is in conversation with a lady who has ridden up to the party on a grey horse, which is extremely well painted.

No. 118. 'Clearing Off,' J. Meadows, Sen. A small marine subject, in which the sea is described with spirit, while the aspect of the sky is co-incident with the title.

No. 122. 'God Save the Queen,' Mrs. E. M. Ward. We listen here to a chorus of small voices singing the national anthem, the performance being conducted by a lady who presides at the piano. This is, we presume, a composition of family portraiture, rendered interesting from the manner in which the youthful characters are introduced. It is a picture of very great merit, and of general interest: indeed, there are not many better works in the collection than this production of a lady—whether we regard the composition or the execution.

No. 123. * * * * F. Goodall, A.

"Veux-tu la tendresse, me voila Jenny;
Veux-tu la richesse—nenni, nenni."

We have here a Breton youth and maiden seated on a grassy bank which rises behind them, so as to form the background to the picture. He advances his suit with the questions constituting the distich that forms the title. He leans back, so that the girl is the prominent figure, and she comes forward many degrees more brilliant than her lover. The colour and sentiment of the head rivet the attention. She is a most *piquante* impersonation; the felicitous relation of the figures tells the story in terms plain enough.

No. 125. 'Kate Nickleby at Madame Mantalini's,' W. P. Frith, R.A. The particular passage here illustrated is as follows:—"Kate's part in the pageant was humble enough, her duties being limited to holding articles of costume until Miss Knag was ready to try them on." We find Kate, accordingly, standing with a mantle thrown over her arm, and we learn from the reflection in a cheval glass, that Miss Knag is in the act of trying on another, but not within the field of view. The picture is low in tone, and sober in colour, and the flesh tints are not of those bright hues to which we have been accustomed in the works of this painter; the subject is also of a lower order than subjects that have preceded it.

No. 126. 'Mrs. Markham,' F. Grant, R.A. This is a portrait of a lady equipped for a winter walk in "a wide-awake" and dark cloak. There is much more of pictorial quality in this treatment than if the subject had been presented in the costume of the drawing-room, with her hair *à la Semiramis*.

No. 130. 'The Right Honourable Sir George Clark, of Pennycuik, Bart.,' Sir J. Watson Gordon, R.A. This painter possesses in a high degree the art of concentrating the interest of his portraits in the heads. The force and vitality of this head approximate to the life as nearly as Art can to Nature.

No. 132. 'Early Summer,' W. F. Witherington, R.A. There is a greater degree of breadth in this work than in many other pictures of its author, which, with the utmost nicety of elaboration, have nevertheless been injured by a reckless distribution of light.

No. 133. 'A Welcome Arrival,' J. D. Luard. We are here introduced into a hut in the Crimea, the dwelling of one, or it may be two, cavalry officers, one of whom has received a case from home containing a variety of necessaries and luxuries, among which there has been a packet of illustrated newspapers, the cuts whereof have been clipped out and pasted on to the sides of the hut. We conceive there may be truth in the picture rather from what the hut wants in comfort than what it contains.

No. 134. 'In Sussex,' J. Stark. The composition strongly resembles those scenes which find favour with this painter—that is, it consists of a few trees, well and carefully painted, with a portion of distance. There is, within the shade of the trees, a ruin of an abbey or a

monastery—an association which must, we conceive, exist in reality.

No. 135. 'Thoughts of the Future,' R. Carrick. The title is not so appropriate as many others that might have been given to this work, which shows a mother contemplating her sleeping boy. The window of the room is at the head of the bed, and the manner in which the light breaks upon the figure communicates to it roundness, force of tone, and substance. The effect is admirably managed; there is nothing to distract the eye, and in execution the work is very skilful.

No. 136. 'The Mountain Path,' J. T. Linnell. As an expression of sunshine, this is among the most successful works we have ever seen. The *locale* is a section of upland pasture, with a footpath leading over it definitely marked by the current of the rain-water which has flowed down the hill. It would be difficult to discover in the place itself anything worthy of being painted; but everything in Nature, faithfully brought forward, will become a picture qualified by some feature of the beautiful. The colour is powerful, yet it is well supported, and is, therefore, not crude; but in the distance there are certain passages of purple shade which are altogether inharmonious with the rest of the composition—these are dull and opaque spots.

No. 138. 'The Young Brother,' W. Mulready, R.A. This picture has, we believe, been long on Mr. Mulready's easel, and has cost him much anxiety; but this, to a casual observer, is not at all apparent. It was commissioned by the late Mr. Vernon, and is to be added to the Vernon Gallery. It contains only three figures, which are larger than any we have ever seen from the easel of this eminent painter. The three figures are a child in the arms of its elder sister, or mother, shrinking in play from an elder brother, who is about to pinch its ear. The back of the woman is turned to the spectator, and the child rests upon her left shoulder, while the youth on the right passes his arm in front of the principal figure. Beyond this there is no narrative, no allusive incident; the beauty and power of the work lie in its execution and colour—the former is marvellously minute, the latter brilliant and most harmonious. The principal breadth of the woman's dress is Mars orange, in proximity with which there are powerful and positive reds and blues. There is also a strong green, in the shape of foliage, overhead, which, under certain circumstances, would look cruder and greener than anything that Nature has in her ample stores, but it is reduced to harmony with masterly power. Looking closely at the hand of the child, and other hands in the picture, it would appear that some of these parts have been painted from photographic pictures. This may or may not be; but such is the appearance of these extremities. Fine as this picture is, we confess we would rather have seen a work with smaller figures and more of a story. It is exhibited by the executors of the late Mr. Vernon.

No. 145. 'In Lyndale, North Devon,' W. F. Witherington, R.A. This, it may be presumed, represents a passage of the course of the river Lynn; it is very like Devonshire scenery, but perhaps not the most paintable *morceau* that might have been selected.

No. 146. 'The Lonely Hearth,' A. Rankley:—

> "Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
> Congenial spirits part to meet again."

We are here introduced to the humble home of an aged cottager, who sits at his hearth in widowed loneliness. The crape band on his hat tells us that he has lately lost his wife; and that his loss weighs heavily upon him, we learn from a shadowy vision in which the wife is seen to be borne away by angels. The poor old man's position is very clearly set forth.

No. 150. 'Ye Banks and Braes,' C. Dukes. A rustic group, somewhat in the sentiment of "The Gentle Shepherd." A youth is playing on the pipe the air, it may be supposed, mentioned as the title. The figures are natural and well rounded.

No. 151. 'Margaret and Lizzy with Pitchers at the Fountain,' Mrs. M. Robbinson. This is the scene between the gossips at the fountain, in Faust:—

Lieschen. Hast nichts von Barbelehen gehört?
Gretchen. Kein Wort. Ich komm' gar wenig unter Leute.
Lieschen. Gewiss, Sibylle sagt' mir's heute, &c.

The fountain is placed in an open space, and the two figures are immediately in front of it, engaged in their earnest scandal. But this picture is drawn and painted with all the masculine vigour of a student who had graduated in every Art-school in Europe. The execution evinces power and knowledge, and the expression of the women accords with the spirit of the text.

No. 152. 'A London Flower Girl,' W. P. Frith, R.A. This is, we believe, the first time this picture has been exhibited, although we have seen it, or a replica, in a private collection. The girl stands holding before her a number of flower-pots, in which are growing various plants, and looking up at some neighbouring window.

No. 153. 'Heat Showers in August,' T. S. Cooper, A. This is not essentially a landscape, as the title might be supposed to signify; it is a cattle picture, but in every respect superior to recent works of the artist; it approaches the quality of his early master, Verbockhoven. It represents the everlasting knoll with sheep and a cow, very carefully painted.

No. 154. 'Mrs. Peel,' F. Grant, R.A. The lady is introduced in a plain walking-dress, holding before her a round hat. It is a portrait of much grace and sweetness.

No. 157. 'Dressed for the "Kermesse" (village fête), Antwerp,' E. H. Harden. A single figure,—that of a woman,—apparently well executed, but hung so high that it cannot be inspected.

No. 158. 'The Holy Family before Jerusalem,' E. Kirchbach. An example of the German school, but referring directly to those of the old masters, who, before the time of Masaccio, knew not that much of the beauty of composition lay in variety of line and quantity. The three heads are in profile, and all are turned one way.

No. 160. 'A Signal in the Horizon,' J. C. Hook, A. We are introduced here to the family of a pilot, or boatman, living on the cliff somewhere, perhaps, about the Isle of Wight. All the figures are on the steps by which the cliff is ascended to the boatman's dwelling; and there he is himself, looking searchingly through his glass, his wife dragging the tanned mainsail out of its resting-place, his son standing on the steps a little higher up, and, above all, a child at the door of their cottage. No artist describes these humble sea-side realities with so much truth.

No. 161. 'A Sea Nymph,' W. E. Frost, A. She stands in the water adjusting her hair. The picture is one of those miniature-studies of which this painter exhibits one or two every year; all being of great beauty and value.

No. 162. 'The Confidante,' W. Gale. This is a small picture, in which appear two ladies in earnest conversation on a subject which it is not necessary to mention. The scene is a grove, which, with the figures, is exquisitely manipulated.

No. 167. 'Rather Fractious,' G. Smith. A group of a mother and child, the former washing the latter. The figures tell forcibly, relieved by a plain wall, with somewhat of a Dutch simplicity of taste.

No. 171. 'The Author of "The Pleasures of Memory" in his Dining-room,' G. Jones, R.A. A small, sketchy picture, in which we see an old gentleman, which may represent the late Mr. Rogers, seated at a table. The room looks out upon the Green Park.

No. 172. 'Breakfast-time — Morning Games,' C. W. Cope, R.A. These "morning games" are something in the spirit of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes," &c. A child stands on a chair with eyes closed and mouth open, receiving from her mother a piece of sugar. The scene, as may be inferred from the title, is a breakfast-room of very comfortable appearance; the subject is interesting, and the work supplies ample evidence of power.

No. 180. 'Youth and Age,' J. C. Horsley, A. The contrast here is sufficiently obvious—a poor old widow in a red cloak, having been collecting sticks, is resting on her way home; she is in the shade; near her stands a party of village children, one of whom, with infantine simplicity, offers the old dame a flower: they are in the light, and the light and the shade, in this case, have a pointed signification. The place in which youth and age thus meet is a descending road, flanked by high banks and shaded by trees. The life of the picture has been successfully studied, and the secondary passages show an equally satisfactory result.

No. 181. 'Faces in the Fire,' J. Brett. The subject is by no means worthy of the execution. The picture is small, containing one figure—a youth sitting at his case contemplating the glowing embers.

No. 186. * * * * Miss E. Turck:—

> "I'll sit me down and muse
> Beneath yon shady tree," &c.

The practice of substituting a poetical quotation for a title is becoming very common. Where there is any difficulty in finding a title, this may be intelligible, but it cannot otherwise be understood. This picture shows a female rustic figure seated under a tree, but she comes entirely out of the picture. The ferns and undergrowth are very carefully painted.

No. 188. 'At Berncastle, on the Moselle,' G. C. Stanfield. This work is more interesting from its execution than the agreeable nature of the subject. The prominent feature of the view is a crucifix in the nearest site, placed over an arch, under which a rapid stream flows. It is painted with a substantial success that gives to every object the weight and hardness of nature.

No. 189. 'The Cradle of the River,' R. Redgrave, R.A. One of those sylvan subjects which this artist realises with much feeling. The cradle of the river is a woodland pool—a spring in the hill-side supplying, it may be supposed from the title, the nascent rill of some important stream. The entire site is covered with trees, and it rises so as to close immediately without distance. From the appearance of the whole it seems to have been painted on the spot.

No. 190. 'Margaret,' F. Stone, A. This is the scene from "Faust," in which Margaret, sitting at her spinning-wheel, and alone, thus laments:—

> "Meine Ruhe ist hin,
> Mein Herz ist schwer;
> Ich finde sie nimmer
> Und nimmer mehr."

She is seated, her head resting on her hand, and the tears falling from her cheeks. It is so different in manner from the usual work of the artist that we should not have attributed it to him. The change seems to result from the new influence. It is very beautiful in character and in execution.

No. 191. 'Mrs. Gisbourne,' J. Lucas. A life-sized figure representing a lady in a coloured dress, agreeable in expression, and without affectation.

No. 196. 'The Rev. Henry Cooke, D.D.,

LL.D.,' D. Macnee. A characteristic portrait of an elderly gentlemau, presented at full-length, and wearing a gown and bands. He rests his left hand on some papers and books; the pose is easy, and the features animated.

No. 197. 'Sophia Western,' A. E. Chalon, R.A. She is reclining in an arm-chair, in deep meditation, and near her lies a muff, from which a Cupid is creeping with the evident inteution of wounding her with an arrow, which he grasps in his hand. The picture, to speak mildly, is sketchy, and not up to the average of the present day.

No. 198. 'Sketching from Nature,' W. Hemsley. The study is made by an artist surrounded by a group of village children, from one of whom he is drawing. The model, amid the jokes of his companions, looks as grave and collected as he can. Each figure has been drawn and painted with a resolution to carry it out to perfection. The colours are stroug and effective; the work is one of rare excellence.

No. 201. 'A Swiss Meadow in June,' H. Moore. If this be true, the meadows in Switzerland are more flowery than our own. The site is a gentle slope, covered with long grass, euriched with flowers of a variety of hues. There is nothing remarkable in the subject as to striking feature; the beauty of the work is entirely due to the extreme tenderness and fulness of the elaboration, which has repeated the grass and flowers blade for blade, aud leaf for leaf.

No. 204. 'Port na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway, Antrim, Coast of Ireland,' C. Stanfield, R.A. In this grand picture there is more of dignified and serious narrative than in the others generally of Mr. Stanfield's recent works, with the exception of "The Wreck"—the lone ship. The picture sets forth the destruction of certain of the ships of the Spanish Armada, that were cast upon this part of the coast of Ireland. These vessels, driven on shore in the mist, aud supposing the isolated rock, called the Chimney-tops, to be in reality the chimneys of Dunluce Castle, wasted their powder in firing at them. The gale increased aud they were totally lost. We see, therefore, two of these redoubted vessels lying shattered on the rocks; portions of their crews, that have escaped the waves, are clambering up the rocks; and drifting ou the shore is a large boat full of people—priests, soldiers, sailors, aud officers, who have crowded into her without order. All this passes immediately beneath the famous basalt rocks of the Giant's Causeway, the base of which is lashed by the billows of a heavy sea; the right is enveloped in the fatal mist which accelerated the destruction of the ships. This is a picture which should be possessed by the nation as an ornament of the Houses of Parliament, for the subject is unquestiouably historical. More might have been made of the ships.

No. 210. 'The Lady North,' H. Weigall. The head and bust of a lady painted in a manner extremely simple and graceful.

No. 212. 'General Sir James Simpson, G.C.B.,' Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A. This is a full-length portrait, in which the subject is introduced, standing, and in uniform, relieved by a dark smoky background, with a slight allusion in the rear to the operations before Sebastopol. The background, without being at all forced upon the eye, is extremely significant of movement and action.

No. 213. 'Sir Roger de Coverley in Church,' C. R. Leslie, R.A. The subject is from the 112th number of the "Spectator," the text runs thus:—"As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregatiou he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them." In this instance one of his humble tenautry is dozing, and a servant in a very white wig and bright yellow livery is about to wake him. This picture is less finished than others exhibited lately by the artist, but the alternations of the light and shade are effectively disposed, aud the whole is very true.

No. 214. 'A Quiet Nook,' A. J. Stark. The nearest site exemplifies a small brook-side wilderness of those rank aquatic plants that are so rich in pictorial composition—docks, sedges, rushes, long grasses, aud tangled weeds. The remoter trees and distance are not less successful.

No. 215. 'Craig Dulyn, Caernarvonshire,' J. W. Oakes. The strength of this picture also lies in the immediate foreground, wherein a large boulder, abounding in moss and lichens, forms a prominent object, where also we have the utmost wealth of the rank weeds; while beyoud the foreground section is presented a view of a wild and broken country. This is the most profitable—the most earnest—kind of study for improvement in landscape art. We cannot praise the picture too highly.

No. 216. 'Heaven,' P. Levin. An absurd title to give to a study of a uun, without any further accessory, and looking rather a daughter of earth than heaven: it is a pendant to another work, No. 218, entitled "Heaven," patched and costumed as iu the time of Louis Quinze.

No. 219. 'Autumn Moruing—Where Brook and River meet,' T. Creswick, R.A. The title is assisted by a quotation from Tennyson:—

"'O, bubbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook 'Why not?' replies,
'I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley,'" &c.

The foreground is rich and solid, as are generally such passages in the works of this painter; the stones and shallow water—the latter repeating the sky—are highly satisfactory. A small foot-bridge crosses the brook, beyond which the bank rises and intercepts the view. On the right flows the river in a bright stream, its banks shaded by trees. Trees rise also iu the nearer passages, but they seem rather to have been improvised than painted from Nature, and on the left the ruins of an abbey are seen through the trees, an object in the composition which does not aid it.

No. 225. 'The Prison Window, Sevilla, 1857,' J. Philip. The title is suggestive; there are many ways of illustrating it, but perhaps noue more touching than this direct appeal to our humanities. A prisoner is seen at the window, to which his wife, on the outside, lifts their child to kiss the father, whose anxiety to meet the embrace, causes him to press eagerly against the iron bars, iusomuch as to distort his features. The mother looks down weeping while holding up the child. The vigorous execution of the figures, and their simple, even rude, nature gives emphasis to the incident.

No. 227. 'The Dame's Absence,' A. Rankley.

"Forewarn'd if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scenes unfold."

The little bird is a robin, which has made his appearance at the door, and his advent seems to have effected a temporary suspension of the "pranks" alluded to iu the distich. We know not which most to admire in this composition—the children, or the garden that we see in summer sunshine, for the door is open. As may be supposed, the children are busied in every possible way but the preparation of their lessons; some are brought forward into the light, others are in the shade, but all are eminently successful as constituting a pictorial whole.

No. 229. * * * * A. E. Chalon, R.A.

". . . . The isle is full of noises—
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

These lines tell us that the subject is from the "faerie" of the "Tempest," and we are introduced to some of the spiritual essences—the authors of these sweet noises. They are sporting in a sunbeam—dancing merrily to their own music. Grace aud poetry are in the conception, but the canvas is too full; the composition is confused, and the idea is not worthily carried out.

No. 230. 'On the Coast of France, in the Autumn of 1853,' J. R. Herbert, R.A. This study presents uothing very remarkable or attractive in coast scenery. The purpose of the artist has been a truthful version of nature. From an elevation, the spectator traces the line of the shore until it is lost in distance. There is but little of life; the broad sea is rippled only by such waves as simply assist its colour. The whole is a tranquil breadth of sunshiue, described with much intensity of feeliug.

No. 232. 'An American Gentlemau in the Costume of a Bedouin Sheik—Mount Siuai in the background,' M. K. Kellegg. This is a striking figure, aud, if it be a portrait, it must be admitted that the personage is admirably adapted to the character. The dress is one which, with every propriety, might be introduced into religious art, and with more truth than classical drapery.

No. 234. 'Vintage Time,' J. A. Houston. This presents a graceful aud effective arrangement; but the picture hangs high, and nothing more can be said of it.

No. 236. 'Eleanor,' L. W. Desanges. A head and bust of a young lady, life-like, well relieved, and beautifully painted.

No. 237. 'Langford Bridge, Staines, from my Study Window,' T. Uwins, R.A. A small picture, painted with much firmness of touch.

No. 238. 'The Moorlaud Child,' R. Redgrave, R.A. A small picture, containing a study of a child standing at a stile. She is in shade, and comes in forcible relief against the bright sunshine which lights up the field behind her. The little figure and all the auxiliary objects are rendered with earuestness and truth.

No. 245. 'The Court, Palace, and Gardens of Alciuous—A Ruddy Morning,' F. Danby, A.:—

"Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies;
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green inclosure all around."

This picture alludes to the entertainment of Ulysses by Alcinous, King of Phæacia, and Nausicoa, his daughter, after the shipwreck of the wandering king, caused by Neptune in revenge for the extinction of the sight of Polyphemus. The palace, a spacious edifice, stands on an eminence which is ascended by flights of wide steps from a sheltered creek, in which are seeu the ships of Ulysses, who is about to embark ouce more for Ithaca, and is conducted down to the ships by Alcinous, his daughter, and a train of attendants. Corfu may not be far to go for a subject, but we have seeu better pictures painted by this artist from subjects nearer home. The effect seems timidly subdued, and the general colour of the light, instead of being ruddy, is copper-coloured.

No. 246. 'Lady Jenkinson,' R. Buckner. The lady is presented at full-length, attired in black. The portrait is effective, but we cannot help thinking that the figure is, like many of those of this painter, taller than life.

No. 253. 'A Christmas Party,' F. D. Hardy. One of those humble interiors which this artist paints with such minute finish; but we find here, as in antecedent works of a similar kind, that the shaded passages are black. The party consists of a society of village gossips.

No. 254. 'The Message,' G. B. O'Neil. A boy is dispatched with a basket containing,

perhaps, a present, and he is strictly charged to deliver "the message" as he receives it. The pose of the boy and the action of the woman are sufficiently definite; but he is a spot in the picture—had his jacket been dark instead of white the feeling of the whole would have been improved.

THE MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 257. 'Incident in the Massacre of the Saint Bartholomew,' E. B. Morris. This incident is the rescue from death by Queen Margaret of a man who was pursued by the archers into the apartments of the queen, and wounded there by them. They were followed by their captain, who censured their indiscretion, and this is the moment represented in the picture. The lines in the draperies contend in force with the lines formed by the figures, which look rather formal than accidental.

No. 262. 'Mrs. Robert Smith,' E. Kaulbach. This figure, which is of the size of life, seems to have been executed with some reference to the feeling of the "old masters"—an extremely difficult and unsatisfactory method of treating portraiture.

No. 264. 'The First Break in the Family,' T. Faed.

"Oho! drear dawn'd the morning, and dark lower'd the sky,
When our moorland cottage the mail coach eam bye;
And grief at our couthy hame made his first ea;
When that coach bore our bonnie young Willie awa.
* * * * *
We gazed till the coach faded far ower the moor,
When a rainbow stream'd down ower our auld cottage door,
And we hail'd the blest omen, as Hope's happy daw,
That Heaven would shed blessings on Willie awa."

The story of the departure is very graphically and circumstantially told, and literally according to the text of the verses quoted above. The vehicle is seen in the distance, and the entire family—mother, father, and sisters—have come forth from their cottage home to watch the departing coach. The mother on her knees implores blessings on her son, and in her prayer every member of the family joins. The expression of the entire party points directly to the loss they have sustained. The figures are very firmly painted, and in the detail there is greater breadth and less fastidiousness of detail than in antecedent works.

No. 265. 'French Fishing-lugger at Anchor off Hastings,' J. Wilson. She is scarcely "off" Hastings, being some half mile from Hastings on the Brighton side. It is not credible either, that, with a breeze off the sea, any seaman would come to an anchor within the break of the waves, for the cliffs are within hail.

No. 268. 'A Stream from the Hills,' B. Leader. The light and shade of the remoter portions of this work are highly satisfactory.

No. 269. 'Half an Hour at Noon,' T. S. Cooper, A. The principal in the picture is a grey horse, which is well drawn and painted, insomuch as to supersede his companion—a boy, resting also for the "half-hour at noon." On the left there is a bank, rich with docks and rushes, on which as much care has been bestowed as on the horse. Although only a horse, it is at least a *variorum* from the unique series of late works.

No. 270. 'Susannah,' R. Tait. This is a full-length *quasi* nude figure about, we presume, to descend into a bath. She is not a Susannah, nor is the figure of sufficient elegance for a picture of this kind.

No. 278. 'A Widow's Son going to Sea,' J. C. Hook, A.

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer;
The moisten'd eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear."

The compositions of this artist, that is, his recent figure pictures, are at least extremely original. They are generally such as enable him to place one figure above another. The widow's son is on the ladder of a landing-place, about to swing himself into the boat below, which is to convey him to his ship. His mother stands above him. The substance and reality which he gives to his accessories frequently, as in this case, deprive the figures of their due importance.

No. 279. 'The Scheldt from the Quai Vandyke, Antwerp,' E. Hayes. We know the Scheldt well, but we have never seen it so rough as it is here represented, so high up as Antwerp.

No. 281. 'Place des Grandes Fontaines, Auxerre, France,' L. J. Wood. One of those street-views which this painter executes with so much taste. But this is not one of the most favourable examples of the "paintable" material of Auxerre: there are more advantageous points, which comprehend the cathedral and also the river.

No. 283. 'A Dream of the Past—Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' J. E. Millais, A. "The Metrical Romance of Sir Isumbras" is mentioned as the source of this subject. After eleven lines in praise of the gallant "Dextrier," the broad-backed, powerful horse of Sir Isumbras, then follow the lines which more immediately supply the incident:—

"And als he wente by a wood schawe,
Thare mette he with a lyttille knave,
Came rynnande him agayne—
'Gramercy, fair Syr Isumbras,
Have pitie on us in this case,
And lifte us uppe for Marie's sake!'
N'as never childe so fayre."

The rhyme proceeds to mention a "mayden," also, as being desirous of crossing the river, and Sir Isumbras, in his good-nature, places the girl before him and the boy behind, and so crosses the river, in which act he is represented. Mr. Millais has quitted the beaten track in search of subject, but his success is not proportioned to the distance he has travelled. But, to describe the picture:—It is larger than any he has yet exhibited, the man and horse being nearly of the size of life. Sir Isumbras wears a tilting suit of gilt armour, of about the period of our Henry VIII.; his head is uncovered, and he carries his helmet suspended from his saddle; behind him sits the little boy, with the faggot of sticks which he has gathered, and before him the girl, and thus he crosses the ford, the water reaching nearly to the horse's chest, and his body being but a very little removed from the lower portion of the frame—a disposition of very unseemly appearance. The time is evening, and on the opposite side of the river there are two nuns, and, at a greater distance, buildings among the trees. Mr. Millais usually proposes a sentimental solution to every passage in his compositions, but we can discover nothing here beyond a common-place act of a kind-hearted man. If there be any lofty didactic interpretation involved in the picture, it is too obscure for common understandings. If it be proposed to exemplify the protection of the weak by the strong, we have seen it better illustrated with simple materials. The armour we think we have seen before; it is of the square-toed period, and has been frequently painted by Mr. Corbould; it may be his property, but it seems to have been gilt for this occasion. This artist professes extreme accuracy in every minute circumstance. This metrical romance is a production of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, it is, therefore, not enough to appeal to the allegorical tendency of the picture to account for this. The horse, moreover, is imperfectly drawn, and is of a purple bronze colour—a hue unknown in reference to horses. The features of the knight are full of benevolence, but the expression of the girl is that of vulgar idiotic wonder. It was not usual for knights to ride with the head uncovered, they generally, having removed the casque, substituted the beret; there are many other inaccuracies in the work to which we might allude, but we cannot devote more space to the picture; indeed, it is not entitled to occupy space—its merits are not to be discovered, while its defects are palpable.

No. 285. 'La Pensée,' T. G. Gooderson. The head of a young lady; the face is animated by much sweetness of expression.

No. 294. 'Parted Streams,' T. Creswick, R.A.:—

"That meet again,
And mingle as of old."

There are here more of nature and of the colour of nature than in others of the late productions of the painter. The strength lies in the description of the nearest site, which abounds with stones, each of which is individualised, together with the weedy incidents of the river-side. The rivulet divides into two streams, and beyond this there is a line of trees traversing the picture, the whole shut in by high ground. Nature is most closely followed in the nearest passages of the work.

No. 296. 'Orchids,' Miss A. F. Mutrie. They are cast, as it were, on a mossy bank, which, with the flowers themselves, constitutes an agreeable picture.

No. 297. 'Portrait of a Lady,' S. Cole. A miniature in oil, of much excellence in execution.

No. 299. 'Namcless and Friendless,' Miss E. Osborn. This subject is extremely well carried out; and, in execution and drawing, it is much firmer than the works of ladies generally. A poor girl has painted a picture, which she offers for sale to a dealer, who, from the speaking expression of his features, is disposed to depreciate the work. It is a wet, dismal day, and she has walked far to dispose of it; and now awaits in trembling the decision of a man who is become rich by the labours of others. The incident is narrated with feeling and emphasis.

No. 300. 'Landscape and Cattle,' A. Bonheur. This is a picture of much excellence; it is definite and clear in manner, without the slightest affectation. The water exhibits the closest imitation of nature in its reflection, and the trees and rising ground are a very literal transcript from nature. There are, however, two objects which would have been better omitted—these are nondescript mounds, or heaps, in the foreground.

No. 301. 'Lord Bridport,' J. P. Knight, R.A. This head is successful in the best qualities of portraiture.

No. 307. 'Major Cumming Demar, Bengal Army, in the uniform of the First Irregular Cavalry, Gwalior Contingent,' C. Smith. This is a life-sized portrait, man and horse. The expression is penetrating, and the entire figure conveys the impression of a dashing officer.

No. 308. 'Calais Fishermen taking in their Nets—Squall coming on,' C. Stanfield, R.A. The principal object is a fishing-lugger, which is rolling heavily over the seas, and, secondarily, a boat hauling in the nets; the sky, to the left, is rainy, and looks threatening. The breadth of the water surface, and the rolling volume of the waves, are painted with the usual masterly power of the painter.

No. 309. 'Cottage Interior—Woman Ironing,' W. Nicol. The interior has been followed out brick by brick from some snug cottage, but it appears to have been set in order to be painted,—there is no picturesque accident. The principal figure—a woman—is standing at a table occupied according to the title; there is much reality in this figure.

No. 312. 'The Never-failing Brook—The Busy Mill,' W. F. Witherington, R.A. The trees in the works of this artist are very carefully wrought, but they are often spotted with lights, which distract the eye and are otherwise fatal to the composition. The water, the little mill, and the banks of the stream are perfect in exe-

cntion, but the locality is nothing like the scenery described in "The Deserted Village."

No. 314. 'Ploughing in the Campagna,' G. Mason. The interest of the composition centres in the yoke of oxen that are working in the plough; they are fine long-horned animals of the Spanish breed.

No. 315. 'H.R.H. the Prince of Prussia,' C. Schmidt. The Prince is standing; he wears the blue Russian uniform turned up with red; he is sufficiently well known to enable us to recognise a resemblance, not only to the prince, but also to the King of Prussia.

No. 321. 'Contemplation,' S. S. Morrish. A study of the head and bust of a girl painted with much firmness, bnt wanting delicacy of tint.

No. 323. 'The First Lamb,' J. Thompson. The picture presents a neatly manipulated section of monntainous scenery, like that of Scotland. In the nearest site a country girl is seated, holding on her lap a lamb, near which stands the mother, little satisfied with the attentions shown to her offspring.

No. 324. 'Dnmbarton Castle,' W. E. Bates. The castle is seen at a little distance, bnt the cliff on which it is perched is unmistakeable.

No. 325. 'Tnrf—The entrance to Exeter Canal,' J. H. Dell. There is but little subject here, but it is rendered interesting by good colour and nicety of pencilling.

No. 327. 'O'Donohne's Mistress,' W. E. Frost, A. The well-known legend has supplied many pictures:—

> "When the last April sun grows dim,
> Thy naiads prepare his steed for him
> Who dwells, bright lake, in thee."

The picture is small, yet it contains enough to satisfy the conditions of the subject. O'Donohne appears monnted on his white horse, attended by a company of nymphs. The fignres have been worked out with the same assiduity that distinguishes all the works of its author.

No. 328. 'Coaxing,' W. E. Frost, A. This is a miniatnre containing two fignres—one a husband, who sits poring, with an expression of anger, over a newspaper before him, while his wife looks up in his face with gentle words to charm away his discontent.

No. 331. 'Sceue from Thackeray's "History of Henry Esmond, Esq."—Esmond returns after the Battle of Wynendel,' A. Egg, A. There is nothing attractive in this subject; there are excellent qualities in the working of the picture, but the figures and their disposition tell no story.

No. 334. 'Hassman, the Arab Interpreter,' J. S. Cavell. A very effective study, but placed too high to admit of any examination of the merits of the execution.

No. 338. 'Hide and Seek—Found,' J. C. Horsley, A. The argument of this story is principally in the figure of a young man, who having concealed himself behind a tree out of the sight of a couple of maidens, is discovered by a spaniel, which by its barking annonnces the discovery to the young ladies, who are at a little distance. The dress of the youth is that of the time of Elizabeth; he stands erect, shrinking against a tree, and in his grimacing menaces to silence the dog, lies the gist of the story, which is told with much gnsto. The scene is a grove of well-grown forest trees.

No. 339. 'Beilstein, on the Moselle,' G. C. Stanfield. This view of Beilstein is given at a little distance from the place, so as to show the town, dominated by the mountain crowned by the ruined castle, which constitntes a striking feature in the landscape. The effect is extremely simple, the nearer portions of the compositiou being in shade, and contrasting very forcibly with the snnny distance. In this picture it is felt that the more distant parts are detailed with as much severity as the nearest: had they been painted with greater breadth and softness, the work wonld have been nnexceptionable.

No. 343. 'Peep-bo!' W. J. Grant. The title may be supposed to be the gratified exclamation of a mother who raises from her boy the veil by which he had been covered during sleep. The feeling of the work is that of the earlier schools; that is, the snbject is relieved by a perfectly black background. The colour of the priucipal fignre is bright and fresh.

No. 344. 'A Pienic,' H. O'Neil. The subject is not interesting; the point of the composition seems the dissection of a pigeon pie. The figures are numerous, well drawn, and well painted; but in an assemblage of people sitting down to eat—*sub viridi fronde*—there is neither story nor anecdote.

No. 345. 'Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A. This pictnre is brought up to that kind of sentiment which transcends the limits of canine intelligence: we know not whether to admire the work more in its canine relation, or as a caricature in reference to hnman kind. The work has all the breadth, firmness, concentrated point, and character of Sir E. Landseer's best works, which have always been those of the most simple composition. Uncle Tom and his wife are two black pngs, or mastiffs, seated together in melancholy companionship. The cast of Uncle Tom's features contain a ridiculous allnsion to some configurations of the African face, and the doleful sympathetic look of the wife we have seen as well in hnman as in canine life: not only in the faces, but also in the limbs and bodies do these animals refer immediately to humanity. It is not too much to say that no painter that has ever lived could have painted a dog-pictnre at once so full of truth and whimsicality.

No. 346. 'In the Church of San Francesco, at Assisi,' S. A. Hart, R.A. One of those snbjects on which this painter built his early reputation; it is well drawn, and we doubt not an unexaggerated picture of the locality.

No. 347. 'The Spring in the Wood,' M. Anthony. This is a large picture, with every appearance of having been painted *foliatim* from nature. It is not a subject that we should compose, but it has every appearance of a reality. The spring is the smallest featnre in the picture, the substance being a dense grove of forest trees, with a preliminary section of rough bottom, in which is "the spring." The picture is broad, earnest, and forcible, with little deviation from a rather low uniformity of tone.

No. 353. 'Miss Edwards,' T. Y. Gooderson. The lady is seated, having before her a sketch-book. The simplicity of the work assists very mnch its pictorial quality.

No. 355. 'Bon Jour, Messieurs,' F. Stone, A. The tone and feeling of this work are so different from everything we have heretofore seen nnder this name, that we have seriously supposed some typographical error. To take it, however, as we find it, we are reminded, by the spirit of the narrative, of that class of French artists who have suspended themselves between truth and caricature. The description is literally French—of a party going to market in a long cart drawn by a single miserable horse.

No. 356. 'Mules Drinking, Sevilla,' R. Ansdell. As there is an English name for this place, it would be in mnch better taste to write it as it is commonly known. The mules are drinking at a way-side spring, being laden with goods and merchandise in the manner still practised in Spain. That the animals, with their gear and their drivers, are most accurately described cannot be questioned.

No. 357. 'Scene at a Ghaut, on the Banks of the Ganges,' M. Claxton. The subject is a description of the ceremony of committing to the waters of the Ganges a woman, who is about to die. The picture shows a striking power of colour.

No. 363. 'The Hon. Lord Murray, one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Scotland,' Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A. This is really a magnificent portrait. The pose might be a little more dignified; but in significant expression and concentrated power we have never seen anything finer than this portrait.

No. 364. 'The Wedding Dance, Brittany,' F. Goodall, A. We are reminded here of the qualities of Teniers. The snbject is not of the elevated character of the pictnre of last year, but it is wonderfully spirited, and most circumstantial in its description of Breton costume and character. It is an open-air scene; the mnsician stands on a raised platform on the right, and the wedding party dance the *chaine longue* before him, not in the languid movements of a modern drawing-room, bnt the dancing here is a very subduing kind of exercise. The picture is generally low in tone, with shaded passages of much transparent pnrity. The bride is dressed in white, and brought forward as a brilliant focns in the composition, to which all other tones are snbject in their degree. It is a work in which the principles of effect have been consulted with the most satisfactory results.

No. 365. 'The Tombs of the Sheiks at Assouan, Upper Egypt,' F. Dillon. These desert scenes are so mnch alike, that they all look bnt a transposition of the same material. It is, moreover, a great distance to travel for subject-matter of inferior interest. We doubt not, however, the perfect truth of the representation.

No. 366. 'A Village School,' W. H. Knight. A village school is a hazardous snbject,—every puerile enjoyment has been already set forth nnder this title. The pedagogue here is apparently above his position; he wears a green velvet waistcoat and black continuations; he has risen, and forms the prominent quantity in the composition, as abont to inflict chastisemeut on a delinquent pnpil. The fignres and accessories have been most assidnously worked out.

No. 368. 'Roses,' Miss A. F. Mutrie. Original in composition, and very brilliant in effect.

No. 369. 'Scene on the West Lynn, Lynmouth, Devon,' J. Gendall. The passage of scenery forming the subject of this essay could be represented in no other form than in an upright picture. The river being snnk, as it were, in a cleft between perpendicular sides of rock, which, with the trees that shade them, constitute interesting material for stndy; the artist has transferred to canvas a beautiful "bit" of nature—and that with considerable ability.

No. 371. 'Calm in the Gulf of Salerno,' C. Stanfield, R.A. If there were no more seen than the fragment of sand at the base of the picture, it would be enongh to determine the artist. That serves to break the water with an idle ripple. All the rest is perfectly smooth,—an English bark with varieties of nondescript craft. The mnntainous shore commences on the left of the picture, and retires until gradually lost in distance. The effect is that of a breadth of unbroken daylight, which is everywhere beantifully sustained.

No. 372. 'Derwentwater—The Vale and Town of Keswick, and the Mountains of Newlands and Bnttermere, from the banks of the Greta, below the Penrith Road.' W. Linton.

> "To Nature's pride,
> Sweet Keswick's vale, the Muse will guide;
> The Muse who trod th' enchanted ground,
> Who sail'd the wondrous lake around."

This is a large picture, and, we doubt not, is a literal transcript from the beantiful locality which it assumes to represent; bnt the picture wants delicacy of colour and atmosphere; the distances seem to have been wrought with the same strong colours as the foreground, and

the whole seems to have been finished with a universal stipple.

No. 382. 'Morning,' H. Weigall. The head and bust of a young lady, sparkling and graceful.

No. 384. 'Water-fowl,' A. Cooper. A small picture, containing a composition of duck, snipe, and other birds, which have been very successfully studied.

No. 388. 'Did it pout with its Bessie?' E. Nicol. A further illustration of the *agremens* of the married state, by the same gentleman and lady who figure in the button-sewing scene by this painter; and there is another, No. 390, 'The Ryans and Dwyers'—calumniated men.

No. 391. 'A Field Conventicle,' P. F. Poole, A. The subject is one which has been already frequently treated—that is, the open-air preaching of the Covenanters in Scotland. This instance, we are told, has been suggested by Wodrow's "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland," which accords with every other work in its details of these persecutions. As a mere essay in colour, the picture is powerful to a degree. Colour seems to have been the aim of the painter, and he has not carried his picture further than that. In the figures there is but little of Scottish character; were it not that we see a bonnet here and there, the scene might be in Hungary. The preacher is erect, delivering his exhortation in the centre of the composition to an audience singularly in contrast with what we know of the materials which constituted these hypæthral meetings in the hills. The figures are few, distributed, and want earnestness; they are but indifferent listeners. All the beauties in the work we have already ofttimes contemplated in other works. For such a subject the heads want vigorous drawing, thought, argument, and soul.

No. 392. 'The Exile,' W. Gale. Apparently a Frenchman, who sits thoughtfully in his little room holding in his hand *La Presse*, which he has been reading. The subject is, perhaps, of a class too ordinary to be executed in a manner so exquisitely refined. It is a charming production.

No. 393. 'Luna,' G. Jones, R.A. A small picture representing the moon as a crescent, with a female figure resting within the curve.

No. 394. 'Affronted,' C. W. Cope, R.A. The aggrieved one is a little girl, whose dinner is placed before her, but she declines touching it, and looks extremely dignified. This painter is eminently successful in this class of subject.

No. 404. 'Master Henry Lionel Bathurst,' J. Sant. The perfect simplicity of this portrait constitutes its charm. The figure is but little distinguished from the dark background, by which it can scarcely be said to be relieved. There is but little colour in the work—the head, with the flaxen curls, constituting the one high light in the picture.

No. 408. 'The Escape of a Heretic, 1559,' J. E. Millais, A. This work professes to describe the escape of a young lady who was imprisoned as a heretic at Valladolid. Two monks, familiars of the Inquisition, were appointed her confessors, and on the morning on which her execution at the stake was decreed to take place, one of these visited her in prison. Having obtained access to her cell, he found there already a person in the monastic habit, whom he supposed to be his coadjutor in the good work, but he was attacked and gagged by this person, who with the prisoner effected his escape. Such, we are told, is the incident which the artist has proposed to himself to illustrate; but from the composition it is impossible to collect any intelligible story. There are two principal figures—a man and a woman engaged in a struggle; the former holds a dagger over the head of the latter, but whether he threatens her life or that of a third person, indistinctly seen in the background, is by no means clear. If this third person is gagged, we cannot see the force that restrains him; if the man struggling with the woman be the person by whom her release is effected, we cannot see the advantage of making this struggle the point of the picture. As to narrative, we have never seen a less intelligible picture; the drawing and proportions of the figures are the same as those which we have already often had occasion to censure.

No. 409. 'Osier whitening, or Withy peeling,' G. E. Hicks. The figures here are numerous and well painted, but there is an absence of effect.

No. 410. 'The World Forgetting,' J. C. Horsley, A. The title applies to a novice, who, it may be supposed, is entering her first profession of religious life. The ceremony seems to be concluded, and she returns from the chapel to the cloister. She is attired in white, and followed by a procession of nuns. The appropriate conditions under which the relation is made, and the felicitous result, place this among its author's best works.

No. 411. 'Lady Eastlake,' J. R. Swinton. The expression is thoughtful; but the resemblance determines the identity.

No. 412. 'Miss Drummond Davis,' L. W. Desanges. This is a full-dress portrait, presenting the lady erect, and at three-quarter length. There is a pendant to this, No. 428, 'Mrs. Henry White,' also a full-dress figure, both ladies being attired in white lace dresses. The heads of both are full of animated expression, especially that of the latter.

No. 418. 'Interior of the Church of St. Gommaire, at Lierre, in Brabant,' D. Roberts, R.A. The screen which partially traverses the composition is extremely beautiful. The church was much injured by the iconoclasts, in 1580; but perhaps the most remarkable of the pictures has been preserved—that representing the marriage of Philip the Handsome, of Burgundy, to Johanna, only child of Ferdinand and Isabella. The other parts of the church are without ornament; but the interior is full of interest from the masterly style of treatment whereby it is brought forward.

No. 424. 'Sabrina releasing the Lady,' J. Wood.

> "Brightest lady look on me;
> Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
> Drops that from my fountain pure
> I have kept of precious cure."

The lady is seated, having at her right hand the brothers, and on her left Sabrina, in the act of disenchanting her; and in the water, near the principal agroupment, there is a company of nymphs, the attendants of Sabrina. The subject is sufficiently perspicuous, but the figures are superseded by the undue hardness of the manner in which the trees are painted.

No. 425. 'The Vision of Queen Katherine,' H. Le Jeune.

> "Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
> Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
> They promised me eternal happiness;
> And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
> I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall
> Assuredly."

The Queen still sleeps, and in a pose extremely uncomfortable. Griffith sits near reading. The dream follows rather the feeling of the representation at the Princess's Theatre, than the descriptive text in the play. We see, therefore, the angels hovering over the Queen, the nearest presenting the crown of which she speaks to Griffith. These impersonations are as palpable as the Queen herself, or Griffith. They had, we submit, been much more according to the feeling of the poet had they been less substantial. Griffith is a very successful study.

No. 426. 'Repose after the Bath,' W. Gould. She who reposes is a Turkish lady; she rests upon a couch enveloped in white drapery, but disposed in an attitude by no means graceful. She is in the act of receiving a cup of coffee from a black slave. From the absence of accessory the picture is very effective.

No. 433. 'Roland and Edith, children of R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., and the late Lady Augusta Bevan,' J. Sant. The two children are seated looking at a book. The figures are brought forward with much taste, relieved by a wooded background.

No. 434. 'Lesbia,' W. J. Grant. This is a head and bust, the features of which are worked up to a high degree of brilliancy; but the impersonation is of a character too domestic to represent the Lesbia of Moore's verse.

No. 436. 'On the Norfolk Coast,' A. J. Stark. A small landscape through which runs a road, by the side of which, at a little distance, stands a farm-house, and beyond we have a glimpse of the sea. It is a work of much merit.

No. 438. 'The Blackberry Dell,' H. Jutsum. A picturesque fragment containing, on the left, a pool of water lying in shade, the deep tone of which is carried into the picture: on the right is a descending road leading to the lower site. The drawing and painting of the trees, and all the undergrowth, afford a masterly representation of Nature.

No. 442. 'Morning after a Heavy Gale—Weather Moderating,' E. W. Cooke, A. An Indiaman has run on the Goodwin in the gale, and the men in charge of the floating light have fired signal guns, which have been heard by the crews of the life-boat, and also of a pilot-boat,—both are bearing up for the sinking ship, of which the crew has perished: the captain, who would not forsake his vessel, is still on the quarter-deck. The pilot nears the light-boat, and further to the right, the life-boat makes for the ship, which went down soon after the rescue of the captain. The sky falls on the sea like a black curtain. It is a large picture; the circumstances are very strikingly set forth, but the sea is thin, liney; it wants softness and volume.

No. 446. 'On the Conway, North Wales,' P. W. Elen. All the scenery of the Conway is available for painting. This is a bright and broad picture, but we cannot see it distinctly enough to speak particularly of it.

No. 447. 'Frederick Perkins, Esq., High Sheriff of Kent, 1843,' J. G. Middleton. The subject is presented in court dress; the features are earnest and thoughtful.

No. 448. 'Charity—Sevilla, 1857,' J. Philip. This is the appeal of a poor Spanish beggar-woman with a child in her arms, to a well-conditioned priest, who passes on with a red umbrella under his arm, and his hands folded before him, deaf to the poor woman's wail. To render more pointed the appeal, there is bread exposed for sale on a stall—an addition which in a ten-fold degree makes the woman's importunity the more urgent, and the priest's refusal the more uncharitable. The woman and the child are very firmly delineated, and the man, we presume, is a burly type of his community. It is a very powerful and characteristic production.

No. 449. 'The Rehearsal: Scene—the Gardens, Elvaston, Derbyshire,' J. D. Wingfield. A goodly company of dames and cavaliers assembled in a garden, which sorts well with the style of the party—that of the cavalier period. There is much elegant taste in the composition.

No. 450. 'In the Welsh Meadows—Morning,' A. W. Williams. The picture is divided into two quantities—a breadth of grassy foreground and a mountain range—each very much assisting the other; the nearer portion, with the cattle grazing on it, is a beautiful passage of Art.

No. 452. 'Sir James Scarlett,' F. Grant, R.A. This officer is mounted, and may be supposed to be at Balaclava; he wears over his uniform a plain dark morning coat, the dress, it may be supposed, which he wore in the Crimea. He is introduced in a landscape which represents, perhaps, a portion of the scene of the famous charge. Behind him, and in line, are the Fifth Dragoon Guards, and the Scots Greys.

No. 453. 'Apollo and Clytie,' G. Patten, A. This is a large picture, in which both figures are introduced nude. The colour of the flesh is too ruddy.

No. 457. 'Rev. Dr. Wellesley, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford; President of the Oxford Art Society.'

No. 458. 'Sculptor's Work-shop at Stratford-on-Avon, A.D. 1617,' H. Wallis. In this picture we find a sculptor at work, at the bust of Shakspere, which is in Stratford Church. The bust is before him, and a gentleman stands near holding a plaster mask, and suggesting some improvement. The subject is at once clear, but the picture is not so forcible as the Chatterton picture of last year.

WEST ROOM.

No. 467. * * * * W. Linnell.

"Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

A magnificent composition, but not of the kind contemplated by Milton when he wrote that line. The flock is climbing, not straying, on a dry bank, but little relieved in colour by the parched herbage on its sides. The extreme left of the foreground is closed by a stunted oak, near which is a figure with a donkey. A low belt of trees crosses the bottom of the descent, and thence opens an expanse of richly-wooded country, such as we see in some parts of Surrey or Sussex. The colour of the bank and that of the distances is too much opposed, but it is nevertheless a masterpiece.

No. 470. 'Thomas Henry Wyatt, Esq.,' George Landseer. This is a small portrait of a gentleman engaged in drawing a ground-plan. The pose is not well suited for the determination of resemblance.

No. 471. 'Interior, North Wales,' A. Provis. It is impossible to carry more colour or finish in a story of this kind: the value of the execution here is to show the raggedness of the dwelling.

No. 472. 'Fruit, &c.,' W. Duffield. A tankard, with a goblet and fruit—equal to the best of the artist's works.

No. 473. 'Dew-drops,' E. V. Rippingille. This is a large picture, presenting a group of two girls, circumstanced in a landscape; one is seated on the grass, from which the other gathers the dew, which she sprinkles on her seated companion. The conception is qualified with a vein of poetry, which is sustained in the realisation.

No. 481. 'Flower-market, Rouen,' J. O'Connor. The representation is very like the place, but the houses are too well-conditioned for the reality.

No. 483. 'Sabbath,' A. Johnston. The scene is the home of a Scottish farmer, whose family, with himself, are assembled at the breakfast-table, and he is in the act of asking a blessing. The heads and features are warm, life-life, and rich in colour, insomuch as to support themselves in the proximity of powerful reds and yellows.

No. 489. 'The Drachenfels, on the Rhine,' Mrs. G. E. Hering. This well-known peak, with its crown of ruins, comes nearly into the centre of the little picture, rising into the light of the setting sun, while the river and the lower part of the rock are already in shade.

No. 497. 'An Indian Summer Morning in the White Mountains, America,' J. F. Cropsey. This is the work of an excellent American painter recently settled in London: it is highly coloured, and every incidental line in the mountains has been signalised. The water is extremely well rendered, being distinguished in an eminent degree by that which is wanting in other parts—breadth.

No. 498. 'The Chamber Scene from "Hamlet,"' W. S. Herrick. The ghost is a very felicitous conception; the shadowy phantom realises Hamlet's descriptions of his father. Hamlet is also successful, but the queen is a failure. The apartment and the auxiliary composition are unexceptionable.

No. 499. 'David Cox, Esq.,' W. Boxall, A. The resemblance is at once acknowledged.

No. 500. 'A Bit of English Coast,' E. W. Cooke, A. In looking at the shingle of this painter we feel as if pelted with stones; we have here, however, a fragment of cliff, chalk, and gravel, with innumerable attempts at rude breakwaters below, all of which are most conscientiously painted. Simplicity of colour is carried too far—the picture is too grey, it wants a stimulus.

No. 501. 'Montaigne—The Library, from Studies made at Montaigne's Château, in Gascony,' H. Wallis. The head of Montaigne, in this picture, is as successful with respect to the manner in which it is lighted as any similar study can be; the shaded passages are somewhat too warm, but the head is a speaking reality. Montaigne is introduced in his library, into which a young lady has penetrated, and on her knees supplicates that he will adopt her as his daughter. In every passage it merits the highest eulogy.

No. 503. 'The Pilgrim Fathers—Departure of a Puritan Family for New England,' C. W. Cope, R.A. The event took place in July, 1620, from Delft. This was the party that embarked in the famous and good ship *Mayflower*, after a residence of twelve years at Leyden. The composition shows two parties—the pilgrims, who are embarked in the boat that is to convey them to the *Mayflower*, and their friends, who are assembled on the shore to take leave of them, one of whom has fallen on his knees to supplicate God for their safe transit to their new home. The narrative is perspicuous and circumstantial; the valediction is emphatic on both sides.

No. 504. 'The Source of the Thames, near Cheltenham,' H. W. Pearsall. The subject is a shallow pool shaded with trees, and deriving interest as being the earliest current of the metropolitan river.

No. 506. 'The Fisherman's Family,' W. Underhill. A group of figures relieved by a dark background. The entire composition is painted with great firmness.

No. 507. 'Crossing the Stream,' F. Underhill. The feeling of this work is very like that of the preceding.

No. 511. 'Driving Cattle to the Alps, near Hasle,' R. Koller. This picture is executed in the manner of a foreign school; the heads of the cattle appear to be well drawn, but the subject is injudiciously closed in with trees.

No. 514. 'The Harvest-field,' R. Redgrave, R.A. The perfect realisation of the stubble and the sheaves in the foreground of the view cannot be surpassed. The composition may be somewhat formal, and the lines too continuous, but it is most conscientiously worked out.

No. 517. 'Tartuffe at Supper,' W. M. Egley. This is derived from the scene in which Orgon so particularly inquires for Tartuffe, but asks nothing about his wife. Dorine tells him that Madame was extremely indisposed, but Tartuffe discussed for supper two partridges and a part of a leg of mutton hashed. We find, therefore, Tartuffe at supper, and Orgon's wife lying on a couch. The execution is careful, even to extreme hardness; and the characters want point.

No. 520. 'The Love Test,' T. M. Joy. This is much the best production we have ever seen exhibited under this name. The story is related of two girls who test the fidelity of their lovers by the trial of the two floating lights. In this case one is extinguished, to the dismay of her who has made the trial. It is the most finished picture we have ever seen under this name.

No. 522. 'The Patriot,' Miss Fox. The scene is a vaulted prison, not unlike the vaults of Chillon; a prisoner is chained to one of the pillars. The conception is touchingly carried out.

No. 532. 'In Time of War,' J. Archer. This is a domestic subject, in praise of which there is much to be said, but it does not support the title.

No. 533. 'The Clergyman's Widow,' E. T. Parris. In this composition we read a lengthened narrative of past happiness and present woe. The clergyman, a country pastor, is recently dead, and his widow is compelled to vacate the vicarage in which the happiest years of her life have been passed. The most affecting incident is the removal of her late husband's portrait. This is the composition of a practised *raconteur*.

No. 534. 'The Water Carrier, Sevilla,' R. Ansdell. Why "Sevilla?" in preference to Seville; had the artist condescended to use the English, we should have had no doubt about the *locale;* or had the title been "El Aguador, Sevilla," we should have been at no loss about it, although the affectation would not have escaped us; but these kind of hybrid titles are more than absurd. It is an admirable picture; the water carrier, with his donkeys and jars, looks every whit a wealthy proprietor. The insertion of the cane into the fountain-spout is not well explained, and the effect is enfeebled by the desire of showing a veritable suburb of "Sevilla;" but the old man's head is original—invaluable.

No. 535. 'A Thunder-cloud passing over the Dutch Coast—Tide on the turn,' E. W. Cooke, A. The place described here is very like the neighbourhood of Scheveling. We see nothing but a sand-bank shore,—a minutely painted foreground, with a fishing-boat and figures. It may, however, be observed that this artist paints the sea very much more naturally in his small than in his large pictures.

No. 537. 'John Gibson, Esq., R.A.,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. The resemblance will be at once recognised.

No. 541. 'The Last Day of the Sale,' G. B. O'Neill. This picture is very full of figures, all of which have been conscientiously studied, insomuch that we are immediately at home with all the characters. Amateurs of this kind of subject will find it full of interest.

No. 542. 'Rydal, Westmoreland,' J. M. Carrick. The amount of work represented by this camparatively small surface is really equal to the labour and anxiety of a large historical picture. To an artist who professes to deal honestly with nature, nothing is more difficult than to secure any given effect, so mutable and capricious is the face of any terrene expanse. We look across the lake, the surface of which, as a picture of lustrous reflection, has never been surpassed; and on the other side rise the mountains, which are painted with the nicest *finesse* of execution. The effect is that of a broad and sunny daylight, painted on the spot, touch for touch.

No. 543. 'The Vale of Bettwys, North Wales,' F. W. Hulme. This is an extremely romantic subject, brought forward under the shade cast down from a clouded summer sky. That portion, however, that we see of the sky is bright and sunny, contrasting forcibly with the lower section of the composition.

No. 545. 'The Ship-boy's Letter,' J. C. Hook, A. We often feel, in looking at the works of this painter, that the landscape or the accessories supersede the figures. It is so here; the father and mother of the young sailor are reading his letter in the garden of their cottage; both figures are painted with much earnestness of purpose, but they lose importance in opposition to the vividness of the landscape.

No. 549. 'Going to the Fair,' G. W. Horlar. This is a group of rough colts, apparently very well executed.

No. 551. 'Villa Chiatamone Naples,' H. J. Johnson. An interesting and romantic subject, agreeable in effect, but hung so high that its manner cannot be seen.

No. 552. 'Cordelia Disinherited,' R. Norbury. This is the moment when the King of France declares his purpose of making the disinherited Cordelia his queen. All the characters of the scene are present in the picture. There is good intention in many of the heads; but Lear, who is placed in the background, is not sufficiently important.

No. 553. 'A Group in Belgium,' H. Weekes, Jun. Consisting of donkeys; the animals appear to be well drawn, but the picture wants force.

No. 554. 'The way by the Beach at Sunrise, Neven Sands,' H. Mogford. In the subject there is nothing remarkable, but it is treated with a power of colour which enhances the brilliancy of the proposed effects, without in anywise compromising its truth.

No. 556. 'The Child Jesus going down with his Parents to Nazareth,' W. E. T. Dobson. The purity and sweetness of this work, with its exquisite colour and the chastity of its expression, render it a production of rare excellence; but after looking at it many times, we cannot feel otherwise than that the child Jesus is too much grown to be carried in the arms of Joseph. The composition is extremely simple, the group are relieved only by a background of trees; but its force of relief is its least quality; the high tone of the picture is such as is rarely attained.

No. 558. 'Art Treasures,' J. D. Wingfield. The scene is the section of a studio containing casts—as the Clytie, Cupid and Psyche, and other paintable material: these are the still-life of the composition, but its life is a young lady quietly seated, as if set for painting, in the midst of these so called "art treasures." This is the best picture of this kind we have ever seen.

No. 559. 'A Devonshire Fishing Village at Evening,' H. Jutsum. We look down upon the village from the land side, with a wide expanse of the sea, and a commanding view of the line of coast. It is a darker picture than those which this painter has recently exhibited, but its simple and impressive truth appeals at once to the feelings.

No. 562. 'Waiting for the Verdict,' A. Soloman. This is an earnest and profoundly pathetic passage of Art. The title is unnecessary, for we see the court; but we are especially affected towards those who are "waiting for the verdict." These are a family—the wife, father, mother, and children of one who has, by some unexplained act, outraged the laws of his country. The despair of the father, the bitter grief of the wife, the unspeakable distress of the mother, are set forth in terms the most touching. Every portion of the canvas teems with expression contributive to the theme.

No. 568. 'Infancy,' J. Sant. A picture of a child lying dressed upon a bed. The head is an admirable study.

No. 569. 'On the Lake of Lugano,' G. E. Hering. One of those enchanting Italian lake views, which, for appropriate effect, require a certain treatment in which few painters succeed. The purity of tint in the mountains, and the success with which the water is painted, are co-incident with all our impressions of Italy.

No. 570. 'The Minstrel,' A. Johnston. This is Beattie's minstrel:

> "Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
> Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy."

He is seated on a point of rock which raises him in relief against the sky; the light of the sun falls upon the further cheek, and touches upon the figure with the most charming effect. It is altogether a masterly essay.

No. 581. 'Bruce in his Adversity,' H. C. Selous. The idea of adversity is not well sustained here: we find Bruce and his wife, with some attendants, boating on a sunny lake, and the king reading to his attendants. If tone and colour assist narrative, the brilliancy of the hues here bespeaks the highest condition of prosperity. The figures are well drawn, and very skilfully manipulated.

No. 589. 'Houda,' F. Wybard. The figure is in shade; she lies on a couch extemporised for her on deck, and shaded by the richest draperies of the eastern looms. It is impossible to excel the imitative surfaces shown in this composition.

No. 591. 'The Courtship of Shakspere,' T. Brooks. The picture, we are told, was painted in the cottage of Anne Hathaway—therefore the truth of the circumstance is indisputable; but the impersonation of Shakspere is not happily conceived—that of Anne Hathaway is the preferable of the two.

No. 595. 'Highland Poachers,' R. H. Roe. These poachers are a pair of eagles, which, from their rocky eyrie, survey the country below them. The movement and vitality given to the birds are the result of anxious and close study.

No. 596. 'Caernarvonshire Hills from Anglesea,' J. W. Oakes. The treatment of this foreground evidences great power in dealing with nature in what form soever she presents herself. The tendency to hardness, which frequently accompanies very careful execution, is entirely obviated here.

No. 597. 'Ploughing—Sevilla, 1857,' R. Ansdell. The date is affixed here; but for this we should doubt the authenticity of a plough that would disgrace the days of Hesiod. It is drawn by a pair of well-conditioned cows, attended by a calf; and these animals form the interest of the picture. The agriculturist behind them consorts with the plough, for he is equally original. The picture is large, and, it cannot be doubted, accurately descriptive.

No. 599. 'March of the May Garlands, Isle of Wight: Time—Charles I.' R. T. Stothard. Both the name and the picture call up a multiplicity of ideas associated with the past of our school.

No. 601. 'Broken Vows,' P. H. Calderon. The composition is suggested by the verse of Longfellow—

> "More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
> Than one would say."

The story is told of a lady who, being on one side of a garden paling, hears, on the other side, the flatteries attentions paid by her lover to a rival. From the little that we see of the two figures on the other side, the subject might be liable to misrepresentation. There is, however, nothing left to desire in the principal figure; it is unexceptionable.

No. 604. 'Tantallon Castle and Bass Rock, Frith of Forth,' J. W. Carmichael. This romantic ruin is frequently painted, especially by our northern artists; but we have never seen it brought forward with feeling so appropriate and elegant as we see it here. It is high-water, and the sea washes the base of the rock with a succession of heavy waves, and, at the same time, the ruin is in shade, opposed to a bright sky. We cannot understand why a work of such quality should be placed almost out of sight.

No. 608. 'Canute listening to the Monks of Ely,' W. C. Thomas. The king, and those with him in the boat, are listening to the chanting of the monks; but the singers are too far from the king. We believe he was passing immediately under the windows of the monastery when he remarked the chant.

No. 613. 'Shades of Evening on the Glaslyn, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington. The fading light on the mountains is painted with much truth and tenderness. The whole of the lower breadths are in subdued tones, which confer an enhanced value on the upper part of the subject.

No. 614. 'Adopting a Child,' F. B. Barwell. In sentiment, and also in execution, this is a production of much excellence. An elderly couple in wealthy circumstances desire to adopt a child, which, with its mother, constitutes the key-group of the picture. But the child clings to her mother, a young woman who appears to have seen what are known as "better days;" the repugnance of the child to its new protectors makes the poor woman falter in her determination. The narrative comes at once home to the feelings.

No. 616. 'The Sick Child,' J. Clark. The quality of this picture is of a very unusual kind; it contains but little colour, or, rather, that which it does contain is so harmonised by neutrals that nothing but the substance and character of the figures are felt. The subject is unaspiring, but the manner of its treatment is worthy of the warmest eulogy.

No. 617. 'Among the Wild Flowers,' J. D. Watson. An agroupment of children circumstanced in an open scene, playing on the grass, and decorating each other's heads with flowers. In movement and feeling the figures have been studied with much precision; but a little more refinement of colour would have given increased value to them.

No. 622. 'Fair and Fruitful Italy,' G. Lance. A very rich collection of fruits, rendered with all the truth with which this painter qualifies this department of subject.

No. 635. 'Bacchus, Silenus, Faunus, and Pomona,' G. Patten, A. After some of the sadder and severer scenes which we have just quitted, we find ourselves here in a right jovial company. It is a large composition, in which the figures are the size of life; the absorbing idea of the painter has been colour, but a final glaze has deprived the figures of their proper roundness, and given to them a hue unnaturally red.

No. 336. 'Sir Henry Hollaud, Bart., M.D.' In this portrait there is an unconventional individuality which at once arrests the eye of the visitor.

No. 637. 'Sunny Pastures in Sussex,' H. B. Willis. This is a large picture, in which a group of cattle is thrown up against the airy distance and the lighter sky—a very common form of composition in animal painting. But this is a work of the highest quality; the animals are palpable realities, and the light and shade are expressed with a felicity equal to that of the very best essays in this *genre* of Art.

No. 638. 'On Ockham Common, Surrey,' W. S. Rose. A piece of rough and broken bottom, enclosed by a belt of trees; there is great richness in the nearer section of the work.

No. 639. 'Thomas Landseer, Esq.,' G. Landseer. An identity unvitiated by any affectation of taste or refinement.

THE NORTH ROOM.

The North Room contains many valuable pictures, of which we have space to give only the titles. It is in this room that are exhibited a marvellous series of drawings, by Maclise, illustrating the story of the Norman Conquest. These works are forty-two in number; we say

of them, without fear of contradiction, that had Maclise lived and given to the world a couple of centuries ago such a history, they would have achieved for him an immortality had he done nothing else. That he has consulted the Bayeux tapestry is perfectly true, and we should have had no faith in any artist who treating the subject had not gone to that authority. In these drawings we see Harold mounted, and with his hawk on his wrist, as we see him in the tapestry, but this is only an indication of the artist's desire to see his heroes with the eyes of the industrious lady by whom the tapestry was made. The invention and imagination shown in these drawings are really marvellous; there is usually a superfluity of material in the pictures of Mr. Maclise, but generally, here, there is greater chastity, with an irresistible force of expression and extreme propriety of composition and adjustment. The costume is more accurate than usual, and the reading and research must have been extensive, that could suggest a set of subjects strictly in accordance with historical authority. A few of these subjects we may mention, being the prominent features of the history of those times:—"Harold, departing on a visit to William of Normandy, takes leave of Edward the Confessor;" "Harold and Duke William meet;" "William confers on Harold the dignity of a Norman Knight;" "Harold's Oath of Fidelity to William, sworn over the concealed Reliques of the Saints;" "Edward the Confessor's Death;" "The Coronation of Harold as King of England;" "William, bent upon invading England, begs at St. Germains the aid of Philip I. of France, and in Flanders the assistance of his Father-in-law, Baldwin the Earl;" "William, in a procession, displays the Relics of St. Valery to allay the discontent of his Troops at the proposed Invasion;" "Duke William in his Galley, and accompanied by his Fleet, crosseth the English Channel;" "Harold the Conqueror at Stamford, and wounded, sits at a Banquet in York—a Herald announces the landing of William." Thus every remarkable circumstance is made the subject of a picture, the last being the discovery of the body of Harold after the battle of Hastings. Many of these compositions contain material enough for three ordinary historical pictures.

There is always a considerable proportion of works of much excellence in this room, a few of which we can only name on this occasion, as—No. 992, 'The Green-hill Battery—Heavy Bombardment, April, 1855,' E. A. Goodall; No. 996, 'Waiting for the Stage-coach—Seventeenth century,' J. M. Carrick; No. 997, 'The Deserted Village,' J. Severn; No. 999, 'A Fresh Breeze,' E. C. Williams; No. 1096, 'The Moated House,' E. J. Niemann; No. 1137, 'A Way through the Wood,' W. W. Gosling; No. 1141, 'Cowper receiving his Mother's Portrait from Norfolk, the gift of his Cousin, Anne Bodham,' C. Compton; No. 1148, 'On the Scheldt, North Holland,' J. J. Wilson; No. 1149, 'Gathering Fern on the Welsh Hills,' S. R. Percy; No. 1150, 'The Child's Grave,' J. H. S. Mann; No. 1156, 'Clovelly,' H. Jutsum; No. 1158, 'A Summer's Afternoon,' A. J. Lewis, &c.

THE MINIATURES AND DRAWINGS.

High-class miniatures are this year less numerous than they have been of late; and we observe more immediately the decadence of some of those artists who have, during a long period, deservedly enjoyed the highest public estimation. By that unhappy coincidence of casualty, of which we have sometimes to complain in all things, not only are some of the most eminent miniaturists unequal to themselves, but the contributors of this class of Art generally, are below the usual standard.

Sir W. C. Ross exhibits—No. 774, 'H.I.M. the Empress of the French,' a head and bust in which the face fronts the spectator. The features have a close resemblance to the Empress, and the inclination of the head gives much relief to the pose. There are, also, by the same artist—No. 773, 'The Lady Mary Cecil,' a sweet and sparkling miniature; No. 775, 'The Dowager Viscountess Hardinge;' No. 777, 'The Marchioness of Exeter;' and No. 792, 'Mrs. Cairnes,' an exceedingly full composition, of much richness and beauty.

No. 725. 'The Rev. Dr. M'Culloch,' T. Carrick. The figure is introduced in the pulpit, and in the act of preaching. The pose and expression constitute an appeal full of earnest piety, and without the slightest approach to severity; the purity and breadth of this miniature are charming. There is, also, by the same—No. 702, 'The Rev. Dr. Candlish,' a work of much interest, in which the subject is seated, and in ordinary costume; and No. 818, 'Country Cousins,' two heads of children, of the most fascinating sweetness and simplicity; also No. 798, 'W. Wilson, Esq.,' and others.

No. 738. 'The Countess of Kintore,' R. Thorburn, A. This is one of those full-length portraits circumstanced in a landscape composition, the romance and sentiment of which so much assist the figure. Another similar work is No. 762, 'Lady Scott,' who is represented resting her left arm on a sundial, and adjusting her veil—equal in power and sentiment to the best of the painter's works: not less charming is No. 795, 'Mrs. Manners Sutton,' also a full-length of infinite brilliancy.

No. 701. 'John Timbs, Esq., F.S.A.,' T. J. Gullick, is a miniature, in which only the head and face are given—it is elaborated with extreme softness and breadth; No. 747, 'Miss Julia Hay Cameron,' H. T. Wells, is distinguished by singular sweetness of colour, but the white sleeves in some degree supersede the person; No. 746, 'Portrait of an Officer,' Sir W. J. Newton, presents the subject in full military dress; No. 744, 'Mrs. A. Mordan,' H. T. Wells, the working of this miniature is truly masterly, though in character and expression not so successful as others by the same artist; No. 742, 'Nino,' Miss E. Mackenzie, is a head of a little boy, well drawn and rounded, but the foliage placed round the figure is an injudicious addition; No. 796, 'Mrs. Colonel W. Cartwright,' Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., is a very full composition, in which is seen a lady seated, having a dog on each side of her—it is finished with infinite neatness, but not so rich in colour as are usually the works of Sir W. Ross; No. 805, 'The Right Hon. Lady Suffield and Child,' E. Moira, is a miniature in which the lady appears at full-length, holding the child in her arms—the face in this work looks too large for the figure, but otherwise it is well executed; No. 812, 'A Portrait,' C. Earles, that of a lady leaning on a pedestal with a background partially closed by trees—the composition is much in the feeling of Reynolds. There are, also, worthy of honourable mention—No. 724, 'Midshipman A. H. Turner, of H.M.S. *Indus*,' Miss A. Dixon; No. 728, 'Grace Frances Cline,' F. Cruikshank; No. 743, 'Mrs. Giles,' R. H. Giles; No. 748, 'Mrs. Arthur Brown,' Mrs. Mannin; No. 772, 'Charles, son of Charles Henry and Lady Louisa Mills,' H. Gray; No. 797, 'Mrs. W. Cosmo Trevor,' Mrs. H. Moseley; No. 917, 'Portrait of a Lady,' Miss H. Carpenter; No. 925, 'Miss Pope,' H. Weigall; No. 926, 'Ensign Julian Yorke Hayter, Bengal Army,' J. Hayter; No. 928, 'Mrs. Heywood,' J. C. Moor; No. 944, 'Miss Louisa Maclean, daughter of Sir Charles Maclean, Bart.,' S. B. Godbold. Many of the enamels are works of much beauty, as—No. 656, 'Enamel Portrait of David Garrick, after the picture by Gainsborough,' W. Essex; No. 661, 'The Duchess,' after Leslie, G. Gray; No. 662, 'Returning from the Fair,' enamelled from the picture by Mulready, in the Vernon Gallery, G. Gray; No. 670, 'Brooch Enamels from Life,' J. Haslem; No. 672, 'Enamel Portrait of a Gentleman from Life,' W. Essex. And among the larger drawings in chalk and in water-colour, there are not a few of great merit. The former, which now occupy the upper lines in this room, constitute a feature of much interest: many of them are slight and sketchy, but a slight manner is more suitable for chalk than any attempt to rival engraving. No. 692, 'The Lady Harriet Stonor,' by J. Hayter, is a drawing of very elegant feeling; and by the same artist there is No. 786, 'The Lady Bury;' No. 737, 'John Ruskin, Esq.,' G. Richmond; No. 810, 'Sir W. Forbes, Bart.'—the name of the artist is omitted; No. 954, 'The Daughter of the Late Mrs. Maglin Theed,' J. Gilbert; No. 958, 'Portraits of Viscount Loftus and the Lady Marian Loftus, children of the Most Noble the Marquis and Marchioness of Ely,' T. Heaphy; No. 930, 'Mrs. Edmund Hornby and Child;' No. 905, 'The Hon. Mrs. Denison,' H. Tidey, &c.

Subject-works in oil and water colour are always distributed in this room, so as to fill up the space, which might otherwise be vacant. Of such drawings and pictures, may be mentioned—No. 642, 'Atrani, on the Gulf of Salerno,' H. J. Johnson; No. 645, 'A Rocky Coast, Sunset,' G. F. Buchanan; No. 730, 'Loch Leven, with the Burying Island of St. Mann in the distance, Argyleshire,' A. Stanley; No. 824, 'A Quiet Nook,' W. N. Dove; No. 825, 'Kit's Katty House, Kent,' J. Fahey; No. 826, 'The Lesson,' Mrs. W. Carpenter; No. 861, 'Sheep of the Valley,' A. Penley; No. 863, 'Hop-picking at Seven Oaks, Kent,' S. F. Hewett; No. 864, 'Portrait of a Lady,' A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 865, 'The Muir on Fire, Highlands,' A. Stanley; No. 869, 'Wells Cathedral,' S. Rayner; No. 871, 'The Battle of Dubba,' G. Jones, R.A.—whatever pictorial quality this drawing may want, it is assuredly an accurate representation of the defeat of the Belooehees, at Dubba, as the drawing was made under the direction of Sir Charles Napier; No. 887, 'Spanish Card Players,' F. W. Topham, has been suggested from the life, and worked out in strict accordance with truth; No. 880, 'An Effect at Haddon,' S. Read; No. 888, 'Waiting for a Partner,' Karl Hartmann, is a drawing of great power and effect; No. 912, 'King Richard III.'s Corner, Bow Bridge, Leicester,' T. Uwins, R.A.; and, by the same, No. 916, 'Slate Quarry on the Groby Road, Groby, Leicestershire.'

Among the engravings, which are much more numerous than they have hitherto been, there are—'His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French,' engraved from the picture by F. Winterhalter, S. Cousins, R.A.; No. 975, 'Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., M.P.,' from a picture by E. U. Eddis, R. J. Lane, A.E.; No. 981, 'Her Imperial Majesty Eugenie, Empress of the French,' engraved from the picture by F. Winterhalter, S. Cousins, R.A.; No. 977, 'Helen Faucit,' from a drawing by F. W. Burton, R.H.A., R. J. Lane, A.E.: as also, in the passage, a very varied and interesting collection of engravings in various manners by some of the most eminent artists in these departments.

THE SCULPTURE.

A collection of sculptural art so meagre as the present has never perhaps been seen within these walls. The works occupying the centre are thinly distributed, and the entire space at the wall opposite the window, which is usually over crowded, is now blank; but it is not sur-

prising that it should be so, for sculptors will content themselves with exhibiting their productions in their own studios, where they can be seen, in preference to sending them to a room in which they cannot be seen. Of those which we notice, the first is—

No. 1207. 'H.M. the Queen'—executed for the late Earl of Ellesmere—marble bust, M. Noble. Her Majesty wears a small tiara, with a light drapery on the left shoulder. The features are those of the Queen, and to them has been communicated an expression of much dignity.

No. 1209. 'Adam consoling Eve after the Evil Dream,' E. H. Baily, R.A. Eve is seated on Adam's knee, and rests weeping on his bosom. In his head an idea of the Greek conformation seems to supersede that tone of tender emotion, which ought to be the feeling, in the face. Like all the female figures of this sculptor, that of Eve is an elegant conception.

No. 1210. 'Model of the statue of the late Charles James Fox, M.P.,' executed in marble, and erected in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, E. H. Baily, R.A. This is very like our traditions of Charles James Fox, and no doubt is a faithful resemblance of what his person was; it will, nevertheless, be—though among the most energetic—the least graceful of the figures of the series.

No. 1211. 'Beatrice Cenci,' Miss H. Hosmer. We notice this life-sized marble figure as doing infinite honour to the efforts of a lady; it has been engraved for the *Art-Journal*.

No. 1214. 'Innocence,' marble figure, G. Fontana. Impersonated by a little girl holding a dove. The observer will be at once struck by the gilding of the hair and a portion of the drapery. The Greeks carried this practice to a great extent; how much soever we may follow them in other things, this we submit, was an enrichment about which they themselves were divided; and we would rather see our own sculpture without it. Nothing can be more chaste than the marble, but it is difficult to preserve the gilt from a meretricious tendency.

No. 1215. 'The Young Naturalist,' H. Weekes, A. This is a statue of a girl supposed to be on the sea-shore, collecting what are vaguely called "specimens." The wind is blowing about her dress and hair.

No. 1216. 'The Bather,' W. C. Marshall, R.A. A nude figure in plaster, represented dipping her foot into the water, and at the same time shrinking. A small work of much natural grace.

No. 1217. 'Massacre of the Innocents,' G. G. Adams. This is a marble group executed, we believe, from a competitive work exhibited at the Royal Academy some years ago.

No. 1218. 'The Mother's Kiss,' H. Weekes, A. The mother simply raises her child in her arms, bending over it with a fondness which only a mother can feel. The drapery falls so as to show the right side, the line of which is extremely rich, in opposition to the drapery on the left side.

No. 1219. 'Titania,' T. Earle. She is sleeping, and Puck is seen near her head, as about to quit her. There is much beautiful modelling in the figure, which is sufficient without Puck, whose presence enfeebles the composition.

No. 1220. 'Model for the Statue of the Earl of Chatham, executed in marble for St. Stephen's Hall, in the New Palace of Westminster,' P. MacDowell, R.A. Lord Chatham is represented in his peer's robes, and in the act of speaking. The action of the figure is most earnest, and the features are animated with impressive argument.

No. 1221. 'Triumphant Cupid,' J. Geefs. This is a composition of two figures—Cupid and Psyche, in a pose descriptive of flying. There is poetry in the conception, but the Psyche is a heavy figure.

No. 1224. 'The Descent of Pandora,' a model, J. Bell. She holds the casket in her right hand, and may be supposed to be descending by a movement so easy as in nowise to disturb the draperies.

No. 1225. 'The Bard,' W. Theed. The subject is suggested by the verse of Gray—

> "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
> Confusion on thy banners spread," &c.—

and is embodied by a wild figure grasping in the left hand a harp, and which we may suppose to be pronouncing the curse against Edward from a lofty cliff. The figure corresponds with the tone of the poetry: it is intended to be executed in marble for the Egyptian Hall, in the Mansion House.

No. 1228. 'Proserpine,' M. Wood. She rests her left hand on a tree, and looks round as if Pluto were at hand: it is distinguished by many graces.

No. 1230. 'Emily and the White Doe of Rylstone,' F. M. Miller. This is from Wordsworth: a small *basso relievo* executed with infinite taste and feeling.

No. 1232. 'Hippocrates,' model of a statue to be presented by John Ruskin, Esq., to the new museum at Oxford, A. Munro. The head of this figure is rather *soldatesque* than philosophic; it is, however, profoundly thoughtful.

No. 1236. 'A Vision,' a bas-relief executed in marble, J. Edwards. This composition presents, as principal figures, two angels holding between them a scroll, on which is inscribed, "In holiness and purity live, &c." The work is small; but we have never seen a more exalted and spiritual feeling expressed in any similar work—equal to the Greeks in form, beyond them in expression; and not less excellent is the bas-relief, No. 1238, entitled 'Suspiria.'

Among the busts there is one of especial merit—that of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, by Miss Durant. We have seldom seen a work of more entire excellence; it is a striking likeness of the famous lady—simple and unaffected in style and character—charmingly modelled, and very skilfully wrought.

Other works worthy of honourable mention are—No. 1241, 'Hypatia, daughter of Thevin, the Mathematician,' by Miss R. L. Levison; No. 1242, 'King David,' J. D. Crittenden; No. 1244, 'The late Mrs. Mitchell,' a bust in marble, T. Butler; No. 1248, 'Group representing Miss Nightingale supporting a wounded Crimean Soldier in the Scutari Hospital,' T. Phyffers; No. 1250, 'A Scotch Lassie,' A. H. Ritchie; No. 1252, 'Washington,' a bronze statuette, T. Thornycroft; No. 1255, 'Colonel Brownrigg,' J. E. Jones; No. 1265, 'Bust of a Gentleman,' H. Adron; No. 1280, 'H. W. Acland, M.D., F.R.S.,' marble bust, A. Munro; No. 1287, 'Bust of a Lady,' marble, Mrs. E. W. Edwards; No. 1288, 'Admiral Lord Lyons, G.C.B.,' marble bust, M. Noble; No. 1313, 'Charles Kean,' T. Butler; No. 1325, 'Martin F. Tupper,' J. Durham; No. 1326, 'His Grace the Duke of Beaufort,' J. Edwards; No. 1328, 'General Viscount Gough, K.G., G.C.B.,' bust, J. E. Jones; No. 1339, 'General Sir G. Brown, K.C.B.,' marble bust, J. E. Jones; No. 1342, 'Sir H. Stracey, Bart.,' together with other similar works by Behnes, T. Campbell, W. Brodie, Woolner, T. G. Lough, E. Davis, and others; the quality of which in some degree compensates for the imperfections of the larger works; but we repeat that we have never seen a sculptural exhibition so unsatisfactory.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

F. Mieris, Pinxt. J. Bein, Sculpt.

Size of the Picture, 9⅞ in. by 7⅛ in.

Speaking of the pictures in Buckingham Palace by this celebrated Dutch painter, Dr. Waagen observes:—"The specimens here of this master are not fortunate; for of almost all there are better examples elsewhere. That which I like best is a boy at a window blowing bubbles, inscribed 1663; for though there are admirable repetitions of it in the Gallery of the Hague and elsewhere, this one is worthy of the master in warmth and clearness of tone and delicacy of touch." It certainly presents the qualities of excellence by which the works of Mieris are distinguished,—accuracy of drawing, extraordinary minuteness of finish, combined with the most perfect freedom of penciling, seen in the delicate curvature of the lines, and breadth of light and shade. What knowledge of effect may be traced in the introduction of the trailing vine-leaf, which, with the high light upon it, throws back the figure of the female into its proper place! and how sparkling is the group to the right of the picture, where the sunbeams irradiate here and there the edges of the leaves, the flowers, and the other objects that form this part of the composition! The amount of thought and study which must have been given to this work, ere it was completed, can only be estimated by close examination.

The old painters of the Low Countries certainly belonged to the naturalistic school; and it is a subject of regret that, with such powers of imitation as they possessed, and with such a disposition only to paint what was before them, they had not more captivating and delicate models. One can scarcely accuse them of "setting down aught in malice;" and yet, if Nature has not been far less bountiful to the female part of the community, especially, there than elsewhere, it might almost be assumed that the artists belied the sex; for who ever saw in a Dutch picture, except as a kind of *rara avis*, a really pretty or handsome woman? We are not speaking of those painters, such as Teniers, Ostade, Bega, and others, who rarely studied any other than the lower classes, but those who, as Mieris, Metzu, Terburg, Douw, &c., were the artists of the aristocracy, and found their models in the drawing-rooms of the Dutch cavaliers and the wealthy burghers. Suppose that either Mieris or Terburg had been able to employ his pencil in representing

> "The dark-eyed daughters of the South,"

or the fair and expressive features of the Saxon race of women, or the graceful forms and animated countenances of the ladies of the French court,—how much more acceptable would their pictures be; for no beauty of painting can compensate for the absence of personal beauty: but the union of the two, as we should then have seen it, would have rendered their works perfection in Nature and in Art.

Most of the best galleries in England possess pictures by F. Mieris. In the collection of Sir Robert Peel—one eminently rich in the works of the Flemish and Dutch painters—is a picture of a woman seated at a window, feeding a green parrot; a subject often repeated by Mieris. At Bridgewater House, the Earl of Ellesmere's, are two: one, a highly-finished portrait of the artist; the other, a young lady in the act of tying her cap. Mr. T. H. Hope possesses one spoken of by Dr. Waagen as among the painter's "greatest masterpieces." Mr. T. Baring's collection abounds in good specimens of these two schools. It includes an example of Mieris's best time,—the subject, a woman reading music. Mr. Holford has one,—a man with a flask, in an open landscape.

Since the completion of the plate of "Blowing Bubbles," we have heard, and with much regret, of the death of M. Bein, the engraver, at the age of sixty-seven. He was born at Gozweiler (Bas Rhin), and was pupil of Reinault and David: his principal plates are "Saint Appoline," and the Virgin and Child, called "Verge Nicolini," both after pictures by Raffaelle, the latter in the gallery of Lord Cowper. His latest work, executed for the French Government, is "Herodias receiving the Head of John the Baptist," after the picture by Luini, in the Louvre. M. Bein was much esteemed in Paris, both as a man and an artist.


M.DC.LXII.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This is the fifty-third exhibition of the society. The second moiety of the century is now fairly entered, with a degree of advancement in the art such as could never have been contemplated fifty years ago. The drawings of those days were generally small in size, and thin in execution, being rarely carried beyond simple tints and single washes; but now the works on these walls are paintings in water colour, rivalling pictures painted in oil, not only in all the best qualities of that material, but even in texture: moreover, many of these would be pronounced large for oil pictures. We have seen a greater number of figure pictures, but never have we known the exhibition so strong in other departments. There is a larger and an agreeable variety. Time was, and not many years since, when some twenty or thirty drawings were brought forward by one exhibitor, but now scarcely a single member contributes so numerously; for richness, depth, substance, and finish, are in these days indispensable, if reputation is to be achieved or sustained. We have had to record from time to time the loss of valuable members to the society, and we announced some time ago the return of two old members, Mr. Harding and Mr. Holland; and how amply they justify their re-election is seen in their exhibited works. The catalogue enumerates three hundred and seventeen drawings, of which we particularise the following:—

No. 3. 'Kilgaran Castle, South Wales,' C. Branwhite. This ruin is situated on the cliff of a small volcanic basin—a rugged framework, in which, mirror-like, lies a tranquil lake; the principal passages are those consisting of rocks, with which are blended the trees, rising from the accidental patches of vegetable mould that has collected in the fissures. It is a romantic subject, and realised with force of effect, and an agreeable low-toned harmony of colour.

No. 5. 'At Rotterdam,' J. Burgess, Jun. Rotterdam is nothing in a picture without some portion of its quays and water-ways; with, however, some allusion to these, we have a highly picturesque gateway-tower, brought forward with even architectural fidelity.

No. 8. 'Going to School,' W. Goodall. The scene is the door of a cottage homestead, and the 'Going to School' is most unwillingly performed by a naughty little boy, who, in the spirit of a free and independent elector, receives a bribe with his back turned to the donor—in this case not a candidate for senatorial honours, but an anxious mother. The reality of the draperies and objects, and the vital warmth and transparency of the flesh tones are highly commendable.

No. 11. 'Scene in Glen-Nevis, Inverness-shire,' T. M. Richardson. *Sic itur ad nubes*—truly, in these Highland wilds we may at any time wear the Ossianic mantle of clouds. The subject is a cleft in the mountains, shaped and featured by some fearful throe of nature, and, in character, a wilderness by the jealous ravages of ten thousand hurricanes. It is a large picture, infinitely elaborate, to which the artist has succeeded in communicating—what he appears to have intended as the sentiment of his work—a wild and poetic grandeur.

No. 12. 'Venice,' J. D. Harding.

> "The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
> Sunset divides the sky with her."

Such is the well-known text, in the spirit of which Mr. Harding discourses here. Venice lies in the distance, viewed from a point that, from the extreme left—the Dogana—opens the whole line of quays and buildings, over which arise the domes of St. Mark, and the various obelisque-like campanili, communicating to the whole so much of oriental character. Over the city the moon has risen, and shines with an accompaniment of grey clouds; the sun is not in the picture, but that he yet presides in the sky, we learn from the clouds overhead, which, by their orange light, yet assert his presence. The subject is interpreted in a vein of the purest poetry. It is now many years since we have seen the works of this eminent artist on the walls of this institution, and we cannot help congratulating the society and the public on his reaccession to the membership.

No. 22. 'A Lady of Albano,' Carl Haag. This is a profile study of a figure in the holiday costume of the Campagna. There is more sweetness and refinement in the impersonation than we usually find in nature among the wearers of the costume.

No. 24. 'A Zouave's Story of the War,' F. W. Topham. This Zouave is really a capital fellow, and as fine as any trumpeter, with his new shalwars and laced jacket. He is unaffectedly—*Zouaviter in modo* (pardon, gentle Hermes, god of all kinds of knavery, this vile and wicked jest!)—telling his Breton friends about the Malakoff and the Little Redan. It is an excellent figure; the action and pose of which, even without the attentive and wondering audience, sufficiently declare the proposed points of the picture. In this work there are earnestness and reality far surpassing the qualities of antecedent works.

No. 25. 'Scene in Blair Athol, Scotland,' J. D. Harding. A section of wild mountain scenery, instancing the facility with which an interesting drawing can be wrought out of slight and apparently unattractive material.

No. 27. 'Venice,' J. Holland. All lovers of water-colour art must be gratified again to see the name of Mr. Holland in the catalogue of this society. How distasteful soever may have been his retirement to those who were accustomed to look for his works here, it cannot have been otherwise than profitable to himself, judging from the force and freshness of the pictures he now exhibits.

No. 30. 'Barrack Entrance to the Château at Blois, Loire,' J. Burgess, Jun. A perspective view of one of the fronts of the château, which was, we believe, one of the Renaissance glories of the Art-period of Francis I. In this drawing the character and interest of the place receive full justice.

No. 31. 'The Welsh Stile,' Jos. J. Jenkins. This is one of those simple incidents which this artist illustrates so gracefully, and frequently sets forth in the pathetic language of the affections. A country child is about to pass over a stile to which she has been followed by a kid, that looks in disappointment at the barrier it cannot pass. The relation between the child and her caprine friend is very pointedly established.

No. 42. 'Winter—Sheep-feeding,' E. Duncan. Here is a dismally cold mid-winter afternoon, the sun descending to the horizon, and mocking us with a light which serves only to show the promise of a bitter, bitter night. The ground is covered with snow, and we are in a sheep-pen, contemplating, with the sheep themselves, the operation, by the farmer's men, of slicing turnips for the evening meal of the flock. A beautiful passage in the picture, and one which materially assists the point of the subject, is the tameness of the rooks, which, subdued by the cold, and undeterred by the presence of man, are come to sup with the woolly people, even within the pen. It is a picture of extreme purity, and singular emphasis of description.

No. 45. 'Val St. Nicholas, Switzerland,' J. D. Harding. This is a large upright picture, the subject of which is a view closed by a section of the most stupendous snow-clad Alps, to which the eye is led through a mountain gorge. The nearest section of the work contains indications of the presence of humankind, the humility of which is in striking contrast with the awful majesty of these aspiring mountains. So masterly is the adjustment of this composition, that every point is a keystone, without which the entire structure would be endangered.

No. 57. 'Glenarm, County Antrim,' H. Gastineau. This is a large work, very full of incident, exhibiting everywhere the most patient elaboration, and really so suburban as to subject, that we may fancy we are in the vicinity of a populous and busy city. The sea, moreover, is as calm as a sunny lake. The material is varied and picturesque, but its qualities are not those generally understood as coast-scenery. It is, however, an important work, and distinguished throughout by the most scrupulous precision.

No. 59. 'Flowers,' V. Bartholomew. These are azaleas and others of our most brilliant hot-house productions, painted with the most refined imitation of nature.

No. 62. 'Rotterdam,' J. Holland. The Church of St. Lawrence rises a principal object in the picture, the lower buildings being in a great measure superseded by the small craft in the canal. This is an unflinching, broad daylight interpretation—an extremely difficult rendering of any subject, from the liability to fall into flatness. The materials are by no means of elevated character, but they are brought forward in elegant taste.

No. 68. 'Glen Tilt—Otter Hounds questing,' F. Tayler. Principally a group of three or four dogs, challenging the trail of the otter, at the brink of the famous Tilt. The character, action, and even the breeding of the animals, are described rather with the science of a naturalist, than the mere experience of a dog-fancier.

No. 71. 'Ischian Peasant Girl,' Carl Haag. This is a small life-sized study of a head and bust, very minutely and legitimately worked in the most brilliant tints of the water-colour palette. The features are in profile, and surpassingly sweet in character and expression. In the head-dress there is an oriental taste almost regal in its style, and therefore far excelling all the known head-dresses of the Italian peasantry.

No. 79. 'Highland Drovers,' F. Tayler. The scene is a rough and broken pasture, bounded only by the mountains, within which it lies inclosed. The men are driving a herd of black cattle—wild, mischievous-looking steers, with flashing eyes and very sharp horns; and on the left is a flock of sheep, under the conduct of a girl, assisted by two active and sagacious-looking collies. The drawing is sober in colour and sketchy in execution, but the animals are extremely spirited in description.

No. 86. 'The Duchess reading "Don Quixote,"' J. Gilbert. She is standing and holding before her the book she is reading, being plainly attired in black, according to the Spanish taste. The hands are too large, but when we consider the mellow vividness of the colour, this may well be forgiven. To paint so well in the spirit of Rubens, this artist must have been in the great master's studio when he so frequently portrayed his wife—that lady whom we all know personally so well.

No. 105. 'Schloss Elz,' W. Callow. The subject is one of those eyries which we see perched on the peaks that dominate the rivers, and culminate the mountains of Germany. It is an eccentric agglomeration of pent-roofed towers, telling with force and interest in the drawing.

No. 111. 'Pendennis Castle, Falmouth,' John Callow. An edifice not very imposing, but well situated in the drawing; the interest of which arises from a storm that, coming

off the sea, has driven a ship on to the rocks. The tempestuous aspect is well supported by coincident circumstance.

No. 112. 'Roman Pilgrim,' Carl Haag. This is a life-sized head of very impressive character. We may presume it to represent one of the devout peasantry who repair to Rome at certain seasons, in fulfilment of their vows. The vitality and earnestness of the features, and, in execution, the depth and clearness of the shades, and the life-like texture of the lights, are beyond all praise.

No. 121. 'A ride through the Heather — painted from the Marquis of Lorn and the Lady Edith Campbell, the children of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. The Hills of Dunaguoich, Ben Bowie, Loch Fine, &c., in the distance,' F. Tayler. The Marquis of Lorn is mounted on a bright bay pony, and the Lady Edith rides a black, somewhat smaller. There is more light and colour in this than in others of the recent works of this artist, and the drawing is undoubtedly benefited by this treatment. The animals are spirited in their movement; and we must not forget a third figure, a Dandy Dinmont, doing duty as escort.

No. 122. 'Campagna Girgenti,' T. M. Richardson. An Italian subject, but very different from those generally selected by *peintres voyageurs*. The trees are a masterly study in drawing and painting.

No. 130. 'Faust's first sight of Margaret,' F. W. Burton. The characteristic points of this picture are so numerous as to suggest observations of diverse tendency. That part of the tragedy from which the subject is derived, is the street-scene, after that of the Witch's kitchen:

> "Beim Himmel, dieses Kind ist schön,
> So etwas hab' ich nie gesehn;
> Sie ist so sitt und tugendreich,
> Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich."

Margaret is just come from confession, and Faust has addressed her in the street, at which, in alarm, she hurries onward, having declined his company; he looks after her in enthusiastic admiration. Margaret herself declines the courteous appellative "Fräulein:" but still her dress might have been more attractive—nothing can be less graceful than the gathering of the petticoat by the *taschengürtel*. The bust also may in its fashion be true, but it, too, is wanting in form; nothing, however, could be more successful than the face, in the reflection of that innocence over which Mephistopheles declared he had no power. The head and attire of Faust are unexceptionable, but the figure is heavy, and the lower limbs ungainly—the feet even turn in. It is an ambitious picture, and in execution beyond all praise.

No. 138. 'Highland Gillie with Deer-hounds,' F. Tayler. This is a class of subject in which the artist excels. The animals are rough, wiry, and ready for their work, and their keeper is a true son of the heather.

No. 144. 'Old Bridge at Dolwyddelan,' J. J. Jenkins. As ragged an apology for a bridge as can well be conceived, but composing extremely well with the figures and cattle which pass over it.

No. 147. 'Bolton Abbey, Summer Evening,' J. D. Harding. The most charming version we have ever seen of this subject—so romantically associated with wood and water that it seems to have been destined only to be painted. The stones of the water-course, the water itself, the near and more distant foliage, with its halo of glowing tints, are exquisite.

No. 150. 'Caught by the Tide,' W. Goodall. The scene is a section of a rocky coast, brought forward under a dark, stormy aspect; and those who are "caught by the tide" are a small company of children, who, it must be supposed, have permitted the water to surround them. The last of the party—a girl—is in the act of being assisted on to a rock, yet within reach of the spray of a heavy wave, which she but just escapes. The incident is described in a tone of much earnestness.

No. 157. 'The Harbour, Dort,' G. H. Andrews. The principal point in secondary importance in the composition is that famous old church which Albert Cuyp has so often celebrated. The tower rises in the centre of the picture, and we see it across the little harbour, which is thronged with sea-going doggers and river schuyts. The composition is large—the boats and all their properties are represented with singular constancy of purpose. It will, however, be considered that all the supporting secondaries of the work are too near to be so much reduced in tone.

No. 169. 'View of Spithead from the Isle of Wight,' E. Duncan. The Isle of Wight is familiar to us all: were it but the recent discovery of some enterprising navigator, its verdure-mantled shores would be sung as those of some other island of Calypso. We see Spithead over the trees, with a fair distribution of ships of many rates; but the great feature of the view is a rainbow, with a most felicitous accompaniment of a lowering and rainy sky: this phenomenon has never before been so simply and truly painted.

No. 173. 'Warwick Castle,' D. Cox. These rolling clouds, the sullen water, and the scared jackdaws, all bespeak the imminent storm to which this painter treats his friends. From the absence of perilous detail, the ancient pile looks really more imposing here than in the reality.

No. 178. 'Evening Hour,' Carl Haag. A study of an Italian peasant-boy pedestaled so as to be opposed to a clear evening sky. He is playing the large bagpipe of his country, illustrious with the warm light of the golden sky. It is really a charming drawing, minutely national and markedly characteristic.

No. 188. 'A Summer Afternoon's Diversion on the Terrace, Bromshill, Hants,' J. Nash. The artist's knowledge, experience, and taste in matters of costume and ancient architecture always render his works most interesting. We are here introduced to a company (*temp. Carolorum*) engaged at sword-exercise on the terrace above named. A most spirited and sparkling drawing.

No. 193. 'Milan Cathedral,' Samuel Read. This is a large upright picture, distinguished throughout by the solicitude of its execution. The exterior of the cathedral is so attractive that the interior has been generally overlooked. This section shows the ascent to the altar, with certain of the vast columns which, in magnitude and tone, contrast effectively with the remoter detail; the whole deriving life from a procession of priests, and a considerable attendance of devotees.

No. 196. 'Parted Waters,' D. Cox, Jun. A large composition, wherein a rapid stream flows in a bed shut in by lofty cliffs; the stream is divided by a rocky islet, from which rises an agroupment of trees. It is a romantic subject, brought forward with firmness and substance.

THE SCREENS.

No. 208. 'Rosalind and Celia,' Margaret Gillies. The third scene of the first act of the play supplies this situation, which is interpreted by the artist in spirit and in truth. The playful tone of the jesting Celia, and the melancholy cast of the love-lorn Rosalind, are well conceived as the essence of the scene. The figures are appropriately brought together, and the draperies and accessories are carefully drawn. A little enrichment of the left arm of Rosalind would be an improvement.

No. 218. 'Sunny Hours,' G. Dodgson. This is a worthy example of the refined and elegant taste of the artist in imaginative composition. The material of the picture is a terrace in the grounds of a castle, animated by the presence of impersonations in picturesque costume. In this class of composition Mr. Dodgson stands alone; his productions are most fascinating.

No. 217. 'At the Fountain,' F. W. Topham. It matters not, be it—

> "At the fountain, church, or fair,"

the threadbare poetry of the language of love is the same, the verb *amo* is essentially the first conjugation. Here is Juanilla, with her water-vehicle about to overflow, and yet she continues to listen with a beating heart to every word that Manuel whisperingly pronounces; she must determine quickly, for her place will soon be taken. The background is assisted by some decaying *moreeaux* of architecture, constituting in the whole a most agreeable picture, much more earnest and substantial than antecedent works of its author.

No. 227. 'The White Rose,' O. Oakley. A study of a lady seated, and holding before her a white rose. The features are warm and life-like in colour, and masterly in execution.

No. 244. 'Village Musicians, Brittany,' F. W. Topham. Much of what we have said of other works by this painter applies to this drawing. It is a production of very high character.

No. 260. 'Visit to the Tomb,' J. Nash. The excellence of this drawing makes the observer feel some regret that it was not executed on a larger scale. It represents the widow of a baron praying at the tomb of her late husband, accompanied by a knight who wears a complete suit of plate-armour, of about the time of Henry VII. This drawing is a gem.

No. 261. 'Primroses, &c.,' W. Hunt. The *etcetera* so modestly apparent after the "primroses" means a bird's-nest. Mr. Hunt, therefore, encourages idle boys in plundering little birds; and whom, for so doing, William Cowper, for one,

> "Would not enter on his list of friends."

If there be anything in palliation of the robbery, it is the exquisite reality with which the nest is painted.

No. 302. '*Hhareem* Life,' J. Lewis. Such is the orthography of the word according to Mr. Lewis. The drawing is somewhat smaller than others he has recently exhibited, but there is no diminution of that laborious accuracy which distinguishes all his works. There are two figures—one, the khanum, odalisque, or what you will, reclines in a corner at the extremity of the divan, in the profound listlessness of oriental life. The casement is open, and she is playing with a cat, holding over it a feather-fan, from which the animal has torn portions of the feathers. The lady is not old, but already *embonpointée*—the most charming characteristic in the eyes of a Turk. The attendant stands in profile, being seen at half-length; and beyond her is hung a glass inclined forward, in which her head is repeated; it is seen by the glass that the apartment is somewhat large, because it reflects the legs and feet of a third figure. We have always spoken of the works of this artist as instancing the ultimate perfection of finish. That patience is inestimable which can execute the monotonous arabesque on the wall whereon the glass hangs, or even the shawl round the waist of the lady—the last touch as mechanically accurate as the first. There is a very general use of body-colour in the drawing—no passage, we believe, is without it.

Smaller works of great merit are numerous, and even larger ones we are, unfortunately, compelled to pass over, especially some admirable landscapes by C. Davidson, G. Fripp, F. O. Finch, D. Cox, Jun., &c.

THE EXHIBITION OF

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This Exhibition was opened to private view on Saturday the 25th of April, with a collection of 354 drawings, of which many are gems; but the majority are very similar to what we have been accustomed to see in late exhibitions of the same society. Many of the members advance, but their advancement is passive—it is unsupported by ambitious labour; they are distinguished, as it were, *malgré eux*—like the hero or martyr (which is all the same) of the famous French play. If, however, some of these members have not done what we know they could do, it must be observed that there are still many admirable works, as well in figure-painting as in landscape; those which we particularise are as follows:—

No. 2. 'Porch, Rouen Cathedral,' J. S. Prout. English travellers are especially surprised at the manner in which foreign cathedrals are permitted to be built in and surrounded by wretched hovels. Rouen Cathedral is a remarkable example of this—a sad commingling of the sordid and the sublime. The porch is drawn with much spirit.

No. 8. 'The Fatal Meeting,' E. H. Corbould. This is the oft-painted story from Rogers—the origin of the feud between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines:—

> "Patiently she stood and watched,
> Nor stood alone, but spake not. In her breast
> Her purpose lay, and, as a youth passed by
> Clad for the nuptial, she smiled and said," &c.

The dramatic moment is, of course, when the mother lifts the veil that concealed her daughter's charms. The two are standing on a balcony, before which the youth has stopped, himself gaily attired, and his steed richly caparisoned. The subject is unmistakeable, and the work is exemplary in the genius evinced in the adaptation of minor properties.

No. 11. 'Entrance to Boscastle, Cornwall—Pilot-boat going out,' S. Cook. This is a small drawing of great excellence, showing, on the left and towards the centre, the cliff and the castle, slightly veiled by a misty atmosphere, and harmonising perfectly with the sky and the water. The drawing and movement of the last are unexceptionable, but the colour is inexplicably metallic.

No. 14. 'Camelias,' Fanny Harris. The flowers are red and white; they are drawn and painted with the utmost delicacy.

No. 22. 'Don't tell any One!' W. Lee. A group of mother and child, it may be; the latter standing on a grassy bank, and listening most attentively to some communication of her mother. The incident is well conceived, and most naturally detailed.

No. 23. 'Hay-field,' W. Bennett. There is in this drawing a screen of trees, which constitutes the striking passage of the work. In the foreground the shaded portions are opaque and heavy, and the colour and execution generally are deficient in warmth and freedom.

No. 27. 'Fountains Hall, Yorkshire,' John Chase. The spectator is at once struck by the substance and texture of this drawing. It represents the entrance to the house, with its porch, shrub-fence, and trees, all delineated with palpable reality. This artist excels as a representant of local habitation, where a reality unsentimental, unpoetical, may be desirable.

No. 37. 'San Pietro di Castello—Evening,' J. H. D'Egville. It is refreshing to get sometimes to the outskirts of Venice—most wearisome to be continually promenaded between the Dogana and the Bridge of Sighs. This church is well worthy to form a subject for a drawing; we know nothing in these watery suburbs more interesting. The proposed effect is satisfactorily realised.

No. 41. 'Love's Young Dream—An Incident in the Early Career of Van Dyck,' W. H. Kearney. This is the story of Van Dyck's attachment to Anna Van Opham, who induced the painter to repeat Rubens' "St. Martin dividing his Cloak," for the church of her native place. The lovers were separated by Rubens, who was instrumental in hastening his pupil off to Italy. In the drawing we see Van Dyck caressing the girl before the picture on which he has been at work, in which relation the lovers are surprised by Rubens. The personages are at once recognised, and the story pointedly told.

No. 48. 'Glen Nevis, Inverness-shire,' W. Bennett. The materials of this composition are well selected for imposing effect, and the artist has invested the subject with a powerful interest. The glen is singularly romantic, it is divided by a river, which sweeps off to the left in a foaming waterfall. The shaded passage is a most successful adaptation, and although the touch with which the whole is made out is rather determined than firm, the whole is assembled under the eye without any degree of hardness. This admirable work is worthy of the highest eulogy in all its parts.

No. 51. 'Scenes at Haddon: The Drawing-Room—the Introduction; The Terrace—the Proposal; The Chapel—the Marriage,' John Chase. A new interest is here given to these well-known places. Of the three the drawing-room scene is the most agreeable.

No. 57. 'The Sudden Thought,' W. Lee. A study of a peasant girl standing in deep, momentary cogitation. The figure, with the best effect, rises against the sky. The drawing of the figure, and texture of the study throughout, are most successful.

No. 65. 'A Wet and Stormy Morning—Trebarwith Sands, near Tintagel, Cornwall,' S. Cook. This artist is learned in atmospheric effect; he describes here a section of rocky shore at high-water, with the wind off the sea driving in thin sheets of sea-mist, and a few figures fishing up wreck. The grey tone of the drawing assists very much the proposition in the title, but the sands are seen nowhere but there.

No. 71. * * * * * L. Haghe. The subject of this brilliant performance is derived from Michiel's "Histoire de la Peinture Flamande Hollandaise," in which it is narrated that Cornelius Vroom embarked for Spain with some of his works, in the hope of disposing of them there more advantageously than at home. But Vroom suffered shipwreck on the coast of Portugal, and his pictures, having been washed ashore, were discovered by the members of a neighbouring community of monks, who are here assembled in examination of their merits. The scene is the porch of the monastery, where one of the pictures—a head of the Virgin—is held up by a monk to the admiration of his brethren. This group of figures is relieved against a lighted portion of the wall, while the entrance to the monastery and other passages are worked into deeper gradations of tone. There is not so much highly-wrought accessory here as we have seen in other works of this painter, but there is a greater degree of breadth than in many others, and greater force and concentration.

No. 78. 'Bacchanalian Cup, Grapes, &c.,' Mary Margetts. In this composition there is an *abandon* that is more pictorial than the formal arrangements in which we find compositions of this kind. The cup, geraniums, and grapes, are brilliant and beautiful.

No. 82. 'Scene at a Prussian Fair—the Birthday of the King Friedrich Wilhelm IV.—Der Königin von England und Ihrer Königl. Hoheit der Princess Royal ("Unserer künftigen Königin") ausgebracht und mit besonderem Applaus getrunken.—(Extract from the *Westfählischer Mercur*, den 17 October, 1856).' E. Corbould. Such is the title given to this drawing, which does ample justice to the subject. The work is so full of figures that there is no space in which one more can be introduced; and although it is a scene at a fair, it seems rather a ceremonial at which the loyal subjects of his Prussian majesty have assembled to drink continually to the health of the sovereign. The work is very happy in its description of German nationalities, and more satisfactory in its contributive passages than anteceedent productions of the same artist, in which the field is thus thronged with figures.

No. 91. 'Pheasants,' Mary Margetts. A class of subject not often painted by ladies; the birds are, however, described with infinite fidelity.

No. 92. 'Peat-field, near Capel Arthoy, North Wales,' John Absolon. The colour of this drawing is broad, fresh, and spirited, and it is animated by appropriate figures. The artist paints frequently open and daylight scenes of this kind, but he has never achieved such a success as this.

No. 97. 'A Public Letter-writer in the Remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, Rome,' L. Haghe. His booth is a niche in this splendid ruin; he sits in the shade, writing from the dictation of a woman in the holiday costume of the Campagna, and near her are two men, also in rustic attire. This painter is unique in his particular walk of the art. We have seen his initiatory essays in oil, but it will be very long before he can attain in oil to the degree of excellence which qualifies these works.

No. 102. 'The Banks of the Wharfe—Bolton Abbey,' Thomas Sutcliffe. This is a small upright study, in which great labour has been bestowed upon a foreground rich in all the idle and vagabond weeds that look so well in pictures. It might be argued that it is finished into a certain degree of feebleness, but this minute and accurate drawing compensates for much that the drawing might otherwise have been.

No. 104. 'Bodiam Castle, Sussex,' J. W. Whymper. This is the most compact remnant we know, of the baronial moated castle. It was built, we believe, by one of the followers of Edward III. The moat, the trees, the causeway, the gate-tower, all receive ample justice in the drawing. The subject is rarely entertained, because it is out of the beaten track of sketchers.

No. 108. 'Lincoln from the Canwick Hill,' James Fahey. The city is seen at some distance, yet sufficiently near that the houses are individually distinguishable, and the cathedral especially, which, in its commanding site, is seen from a great distance. This drawing is rendered interesting by the extreme care with which it has been elaborated.

No. 111. 'The Environs of Mesilah, with the Tomb of Sidi Bou Saad, Algeria,' Charles Vacher. The view may be in some degree attractive from the novelty of the scene it presents; but we can scarcely understand why so much really beautiful scenery should be passed by to seek in the wastes of Africa such subject-matter as this.

No. 115. 'Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,' John Absolon. We are here introduced within a country church during divine service, performed to a full congregation of the latter part of the last century. It is a work of merit, but not so signal as that of the open-air scenes exhibited under this name.

No. 119. 'The Trysting-tree,' Edmund G. Warren. It is like a beech,—more so in the stem than in the foliage. Careful drawing cannot be carried too far, but sometimes, and

that frequently in foliage, a generous touch represents nature better than a stipple.

No. 123. 'Love Lightens Labour,' J. H. Mole. The scene is a peat-moor, in which, as principals, there is a group of two figures—a man and woman, the former helping the latter to carry her basket of peat. The landscape is brought forward with infinite sweetness of colour.

No. 124. 'Margate Roads—A Dirty Day,' T. S. Robins. A fishing-lugger is here seen beating in under a reefed mainsail, and barely standing up against the freshening squall. In her wake appears a ship with a signal at her mast-head. This is the most spirited work we have for some time seen by the artist.

No. 128. 'The Stag Rocks, Lizard Point, Cornwall,' James G. Philp. The subject is simple, but it is rendered with taste and feeling; it must, however, be observed that the near rocks importune the eye, and disturb the breadth by a certain injudicious spottiness.

No. 133. * * * * D. H. McKewan.

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep."

These lines from "Marmion" stand in the place of a title to this drawing, which represents the ruin as seen from the river-side at the base of the cliff, a little below the site of the castle, and looking, of course, towards the village of Norham. The mass of trees and the ruin tell effectively against the western evening sky.

No. 141. 'Roses,' Fanny Harris. The composition is formal, but the flowers are well drawn and painted.

No. 159. 'The Pedlar,' Henry Warren. The scene is the forecourt of a farm-house, with all the accidents and incongruous items which may be supposed to be assembled in such a locality. These accidents, with the house itself, and the garden, are brought forward with a veracity equalled only by photography.

No. 160. 'An English Homestead,' G. H. Laporte. The subject is a farm-house and yard, with "live stock" of various kinds, among which the horses are the most remarkable. These animals are extremely well drawn. In this department the artist excels.

No. 163. 'Rivaulx Abbey, Yorkslire,' W. Bennett. The landscape and the style are thoroughly English; that is, the former is fresh and woody, and the latter is like the earlier manner of water colour—free and firm in touch, but the objects, withal, are well rounded.

No. 168. 'The Chosen Blooms,' Fanny Harris. A small basket of camelias, showing the freshest and most brilliant hues of the flower.

No. 170. 'Sorrento, Italy,' T. L. Rowbotham. This is carefully drawn, but it would appear that prettiness rather than nature has been the desideratum. Everything looks new and clean, and the water is too blue and opaque.

No. 175. 'Girthing-up,' G. H. Laporte. The horse which is subject to the "girthing-up" is in the stable, and, like most horses, is impatient under the infliction. The movement of the animal is perfectly natural—a result attainable only through great experience and close observation.

No. 179. 'Old Buildings, &c., at Harfleur,' G. Howse. It is high-water in the Seine, therefore, the dirty creek, which comes up to Harfleur, is full. The spire, the most elegant on the Continent, is entirely superseded by the crazy old houses: had the view been from the other side of the town, it could not have been otherwise than picturesque.

No. 184. 'Harvest-time,' H. Maplestone. The near trees almost exclude the field which gives a title to the drawing. These trees are painted with force and solidity, assisting materially to keep the remoter parts in their places. On the right, the view opens over a country richly wooded, resembling some of those parts of Sussex which are densely planted with oaks.

No. 189. 'Richmond Castle, Yorkshire,' J. W. Whymper. This ruin is effective from whatever point it is seen. We view it here from the river, which, winding round the base of the hill, forms a great feature in the composition. In colour the work is a faithful imitation of nature, and it is free in execution—as to the water, perhaps too much so.

No. 190. 'Early Spring,' Thomas Sutcliffe.

"As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze."

The subject is a rough and rugged piece of bottom, with stones, weeds, and herbage. It is most exemplary in the patience with which nature has been followed, and so rich are the textures, that it looks much like oil.

No. 191. 'The Piazzetta—Venice from the Sea,' W. Telbin. We are placed here just abreast of the Library, and see, of course, all the neighbouring buildings, as the palace, St. Mark's, the Campanile, &c. &c. The composition might have been worked into greater breadth.

No. 192. 'The Lagune, Venice—Burano and Mazzorlo in the distance,' J. H. D'Egville. There is really much that is beautiful in these lagune, but they are overlooked for the Porto and the everlasting Piazzetta. This is a very sparkling picture, broad and tranquil, with a most effective adjustment of the objects.

No. 196. 'The Remains of the Portico of Octavia, now the Fish-market, Rome,' L. Haghe. By the introduction of the columns on the right, the heavy arch is much relieved. The locality is at once recognisable.

No. 197. * * * * Thomas Sutcliffe.

"I'll lead you where you may more near behold,
What shallow-searching fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at and gaze upon."

We copy these lines, because they have no earthly relation with the drawing; the gist of certain affectations are intelligible, but this is an enigma without a solution. The drawing, which represents a streamlet partially shaded by trees, and rich with pictorial plants, is an admirable performance; too green, it may be, but yet a triumph.

No. 200. 'Blowing hard in the Downs—Boulogne Luggers running for Ramsgate,' T. S. Robins. The sky is dark, and the sea is getting up, but these luggers carry too much sail to stand up against a coming squall; the intended effect would have been much assisted by close-reefed canvas.

No. 204. 'Streatham Common,' W. Bennett. We have yet to learn how much valuable material lies still untouched around London. The oaks, with their undergrowth, and remoter trees in this composition, form one of the best of the artist's minor productions.

No. 212. 'Dorking Cock,' C. H. Weigall. A fine, stately white bird, with plumage very carefully elaborated.

No. 215. 'Ditteshaw, on the Dart,' James Fahey. A small drawing,—masterly in execution, and agreeable in effect. Others, by the same hand, not less attractive, are No. 220. 'Cologne,' and No. 222. 'Our Village.'

No. 217. 'The Vesper Hour — Italy,' Charles Vacher. This is a sunset, gorgeous in colour, and, as a subject, much preferable to the results of the artist's Algerian experiences.

No. 218. 'A Street in Cairo, with a Marriage Procession, &c.,' Henry Warren. A large picture, and, we submit, superior in very important qualities to any that the artist has of late produced. The procession fills the narrow street. The bride, enveloped in an Indian shawl, wears on her head a casket containing her marriage jewels, she is preceded by her unmarried sisters, before whom are the musicians. But the force of the drawing is the shop of the vendor of drapery, from whose shop we are permitted to view the procession.

No. 226. 'Glen Sannox, Isle of Arran,' Edmund G. Warren. The foreground of this composition is really a marvellous performance, with its rocks, ferns, grasses, flowers, and varieties of richly-coloured herbage; and not less meritorious are the hard rocky mountains which rise and break the sky. The manner in which the composition is cut up proclaims it an unquestionable transcript from the locality it professes to represent.

No. 229. 'Fine Weather,' C. H. Weigall. A whimsical title to give to a poultry picture. It is small, like all those exhibited under this name, but sufficiently well drawn and minutely wrought to suggest the wish that it were larger.

No. 233. 'The Terrace at Haddon,' John Chase. We believe this to be the most faithful representation of the place we have yet seen; there is an entire absence of those pretty exaggerations which are generally considered to confer interest and sentiment, but which in representations of known localities are highly objectionable.

No. 234. 'A new Pupil for John Pounds,' E. H. Wehnert. The importance and earnestness with which the subject is invested—for it is a large work, and a very full composition—will induce the question, "Who was John Pounds?" He was a cobbler, who was born at Portsmouth in 1766, and was the "founder of ragged schools." Having adopted a nephew, and undertaken his instruction himself, he found that the child improved more in the society of others than alone; he received, therefore, other children, and derived so much pleasure himself from instructing them, that his pupils increased very considerably in number; but they were of the poorest class, for he received none whose parents were in circumstances to pay for their education. We find him, accordingly, surrounded by his pupils variously employed — the new pupil being a poor half-naked boy that he has picked up in the streets of Portsmouth.

No. 242. 'Jedburgh Abbey,' D. H. McKewan. The immediate foreground is broken up by the little river, with all the usual water-side incident, which, we humbly submit, diminishes the significance of the noble ruin.

No. 249. 'Be Careful!' J. H. Mole. The words of the title are the injunction of a mother to a child in crossing a brook by stepping-stones. The drawing is extremely harmonious in colour, and the landscape is executed with as much neatness as the figures.

No. 258. 'A Prayer for the Absent,' W. Lee. An agroupment of a child kneeling at its mother's knee in the act of prayer, treated with becoming feeling.

No. 294. 'Near Red Hill, Surrey,' W. Wyld. This is a small drawing, showing especially a row of trees, which shut in the foreground; but beyond these we have glimpses of the more distant country, which is all picturesque in that district.

On the screens there are many attractive drawings, as—No. 315. 'Who is it?' by E. H. Corbould. No. 317. 'Cromwell and Ireton reading the intercepted Letter of Charles I. in the Blue Boar, Holborn,' L. Haghe. No. 321. 'Murder! Fire! Thieves!' E. H. Corbould. No. 326. 'The Studio,' G. Howse. No. 329. 'The Guard-room,' G. Howse. No. 310. 'The Trial,' Louisa Corbeaux. No. 305. 'The Well in the Desert,' H. Warren. No. 327. 'Church near Blandford, Dorset,' James Fahey, with others of much merit.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXV.—JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, A.R.A.

MUSIC and Painting, two sister arts, have long found a home in the families of which Mr. Callcott Horsley is a member; in fact, his name, to those who are acquainted with these arts, is associated with pleasant pictures and sweet sounds. His maternal grandfather, Dr. Callcott, acquired great distinction in the musical profession, and was the author of many of our most famous compositions; his father, William Horsley, Mus. Bac., now living, and in his eighty-third year, is no less honourably known in the musical world. Sir A. W. Callcott, brother of Dr. Callcott, and great uncle of Mr. J. C. Horsley, was, as it is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, the landscape-painter whose works are so justly admired, while Mr. W. H. Callcott, son of Dr. Callcott, and Mr. C. E. Horsley, brother of the subject of this notice, enjoy high rank among the English musicians of the day. It is a rare occurrence to find so many celebrated names in such close family union. Here is an aristocracy of talent of which all have good reason to be proud who can claim kindred with the lineage. It requires not the blazonry of heraldic quarterings, nor crests, nor coronets, to extort the homage which is due to the intellectually great.

John Callcott Horsley was born at Brompton, in 1817: of such parentage, and, from the earliest dawn of life, breathing, as it were, an atmosphere of Art, it would have been strange indeed if a child so circumstanced had not grown up with some strong predilection in favour of one or other of those professions of which the influences surrounded and filled his home. His taste led him at a very early age towards drawing, and there are now, in the possession of his family, sketches executed by him when only eight or nine years old, that are regarded as very creditable for so young a hand, even considering the advantages which the boy-artist possessed. So soon as his friends determined that he should practise painting as a profession, he was placed, by his uncle's advice, at the academy conducted by Mr. Sass, where several of our most promising young artists received their elementary education. He next entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he passed through the usual course of study, and gained a medal for his drawings from the antique. According to the custom which prevails very generally among students of Art, he varied his instructions in the schools of the Academy with painting portraits, and "perpetrating," to use a familiar phrase among them, the usual amount of historical designs. For some little time Horsley was undecided as to the precise point to which his future efforts should be directed; but a visit paid to a friend in Derbyshire, when he was about sixteen years of age, determined, at least for a considerable period, the matter to his own satisfaction, and that also of his friends. During his stay in that beautiful and picturesque county, he made a number of sketches of Haddon Hall—the fine old mansion which has for years past proved as attractive to our "home" painters of every class as the Ducal Palace of Venice has been to our travelling artists. On his return to London, Horsley commenced and completed a picture which he called "Rent-day at Haddon Hall in the time of Queen Elizabeth." It was exhibited at the British Institution, and was purchased by Mr. S. Cartwright, the eminent dentist and liberal patron of British Art, in whose possession it still remains. This work was most favourably criticised in the journals of the day; and being the production of a very young painter, and the first he had exhibited, his name became known in the Art-circles of the metropolis: Wilkie alludes to the picture in a letter published after his death.

The scene of Horsley's next work was also laid at Haddon Hall; it was a view of one of the apartments, in which two or three groups of figures are



Engraved by] THE MADRIGAL. [M. Jackson.

introduced—some elderly people playing at chess, and some young folk occupied in, to themselves, the more important matter of courtship; "Winning the Game," for such was the title it had, was bought by Mr. W. Brown, M.P., of Liverpool, the opulent shipowner, whose munificence with regard to that town we recorded last month. After this followed in succession, at the British Institution, "Love's Messenger," bought and still possessed by Mr. G. Vaughan, Westbourne Terrace; and "Youth and Age," "Waiting for an Answer," and "The Rival Performers;" all of them in the collection recently presented by Mr. Sheepshanks to the nation. The last-mentioned work was exhibited in 1839, and was thus noticed by us at the time:—"The old poet's story of the nightingale who strove to out-do the minstrel's song, has evidently suggested the subject of 'The Rival Performers;' but, instead of the grove, we have an

antique chamber, and in lieu of the nightingale, a bird of the Canaries, who swells its little throat almost to bursting in jealous contest with the music of a loving youth, who sits beside a gentle maid. The picture is finely conceived, and very ably executed; the effect of light striking, but true; the sweet imploring look of the maiden, as, with a smile of half wonder and delight, she entreats her lover to save the life of his tiny rival, by relinquishing the contest, is especially happy. The draperies are managed with much skill: though the habits are of times long gone by, they are picturesque, free, and graceful. The colouring is rich, but by no means glaring." We reprint these remarks more for the purpose of showing what impression one of Mr. Horsley's earliest pictures made upon us, than by way of pointing to it as a work worthy to be honoured above his others of about the same period.

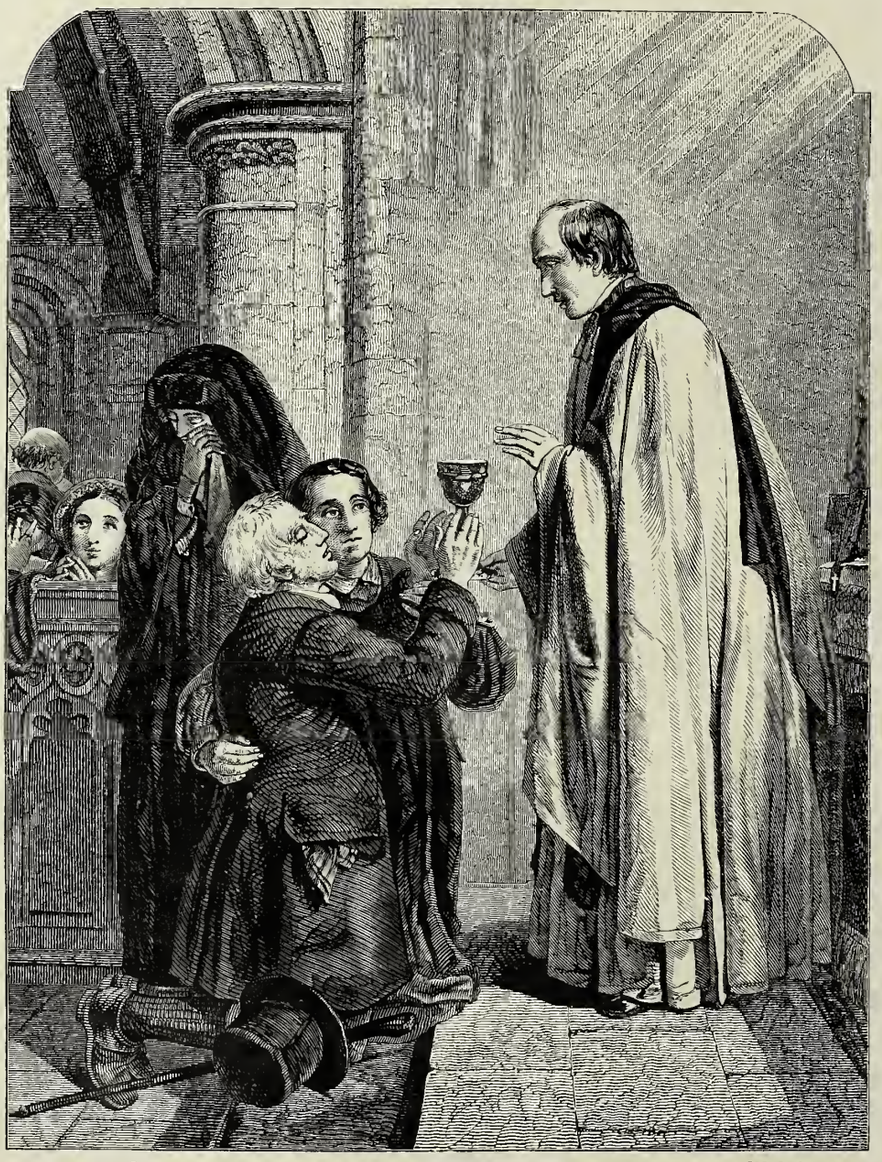
Having thus far gone through, with unusual success, the ordeal of the British Institution,—then, as now, a sort of probationary exhibition-room with young artists, though the works of the veterans were also to be seen there,—Horsley, in 1839, sent his first picture, "The Pride of the Village," to the Royal Academy: it was bought by the late Mr. Vernon previously to its public exhibition, and now forms one of the national pictures at Marlborough House: our engraving from it is, doubtless, in the recollection of most of our readers. Two small paintings, entitled respectively, "The Grandmother," and "Love's Messenger," were sent to the British Institution, in 1840, and fully sustained the reputation of the artist as a *genre*-painter whose subjects were popular, pleasing, and very carefully executed. In the same year he exhibited at the Royal Academy three pictures; one called "The Contrast," which had for its motto these impressive lines:—

"Youth in its dawn, daring the thoroughfare
Of life, with fearless foot and roving eye:
Age, in its humbled lustre, breathing prayer
Upon the threshold of eternity."

The second, entitled "Leaving the Ball," was purchased by Mr. Buckley, of Manchester, in whose collection, we believe, it still is. The subject represents a young military officer, in uniform, escorting a girl, probably his chosen partner of the evening's dance, down the steps of a mansion to her carriage; at the foot of the steps lies a wretched, houseless young female, who has passed the night—for day is breaking on the revel—like Lazarus at the gate of the rich man. This picture would have borne with equal propriety the same title as the preceding: there is the "contrast" of youth and age, here of luxury and squalid want. We remember the picture as a brilliant example of colouring, and the incident was well told; but it left, as a subject, an unfavourable impression on the mind, because we could trace in the gay couple no feeling of compassion for the poor outcast by their side; it manifested only pure heartlessness. We know not whether this was the sentiment which the painter intended; if so, it was a "mistake," and one to be regretted, for the subject might easily have been converted into a sound moral lesson. The third picture exhibited at that time was a graceful portrait of Mrs. I. Brunel, the artist's sister.

In 1841 Horsley contributed to the Royal Academy only a single painting—"The Pedlar"—very elaborately executed in all its details; it was purchased by the late Mr. Vernon, but does not now form a portion of the collection at Marlborough House. In 1842 he also sent but one picture—"Winning Gloves," a title significant enough of the subject to all who know how gloves are lost and won in moments of unconsciousness: it is a pretty composition, and free from affectation or vulgarity, though the subject is below the powers of this artist. The picture was painted for the late Mr. Knott; at the sale of his collection, it passed into that of Mr. Baring. Another painting, exhibited at the Academy in 1843, indicates that Horsley's imagination, about this time, was not too fertile in the discovery of new themes:—we shall account for this presently, however. In this work—"The Father's Grave"—is seen a young widow, with her son of tender age, seated by the recently-closed grave of the husband and father; the figures are excellently drawn and delicately coloured, and the sentiment of the composition is most pathetic; common-place as the subject is, the picture has qualities amply sufficient to redeem it from insignificance. It was engraved shortly after its appearance, but not in a manner to do justice to its excellence.

Three years now elapsed ere Horsley again appeared as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy; his absence therefrom, as well as the charge we have just brought against his recent works, as deficient in original matter, may be thus explained:—when, in 1842, the Royal Commission of Fine Arts resolved "that it would be expedient for the furthering of the objects of their inquiry that means should in the first place be taken to ascertain whether fresco-painting might be applied with advantage to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament," and also announced their intention of awarding premiums "to the artists who shall furnish cartoons which shall respectively be deemed worthy of one or other of the said premiums," Horsley entered enthusiastically into the arena of honourable artistic rivalry, and almost entirely relinquished his practice in oil-painting. The cartoon exhibition was opened in Westminster Hall in July, 1843, and to his drawing of "St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert and Bertha, his Christian Queen," was awarded one of the second class prizes of £200—a distinction rightly earned by the generally effective character of the composition, and the powerful and truthful expression given to the individual figures. In the following year the exhibition of frescoes took place in the same edifice, when Mr. Horsley contributed two—"Prayer," illustrated by the head and bust of a female figure; and "Peace," a full-length female figure, "white-robed," pressing a dove to her bosom, and offering the olive branch, with a lion and a lamb at her feet,—a more beautiful allegorical conception we scarcely remember to have seen, even from the hands of those foreign artists who, in such works, are allowed to have pre-eminence over our own. The merits of this production induced the Royal Commissioners to select its author as one of the six artists whom they appointed to execute each, respectively, an especial cartoon, with reference to its being reproduced in the House of Lords, and a sum of £400 was awarded to each painter for his work; but there was no stipulation that he would, as a consequence, be finally employed on the decorations of the edifice. The subject given to him was "Religion," which, according to the title appended to his work when exhibited, with a large number of others, in 1845, at Westminster, was, "Exemplified in the Faith and Hope of the Cross of Christ, in the subjection of all earthly Power and human distinctions to His Will, and in the common dependence of all Estates and Conditions of Men on His Word." It must suffice for us to state that a fresco of this subject ornaments the centre compartment facing the throne in the House of Peers.



Engraved by] THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION. [M. Jackson.

At this period of Mr. Horsley's history he held for two years the appointment of one of the head-masters of the Government School of Art, to which he was nominated after the retirement of Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A.

The announcement of the Royal Commissioners, issued in 1846, that artists were required to prepare pictures in oil, in competition for places in the houses

of legislature, once more stirred up Horsley to enter the field: he contributed the fine picture that forms one of our illustrations—"HENRY V. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES." The subject is supplied from the soliloquy which Shakspere, in the second part of his "Henry IV.," causes the young prince to utter when, on entering the bed-chamber of his father, he takes the crown from the pillow, and places it on his own head, supposing that the sleep into which the monarch has fallen is the sleep of death. Throughout the whole of the writings of our great dramatist there are not to be found any passages evincing more tender and pathetic emotions, more noble sentiments, and greater powers of language than those contained in this scene and that which follows it, when the king awakes and misses from its place the "round and top of royalty." The initiatory incident which Mr. Horsley has painted is a fine subject for a picture, though limited almost to a single figure. We have in this self-coronation the first insight into that reformation of character which the future years of the prince developed; he places the crown on his brow, not as a glittering bauble to be the emblem of pride and power, but as an object that entails on the wearer a heavy responsibility with regard to the duties he is called upon to discharge.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

Shakspere says, in another place. Horsley's Henry V. is a personification in the true spirit of the poet's description; the figure is bold and manly, the face intelligent and thoughtful; all trace of "Prince Hal" is here lost, and, instead, we are in the presence of one conscious of his high calling, and nerving himself for the exercise of the dignity and powers of his station. The other parts of the composition are but subordinate to this, yet they are very carefully and picturesquely—if the term may be applied to such a subject—rendered. One of the three prizes of £200 each was awarded to Horsley for this work—a distinction which all who saw it admitted it to merit.

These national competitions seem to have awakened in the mind of Horsley a desire to employ his time almost exclusively upon historical art adapted to public edifices; though certainly the attention of the public had not then—nor, indeed, is it now—been sufficiently roused to its importance to promise him much in the way of commissions; however, he engaged with a gentleman to execute in a parish church in Devonshire, which was being restored, some paintings in fresco of subjects from sacred history. He entered heartily into the proposal of his patron, from the works being congenial with his tastes, and because it had frequently occurred to his mind that, as the spandrels of the nave, arcades, and other parts of a church appropriate for decoration are frequently ornamented with texts of Scripture, so they might serve with equal utility as instructive lessons, and certainly with more propriety as decorative works, if the artist were substituted for the ornamentist, and the narratives of the Bible, expressed in pure and simple pictures, took the place of the verses, and this, too, without in any way disturbing the Protestant feeling of the community. The experiment, however, was not to be tried, in this instance at least; for, after Horsley had occupied considerable time in designs and preparations, including the storing of all necessary materials for his work into the vaults of the church, his patron suddenly became a convert to the Romish faith, and, though with right feeling towards those whom he had left, he completed the architectural restorations of the building, he naturally relinquished all idea of decorating it. The only other works in fresco of which we have to speak are—"Satan whispering evil Dreams into the ear of Eve," in the Hall of Poets, in the Houses of Parliament, and two paintings illustrating passages in the life of Alfred the Great, executed at Summerleyton, the mansion of Sir Morton Peto. Entertaining but slender hope of this department of Art taking deep root in the tastes of the British public, of its being adopted in ecclesiastical decoration, or that it would be carried out by the Government to any considerable extent in the proposed adornment of the houses of legislature, Mr. Horsley turned back reluctantly, yet resolutely, to his easel and canvas and his oils, though he had not altogether relinquished them when occupied with his frescoes.



Engraved by] HENRY V. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES. [M. Jackson.

In 1846 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a scene from "Romeo and Julict," illustrating the well-known passage commencing with—

"Look, love, what envious streaks," &c.,

addressed by Romeo to the lady. This picture, which was bought by Mr. I. K. Brunel, shows a composition of much elegance, taste, and feeling. The subject has been frequently painted, but rarely with so much success as in this instance. In 1847 his only contribution was a portrait of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords, painted for the Society of Parliamentary Agents. The picture presents an admirable and characteristic likeness of this nobleman. In 1848 he exhibited three works, of which two were portraits—one of Mr. R. B. Ward, of Bristol; the other of his brother-in-law, Mr. I. K. Brunel, the eminent engineer, who is represented on the canvas standing near a table covered with railway plans, &c. The third picture was a small oil sketch of "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso," painted for Prince Albert, and now at Osborne. An engraving from it—or rather, from the larger and finished picture painted and exhibited at the Academy in 1851—by Mr. Garner, is now near completion, and will be published before very long among our "Royal Pictures," so that we shall reserve all remarks till it appears in the *Art-Journal*, except to say that the design is the artist's original idea for the fresco in the Poet's Hall, but the Commission having decided that the subject illustrating Milton must be taken from "Paradise Lost," the "Satan whispering," &c., was substituted for it.

"Malvolio in the Sun practising Behaviour to his own Shadow" is the title of the single picture sent to the Academy in 1849: when we speak of it as a truly "affected" picture, we consider the expression a compliment to the artist, for affectation should be, as it is here, the predominant characteristic of the chief

actor in the scene, and it undoubtedly has never been better expressed without burlesque or vulgarity. There are other figures in the background, and the whole are painted with great force and brilliancy of colour.

Mr. Horsley's relative, Sir A. W. Callcott, having, at his decease, left unfinished a picture of "Launce reproving his Dog," it was finished by the former, and exhibited, under his name, at the British Institution in 1850. It is a most amusing and a well-painted work, but as we know not how much of the merit of it belongs to each artist, we must leave it unnoticed, and allow the honours to be equally divided between the two painters. To the Academy Horsley contributed, in the same year, an exceedingly attractive composition, which he called, "Hospitality—the Mote Ightham, Kent;" it represents a child offering relief to an aged beggar at the entrance-door of the mansion.

The year 1851, that of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which appeared to waken most of our artists into vigorous action, did not, we think, bring out Mr. Horsley in more than his usual strength: he exhibited a portrait, a small picture, "Youth and Age," in which an old woman is seated listlessly by her fire-side, while her daughter, it is presumed, is holding "sweet converse" with a youth through a window; and the "Il Penseroso" mentioned above.

The year following he sent to the Royal Academy two pictures, one, now in the possession of Mr. T. Miller, of Preston, a liberal collector of the works of British artists, depicted a scene from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where "Master Slender" is left sitting alone in the garden contenting himself with the imaginary idea that he "is not a-hungry," while he sees his friends enjoying their feast inside the house; "Slender," the point of the composition, looks the character of the dramatist's imagination. The other was "The Madrigal," which we have engraved: it is in the possession of another wealthy collector near Preston, Mr. W. Bashall, and is, perhaps, one of the most successful works of the artist in this class. The picture was included among the number of those sent by Mr. Horsley to the Paris Exhibition in 1855: it has always been a favourite of ours from the truth with which each character is brought forward.

There was a charming little picture by Horsley in the Academy Exhibition of 1853, it was called "Florence and Boatswain,"—the former a young child, the latter a dog. Another work, "Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham," hung at the same time, must be classed among his best; it was also one of those contributed to the French Exhibition: it is the property of Mr. J. Hicks, of Bolton.

"The Pet of the Common," a young donkey carried in the arms of a village boy, is an unusual subject for Horsley to take up; it was exhibited, in 1854, with another picture called "Attraction,"—a servant-maid looking down from a window on a detachment of the Horse Guards as they pass the house. Both



Engraved by] SCENE FROM DON QUIXOTE. [M. Jackson.

are cleverly-painted works; but, as subjects, not quite worthy of the head and hand that produced "Henry V.," "Religion," "The Madrigal," &c. "Attraction" is in the possession of Mr. Bullock, of Handsworth, near Birmingham. There was a fine, life-like portrait of Archdeacon Sinclair, by Horsley, in the Academy in 1855, painted for the Vestry Hall of Kensington, as a tribute of respect from the parishioners. Along with it were exhibited "Auld Grannie and Wee Nan," situated in a bothie of the Highlands; and the "Scene from Don Quixote," engraved on this page, where the curate, the barber, the housekeeper, and her niece have entered into a conspiracy to dismantle the shelves of the knight, while he is asleep in an adjoining apartment, of the books which they consider to have been the means of "setting Don Quixote beside his senses." The curate is reading one of the volumes with mock gravity, the barber and the young female take down others and hand them to the housekeeper, who flings them out of the window. Mr. S. Cartwright is the owner of this humorous picture, and Mr. Longsdon, of Longstone, near Bakewell, of the other; both of them well calculated to justify the choice of the Royal Academicians in selecting Mr. Horsley this year to be an Associate. The elevation appears to have wrought in him a desire to augment his usual annual contributions, for in the following year he sent five pictures, the largest number he had ever exhibited at one time. We can only enumerate them, —"The Administration of the Holy Communion," engraved on a preceding page, and purchased by Mr. Bashall, "A Lancashire Witch," "The Novice," a "Portrait of Sir W. Domville," and "A jealous Eye."

A careful examination of the works of this artist must convince the observer that he produces nothing on which the utmost care and study have not been bestowed. It is to be regretted that any impediment stood in the way of his devoting his attention to subjects of high historical character, and more particularly to sacred subjects, suited to church decoration. We should not in all probability have seen from his pencil compositions that might vie with those of Cornelius, Beudemann, Vos, Kaulbach, Wach, Begas, and other great masters of the German school; but we might reasonably have looked for works of great interest, and manifesting high feeling united with skilful execution—works that would evidence a pure mind and a ready pencil. Thrown back upon such subjects as the taste of the public demands, he brings to his labours all those qualities of Art that are calculated to produce the most satisfactory result—pleasing imagination, truthful drawing, vivid colouring, effective *chiaro-oscuro*, and, when the subject demands it, great elaboration: his works are comparatively few, but they are valuable.

THE EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES, AT MANCHESTER.

It is impossible, within limited space, to do justice to this wonderful collection of Art Treasures. The objects exhibited number many thousands; each is a "gem" of its class; perhaps there are not a dozen of the whole that it may be desirable to remove; they are seen under the best possible circumstances for display and examination—whether to gratify curiosity, to afford pleasure, or to supply instruction; the Exhibition is, therefore, a triumphant success, and will be unquestionably considered among the "great facts" of the age.

We may ask a moment's reflection before we introduce our readers into this marvellous assemblage of grand works of many ages and countries. They are all gathered from private sources; all, if we except the contributions of ancient armour from the Tower, those which are the property of the East India Company, those which belong to the universities, corporate bodies, and the London companies, the diploma pictures of the Royal Academy, and a few heir-looms of the Crown. It is, therefore, not among the least of the remarkable incidents connected with this subject, that so many noblemen and gentlemen should have been willing to intrust, and that for a long period, to the care of the committee and its officials, objects, for loss or injury to which no money could compensate—for a very large proportion of them are "priceless," and such as no amount of wealth could restore or replace.

Our first duty, therefore, undoubtedly is to give expression to public gratitude for that liberal and considerate desire to minister to public enjoyment and education by which this marvellous collection has been brought together. Happily, hitherto, there has been, we understand, no solitary instance of damage; but no one could have sent an article without the apprehension of injury; while a daily sacrifice of pleasure must have been made by every person who parted, though but for a time, with the treasures of his home. The results of this experiment are consequently matters of sincere congratulation; they show the "higher orders" as willing to share their enjoyments with the "humbler classes," and those who have inherited or acquired wealth as anxious to extend among all grades of society the gratifications that wealth obtains, and for which only wealth is desirable.

The Exhibition at Manchester, viewed in this light, therefore, while it contributes to social progress and promotes rational and intellectual pleasure, cannot fail to aid much in removing those barriers which have hitherto separated "the classes," by exhibiting the aristocracy—of rank and riches—not only willing, but desirous, that the people should, as widely as possible, participate in the enjoyments they themselves derive from their "treasures," and that, too, in a city which is understood to be the most democratic of the kingdom.

To the committee—a few enterprising gentlemen of Manchester—a debt of gratitude is as certainly due. It has been said that the fitting place for such an exhibition is the Metropolis; but we more than doubt that the project would ever have been there entertained. Without a large "guarantee fund," the undertaking would have been a vision. Those who recollect the exceeding difficulty of obtaining—at the close of 1850—a much less sum than that "guaranteed" by some fifty or sixty gentlemen of Manchester, will not require to be told how hopeless would have been the effort to do in London that which has been so nobly and so effectually done in the commercial capital of England. We believe that nowhere in the whole world could such a scheme have been so admirably perfected; and while we congratulate the committee, its associates, and its supporters, on having achieved, in a right and liberal spirit, all they designed, and all they could possibly have hoped for, we fully expect the results will be such as ought to follow, and usually do follow, any great and good work—a recompence of honour and profit to all who are entitled to it.

It does not lessen a whit the credit due to the committee that they resorted to London for the assistants they required. To select and then to arrange the mass of objects collected were tasks of great difficulty and delicacy, and ought to have been confided only to men of knowledge and experience. The selections of those who were to direct the several departments were eminently judicious: thus—

Mr. George Scharf, Jun., F.S.A., has the superintendence of the works of Ancient Masters, and is responsible for that division of the catalogue.

The arrangement of the works of Modern Masters was confided to Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A.

To Mr. Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., was assigned the task of collecting and arranging the Portrait Gallery, and the collection of Historical Miniatures.

The Collection of Armour (perhaps the most interesting and instructive division of the whole series of ancient works) was intrusted to Mr. J. R. Planché, F.S.A. (*Rouge Croix*), and he has been ably assisted by Mr. Pratt.

Dr. Royle, F.S.A., undertook the arrangement of the Indian and Chinese Works, contributed by the East India Company and "many private contributors."

The Sculpture has been most satisfactorily arranged by Mr. Dudley and Mr. Redford.

The Water-Colour Gallery—the arrangement of which must have been an immense labour—was confided to Mr. Edward Holmes, M.A.; but he is understood to have been greatly assisted by Mr. John Scott.

The Engravings have been also arranged by Mr. Holmes; but here great results have been obtained from the personal exertions of Mr. Dominic Colnaghi.

The collection of Photographs has been confided to the able superintendence of Mr. Philip Delamotte.

"The Museum of Ornamental Art"—which supplies, perhaps, the most useful portions of the multifarious contents of the building—has been arranged, and "the materials of the catalogue furnished" by Mr. J. B. Waring, assisted by Mr. Chaffers.

There are, no doubt, many subordinates to whom we owe much, but these names only are prominent in the undertaking.

We may not, however, forget to congratulate Mr. Crace, by whom the interior decorations were so judiciously planned and executed; Mr. Graham, by whom much of the "furnishing" was supplied; and especially the architect, Mr. Salomons, and the engineer, Mr. Dredge, by whom the building was designed, and to whose energy and ability we are indebted for its completion, effectually aided, as they have been, by the contractors, Messrs. Young & Co.

Especially, and above all, we must render to Mr. J. C. Deane, the praise to which he is so justly entitled. As the "General Commissioner," it appears to have been his duty to superintend the arrangements for all the departments, directed by the several gentlemen whose names we have printed. It is not enough to say of him that he has been "indefatigable:" he seems to have been everywhere—always in the right place at the proper time; and it is certain that much of the general results must be attributed to the zeal, energy, and never-ceasing industry of the General Commissioner.

These preliminary remarks may be closed by a list of the Executive Committee, to whose liberal enterprise and patriotic spirit the country is so largely indebted for an intellectual banquet such as no age or people of the world have ever enjoyed under one roof at one time, and such as it is not likely the present generation can ever enjoy again:—

Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., *Chairman.*
Thomas Ashton, Esq.
William Entwistle, Esq.
Joseph Heron, Esq.
Edmund Potter, Esq.
Sigismund J. Stern, Esq.

A short history of the undertaking, and a brief description of the building, will be necessary, in order that our readers may understand the several details into which it will be our duty to enter. It appears that early in 1856, Mr. J. C. Deane and Mr. P. Cunningham jointly issued a "private and confidential" letter to several of the magnates of Manchester, suggesting a plan for exhibiting in a "suitable building" the Art Treasures of Great Britain, which they were sanguine enough to believe would be "lent" for such a purpose by their owners. We extract one or two passages from this document, in order to show how little deviation there has been from the original plan:—

"In proposing to bring these treasures together, it must be understood that though painting and sculpture must necessarily form a large portion of the collection, yet the scheme contemplates a still wider scope of attraction. Fine Arts in all branches, judiciously selected, would be here displayed, subject to careful classification and arrangement. An opportunity, too, would thus occur of giving by examples a chronological history of British painting, which, in itself could not fail to be attractive, and particularly in a district where individuals have done so much to encourage Art. * * * * It would be easy to point out many other appropriate objects of attraction in Art which might be admitted within the building we contemplate—costume, armour, antiquities of all sorts, furniture, ancient glass, ancient china, works in the precious metals, and a thousand other objects, which will readily present themselves to any reflective mind. * * * * The scheme (so happily suggested by Lord Stanhope, sanctioned by Parliament, and recently approved by her Majesty in a message to the Lords) of forming a collection of the portraits of persons eminent in British history, may be materially assisted by an exhibition like that contemplated at Manchester in 1857."

The idea was adopted; very soon a "guarantee fund," exceeding £70,000, justified the commencement of proceedings; an application was immediately made to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who at once sanctioned and encouraged the undertaking; her Majesty the Queen accorded to it her patronage; and a public meeting was held in Manchester, at which it was resolved "to hold an exhibition of the Art Treasures of the kingdom in that city" during the spring and summer of 1857. The subscribers to the guarantee fund were appointed a council, and the Executive Committee was elected, with "full power to make all engagements, financial or otherwise, for consummating the project, subject only to the approval, by the general council, of the site and the plan of the proposed building; the council also to have the ultimate appropriation of the edifice, and the disposal of any surplus funds which might accrue." A site was selected for the proposed building, which, although distant about two miles from the heart of Manchester, possessed many and manifest advantages. Tenders were made for its erection, and ultimately a design submitted by Messrs. C. D. Young & Co., of London and Leith, was ac-

ecpted, but subject to various modifications by the architect, M. E. Salomons, who was again very ably assisted by Mr. Dredge, the engineer. It is this building which now stands at "Old Trafford," and has received the Art Treasnres of the United Kingdom.

We have on more than one occasion described it; it is unnecessary to ocenpy space by doing so now; except in so far as to state that the exterior is plain and unpromising: its dull and heavy character, however, has been somewhat lightened by a façade of red and white brick. We by no means complain that there has been no large expenditure upon the outside,—the bnilding is, what it was designed to be, a plain edifice, calenlated to "house" a collection of Art-works with as mnch *wall* as was possible upon which to hang pictures. But it would be difficnlt to find any fault with the interior,—it is singularly light, elegant, and effective; the arrangements for display are eminently judicious; it is of sufficient size to convey the idea of ample space, covering altogether an area of 18,000 square yards, or upwards of three acres; its extreme length being 704 feet, its entire frontage being 446 feet. There are several well-arranged entrances. "The dimensions of the Great Hall (omitting the picture galleries which flank it on each side) give a length of 632 feet, and a width of 104 feet; while the transept, running north and south, is 200 feet by 104 feet. A row of banded colnmns, on each side the hall, support the roof; the space between these and the wall being 24 feet on each side; so that the clear space along the centre of the hall, between the pillars, presents a noble avenne of 56 feet. The height of the Great Hall is 56½ feet from the floor to the crown of the arch; the ridge roof of the side aisles being 31½ feet from the floor; and the coupled columns 28½ feet in height.

"The sides of the central hall are decorated with a rich maroon paper, having a neat surbase, and an elegant cornice in gold and colonrs, with tablets in blne, npon which are inscribed the names of the artists whose productions hang beneath. The semicircular roof is divided into panels, the divisions consisting of the iron principals, and the longitudinal ribs of timber. The compartments (picked out with a faint border-line of crimson) are an aerial grey, which blends charmingly with the sky and clond above, as seen through the glazed roof. The ribs are in bronze, with an ornamental edging of a light cream or vellum tint, and the faces are decorated alternately with Vetruvian and Grecian ornamentation. Upon the lower edges of the principals there is a very neat rosette ornament, whilst the coupled columns are in bronze, relieved with gold, and at the top of each brace, in the centre of the floral-work brackets, is the monogram, in bright gold, 'A.T.E.'" *

These decorations are the work of Mr. Crace, in whom the committee found a valuable ally.

The "Great Hall" contains the objects of *vertu*, the ancient armonr, the porcelain, the gold plate, the Soulages Collection—all, indeed, except the pictures, ancient and modern, which occupy the two side aisles, the oriental collections, and the water-colonr paintings, which are contained in a suite of convenient rooms, behind, but nnderneath, the great organ. There are galleries at either end, one of them being small, designed, we imagine, merely to add to the graceful proportions of the structnre; the other sufficiently spacious to contain the collection of engravings and that of photographs; but in these galleries are exhibited several works of the modern schools of France and Belgium, which, not properly appertaining to the "Art Treasures of the Kingdom," have been kept apart from those which occupy the side aisle devoted to productions of British Art.

"A Reception Room," near the entrance, has been gracefully and tastefully decorated by Messrs. Jackson and Graham. The refreshment rooms have been fitted up very elegantly; and of this "important" department it will snffice to say, that everything is good, and at reasonable prices; quite as reasonable, indeed, as they could be found at any ordinary "honse of entertainment."

The Exhibition was opened on Tnesday, the 5th of May; his Royal Highness Prince Albert honouring the ceremony by his presence. Manchester was of course in a state of great excitement; it was a nniversal holiday; flags and banners floated from the roofs or windows of all pnblic bnildings, and in several of the leading streets; the bells rang merrily ont; balconies and temporary scaffoldings were filled with people along the whole route of the procession; the weather was fine (a merciful boon in Manchester), and the occasion appeared to be one of nnmingled joy.

The doors were opened at twelve o'clock to those who had season tickets; and before one o'clock all the seats were occupied; we believe the number present, on the arrival of the Prince, approached ten thousand; it was understood that nearly nine thonsand tickets had been disposed of. The scene received some "sparkle" from several conrt "suits" and official costnmes; bnt especially from the dresses of the ladies; these were, as our readers will imagine, superb and costly, but very beautiful withal.

When the several gnests were seated, and the momentary bnstle had snbsided, the effect from the gallery was exceedingly striking. The arrangements for the reception of so large a crowd mnst have been admirable; there was no pushing, or driving, or unseemly haste; ample accommodation had been provided for all; the "invited guests" being placed on either side of the throne chair.

The "invited guests," however, were too few; we looked in vain for those representatives of Art, Science, and Letters, whose presenee would have added dignity and grace to the occasion, and given to the eeremonial an interest which it nndonbtedly laeked.

The "Arts" were to some extent represented: the Presidents of the Royal Academy and the two Water-Colour Galleries were there, and three members of the Royal Academy also,—as guests, but not gnests "invited." "Science" was represented by Professor Owen alone, a host in himself, but who would nndoubtedly have felt more at home in the companionship of some of his fellows; while "Letters" had no representative whatever, if we except Mr. Robert Chambers. This, we humbly think, was a sad omission, and one for which there is now no remedy. A comparatively small expenditure wonld have obtained the attendanee of all the leading Professors of Seienee, the principal Artists, and the most eminent of the men and women of Letters of the United Kingdom. Invitations issned to these pnblic benefactors—for sueh they are, although the utilitarian spirit of the age may hesitate to recognise their claims—would have largely angmented the grace and interest of the ceremonial; and have made the day infinitely more memorable in the annals of prosperons Manchester. Nor ean we doubt that the men and women who have become famous by intellectual labour, and whose labonrs are in many instanees directly or indirectly associated with the objects which excited admiration in all the departments of the building, would have been received by the assembled magnates and people of Manchester with a cordial welcome, as familiar friends.

As far as we can learn, Dr. Waagen was the only "invited gnest" whose pen has been employed in communicating knowledge concerning Art. Withont naming those—and they are many—to whom a similar courtesy might have been extended, we may allude to Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Merrifield, because the catalogne refers to their writings as "authorities" in the selections of exhibited works.

At two o'clock the Prince arrived, and was at once conducted to the dais at which the proceedings commenced. His Royal Highness was attended by his immediate suite, the Mayor, aldermen, and common council of Manchester, those of Salford, the Committee of the Exhibition, a few noblemen, three or four members of Parliament, the Bishop of Manchester, and some of his clergy, the Lord Mayor and four of the aldermen of London, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, their excellencies the Belgian and American ministers, the minister for Hayti (a negro, who wore a decoration of the Legion of Honour), some deputy-lieutenants (in their scarlet coats), a few officers of the army and navy, and several of the principal gentlemen of the city.* The occasion, however, was not sought to be commemorated by the attendance of remarkable and distinguished persons: the grand collection of great works was there; the *élite* of Manchester were present; and the Prince received a hearty and cordial greeting, that must have gratified him mueh. The chairman of the Executive Committee—following the president, Lord Overstone, who briefly expressed a welcome to the Prince, and thanks for the honour of his presence—read an address which contained a brief history of the Exhibition, to which his Royal Highness replied. This reply is, like all the addresses of the Prince, remarkable for its clearness and sonnd practical sense, saying just enongh—in language coneise, expressive, "to the point," and by no means withont appropriate eloquence: it is as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the Executive Committee,—

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind address. The expressions of loyalty and attachment to the Queen which it conveys will, I feel certain, be most gratifying to her.

"I have with pleasure accepted your invitation to preside at the inaugural ceremony of an undertaking which I have watched with the deepest interest from its first conception: and I may now be allowed to congratulate you upon the success which has, so far, crowned your labours.

"The building in which we are assembled, and the wonderful collection of these treasures of Art, as you so justly term them, which it displays, reflect the highest credit upon you. They must strike the beholder with grateful admiration, not only of the wealth and spirit of enterprise of this country, but also of that generous feeling of mutual confidence and good-will between the different classes of society within it, of which it affords so gratifying a proof.

"We behold a feast which the rich, and those who possess private collections, have set before those to whom fortune has denied the higher luxuries of life—bringing forth from the innermost recesses of their private dwellings their choicest and most cherished treasures, and entrusting them to your care, in order to gratify the nation at large: and this too unhesitatingly—at your mere request—satisfied that your plans were disinterested

* We have extracted these details from a publication issued weekly at Manchester, entitled "The Art-Treasures Examiner." The first part contains two admirably executed coloured prints, of the exterior and interior: the work is very neatly printed; and if it is continued as it has been commenced, it will not be among the least valuable results of the exhibition.

* Perhaps the gentleman who, of the whole *cortège*, attracted most attention was that "Correspondent" of the *Times* who has won for himself a foremost and honourable place in the history of his country, as the writer of those famous "Letters from the Crimea," which rank among the most marvellous compositions ever produced, considering the circumstances under which they were written. He was in attendance, however, as the reporter for the journal with which he has the honour to be connected, and which is honoured by his service, and was in no other sense an "invited guest." It was gratifying, but not remarkable, to note the attention he everywhere received.

and well matured, and that they had the good of the country for their object.

"This is a gratifying sight, and blessed is the country in which it is witnessed! But no less so is the fact which has shown itself in this, as in other instances, that the great and noble of the land look to their Sovereign to head and lead them in such patriotic undertakings; and when they see that the Sovereign has come forward to give her countenance and assistance to the work, that they feel it a pleasure to co-operate with her, and not to leave her without their support—emulating thus, in works of peace, the chivalric spirit which animated their forefathers in the warlike times of old.

"You have done well not to aim at a mere accumulation of works of Art and objects of general interest, but to give to your collection, by a scientific and historical arrangement, an educational character,—thus not losing the opportunity of teaching the mind as well as gratifying the senses: and manifold are the lessons which it will present to us. If Art is the purest expression of the state of mental and religious culture, and of general civilisation of any age or people—an historical and chronological review, given at one glance, cannot fail to impress us with a just appreciation of the peculiar characteristics of the different periods and countries, the works of which are here exhibited to us, and of the influence which they have exercised upon each other.

"In comparing these works with those of our own age and country, while we may well be proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we have reason also for humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools.

"I trust that you may reap, in the approbation of the public at large, and in the remunerative concourse of the people, the immediate reward of your labours, and that, like the Exhibition of 1851, to which you so flatteringly allude, you may thus also find the means of closing your operations without having recourse to the guarantee fund, which this district has so generously put at your disposal. Beyond this, however, I trust that the beneficial effects upon the progress of Art and taste in our country, which we may confidently look to, may be a lasting memorial of your vast enterprise."

A prayer was then delivered by the Bishop of Manchester, from which we extract the following passage:—

"Grant that this undertaking may be made available to the exalting our national character, the chastening and elevating our taste, that, in all that is good and beautiful, acknowledging Thee, the author of all good gifts, we may the more readily obey with willingness Thy laws, and walk in Thy commandments. And, as this undertaking is intended for the good of many, so may it too contribute to draw them together in mutual love and kindness,—the wealthier, who have provided here the means of instruction and improvement, uniting in seeking to promote the common good, the less favoured in estate joyfully receiving and thankfully participating in the opportunities and advantages accorded to them in this place. While we behold the various degrees and kinds of excellence which the imagination, learning, skill, or industry of men have at any time attained to, let us ever remember that all that is good is of Thee done, that, without Thee, nothing is strong, nothing is holy. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give the praise.'"

A procession of "the authorities" was then formed, and his Royal Highness was conducted through the building. We ask our readers to accompany them on this walk, during which we shall briefly point attention to the several "departments" which make the grand whole of the Exhibition, premising that everything appeared in its right place, and in the best possible order everywhere. If there was aught unfinished or incomplete, it did not meet the eye: the pictures were all hung, the glass-enclosed cases all filled—there was, in short, nothing to induce an idea that a delay in "opening" would have rendered the ceremony more perfect, or the collection more complete. This is saying much for the several gentlemen and their assistants, to whom was confided the onerous duty of being "ready in time." Possibly there was even then much to do, but it certainly was not perceptible; and if there had been any desire to find fault, it would not have been easy to point out a quarter in which there was evidence of neglect or of defect that might have been guarded against and avoided. In a word, the Exhibition seemed as *perfect* on the day of opening as it was designed to be, or hoped to be, and was thus contrasted with all the other exhibitions of the last twenty years—to the credit of Manchester, and in fortuitous confirmation of general belief in its "business habits," its practical and working energy, and its vast capabilities for carrying enterprise to a success. In following the Prince, we follow the catalogue, and enter first those galleries which contain the works of the Ancient Masters. This wonderful collection has been arranged by Mr. George Scharf: to examine it with anything like accuracy would be the labour—but a labour full of delight—of many days; it consists of more than 1000 pictures, beginning with the very earliest schools, each "a master-piece." These are, as our readers know, nearly all the property of private individuals, very few of them belong to public collections; to give a list of their "owners" would be to occupy large space; to name the more prominent works is impossible at present, although it will be our duty hereafter to direct special attention to several of them. Among the most liberal of the contributors are her Majesty and Prince Albert, whose example, indeed, influenced so many, and whose early adhesion to this cause undoubtedly led to the successful issue we are now commemorating. There are scarcely any of the great artists of any age or country omitted,—the Dutch school being thoroughly represented by the Collection of the Marquis of Hertford, which occupies a division apart from the gallery, added to those which are mixed up with examples of the Italian schools. What a walk it is through this broad avenue of the rich legacies of centuries! We pass to the opposite side of the building, and enter that other aisle, which contains an assemblage of Art Treasures scarcely less rare or valuable, and in some respects more interesting—the productions of British artists from the earliest to those of our epoch, beginning with occasional gleams when Art was an exotic, and terminating with those grand achievements of our contemporaries, the men who are living and flourishing among us, honoured in their own age, rewarded while they live, and working for "all time." The series commences with examples of the earlier masters, the pioneers of British Art; they are few, but they lead the way to a glorious display of the works of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, works familiar to us by engravings, but which we here see as pictures for the first time. Every master of the English school is represented from their time downwards—Copley, Northcote, West, Thomson, Romney, Opie, Barry, Morland, Nasmyth, Harlow, Smirke, Stothard, Lawrence, Phillips, Hilton, Collins, Turner, Callcott, Etty, Newton, Briggs, Constable, Wilkie, Allan, Müller, Haydon, Martin, Bonington, Liverseege—all are here, and as they would desire to be, if in life, represented rightly and by the productions that best exhibit their genius and command the homage of that posterity for which they laboured.

The collection does not end here; it includes the works of all our foremost living men—Eastlake, Landseer, Mulready, Ward, Uwins, Goodall, Herbert, Webster, Dyce, Stanfield, Maclise, Roberts, Hook, Harding, Cope, Horsley, Pyne, Frith, Lee, Sant, Cooper, Hart, Lance, Creswick, Ansdell, Philip, Danby, Redgrave, Egg, Duval, Cooke, Hunt, Millais, Harvey, Hurlstone, Stone, Dobson, Holland, Knight, Faed, Gordon, Pickersgill, Anthony, Gilbert, Macnee, M'Culloch, Linnell, Frost, Williams, Mrs. Carpenter, Witherington, Pearce, Baxter, Elmore, Johnstone, Bright, Leighton, Linton, M'Innes, Grant, Jones, Herring, Inskipp, Hemsley—and others whose names we may have overlooked, contribute to form this rich and varied, and really beautiful, assemblage of Art Treasures. Most of them are indeed old friends—friends with whom we made acquaintance at the several exhibitions of the metropolis, but they are not the less welcome when we meet them here associated in honour with so many glorious contemporaries. To this marvellous assemblage of national wealth we shall endeavour to do better justice hereafter.

We have as yet by no means done with Art in the higher sense of the term. A collection which yields in value to nothing within the building—which, indeed, has perhaps an interest beyond any other of its many departments—is the "British Portrait Gallery," which Mr. Peter Cunningham has arranged with admirable skill and judgment. It consists of 337 works placed in chronological order, or nearly so, beginning with a portrait of Henry IV., and closing with one of the poet Keats, whose memorable line—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—

is one of the mottoes of the Exhibition. To this assemblage, as well as that of the miniatures and enamels—arranged also by Mr. Cunningham—we must endeavour to do justice when we have larger space at command.

The collections of drawings in water-colours consist of no fewer than 965 works, about 100 of which belong to the older schools, British and Foreign; the remainder being by the artists of our own time—of these, eighty-four are the works of Turner.

The galleries of engravings are fruitful of enjoyment and instruction. These commence with the very earliest productions of the art—the works of Finiguerra—and carry us down to the Doos, the Robinsons, and the Cousins of our own times, embracing every intermediate period and style; and numbering in all 1859, including woodcuts and lithographs.

A very large collection of photographs—portraits, landscapes, buildings, Art objects, copies of drawings and paintings, &c.—occupies the gallery over the north transept. These have been carefully selected and arranged by Mr. Delamotte. The time is perhaps hardly arrived for an exhibited history of this Art; but it would have been satisfactory to have seen some of the very early specimens beside those examples of modern date which so nearly approach perfection as transcripts of nature.

Descending from the galleries, and resuming our walk through "the Great Hall," we are called upon to pause every moment and admire some fine work of sculpture—a collection lining the avenue on either side: of these there are sixty-one works, but they are all in marble, no casts having been admitted; the consequence is a failure as regards this branch of "the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom." Gibson, Baily, Calder Marshall, Spence, Sherwood, Westmacott, Theed, Durham, Munro, Hogan, the elder Westmacott, Macdonald, Wyatt, Cardwell, Thorneycroft, Stephens, Thrupp, and Davis are here; but where are Foley, MacDowell, Bell, Weekes, and a dozen others, who hold high rank among British sculptors, and some of whom may compete with the best of the great masters of ancient and modern times? Even Marochetti is absent; and so, also, is Noble, the "pet" of Manchester, to whom go all the "commissions" by which the magnates

of the city seek to honour the living or the dead.

Those who traverse the Great Hall will be sure to stop somewhere about its centre, for here is one of its leading attractions—the collection of ancient armour, which Rouge Croix has been collecting and arranging, "with heart and soul," for he loves his task; and trusts that even in modern Manchester, where utilities are lords paramount, his labours will be appreciated, and men will be taught to converse with steel-clad heroes, whose best friends were the armourers and the anvil. This collection is formed chiefly from the "Meyrick store;" but it has been augmented by contributions from the Tower and loans by private individuals. It is impossible to overrate the interest of this—perhaps the most attractive, as it certainly is the most original—feature of the exhibition. To enter at all into the subject would be to absorb the space to which we are of necessity limited this month; we shall recur to it, however, as to a rich source of enjoyment and instruction, the examination of which would of itself recompense a visit to Manchester.

We have left ourselves but little room to describe the remaining portions of this truly great gathering of Art Treasures—the Art Treasures of THE WORLD, although the property of British owners.

Along the central hall, on either side, are some twenty or thirty large glass cases, each filled with treasures costly enough to buy a rich manor. These have been collected and arranged under the very able superintendence of Mr. Waring, who has found a valuable coadjutor in Mr. Chaffers. These objects are so multifarious, and so varied, that, very wisely, a brief description is attached to each article; "the catalogue," therefore, is limited to a slight but sufficient history of the art chiefly illustrated by the contents, the cases being marked so that references may be made to them.

Thus, Case A contains GLASS. The collection of Venetian glass is of amazing beauty and variety, examples of every class being here exhibited—contributed chiefly by the Duke of Buccleuch, R. Napier, Esq., Felix Slade, Esq., the Earl of Cadogan, Miss Auldjo, and G. Nicholson, Esq. The glass of Germany—of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—is amply represented; so also is English glass, from its earliest manufacture—in 1557—to our day.

Case B contains enamels of infinite variety.

Case C is full of rare specimens of porcelain; and case D of Oriental china. In the former are many of the finest works of Dresden and Sèvres, with the early English—the produce of the factories at Bow, Chelsea, Worcester, and Derby. Other cases contain those now famous productions of Wedgwood, which only in the present day have found their true value. A few years ago specimens might have been obtained for shillings that would now bring pounds from a hundred buyers.

The Majolica ware is contained in case E; it is a wonderful collection, of immense value.

Cases F and G contain examples of the goldsmith's art. It will be readily understood that these cases are rich in beauty and in worth. The rarest specimens possessed by public institutions, as well as by private individuals, are here exhibited.

Case H is full of works in sculpture—bronze and terra-cotta.

To the other cases we must refer even more briefly. One is filled with medallions and glyptics; another with carvings in ivory; another with jewellery and goldsmith's work; others with the "Soulages Collection," purchased by the Committee of the Art-Treasures Exhibition; another with Majolica and Raffaelle ware; others (five in number) with the loans of the British Museum and Marlborough House; another with Renaissance, Mediæval, and Oriental metal-work; another with examples of bookbinding; while another contains exquisite specimens of lace-work.

Objects of attraction are, however, to be found not only in the cases—beautiful specimens of furniture, and other objects of interest and rare value, will be found judiciously scattered about the hall.

In short, the exhibition is deficient in nothing that illustrates the subject of Art, either in its higher branches or its scarcely less important character of manufacture.

Our present article, it will be seen, is designed merely as an INTRODUCTION. The several departments we shall necessarily bring under detailed review.

We cannot easily overrate the importance of this exhibition: placed in the very centre of the commercial and productive districts of England, its value is immense to the manufacturer; perhaps even more so to the artisan. "A thing of beauty" is not only "a joy for ever,"—it is a perpetual instructor, the influence of which by no means ceases with its removal from the eye. It is but a common-place truth, yet one which cannot be too often impressed—that to improve taste is to inculcate virtue—that the moral faculties and the social habits are fostered and strengthened for good by the frequent contemplation of beauty, grace, and excellence. The poet makes Adam pray in Paradise to be saved—

> "From every *low* pursuit."

And, of a surety, the avoidance of what is coarse and vulgar, by the substitution of what is pure and beautiful, as far as possible, in every-day life, is a promotion of the truest and best interests of mankind:—

> "The attentive mind,
> By this harmonious action on her powers,
> Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
> In outward things to meditate the charm
> Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
> To find a kindred order, to exert
> Within herself this elegance of love,
> This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
> Refine at length, and every passion wears
> A chaster, milder, more attractive mien."

Happily, there is now an almost universal abrogation of the old dogma of "the workers"—that "the levelling principle" was to pull down the great, and rich, and prosperous, to the standard of the lowly; while, in its stead, there is a faith—manifested by the high as well as the humble—that the object may be accomplished by raising the one class without depressing the other. In Manchester, especially, every working man who goes to his day's labour, passes by the mansion or the warehouse of some one of the many who was, not long ago, precisely as he himself is now, yet who had neither "means nor appliances" which this day-labourer is without.

Viewed in all lights, this great Exhibition is fruitful of good; and we cordially and heartily rejoice that its prospects are so promising. We have now no apprehension that so great a success can be even a commercial failure; its promoters—all of them wealthy men—would no doubt be little affected by "a call" to meet the expenses, which are large because they have been liberal. But failure in this sense would be a calamity, inasmuch as it would be evidence of insufficient response. The attractions are so immense as to be universal invitations: there is no class, from the very highest to the very lowest, that may not here obtain enjoyment and receive instruction.

We regret that our space is exhausted, for the theme is seductive; but it will be our pleasant duty to recur to the subject frequently for some months to come.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

DOVER: THE LANDING OF PRINCE ALBERT.

W. A. Knell, Pinxt. W. Miller, Sculpt.

Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 11½ in. by 1 ft. 5⅝ in.

OUR "tablet of memory" is not so well furnished with the dates of remarkable or interesting occurrences, as to enable us to fix the precise day on which Prince Albert of Saxe Cohourg and Gotha arrived in England to claim the hand of his royal bride; yet, as the marriage ceremony took place on the 10th of February, 1840, it could only have been a very short time prior to this event. But we do remember—and if we had not, Mr. Knell's picture would tell us—that his Royal Highness reached the shores of his adopted country after a very stormy passage; and, possibly, if the thoughts of the Prince, as he crossed the narrow strait that separates the white cliffs of Albion from the Continent, could at such a time be diverted from the great object of his journey thither, the wild and tumultuous sea through which he then passed did remind him that the people among whom he was hereafter to dwell, and in whose future history he was destined to fill no unimportant page, regarded it as their natural element—that it was the stage of their greatest triumphs: he doubtless remembered that henceforth his lot was to be cast with the "sea-kings"—

> "Whose flag had braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze;"

that those among whom he was to be naturalised are the descendants of the men who fought and conquered with Drake and Frobisher, Blake and Albemarle, St. Vincent, Rodney, Nelson, and a host of other naval heroes, whose names are associated with the greatness and glory of England; the howling of the stormy wind, and the heavy splash and roar of the agitated waters, as they beat wildly against the sides of the royal vessel, were not inappropriate music to accompany the betrothed of a queen whose home is encircled by the sea, but whose dominions extend far, very far, beyond it.

Were we living in an age when oracles were consulted, and when the future was predicted from significant and other mysterious appearances in the heavens, and the elements were presumed to have an important influence on the destiny of men, so inauspicious a journey would have been most unfavourably interpreted; augers, and soothsayers, and diviners of every kind, would at once have determined that "it boded ill" to the royal pair,—that the strife of nature foreshadowed, at least, diversity of opinion and disunion in domestic policy. And what an error would these sages have committed; how would the future have falsified their predictions and confounded their wisdom! Never, we believe, has a royal marriage been more blessed in its results: never, certainly, did a young and noble-hearted queen unite herself with one more worthy of the respect and esteem of her subjects than Prince Albert has proved himself to be in the exalted position in which he has for many years been placed. The gleam of sunshine that burst forth as the vessel that bore his Royal Highness thither entered Dover Harbour, was a more truthful omen of the future than the dark clouds and the roaring billows under and through which the stout ship ploughed her way to her destined port.

Mr. Knell, the painter of this picture, has long been favourably known in the principal metropolitan exhibitions by his marine subjects. At the exhibition in Westminster Hall, in 1847, he received one of the second class prizes, of £100, for his picture of "The Battle off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797:" he also exhibited at the same time another large work, "The Destruction of Toulon, by Lord Hood, in 1793." The picture here engraved was painted by express command of the Prince, through the introduction of Lord Clarence Paget, who, if we rightly remember, commanded the squadron that conveyed his Royal Highness to England. The painting was never exhibited. The artist had the honour of receiving her Majesty's commands to paint a picture of the grand naval review at Spithead, in 1853. This also has not been publicly exhibited.

The picture of "Dover Harbour" is at Osborne.



DOVER. THE LANDING OF PRINCE ALBERT

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VI.

FOLLY BRIDGE was anciently called Grand Pont. Its modern name (modern, although dating back 200 years) is derived from the following circumstance. The tower, which stood on the bridge, and had been so long known as "Friar Bacon's Study," being much dilapidated, the city leased it to a citizen, named "Welcome," who repaired the lower part, and added to it a story, which appears in our engraving. This was called by the neighbours "Welcome's Folly;" and thus the bridge acquired its new title of "Folly Bridge." The present bridge was built in 1825-7: the architect was Ebenezer Perry. The first erection of a bridge on this spot is "beyond all authentic record;" but it is the opinion of our best antiquaries that here a bridge existed so early as the Saxon times.

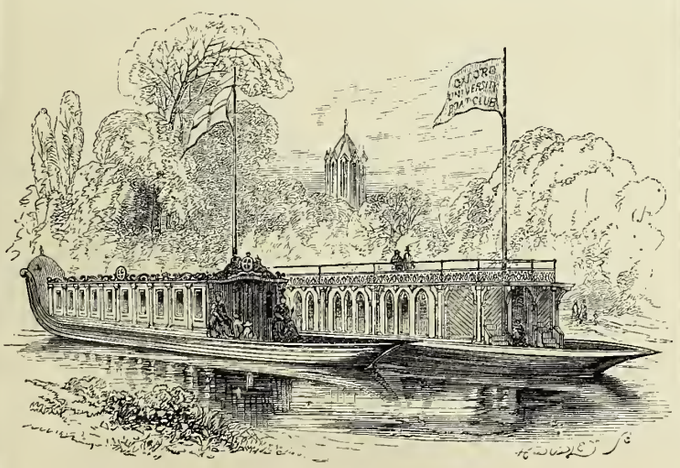
We are below Folly Bridge, having passed through the lock, which, as we have intimated, terminates the right branch of the river: there is a fall here of about three feet. The bridge is seen in the annexed view. A tavern, situate on a sort of quay, and a block of warehouses, sufficiently mark the locality; but the latter unfortunately interrupts the passage into the street from the beautiful grounds of Christ Church. Christ Church Meadow, with its embowered "walks," has been famous for ages; it is the public promenade; and necessarily here, or at the quay alluded to, boats are always numerous, for



FOLLY BRIDGE.

this is almost the only place in the vicinity in which there are conveniences for boating.

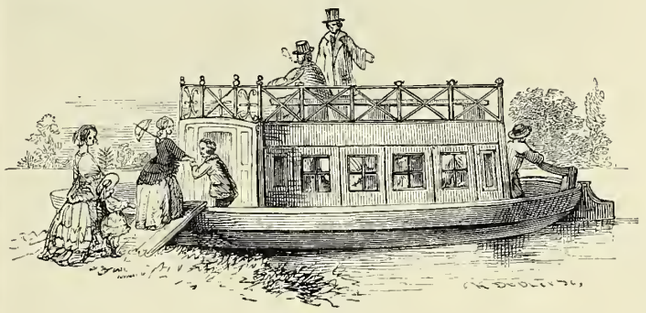
As will be supposed, the boats are of all sorts and sizes, from the huge and elaborately decorated pleasure-barge to the thin light rowing boat, that looks



STATE BARGES.

like a line upon the water. We must pause awhile to give some description of these conveyances upon the great highway of the Thames, for, from Oxford, the river is of value for passage and traffic. The engraving exhibits two large boats, one of which (that nearest) was originally the barge of the Stationers' Company of London;* it was sold some years ago to Exeter College Club; the other belongs to the Oxford University Boat Club, and was built expressly for them, from the design of Mr. E. G. Bruton, a distinguished architect of the city. Both are of costly workmanship, the latter being somewhat sombre in style, the former still flaunting in scarlet and gold, although age and use have somewhat tarnished its brilliancy. These "vessels" serve as floating club-houses, and are well supplied with newspapers, periodicals, and writing materials, and have dressing-rooms for members. They are not calculated for making voyages, and are rarely released from their moorings.

For smaller parties, of about twenty or thirty, Oxford is abundantly supplied with boats, such as that pictured in the accompanying engraving, and which are known by the name of "house-boats." The interior is a spacious room: while "the deck" affords opportunities for viewing the scenery and enjoying the pleasant breezes of the river—being furnished with benches for the convenience of such as prefer the open air, and having a light iron balustrade around. These boats are leisurely towed up and down the river by horses, and are, in fact, large and broad barges, within which the "house" is constructed, with its windows and gaily painted or gilded panels. Seats surround the interior, and a table, generally bountifully spread, occupies the centre.

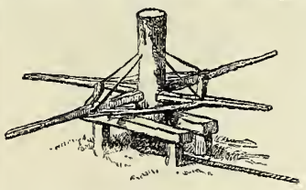


THE HOUSE-BOAT.

The traffic barges encountered in this locality are much narrower and more "shapely" than those to be met lower down; necessarily so, to pass through the locks† and weirs, and over parts where the stream is shallow.‡ The "barge-walk," or towing-path, is, as we have elsewhere intimated, a path made by the tread of horses, sometimes at one side of the river and sometimes at the other,§ according as fewer obstructions occur in the passage. The barges usually carry between thirty and forty tons, and are generally navigated by two men and a boy, a man on shore governing the horses; two horses are usually employed to draw the barge up the stream, while one suffices for the downward voyage. These barges are usually gaily painted, with a variety of colour and ornament; beside the steersman is a little cabin, in which he sleeps or cooks his food. The smoke of the fire is frequently seen ascending the small iron funnel in the roof, and occasionally the wives of the bargemen peep forth from the little room where they perform the duties of housewife; in some instances linen may be seen hanging to dry, in return boats, in the space occupied by luggage. The latter is generally protected by a canvas awning drawn over a pole along the boat. At sharp turns in the river the towing-rope is passed round a post, and the man manages the rudder so that when the turn is making the rope is slipped and the boat pulled as before. The Thames barge, such as we see it near London, is very different: this we shall describe hereafter. The tax paid by these barges in passing through a lock varies from 7*s.* to 10*s.*, and there are nearly fifty such tolls to pay from London to the entrance of the Thames and Severn canal, including the weirs, for which 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* each is charged.

* This barge used regularly to proceed as far as Lambeth Palace on the 9th of November, when the Lord Mayor took the oaths at Westminster, and it was the custom for the Archbishop to send out wine and refreshments to the members of the Company within it. The custom originated at the beginning of the last century, when a relation of Archbishop Tenison's being the master of the Stationers' Company, thought it would be an acceptable compliment to call at the palace in full state. The archbishop sent out a pint of wine to each of the thirty-two gentlemen who came; and so originated the annual custom of calling there, and receiving sixteen bottles of wine from the palace—the Company returning the civility by the presentation of the various almanacks they publish.

† The old locks were much less navigable than those that have been constructed within the last thirty or forty years; in old times it was no uncommon case to be compelled to *drag* the barge through one of them, for which purpose a winch was used. These winches are still found occasionally on the banks of the river, and we thought it worth while to picture one of them. It is of rude construction, with four hands, the rope rolling round the centre as the boat progressed. We believe they are now entirely disused, and are only found in the immediate vicinage of deserted locks. They certainly add to the picturesque of the scenery, especially as they are usually found in quiet and retired nooks on the river's banks.



‡ The larger barges, sometimes carrying ninety tons, are still used in the district above Oxford, although rarely, and are called "West-country barges;" the next size are called "trows," and average fifty or sixty tons; and the least, called "worsers," are of thirty, or rather less; these small boats were first introduced from the Oxford Canal. The antiquity of the West-country barges appears by the following extract from "The Voyage of Mr. John Eldred to Tripoli, &c., in 1583," in which he says—"Having completed all our business at Basora, I and my companion, William Shales, embarked in company with seventy barks, all laden with merchandise, every bark having fourteen men to drag it up the river, like our West-country barges on the river Thames, and we were forty-four days in going up against the stream to Bagdat." It also appears, from the Thames Acts, that the navigation upwards from Oxford had existed from time immemorial, notwithstanding the great difficulties to be encountered.

§ When the towing-path changes its side (for instance, just this side of Abingdon, at the Poplars), a ferry-boat conveys the horses to the opposite side.

At the termination of Christ Church Meadow occurs the junction of the Cherwell and the Thames: the river so dear to Alma Mater has its source in the Arbury Hills, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire: it enters Oxfordshire



JUNCTION OF THE CHERWELL AND THE THAMES.

near Claydon, flows past the town of Banbury, through Islip and several other villages, runs its course of about forty miles (but nowhere navigable), and on its arrival at Oxford surrounds an island appertaining to Magdalen College (where it is crossed by a bridge of great beauty), whose academic walks it waters, running beside "Addison's Walk," waters the banks of the Botanic Garden, passing by the side of Christ Church Meadow and its tree-embowered walks, and loses itself in the great river in whose company it journeys to the sea.

The current carries us gently to Iffley lock, distant about two miles—rich flat meadows on either side; but the landscape receiving grace and beauty from the hills of Shotover, Bagley Wood, and the slope on which stands the fine and very venerable church. The voyager, however, will often look back, for gradually as we remove from the city, the view gains in interest; the lower houses disappear, while towers, and domes, and spires of churches and colleges rise above the trees, standing out in high relief, backed by the sky. Iffley is justly considered "one of the finest and most beautiful examples in England of an Anglo-Norman parochial church." It consists of a nave and chancel divided by a tower, forming, indeed, "an interesting school of ancient architecture," affording a series of examples of almost every age and style, and being "accepted" as high and pure "authority" by church architects.

The date of its foundation is probably as far back as the reign of King Stephen, when it was built by the monks of Kenilworth; authentic records prove it to have been in existence at the end of the twelfth century; it has endured with very little change from that far-off period to this; and many of its elaborate and beautiful decorations, exterior as well as interior, are now as perfect as they were when they left the hands of the sculptor-artisan.

The church-yard contains an aged yew-tree—so aged that no stretch of fancy is required to believe it was planted when the first stone of the sacred structure was laid.* The rectory is in admirable keeping with the church, although of a much later date: also at the adjacent weir is a venerable mill, the successor of that which flourished here so far back as the time of the first Edward.



IFFLEY CHURCH.

There are consequently few places on the banks of the Thames with so many attractions for the tourist, and its value is enhanced by immediate vicinage to Oxford. The river between Oxford and Iffley is very deep, and there are dangerous eddies, where bathers have been sacrificed. It is shallower towards Nuneham; from whence it is much deeper in its course to Abingdon.

* It has been generally stated that yew-trees were planted near churches to supply bow-staves for archers, at a time when archery was much practised, and enforced by law. But the custom is now believed to be much older, and to be a relic of paganism; these trees being sacred to the dead from a very early period, and therefore especially venerated by the Druids, were adopted by the Romans and Saxons; hence "the church was brought to the tree, and not the tree to the church," for the eminent botanist, Decandolle, notes that the yews at Fountains and Crowhurst are 1200 years old, while that at Fortingale, in Scotland, is believed to be 1400 years of age.

Resuming our voyage, we pass through Sandford lock,—one of the most picturesque of the many combinations of lock, weir, and mill,—and keeping in view the mansion of Nuneham Courtenay, which crowns the summit of the nearest hill, our boat is soon moored at the pretty landing-place which the artist has here pictured.

The interest of these pretty and graceful cottages is enhanced by the knowledge that they exist for the comfort and convenience of pleasure-seekers. Nuneham Courtenay has long been a famous resort of Oxford students and Oxford citizens; and seldom does a summer-day go by without a pleasant "pienic" upon one of its slopes, amid its umbrageous woods, or within the graceful domicile, erected and furnished, literally, for "public accommodation."

There are few "homes" in England more auspiciously located; and happily it has ever been the wish of its successive lords to share, as widely as possible, with "their neighbours," the bounties which Nature and Art have here associated to bestow upon "house and lands." Long may the present estimable gentleman who owns the fair mansion and beautiful demesne find imitators in his successors; for the example of his illustrious predecessors has been continued during his honourable life: it is not too much to say that Mr. Vernon Harcourt and his lady* make, annually, tens of thousands of persons happy, and hence derive their own chief happiness.



COTTAGES AT NUNEHAM COURTENAY.

To describe the house and grounds of Nuneham Courtenay would demand a volume, and to do so is foreign to our purpose. The former is full of interesting portraits, with many fine pictures by the great old masters. The portraits are principally those of the personal friends of the Chancellor Harcourt—the poets of his time, who were his frequent guests and companions.

The house is, however, less conspicuous for architectural display than for domestic quiet. It is upon the grounds that taste and wealth have been expended; and they combine, in the happiest manner, beauty with grandeur. While Nature has been lavish of her bounties, Art has been employed everywhere to give them due effect. Open glades, solitary walks, graceful slopes, a spacious park, fruitful gardens—in short, all that can attract and charm in English scenery is here gathered; and it is scarcely too much to say, that the demesne is unsurpassed in England.†

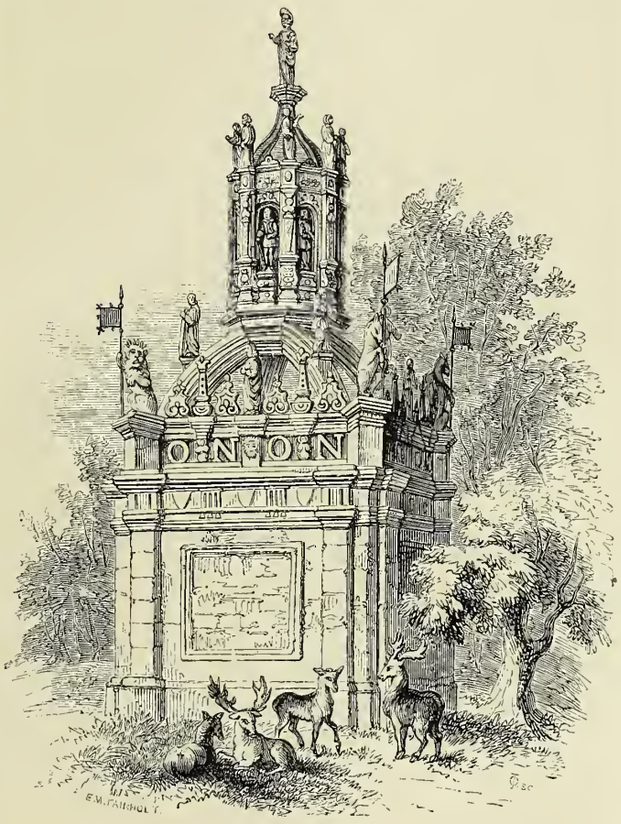
From the heights there is an extensive view of the adjacent country for many miles around. Oxford with its domes and spires, and the venerable church of Iffley, the woods of Blenheim, the town of Abingdon, the hills of Buckinghamshire, the green hill-downs of Berkshire, the historic Chilterns,‡ Faringdon Hill, with its dark crown of trees, which gives it the local name of "Faringdon Clump;" in short, on all sides are presented objects that add value to the fair demesne, while the winding Thames is ever present to refresh the eye that, withdrawn from distance, seeks the beauty that is more immediately at hand.

* Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, the charming and accomplished daughter of the late John Braham, Esq. Mr. Harcourt, is the son of the late Archbishop of York, who succeeded to the Harcourt estates, and assumed the name of Harcourt—Vernon-Harcourt—on failure of the male line. At the domesday survey, Nuneham Courtenay belonged to Richard de Curci; it afterwards passed to the Riparys or Redvers. Mary, youngest daughter of William de Redvers, Earl of Devon (surnamed de Vernon) married Robert de Courtenay, Baron of Okenhampton, in Devon. Probably by this marriage, the manor of Nuneham passed into the family of Courtenay. The Pollards, of Devonshire, next succeeded to the possession; from them it passed to Audley of the Court of Wards, called "the rich Audley." From him it passed to Robert Wright, Bishop of Litchfield, whose son, Calvert Wright, sold it to John Robinson, merchant of London, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. From the Robinsons it descended to David, Earl of Wemys, who married Mary, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Robinson, Bart., of whom it was purchased, in the year 1710, by Simon, first Lord Harcourt, Lord High Chancellor of England. We have shown, in treating of Stanton Harcourt, that the seat of this ancient family was changed at the period of this purchase.

† In the grounds is a "new" church, built in a style semi-Greek, by no means agreeable or impressive. The old church was taken down by Simon Lord Harcourt, and the present structure erected in 1764 after a design of his own, which was slightly corrected by Stuart. "It affords a memorable instance of the taste of that age, of which it was the misfortune that those persons who were the most liberal and desirous to serve the church, and who, for their private virtues, were most worthy of praise, were precisely those who did the most mischief. The fault was that of the age, not of the individual."

‡ These hills are a chalky range, which cross Buckinghamshire, and reach from Tring in Hertfordshire to Henley in Oxfordshire. The district is crown land, and the steward is consequently an officer under the crown; but the position gives neither honour nor emolument, and is assigned to members of Parliament who wish to vacate their seats. In this way the stewardship has been granted to several members in one week; and the position is understoood on all sides as a legal fiction, and one of the curiosities of our old parliamentary system.

On one of the slopes that ascend directly from the river stands the ancient and far-famed "Carfax Conduit," which formerly stood as "a kind of central point" to the four principal streets of Oxford; certain alterations requiring its removal, it was, with "most perfect propriety," presented to the Earl Harcourt. It was built, in 1610, by Otho Nicholson,—a liberal and enterprising gentleman,—in order to supply the city with pure water brought from a hill above North Hinxsey, and although the conduit is removed the pipes still remain,



CARFAX CONDUIT.

and afford a partial supply, likely to be superseded by the new City Waterworks. It is an exact square, decorated in accordance with the taste of the time—mermaids "holding combs and mirrors," and dragons, antelopes, unicorns, being scattered about; while the Empress Maud is introduced riding an ox over a ford—"in allusion to the name of the city." The letters O. N., the initials of the founder, are conspicuous; while above the centres of the four arches are the cardinal virtues—Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, and Prudence.

It is, however, we repeat, from the spacious grounds of Nuneham that the visitor will derive especial enjoyment:—

> "Society is all too rude
> To this delicious solitude:
> Where all the flowers and trees do close
> To weave the garland of repose,"—

so says one of the many tablets, scattered lavishly about the park, gardens, and walks; they were written "for the occasion," chiefly by the poets Mason and Whitehead—poets famous in their day and for a day. The lines we quote, however, are borrowed from a loftier spirit—Andrew Marvel: happily, as we have intimated, the sentiment is not altogether adopted by the generous owner of these beauties; who gives liberal ingress and free egress to all comers, to whom "society" seems ever welcome when it comes on holiday from thought and toil, and who has learned from a hundred brave and honourable ancestors that the surest way to be happy is to make others happy.

The fine trees of Nuneham hang luxuriantly over the river—it is a perfect wealth of foliage piled on the rising banks. This scenery continues until we reach the modern railway bridge, when, on the right bank of the stream, Radley House is descried; another turn of the river, past this demesne, and the spire of Abingdon comes in view. Between Nuncham Courtenay and Abingdon the river winds so much, that when we reach this ancient town we are nearly opposite to Oxford, distant about eight miles.

Abingdon is one of the most ancient towns of the kingdom; it stands near the junction of the little river Ocke (which rises in the vale of White Horse) * with the Thames, and although now a place of small importance, has played a conspicuous part in many of the most stirring events of British history.

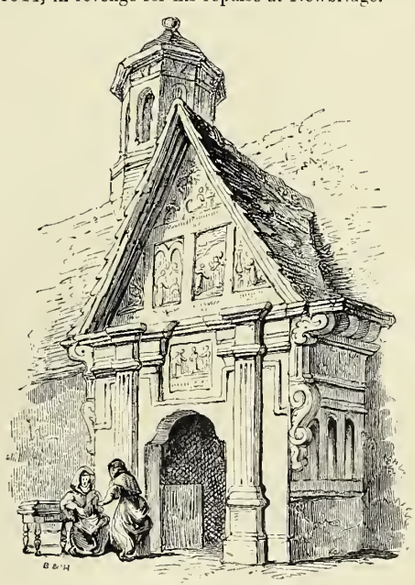
A legendary tale thus describes its origin:—"At a time when the wretched pagan Hengist basely murdered 460 noblemen and barons at Stonhengest, or Stonehenge, Aben, a nobleman's son, escaped into a wood, on the south side of Oxfordshire, where, leading a most holy life, the inhabitants of the country flocking to him to hear the word of God, built him a dwelling-house and a chapel in honour of the Holy Virgin; but he, disliking their resort, stole away to Ireland, and from him the place where he dwelt is called Abingdon." *



DISTANT VIEW OF ABINGDON CHURCH.

The old hospital at Abingdon is founded on the site of the monastery dedicated to the Holy Cross and St. Helena, by Cisa, sister of the king of the West Saxons, in the seventh century: this religious foundation having gone to decay, a hospital was erected in its place by a rich merchant, in the reign of Henry V., named Geoffry Barbour: in the reign of Henry VIII., this and other charitable institutions in connection with the Church were forfeited to the crown; and the Abbot of Abingdon being one of the first to acknowledge the king's supremacy, was rewarded for such subserviency by the gift of the Manor of Cumnor, and a pension of £200 a year for his life. Sir John Mason, in the reign of his son, Edward VI., bestirred himself to restore the charity, and in the year 1553 it was re-endowed, and named Christ's Hospital. It then accommodated thirteen poor men and women; the number is now thirty-two.

The old almshouses partially surround the church-yard of Abingdon. They are provided with a covered cloister leading to each door. Our engraving exhibits the central entrance with the cupola above the old hall. Over this gate are a series of curious old paintings, all allusive to works of charity; and in the old hall are many curious portraits of benefactors, the principal being the youthful Edward VI. holding a charter with the great seal appended, by which the hospital was founded. There is also a painting of the building of the bridges over the Thames, which first gave Abingdon importance; as they occasioned the high road from Gloucester to London to be turned through this town. Burford bridge was near the town, and Culham bridge about half a mile to the east of it. Before they were erected, in 1416, the fords here were very dangerous, and the road turned to Wallingford to avoid them. The merchant Barbour feeling the importance of these bridges to the town, gave one hundred marks toward them; and Leland says three hundred men were employed at once upon them at the rate of a penny per day; which Hearne, the antiquary, observes was "an extraordinary price in these times, when the best wheat was sold for twelvepence per quarter." Another curious picture of a local antiquity is painted on the exterior wall of the hospital, opposite the Thames; it is a view of the cross which formerly stood in the town, and was destroyed by Waller's army in May, 1644, in revenge for his repulse at Newbridge.



THE ALMSHOUSES AT ABINGDON.

Holy things are these almshouses—holy and beautiful records of the thoughtful royal heart of one who, young in years, seemed aged in wisdom and goodness. We looked on them with more than common interest; having heard of them in our childhood; they had been, indeed, long associated with one of the happiest of our "memories." In very early life we knew a kind and beautiful French woman, who, in her full soft voice—her French accent lingering round the vowels—told us a story of an inmate of

* This vale takes its name from an enormous figure of a horse cut in the side of the chalk hills, and existing there from time immemorial. It is rude in character; but, inasmuch as that character is precisely similar to the figures of horses on ancient British coins, it is believed to be equally ancient. It has been long the custom of the peasantry to clear it of weeds, and generally to restore it, at certain seasons of the year.

* "Abingdone (says Leland in his "Itinerary") stands on the right side of the Isis, and was of very old time called Seukesham, since Abendune."

one of those very cottages, which bound them by romance, as well as reality, to our heart.

Now this is her story:—During the reign of terror in France, one of the first lady-refugees who sought shelter in London we shall call Madame la Marquise De Riordeau. She had contrived to bring over to England a large sum in jewels and valuables as well as in money; she was neither old nor young, but handsome, and a widow. Madame la Marquise was very proud, and very benevolent; she was proud even among the proud: she could not bear to abate one jot or tittle of her state,—she exacted a deference of word and manner from all around her, which acted as a perpetual restraint on her dearest and most intimate friends. She would have servants and liveries exactly as she had them when resident in Paris; and yet she was perpetually receiving and relieving those less fortunate emigrants who had literally nothing, and many of whom on their first arrival were found fainting from hunger on the door-steps of our English homes.

Madame's hand never seemed weary of giving—it was outstretched continually and liberally; people began to speculate as to what her income really was; for to live and act *en prince*, as regarded personal expenditure, and at the same time to relieve the needy numbers who came to her for aid, required the produce of a golden mine. There were one or two of Madame's intimate friends as stately, but not as charitable, and more wise than herself, who remonstrated, and told her that in time she would be obliged either to give up her domestic expenditure, or to "cease to do good." She told them somewhat hotly, and with an increased elevation of her superb head, that she could not forget the duty she owed her buried lord; that while she bore his honoured name, she *must* maintain its dignity; and that as to giving, she could never see her countrymen in want, and not share with them the last crumb of bread she had in the world.

All her friends remembered the rebuke, save one—a little earnest, honest banker (bankers in those days *were* honest and of good repute); he placed before her in black and white the state of her affairs, telling her that if she did not give less, or expend less, she would soon be ruined—be perfectly and entirely unable to do either the one or the other. More than once, when she urged that it was from respect to her husband's memory alone she maintained her state, the straightforward man of business told her she was self-deceived, that she herself delighted in the splendid show; that it was a source of intense gratification to her; that if it were not so, she would soon change her plan; that she imagined she was devoted to *two* duties, whereas it was simply a *fancy* and a duty; that if her love of her desolate and heart-broken countrymen were sincere, she would sacrifice her pomp to a stronger and more elevated feeling. Everybody wondered how the Englishman had mustered sufficient courage to speak in such a way to Madame, and still more wondered how or why she endured it—she, so haughty, so resolved, yet so generous, so warm-hearted, so sympathising.

The cry was still, "they come!"—emigrants swarmed everywhere. Madame felt herself overwhelmed;—there were the footman, the groom of the chambers, the page—such a delicious imp! all embroidery, and satin, and curls, and perfume—so different from the boots and broadcloth of a modern "buttons"—there were the companion and the *bon père;*—all that Madame had in her own land — *except* the *income*. She was living, and causing others to live, upon her goods and chattels. The banker entreated her to *think*,—now Madame enjoyed feeling more than thinking; but it became evident to her friends that frequently and painfully thoughts would force themselves upon her. On one side was the expenditure necessary, she honestly believed, to do honour to her husband's memory as long as she bore his name;—and there were her fellow-emigrants! It was observed that the banker called more frequently upon Madame, and Madame daily and hourly became more thoughtful. He was heard more than once, as he descended the stairs muttering to himself, "Noble woman! noble woman!" Madame's *jour de fête* was at hand; numerous presents were prepared for her, and scores of emigrants, whom she had succoured, made ready their little gifts as tokens of their gratitude and love. On the eve of the day, both the banker and the *bon père* spent many hours with Madame, and when they left, she desired to remain alone during the remainder of the evening.

My friend remembered being taken by her mother that very evening to visit her beloved countrywoman; she also remembered being sorely disappointed at not seeing her—Madame was so lavish to her young visitors of caresses and *bon-bons*. Her mother promised to take her the next morning, and that she might have the honour to present to Madame a bouquet of pure white lilies. Betimes in the morning, my old friend was up, hoping she might be the first to offer the lilies of France to her mother's countrywoman—how beautiful they looked! how delicious their perfume! how often her handsome nose was tipped with orange from the farina of the flowers! and how often her mamma scolded her in pure French and broken English, because she was stealing the fragrance from Madame's lilies! It was a beautiful morning towards the middle of June when they reached the corner of the street in which Madame resided; they saw a crowd on the pavement, and my friend remembered that she burst into tears, because even the milk-girl had brought a bouquet of lilies to Madame—every third or fourth hand grasped a bunch of lilies; but as they drew nearer, they saw that dismay, astonishment, and disappointment were painted on every face.

Madame was gone! they should see her no more!—nobody would see her any more. She was gone for ever! She had left all she possessed in the world—except the smallest possible sum, which some said she would soon bury with herself in a convent—to be divided among the emigrants according to the judgment of the banker and the *bon père*.

Poor lady! she could resign but not diminish her pomp. She resolved to gild her husband's name even at the last with the refined gold of charity, and when she had no longer means to keep up state, and minister to those who needed, she made her choice, leaving "all her goods to feed the poor!" It made a great sensation at the time; everything was sold—turned into gold; and the sum so realised was something fabulous—at all events, it saved hundreds from misery, and gave them the happy feeling that one of their own people had done this!

My friend grew from a child into a girl, and was married, and, soon after the birth of a daughter, went abroad with her husband, who was killed by an accident. She returned to England, and after the lapse of five or six years married again. Her second wedding tour was taken along the banks of the Thames,—there was so much she wanted to see in her own country—Hampton Court, and Richmond, and Kew, and Windsor, and Runnymede, and Oxford; and King Edward's almshouses were more talked about, and visited, and sketched then than they are now, for the Continent at that time was closed against us. As they drove up to Abingdon, a funeral was in the very act of passing away from one of the dwellings, but it was not like the "removal" of the poor widow of an English tradesman. The coffin had neither name nor ornament, but it was covered with black velvet; there were no pall-bearers, but it was lifted into a hearse, and two very old gentlemen—old, feeble men, each tottering, yet each supporting the other—brought a host of bewildering memories to my friend, for she could not tell whence they came, or who they belonged to. The old gentlemen in elaborate mourning cloaks, and scarfs, and hat-bands, got into a mourning coach, and the hearse and its attendants disappeared among the trees. The windows of those usually calm almshouses were filled with aged faces, and all wore the expression of intense sorrow. Many were weeping bitterly. An aged woman stood at the door from which the coffin had been removed; she was dressed in well-worn mourning, and looked through floods of tears after the procession—so earnestly, that my friend asked if the departed was to be buried in the church-yard.

"No," she sobbed; "and that's one of our griefs. Not one of us who loved her so, and to whom she was as an angel, shall ever see a blade of grass, or a bud or blossom, on her grave: it would have been some consolation to know that her dust would mingle with ours, and that we should rise together: but she's gone as she came."

A few more words and the good dame invited the strangers into the house. From nothing, poor soul, could she derive consolation except sympathy; and my friend's tears and smiles ever flowed or beamed with those who wept and those who smiled.

"There's no harm in telling the truth now," said the woman, "and indeed I hope to see it on a tablet in the church some day; thank God, it's a beautiful truth to tell:—and though she *was* a Papist, there's no living soul more sorry for her this blessed day than our own parson. Poor dear lady! she would never go *inside* our church during service, but every summer Sunday, when the sun shone and the dew was not heavy on the grass, I used to carry a high chair, and place it under the shadow of the ivy, close to the window that 's nearest the pulpit, and she would throw her fair white shawl over her snowy cap, and making a trumpet of her hand so—for latterly she became deaf—sit with it to her ear; and not a word that passed from our good parson's lips escaped her."

"You call her a lady—and she was a Roman Catholic, I suppose?" observed my friend; "how was that?—This foundation is for the Protestant widows of decayed tradesmen."

"I am a Protestant widow," replied the woman, "and Madame lived chiefly with me. Mr. Gresham, the banker, who knew me and mine all our lives, got me the presentation, and here I have been more than twenty-eight years. One of those gentlemen was Mr. Gresham, the other is a M. Mercier, *her clergy*—"

"And her name," exclaimed my friend, "was Riordeau?"

"I did not tell you—how did you know?" inquired the astonished woman.

The long past was soon explained; and then the woman told how that finding she could not continue to keep up her state and exercise her benevolence, and not having sufficient courage to brave the appearance of changed fortunes, she sacrificed herself, and gave up all she possessed, except the pittance we have mentioned, to relieve the distresses of her countrymen.

"Mr. Gresham, who managed all her affairs," continued our informant, "told me that a worthy person (he did not say lady) wished for country air and quiet, and would live with me for a month or two, until arrangements could be made to enable her to go into a convent. When she came—I know what ladies are, and could see she was no 'person'—I loved to tend her, and it was wonderful how, after a week or two, her heart opened, so that everything got into it—children and old people, flowers (how she *did* love them, especially violets and lilies), birds, animals. She would have nothing to do with the gentry, except that she wished me to sell those beautiful artificial flowers and embroideries she used to make; and as fast as the money came (and the gentry would give any price she pleased to ask) it went among the poor. If her purse was empty, her spirits sank directly; if it was full, no bird ou a bush was ever happier. I heard nothing of the convent, though the gentleman she called her *bon père* used to come and see her every two or three months. After having been here five or six years, she permitted our parson to call on her, and according to duty, I know, he offered to read or pray with her; and she told him haughtily she could do the one for herself, and the *bon père* attended to the other. Two or three years elapsed before he saw her again, and then they got on kindly together until the last. She never told any one who she was, or why she came here; she denied herself all earthly pomp and state, and all for charity. God bless her! Oh! how she loved these walls; she loved this little home, so mute and peaceful. She was as humble as a mole with the poor, but, dear lady, if any of the gentry came about her, she would put them away with a bend of her head as if she was an empress. She sacrificed her all to charity. She had a great idea, I think, of going back to her own land, and thought her estates would be returned; I do not know; and when this illness came on her, she would pray that she might be permitted to see her country before she died. They will carry her there I know, though I think her spirit, if it is permitted, will often wander about King Edward's Almshouses."

That is our old friend's story.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 6.—COATING IRON WITH COPPER, BRASS, SILVER, OR GOLD.

About the same time, we find attention is directed to the production of the same result, in America, France, and England. Three patents have been secured, in these three countries, for processes by which iron may be covered with copper, brass, or the precious metals. There are many advantages beyond that of cheapness attendant upon the use of iron for ornamental purposes. The objections to its use have been its colour, and the liability to tarnish by oxidation—the protection afforded by resinous coatings being of a very uncertain character. When the electrotype processes were introduced, it was thought that iron might be readily covered with other metals; but the chemical reactions which were set up, when any salts of the metals having acid bases were used, militated against the success of electro-metallurgy in this direction.

Most persons know that when a piece of iron is plunged into a solution of sulphate of copper (blue stone or blue vitriol), that the iron becomes covered with a coating of copper. This coating must be regarded as a substitution, for, as the iron is dissolved by the sulphuric acid of the salt, copper is precipitated; but this kind of surface cannot be made to endure any wear, owing to its pulverulent character. It was at one period thought that the instance given was an example of actual transmutation, and Agricola tells us of some waters in the neighbourhood of Newsol, in Hungary, which had the property of *transmuting the iron which was put into them into copper*. In the year 1673 our countryman, Dr. Brown, visited this famous copper-mine of Herrn-Grundt, about seven English miles from Newsol. He tells us of two springs, called the old and new *Ziment*, which turned iron into copper. The workmen showed him a curious cup made of this transmuted iron; it was gilt with gold, had a rich piece of silver ore fastened in the middle, and the following inscription engraved on the outside:—

"Eisen ware ich, Kupfer bin ich,
Silver trag ich, Gold bedeckt mich." *

A curious case of fraud was perpetrated at one of our naval ports some time since, which depended upon this supposed transmutation. A marine store-dealer bought, from time to time, from a shipwright a great number of copper-bolts at a very low price for copper, under the impression that the man had stolen them from the arsenal, in which he was employed, her Majesty's mark being upon each bolt. Before endeavouring to sell to some merchant his prize, the marine store-dealer, for the purpose of obliterating the government mark, attempted to melt the bolts into one homogeneous mass, and he then discovered that but a very small layer on the surface consisted of copper, the bolts being iron. The shipwright had procured from some blacksmith iron bolts; having given them an exterior of copper by placing them in a solution of the sulphate of that metal, he then stamped them with the broad arrow, and thus thoroughly deceived the dishonest dealer. In the Wicklow mines, and also in the mines of Anglesea, immense quantities of copper are saved from the waters which flow from the lodes by throwing old iron into them. It should be understood that in all these cases we have an example of chemical substitution only. The iron and sulphuric acid having a greater affinity for each other than copper and sulphuric acid have, the iron is converted into sulphate of iron, which is soluble, while the insoluble metallic copper is precipitated. If any ornamental work were treated in this manner, for the purpose of securing the advantages of a copper coating, all the fine edges would be worn off, or so weakened that they would crumble with a slight blow, consequently, some other method was sought for. Professor Wood, of Springfield, Massachusets, claims to be the first who has successfully coated iron with copper, brass, and the other metals, by electro-metallurgy. We believe, however, that this claim cannot be supported. We find in Mr. Shaw's "Electro-metallurgy" the following:—"In depositing copper upon iron, a solution of the cyanide or acetate of copper should be employed. The only value of these salts is, that a die or surface of iron may be immersed in their solutions without receiving injury by the corrosion consequent upon the deposition of a film of metal by chemical action." Professor Wood's description of his processes and solutions are, however, of so much value that we quote them from the *Scientific American*. In most of his experiments he has used a Smee's battery, but for depositing brass he prefers a battery fitted up as Grove's, or rather Bunsen's, as he uses artificial graphite, obtained from the inside of broken gas-retorts, in the place of platinum. With one large cell (the zinc cylinder being 8 by 3 inches, and excited with a mixture of one part sulphuric acid, and twelve parts water, the graphite being excited with commercial nitric acid), Professor Wood says he has plated six gross of polished iron buckles with brass, and coated type and stereotype-plates with the same alloy, which he finds more durable than the copper-facing which is usually employed.

Cyanide of copper and zinc are prepared as follows:—Dissolve one ounce of sulphate of copper in one pint of hot water; for cyanide of zinc, dissolve one ounce of sulphate of zinc in one pint of the same fluid; then dissolve five ounces of cyanide of potassium in one quart of water. To the first solution add, by degrees, a small portion of the cyanide solution, until the whole of the copper or zinc is precipitated, stirring the mixture and allowing it to settle; then wash this precipitate with pure water, dry, and preserve it for use.

To prepare a *solution of copper or of zinc* dissolve eight troy ounces of cyanide of potassium, and three ounces of the cyanide of either copper or zinc, in one gallon of rain or distilled water. To prepare a *solution of brass*, dissolve one troy pound of the cyanide of potassium, two ounces of cyanide of copper, and one ounce of cyanide of zinc, in a gallon of rain or distilled water, and then add two ounces of muriate of ammonia.

Cyanide of silver is prepared by dissolving one ounce of pure silver in two ounces of nitric acid and two ounces of hot water, after which add one quart of hot water; precipitate the cyanide with cyanide of potassium as described, and dissolve it in an excess of that salt in solution. The *cyanide of gold* is prepared in the same manner, and the solution for work is made by dissolving one ounce of the cyanide of gold in four ounces of cyanide of potassium, dissolved in one gallon of rain water.

The gold solution for plating iron is to be used at a temperature of 90° Fahr., and with a battery of at least two cells. The brass solution for smooth work is to be used at a temperature of 160° Fahr., and for rough work at a temperature of from 90° Fahr. to 120°, with a compound battery of from three to twelve cells.

Professor Wood says, with regard to silver:—The electro-plater, to insure success in plating upon all metals and metallic alloys, must have two solutions of silver: the first to fix the silver to such metals as iron, steel, Britannia metal, &c.; the second to finish the work, as any amount of silver can be deposited in a reguline state from the second solution. The *first solution* is formed by dissolving two and a half pounds troy of cyanide of potassium, eight ounces of carbonate of soda, and five ounces of cyanide of silver, in one gallon of rain or distilled water. This solution should be used with a compound battery of three or ten pairs, according to the size of the work to be plated. *Second* or *finishing* solution:—dissolve four and a half ounces troy of cyanide of potassium, and one and a half ounce of cyanide of silver, in one gallon of rain or distilled water. This solution should be used with one large cell of Smee's battery, observing that the silver plate is placed as near the surface of the articles to be plated as possible. By using the first solution, the adhesion of silver to all kinds of brass, bronze, red cock metal, type metal, &c., may be secured, without the use of mercury, which is so injurious to the human system.

In Birmingham they have not only been covering iron with copper and brass by the electro-plating process, but they have been covering iron with brass, by a process purely metallurgical. The ornament, cast in iron, and having a surface properly prepared, is brought up to a certain heat, and then plunged into melted brass, by which it receives a thin coating of that alloy. Although this is a process new, or nearly so, to our manufacturers, it is not a novelty to coat iron with copper.

Mr. Layard brought from one of the ruined palaces of the Assyrian monarchs, a considerable variety of bronzes which had been used for many dissimilar purposes. Among other things were some delicately wrought bronze feet, which were evidently supports of some kind, possibly of seats, or tables, or it may have been that they were the supports for ornamental objects. Some of these being presented to the Museum of Practical Geology, for the purpose of adding to the illustrations of the history of metallurgy, and being then supposed to be only bronzes, were submitted to analysis. On attempting to cut one of these, it was found that a core of iron ran through the leg of bronze—that, indeed, the bronze had been cast upon the core of iron, which must have been very carefully placed in the mould. Here the object was to obtain strength, and to secure delicacy in the casting from the ornamental metal. No more ingenious plan than this could have been adopted; and we learn from it the advanced state in which Art-manufacture was when the Prophet Nahum pronounced "the burden of Nineveh." Some experiments have been made since this discovery; and it is found that the most perfect cohesion exists between the two metals when treated in this manner.

We have lately inspected some very beautiful examples of *brassing* iron, which were executed by a process patented by a French gentleman, and for the use of which, we believe, the Colebrook Dale Company are in treaty.

It will be understood that all the electro-plating processes by which iron can be successfully treated, require the use of an alkaline solution of the metals employed, and that the cyanides answer far better than any other salts. If it is desired to cover iron with the more expensive metals, the first coating would be of copper, and then on this the silver or gold would be precipitated. Forms of exceeding beauty may be obtained in iron, the cost of production being small. There is no reason why our manufacturers should not produce iron castings of equal delicacy to those for which Berlin has been so long celebrated. These may be treated by any of the methods above given, and hence have a surface of copper, brass, silver, or gold, as may be desired.

We do not know of any process more likely to advance Art-manufacture than this. Already in Paris it is largely employed in the production of elegant ornaments, which are sold at a low price. We hope to see it employed in this country to a large extent, as thereby Art-productions may be placed within the reach of every one, and in a short time the refining influences of the beautiful would be felt and extended.

R. Hunt.

* "Iron I was, Copper I am, Silver I carry, Gold ornaments me."

PICTURE SALES.

On the 7th of May, Messrs. Foster sold, at their rooms in Pall Mall, a collection of pictures formed by Mr. W. Cox, of Norwood, from the various exhibitions and the studios of many of our best artists. In the catalogue appeared the names of Sir E. Landseer, Lawrence, Etty, Hilton, Millais, Callcott, Chambers, Pyne, Lee, Paul Delaroche, Isabey, Nasmyth, Westall, Dyce, Danby, Hayter, Poole, Stanfield, Creswick, Linnell, Uwins, &c. &c. Of the ninety-two pictures offered for sale, the following realised the highest prices:—'The Ballad,' F. Stone, 57 gs. (Gambart); 'The Beach,' a very small work by Linnell, 42 gs. (Sampson); 'Lear and Cordelia,' Uwins, 47 gs.; 'Sunset on the Gulf of Salerno,' G. E. Hering, 83 gs. (Sharpe); 'View near the Isle of Wight, looking towards Lymington,' Linnell, 155 gs.; 'The Gipsy's Tent,' P. F. Poole, 155 gs.; 'View in North Wales,' Creswick, 103 gs. (Best); 'Cœur de Lion crossing the Desert on his way to Jerusalem,' J. W. Glass, 65 gs.; 'Draft Players,' T. Faed, 165 gs. (Best); 'Fisherman's Wife,' P. F. Poole, 127 gs. (Pennell); 'Doubtful Weather,' Creswick, 230 gs.; 'Evening Scene, with Flock of Sheep,' Linnell, 210 gs.; 'The Soldier's Home,' J. Sant, 82 gs.; 'Viaduct of the Crumple Valley, Harrow-

gate,' J. D. Harding, 132 gs. (M'Lean); 'Pembroke Castle on Down Pool, Milford Haven,' C. Stanfield, 235 gs.; 'Dutch Fishing Craft off Fort Lillo,' E. W. Cooke, 120 gs. (Pennell); 'Triumphal Entry of Henry VI. into London, 1421,' the large drawing by E. Corbould, exhibited a few years ago, 90 gs.; 'Hampstead Heath, looking towards Edgeware,' Linnell, 650 gs. (Hooper and Wass).

In the same rooms was sold, on the 13th of May, a collection of about 100 water-colour drawings, the property of Mr. Greenwood, of Hampstead Heath. The catalogue included the names of very many of our leading painters, but it was especially rich in the works of Cattermole, of which there were nineteen examples. Of the entire series we can only specify a few of the more important:—'Montrose after the Battle of Dunbeath,' G. Cattermole, 147*l.* (Vokins); 'The Darnley Conspirators—Murder of Rizzio,' G. Cattermole, 106*l.* (Agnew); 'The Stone Breaker,' W. Hunt, 60*l.* 18*s.* (Wallis); 'Reading the Scriptures,' G. Cattermole, 98*l.* 14*s.* (Gambart); 'Interior of a Convent—Monks Reading,' G. Cattermole, 69*l.* 6*s.* (Agnew); 'Dover—A Brisk Gale, with Lugger entering the Harbour,' C. Stanfield, 51*l.* 9*s.* (Grundy); 'Christ Preaching in the Temple,' G. Cattermole, 122*l.* 17*s.* (Wallis); 'Trematon Castle' (size 16 in. by 11 in.), J. M. W. Turner, 215*l.* 5*s.* (Ripp); 'Stamford on a Rainy Day' (size 16½ in. by 11½ in.), J. M. W. Turner, 136*l.* 10*s.* (Wallis).

On the following day Messrs. Foster sold a number of first-class English pictures, with a few foreign works, belonging to Messrs. Lloyd, of Ludgate Hill, many of which had been purchased for the purpose of engraving; the sale of these works resulted from a dissolution of partnership in the firm. There were in all fifty-five "lots," the whole of which, with three or four exceptions, perhaps, realised excellent prices, showing no abatement of interest on the part of collectors and dealers in the productions of our artists. The appended list of the principal pictures, and the sums they sold for, will verify our statement:—'Trial of Archbishop Land' (engraved), A. Johnston, 133*l.* 7*s.* (Flatow); 'Nelson in his Cabin' (engraved), Lucy, 42*l.* (Lord Normanton); 'La Blanchisseuse,' E. Frere, 73*l.* 10*s.* (Gambart); 'Fruit,' Miss Mutrie, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Battle of Camperdown,' a large picture, and one of the best works of the artist, W. A. Knell, 92*l.* 8*l.* (Shelburn); 'Monk writing a Manuscript,' G. Cattermole, 44*l.* 2*s.* (Robertson); 'The Smithy,' J. F. Herring, 97*l.* 13*s.* (Russell); 'Deer Stalking,' J. F. Herring, 57*l.* 15*s.* (Graham); 'Brambles in the Way,' exhibited at the Royal Academy last season, J. C. Hook, 79*l.* 9*s.* (Gambart); 'Fish-market at Honfleur,' E. Isabey, 82*l.* 19*s.* (Benson); 'Oh, come to this heart, my own stricken deer' (engraved), D. Maclise, 73*l.* 10*s.* (Richardson); 'Cupid,' Etty, 77*l.* 14*s.* (Bastable); 'Christ walking on the Waters' (engraved), R. Scott Lauder, 98*l.* 14*s.*; 'Spring—Sheep and Cows in a Meadow' (engraved), T. S. Cooper, 157*l.* 10*s.* (Agnew); 'The Venturesome Robin' (engraved), W. Collins, 279*l.* 6*s.* (Wallis); 'Robinson Crusoe reading his Bible' (engraved), C. R. Leslie, 99*l.* 15*s.* (Richardson); 'The Sonnet,' Elmore, 101*l.* 17*s.* (Wallis); 'Christ Healing the Withered Hand,' G. Cattermole, 100*l.* 16*s.* (Shelburn); 'Presbyterian Catechising,' J. Philip, 288*l.* 15*s.* (Wallis); 'The Farmyard' (engraved), J. F. Herring, 241*l.* 10*s.* (Richardson); 'Comedy' and 'Tragedy' (engraved), a pair by Sant, 110*l.* 5*s.* each (Gambart); 'The Children in the Tower,' C. R. Leslie, 132*l.* 6*s.* (Holmes); 'The Emigrant's Letter,' T. Webster, 67*l.* 4*s.* (Vokins); 'Henry Warden—A scene from the "Monastery,"' Wilkie, a present from the artist to the late Mr. W. Seguin, 220*l.* (Wallis); 'The Rose of Seville' (engraved), C. Baxter, 171*l.* 3*s.* (Flatow); 'The Bridal Banquet,' Lance, 273*l.* (Brandon); 'The Fête du Mariage,' F. Goodall, 278*l.* 5*s.* (Hooper and Wass); 'Christ teaching Humility,' R. Scott Lauder, 204*l.* 15*s.* (Holmes); 'Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut,' Wilkie, 220*l.* (Wallis); 'David and the Lion,' J. Linnell, 567*l.* (Wallis); 'The Playground,' T. Webster, a small replica of the large picture in Lord Overstone's gallery, 254*l.* 2*s.* (Wallis); 'The Post-Office,' F. Goodall, 745*l.* 10*s.* (Brandon); 'Clearing the Woodlands,' J. Linnell, 540*l.* 15*s.* (Robinson).

AN ARTIST'S NOTES ON HAIR.

There is a beautiful kind of fair hair that is like an exceedingly thin shaving of wood: I do not mean the long corkscrew curls generally produced by the plane, but where the carpenter's hand seems to have somewhat caught and trembled, carrying off but an infinitesimal film, which travesties the peculiar *ripple* you see occasionally in fair hair. Such is a very exquisite and angelic kind of hair. The ripple relieves its straightness, and catches the light, but does not break up the masses. The form of the head is clearly seen through it, as through a veil, and there is a shimmer in it like metal—like gold veins in quartz:—

> "O'er her white shoulders fell her yellow locks,
> Like golden gleams on alabaster rocks."

There is in fine fair hair frequently a metallic lustre, which makes it very natural to apply the word "golden" to it. But this does not apply to fair hair alone—on some black hair you see quite a bright blue steel-like lustre. This remark mostly applies to the black races, where the hair has ceased to be woolly by intermarriage with other nations, when it often becomes straight, long, and abundant. I recollect such on the head of a brown West-Indian girl of mixed race. She had wonderful hair of this kind—in such weighty cold masses that it hardly seemed like a growth from a living creature. It tumbled down from her head in waves, like a black Niagara. It was wonderfully grand, and she was pardonably proud of it. The lights on it were like flashes of blue steel—intensely blue, almost ultramarine.

The mixture of white, in black hair losing its colour, is also metallic in character, like grey steel, or the fracture of iron, and is so called—iron-grey. Catlin, in his account of the North American Indians, affirms that a peculiar tribe, the Mandans, with whom he resided for some time, and whose manners and character he particularly describes, but which are now extinct, were frequently *born* with this kind of hair, and that he often saw children with all their young tresses perfectly grey. There is another kind of hair we call silver, because its colour resembles that metal, frosted and polished, for its tints are modified in various ways.

But there is a greater diversity in the warm tints than even in the cold, running from one end of the gamut to the other. The pale gold runs into the full gold, that into the coppery, then into the red, then into the auburn, and lastly into the dark, almost black hair, with red in it. This is the grandest kind of hair, perhaps, of all—grander even than the black hair with bright blue lights, because it is stronger in character, richer, and more vital. It is hair one would fancy Samson had. This kind, however, is very uncommon. I have not seen it in perfection more than once or twice.

Red hair is not often the subject of praise, nevertheless, there are several kinds of it that are very beautiful. I know but one, indeed, which I cannot like, and that is the fiery, brick-dusty version which is associated with an unpleasing complexion of the sallow, pale, tallowy, or fire-burnt character. When, however, the complexion is agreeable—and it often is most charming and peachy when the hair is red—then the quality of the hair is commonly pleasing too. The delicacy of these tints, however, agrees better with the female than the male character, and therefore red hair is more agreeable in a woman than a man, in whom a certain pronounced vigour of appearance is looked for, which in red hair is apt to fall into the aforesaid brick-dusty and fiery.

The golden version of red hair is to this day especially admired in Italy, and in time gone by Titian often chose it in his pictures. It is not so great an evidence of its beauty that it is much coveted by some of the black tribes of the south-west of Africa, who use some preparation to remove the natural colour of their own black locks, and give them the desired tint; but they rarely succeed further than the production of a dusty dun, which, however, is thought preferable to the original black. The Turks, on the other hand, are more of our way of thinking, and, being proficients in the art of dyeing, generally dye their red, as well as grey, beards black. This is usually done at the baths, and it is not thought derogatory to a "grave and reverend senior" to sit for some hours with his beard in a paste of litharge and lime, for the purpose of changing it to a glossy jet. In red-tinted hair, however, when the colour deepens and embrowns into auburn, it is equally becoming to both sexes, although still, perhaps, it may be thought more appropriate to the female. Auburn is a gorgeous, glorious colour, and when of the finest kind and the hair is abundant, I have seen the light on it like the setting sun on the trunks of yew-trees, where the outer bark has peeled off somewhat. Etty, in his gorgeous Ariosto-like version of Homer's syrens, has gifted the most impassioned lovely tempter and fiend with a profusion of such rich auburn hair. There seems, indeed, something peculiarly enthusiastic in auburn hair, and I do not realise any but a fervent character in union with it—at any rate, not artistically.

The colour of almost all hair is finer for having some red in it: it gives it glow, richness, and vitality. The cold browns, and the hay and clay hues, lose much by their deficiency in this respect. Even white hair is more graceful and pleasing when there is some warmth in its tint, but in this case not from the admixture of red, but from the presence of a slight degree of yellow giving it a sunny quality. I have seen occasionally, but rarely, some beautiful heads of hair of this colour; the white, too, being the result of years, and which I have admired almost as much as young hair. Indeed, in this kind there appears to me no quality of age, any more than in the hair of a white animal, or the plumage of a bird. This is not the case with grey hair, which, though often pleasing as a tint, especially in a picture, is evidently in a transition state—the dark and the white contending for mastery in a struggle, in which the white is sure to have the best of it at last.

The hair of the Albino is like floss silk, or spun glass, and mostly in itself very pretty. Our viewing it as a phenomenon is in the way of our doing it justice. Among the Indians who dwell on the banks of the Amazon, white hair is looked on as the attribute solely of extreme old age, as they retain the dark colour of their abundant long straight locks frequently to the ages of seventy or eighty. The strangest kind of hair is that of the Hottentots and Bushmen, which grows over their heads in little tight knots, like periwinkle shells, with interstices between on the scalp bare of hair. This is not very beautiful according to our ideas, although kind Providence, no doubt, represents it to them as the perfection of *chevelure*.

Altogether Nature has been wonderfully various in the ways in which she has gifted human creatures with this appendage, and a complete dissertation on its diversities would fill a book. Nowhere perhaps, however, is there a better opportunity of seeing one class of its varieties than in England, from the admixture of races that has produced our population. The Saxon and the Celt afford opposite elements of these, insomuch that in the same family you not unfrequently observe great diversities of tint, ranging even from the very dark to the sunny gold. This chiefly occurs when the parents are of opposite complexions. It varies the domestic picture charmingly, especially when taken in conjunction with that subtile tie, family likeness, which marvellously causes the most diverse features to be recognised at first sight as akin. And this makes us think at once of a joyous circle of young people, perhaps at high games on a sunny afternoon, or round a Christmas tree, and then how the young tresses dance, and float, and glisten! What a beautiful thing is young hair! How fresh, clear, bright, and pure, when tolerably well kept, and brushed, and washed! It wants no more. How beautifully the young head adorns itself with its own growth, and how gracefully it showers down its rich veil over the white shoulders! Simple in general effect, how many are the forms and colours that the artist's eye detects amid its luxuriance!

In Art there is a wide field for treatment in its representation, both as to form and colour; and very various have been the ideas of beauty with respect to it, and as to its most graceful character of growth. In the Greek division of the head into four parts of upright measurement, one fourth was allowed for forehead, and one for hair, of which the line of growth was a regular arch from ear to ear over the forehead, making it thus look often small and low rather than expanded. The Romans went still further in this direction, and from the idea of going to the extreme from baldness, were in the habit, in their

statues and busts, of bringing the line of hair so low over the eyebrows as to produce an unpleasant and headachy effect, as in the well known and beautiful "Clytie," in the British Museum, in which, by the by, the rendering of the hair itself is exquisite. We have a natural repugnance to "foreheads villanous low," and, though we must not confuse the true height of the forehead with the comparatively accidental growth of the hair, a low growth does certainly at first sight give an impression of a low head, and one wishes the hair were off a little more, so, as it were, to give the brain more freedom to think. We are now inclined to claim for unclouded forehead a greater elevation than either the Romans or Greeks. And it may be seen in the works of the day, where beauty and dignity are sought, that considerably more than one-fourth of upright measurement is allotted to the frank uncovered forehead. This clear brow is the attribute of man, and there is a peculiar intellectuality in a clear temple; as if, indeed, those parts were especially the temples of thought, and as if, where the bone is thinnest, you recognised the brain the most. Perhaps the noblest and most intellectual character in male form is gained when the hair is somewhat sacrificed to the head, and when the forward and nobler portions have grown bare, as it were, by having been much exercised, and the hair is thus confined to the back half of the head. This was the character of Shakspere's appearance when some thirty or five-and-thirty (for he early lost his hair), and he has some quaint raillery on the subject. In the "Comedy of Errors," for instance, Dromio asks why Time is such a niggard of hair? And Antipholus answers, "Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit." Newton's hair, on the other hand—that other great English mind—although it early lost the tint of youth, was retained even to advanced age, when it is described to have been of a beautiful silky whiteness, presenting the most venerable appearance possible.

In the eleventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul characterises long hair as "a shame to a man, but a glory to a woman." This probably alluded to some especial extravagance on the part of the Corinthians, and not to men's hair hanging down only to the shoulder, as Milton characterises that of Adam, while Eve's hung down to her lovely waist. In Milton's time, during the reign of the two Charles and the Commonwealth, even the Puritans wore their hair in Adam's fashion, although they occasionally cut it much shorter than did the cavaliers, whence arose the name "crop-eared knaves." Even Cromwell wore his hair long, as his portraits testify; and his secretary, the poet of "Paradise Lost," wore his parted, and flowing in waves till it reached the shoulder, like his own Adam. In Brittany, at the present time, the hair is treated in remarkable opposition to St. Paul's injunction, as the men wear theirs very long, and the young women cut theirs quite short, and conceal what remains wholly under their frightful caps, vastly preferring these artificial erections of linen and starch to Nature's own beautiful decoration—indeed, a woman is never considered full dressed while a single tress finds its way to sight. Among the Greeks and Romans the men wore their hair short, or, at any rate, compact and confined by a fillet, and it is only in the antique busts of so-called "barbarians" that we find the hair long and flowing. The Greek women encouraged the length of their hair, but bound it up in various compact and graceful ways at the back and top of the head. The Roman women occasionally cut theirs quite short, *à la Brutus*, and dressed it in many small curls, in an artificial and unbecoming manner, as is to be observed in the otherwise beautiful statue of the "Agrippina."

The occupation of the sexes seems to point to men wearing their hair shorter than women, so as not to be in the way of their robuster exercises; yet, in some tribes of the North American Indians, the warriors encourage theirs to grow to an inordinate length. Catlin mentions a certain chief, who, when on horseback and accoutred for the fight, when one would think it would have been desirable to make everything as compact as possible, wore his hair, on the contrary, streaming out behind him some five or six feet; and after a fashion, too, that could be no real ornament, as it was stuck together with a paste of ochre and gum in straight ribbon-like tails. Among, however, these races it is the women who are the hard daily workers, and the men, in the intervals of the chace and war, have nothing to do but to sit at home or saunter about their lodges, so that the dressing and adornment of their long hair may be a great resource. Nevertheless, some tribes go to an opposite extreme, and shave their hair to a single top-knot, which, accordingly, monopolising all the nourishment, grows, as with the Chinese, to an inordinate length. These latter occasionally coil their occipital tails, thus produced, closely round on the top of their heads, in the likeness of a porter's knot; this coil becomes so substantial as to resist a sword cut; but they leave the sides and above the ears all bare and blue from close-shaving. You cannot subject a Chinese to an indignity equal to that of cutting his tail off. The Javanese men wear their abundant long black locks intact, and take much delight in combing and oiling them. Some English officers, landing for the first time, saw a party of the exquisites of the country so employed, and took them at first sight for women, till undeceived by their guide.

Among the antique busts we may remark a great variety in the hair, even among the gods. Jupiter and Hercules, Mercury and Apollo, have each their own style. Homer, who sang them all, has still another manner—at least, the beautiful bust in the Museum represents him with long thin hair, smoothed carefully forward, and confined with a fillet, so that the old man's tresses curl gracefully on either side. The thatch, so to speak, of the brain has commonly been cared for, and its absence regretted. Cæsar petitioned the senate to be allowed to wear a wreath of laurel in public, to conceal, he said, the loss of his hair, though perhaps also with a political aim—viz., to accustom the people to his wearing something like a crown; and the Emperor Tiberius wrote a treatise on the management and preservation of the hair.

THE GOVERNMENT-BUILDINGS COMPETITION,

AND THE EXHIBITION OF THE DESIGNS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

On Monday, May the 4th, the public were admitted within Westminster Hall, there to examine and study the 218 designs which had been sent in for the competition to which the architects of all countries had been invited by our Government. On the same day there were opened for public inspection in London the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square, and of the French Artists, in Pall Mall; and the following day witnessed the opening ceremonial of the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. Such was the concurrence of important events, all of them bearing directly upon the present and future condition of Art amongst us, which this present year has produced, and to which, with several other exhibitions of a similar class, we are now anxious to invite the careful attention of our readers.

In its own department of Art, and in the influence which it cannot fail to exert upon the Art-feeling of the country at large, the great architectural proposition of the Government must be regarded as the most important event of modern times; since, while the buildings thus proposed to be erected are at least equal in extent to the new palaces of the legislature, in its ultimate range the present plan must necessarily affect the entire architectural character of the city of Westminster, and, indeed, of the whole metropolis. The designs sent in for this competition, accordingly, have much more depending upon them than their own special suitableness for their immediate and particular objects. They must, therefore, abide a twofold ordeal—the ordeal of worthiness both for the home of the executive government of this great country, and also for constituting the type for whatever public buildings it may be necessary to erect from time to time in different parts of the kingdom. The question which this competition opens before us applies no less directly to the *style* in which these buildings shall be erected, as a national style of architecture, than it does to the suitableness of the several edifices for the purposes of government offices, and for the residences of official personages. Were it not for this matter of architectural style, plans alone would have been sought for; but both plans and designs for buildings have been required, and both have been submitted for the opinion of the public, and for the decision of the appointed judges.* We may ourselves be content to leave all the details of plans and arrangements to be dealt with by others, since it is with the architecture of the designs, as with expressions of Art, that we are directly concerned. Good architecture, however, must be understood to imply good arrangements and appropriate plans; and, in this particular instance, these matters will imperatively demand the application of architectural skill, judgment, and experience of the very highest order.

It is, and it must be admitted to be a very singular circumstance, that in this country, and at the present time, we should have to seek for a style of architecture for a great group of national edifices. Yet such is the fact. We have not already recognised any style of architecture as the national style, and therefore we have no authority to which to appeal; neither have our architectural experiments resulted in what might be termed the arguments of experience in favour of any particular style. It is notorious that, as a nation, we constitute an exceptional instance in the matter of secular public buildings: in other words, we are singular in possessing, with very few exceptions, no great and noble secular public buildings. We are ourselves conscious of this want, and we are also aware that it is well known to foreigners: and this is the true standard of nobleness in such buildings—the high estimate which foreigners may form of them. Perhaps there are no towns and cities in existence that are so utterly devoid of architectural character as our own—that are so unimpressed with the magic touch of the taste and genius of true Art, even in their most important buildings. And yet we have built very much, and very large sums have been expended by us in building. But, unhappily, there has been a grievous falling off in the expenditure of *mind* upon our buildings; and the investment of Art has been very far from commensurate with that of capital. We once were induced to follow a foreign example, and to set up a portico, and so we became familiar with columns and pediments; and a square aperture in a wall was once adopted by us as a window or as a doorway, and thus our streets came to be pierced in long, long order, with square openings for doors and windows; and we learned to set little pediments over these square openings, and to put up columns here and there, without any particular purpose, but because we wished to have some columns, and they seemed to do as well in one position as in another: and then, finding such things associated with modern columnar architecture in Italy, we made our roofs flat, or at least low, and we crested our walls with balustrades and urns; not that we thus either got rid of the old climate of our own country, or discovered any use for urns or any beauty in them, or adopted for ourselves the habit of passing much of our time upon our house-tops. And then, again, when we required ornament, we carved unmeaning scrolls and unnatural foliage and terminal figures, and so forth. And we worked hard and long at all this; but, nevertheless, we neither accomplished architectural works which might challenge a world-wide renown, nor did we determine and establish a national style of architecture.

Meanwhile there arose amongst us a few men of thoughtful, earnest minds, who were not content to rest in quietness under the dissatisfaction inseparable from such architectural aims and results. These men looked beyond the palpable and acknowledged failures that surrounded them, and they sought for success from other sources. The feeble inanities which could not command the sympathies even of their authors, they knew to be at best but exotics; and here these plants of foreign growth were evidently languishing in an uncongenial region. But our own country, while thus it refused to cherish

* The names of the following noblemen and gentlemen have been announced as commissioners, selected to act as judges of the exhibited designs:—The Duke of Buccleuch; Earl Stanhope; Lord Eversley, the late Speaker; Mr. Stirling, M.P.; Mr. D. Roberts, R.A.; Mr. Burn, a Scotch architect of eminence, and Mr. Brunel. There could not be, in our opinion, a more judicious selection.

an alien style and to recognise it as its own, once possessed civil edifices worthy to stand beside those glorious cathedrals which yet vindicate for our ecclesiastical architecture a claim for a place in the front rank of Art. And, like our cathedrals themselves, these noble civil edifices were built in the Gothic style of architecture. That style, so versatile in its faculties of application and adaptation, and so copious in the resources which, under all circumstances and for every variety of purpose, it can always command—that was *the* architectural style of England in the great days of our architecture, the style as well of one class of our public and important buildings as of another. We may have lost the greater number of Gothic civil buildings, and we may have come to regard the Gothic as exclusively an ecclesiastical style; such an opinion, however, can exist only in the minds of those whose knowledge of the Gothic is limited to a certain degree of familiarity with one particular class of its productions, while Westminster Hall itself—the very apartment in which these competition designs are now exhibited—at once declares how nobly and how suitably the Gothic of England can produce an English civil building, and exemplifies the true character and the national traditions of the *genius loci* of Westminster.

In taking up the question of style in the present competition, we have to raise our view to the high level of true Art—the true art of noble architecture, and also of noble English architecture; we ought, besides, to enter upon the consideration of the subject under the influence of a warm sympathy with the traditional associations rather of Westminster than of Whitehall. The Abbey and Hall of Westminster determined the architectural style of the new Palace of Parliament at Westminster; the entire group of public buildings now standing on this ground possesses an augmented power in determining the style of the proposed new palace of the Government. It would be a solecism in Art now to introduce into Westminster any other style of architecture than the Gothic; and can any other style than the Gothic at Westminster satisfy what we require from architecture as an art? The competition designs supply us with a ready reply to this inquiry. They show us how hopeless was the task which those architects imposed upon themselves who would persist in working for this competition in any other style than the Gothic. However meritorious in themselves some few designs may be, on the instant that they are brought into the atmosphere of Gothic Westminster, their very merits do but enhance their inconsistency, and give strength to their unsuitableness. And, on the other hand, the Gothic designs appear before us with a predisposition in their favour arising absolutely from the power of association, and without any reference to their own intrinsic qualities. Unhappily, an idea appears to have prevailed (notwithstanding the plain statements of the Government when inviting this competition), that the proposed new buildings would not be Gothic; and hence but few architects have entered the lists under the Gothic banner, and some even of these give tokens of that irresolution which denotes the apprehension of a hopeless enterprise. That the Gothic will stand, with the judges, at least on a level with its competitors, there can be no doubt; neither is it less certain that the general public will prefer to the nobler English Gothic the more familiar Anglo-Italian, as it has been called. But the public have not yet had either time or opportunity for judging of the Gothic upon its true merits. They do understand Westminster Hall, however; let them then see a new palace for the Government designed and created in the same spirit, and they will rapidly learn to appreciate its worthiness. The public do not yet understand the Gothic, because our architects have not yet applied the Gothic spirit, in the fulness of its power, to the requirements, and adapted it, in the excellence of its beauty, to the tastes of the present times. Perhaps the present is the first opportunity they have had for doing this. The Gothic architects are the men of the movement in architecture; they have, consequently, to meet and to struggle against the prepossessions of established usage, and of familiar experience. The more intellectual character of their art also militates against their obtaining for it a rapid and a wide-spread recognition. And yet the great majority of the non-Gothic designs in this competition have done their best to demonstrate the inferiority of their styles, when measured with the Gothic. A close and searching examination of these designs (and they amount to nearly 200 out of the 218) will speedily strip a very large proportion of them of what at first might seem, not specious merely, but really meritorious. The poverty of conception which, at the first glance, might have been concealed under an imposing mass, soon becomes distinctly apparent; the strange and well-nigh desperate expedients* which have been adopted in the hope to achieve originality, where genuine originality was simply impossible, quickly assume their true character; and thus, with a very few honourable exceptions, the small group of Gothic designs stands clear even of apparent rivals. And the contest which thus remains is divested of all sharp and close severity. The Gothic of Westminster stands opposed either to pure Roman architecture, or to the Renaissance of Whitehall. On the one side there are ranged two or three able classic compositions in alliance with about as many equally able adaptations and extensions of the Banqueting House of Inigo Jones and of the Board of Trade of Barry, to the requirements of the new offices and official residences; and to these there is opposed the well-compacted though numerically small Gothic confederacy. We have no fear lest, in the issue, the architectural associations of English Westminster should lose at once their efficiency and their traditional characteristics.

We reserve until next month all critical remarks upon particular designs. And in conclusion we have to observe, that this competition has determined these two points,—the one, that this competition has itself proved to lie almost exclusively between English architects; and the other, that the principle of architectural competitions is unsound and ought to be peremptorily and finally abolished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE NIMROUD ANTIQUITIES.

SIR,—In passing through one of the "Nimroud" Galleries at the British Museum a day or two since, I noticed among other articles in a glass-case some bronze figures of lions "couchant," varying in size and design, and labelled as having probably been used as weights for the ordinary purposes of commerce. It occurred to me, however, that I had seen something not unlike them before, particularly the peculiar handle affixed to the back; and as this conjecture furnished another possible application of them, I venture to send it to you, namely, that they were intended for stretching out the large curtains which were, as most of your readers are probably aware, an indispensable appendage to the open arcades which form a prominent feature in oriental edifices of every class and period. I have a faint recollection of having seen some very similar weights applied to this purpose in the palace either at Delhi or Lahore. And as your Journal is to be found in the book-clubs of some of the regiments at those places, it is possible that a notice in your pages might elicit an instance in illustration of their present use. While on this subject, may I ask if some of our large furnishing ironmongery establishments, or scale and weight manufacturers, could not adopt the idea thus offered them by their ancient Assyrian fellow-craftsmen? Surely, our lazy British lion, who is content to loll over a shop-front, or to mount guard at the British Museum, and to sprawl over every available inch of surface at the Westminster Palace, in the character of a wire-drawn French poodle, might, in a commercial nation, condescend even to dispense pounds of coffee and sugar, or ounces of tea and tobacco, on the shop-counter without great loss of dignity;—while our scarcely less national emblem the bull, in the guise of his winged and human-headed prototype in the Museum, might not inappropriately replace the unsightly bas-reliefs in iron and black-lead, that do duty as door-weights in our dining-rooms and parlours. Such adaptations would familiarise without degrading Art, and tend to bring it home, where it is best studied—at the fire-side.

E. I. C. S.

* As, for example, in the design in which a spacious and lofty columnar portico has been placed *above* a group of arches of equally ample proportions.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. BELL.

OUR "sculpture" engraving this month also, as did that of the last, carries the thoughts from the poetry of fiction, and the classical graces of allegorical composition, to the stern realities of life. The former personified a heroine, whose story, though that of a queen, is almost lost in the bygone pages of history: this month we have the sculptor's embodiment of one whose deeds are recorded in the annals of our own times: there are many now living, doubtless, who have seen the "Maid of Saragossa,"—a woman of humble origin, but the theme of poet's song, and the admiration of heroes,—walking quietly and sedately, though decorated with military honours, the reward of valour, along the streets of the city she had bravely assisted in defending against the enemies of her country: such a personage is worthy of the sculptor's marble.

In November, 1808, during the invasion of Spain by the French, a large army of the latter under Marshals Moucey and Napier, marched to recommence the siege of Saragossa, which had been raised in the summer of that year, owing to the heroic opposition of the inhabitants, under the leadership of the gallant Palafox, who, when the French general summoned him to surrender with the laconic demand, —"Capitulation," replied with an answer almost as brief,—"War to the knife." The Spaniards in the second siege were also commanded by Palafox, and it was at this time that the "Maid of Saragossa"—a name she has always since been known by—distinguished herself by her endurance and intrepidity, "manning" the batteries, and voluntarily undertaking all the duties that a veteran soldier would have been subject to: this too throughout a siege distinguished in the Peninsular war for the obstinacy with which the city was assailed, and the horrors and sufferings that surrounded the besieged. "Long after the walls of Zaragoza fell," says General Napier, whose orthography we retain, "the city itself resisted. The stern contest was continued from street to street, and from house to house. In vault and cellar, on balcony and in chamber, the deadly warfare was waged without any intermission. By the slow and sure process of the mine the assailants worked their terrific path, and daily explosions told loudly on their onward way. Meantime the bombardment was fierce and constant, and the fighting incessant. Every house was a post; the crash of falling buildings was continual. While the struggle was yet fierce and alive, came pestilence into those vaults and cellars where the aged, and the women and the children, lay sheltered from the storm of shells. They sickened in vast numbers, and died where they lay. Thus fell Zaragoza, after a resistance of sixty-one days!" It capitulated in February, 1809.

Byron, alluding to the part which the women, and especially the "Maid" of Saragossa took in this memorable siege, says, in his "Childe Harolde"—

> "Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
> Oh! had you known her in her softer hour—
> Marked her dark eye that mocks the coal-black veil—
> Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower—
> Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
> Her fairy form, with more than female grace,—
> Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower
> Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
> Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase."

Wilkie has immortalised the conduct of the Spanish maiden in one of his best historical pictures, which, as many of our readers doubtless know, is engraved. Mr. Bell has limited his subject to a single figure, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1853. The heroine is supposed to be standing on the ramparts; a cannon-ball has just killed a priest (the ecclesiastics shared nobly in the defence of the place), from whose dying hand she has snatched a crucifix, which she holds up to incite the people to further resistance: in her other hand is a lighted fusee, with which she is about to fire a cannon. At the base of the figure is the answer of Palafox, in Spanish.

We ought not to look for the "graces" of sculpture in a work of this character; what it should have it possesses—spirit, energy, firmness in expression and attitude; qualities, which, combined as they are here with picturesqueness of drapery, render the whole a composition of much interest, both artistically and historically.



THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY J. BELL.

LONDON. PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—We received last month, but too late to take any notice of it in the number of the Journal then preparing for publication, the report of the third annual meeting of the "City of Glasgow Fine Art Association." From it we ascertain that subscribers have increased from 1400 in the preceding year to 3500, a result that cannot but prove most satisfactory to all interested in the success of this infant institution. The plate issued to subscribers of the current year is "Charles I. and Bishop Juxon," engraved by Knight from the picture by Blackburn. Each subscriber of the ensuing year will be entitled to an impression of "Benjamin West's First Sketch," engraved by the late J. Carter, from the picture by E. M. Ward, R.A. This "Association" follows the plan adopted by its older sister-society, the "Art-Union of Glasgow," in selecting, through the council, the pictures distributed as prizes. Forty pictures, and fourteen groups and statuettes, were purchased and distributed at this meeting.

York.—The annual meeting of the York School of Art was held at the end of April; Mr. J. P. Brown Westhead, M.P., presided. We have received no account of the proceedings: and, by the way, we are not a little surprised that the officers of these provincial societies, to whom such a duty appropriately belongs, so seldom consider it worth their while to inform us of their public meetings; such an act of courtesy is only due to a Journal always ready to aid them in their efforts to give publicity to their proceedings. We find in the *Builder*, however, the report stated that the number of students who had paid fees in the school during the past year had been on an average 103, (independent of 216 free students during four months in the year), while the average of the previous year was 96. The free classes for working men have resulted in the permanent establishment of a class for mechanical drawing, which was considered to be the kind of drawing particularly suited to the needs of working men, and which has proved to be one of the most flourishing classes in the school. The balance-sheet showed a balance against the institution of about £40, and the chairman announced himself a donor of £10 in liquidation of the debt. He also promised to become an annual subscriber, and offered to pay the cost of sending some of the pupils to visit the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition. Mr. Swallow, the master of the school, read a statement to the meeting, giving some account of improvements he had effected, with the approval of the committee.

Sheffield.—Mr. Young Mitchell, head-master of the Sheffield School of Art, delivered a lecture, on the 27th of April, in the lecture-room of the institution, on "The Uses and Advantages of Schools of Art." The address was almost exclusively of a practical character, with especial reference to the great staple productions of Sheffield; but towards the close we find, in the report forwarded us, some excellent general remarks, one of which, as confirmatory of our own experience, and of opinions we have frequently expressed, we copy: —"Art has too long been looked upon as a luxury—a pastime of the rich—an accomplishment of young ladies. I find the greatest difficulty in persuading parents in any class of life to look upon it in a serious light, or regard it as a branch of education which ought to be as common as writing. Understand me, I do not say that every man who draws ought to be an artist, any more than any man who writes ought to be an author: but I hold that every man ought at all events to be able to express his thoughts by means of drawing."

Edinburgh.—The restoration of the Old Greyfriars' Church, one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in Edinburgh, is now nearly completed; it was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1845. In the way of decoration the most striking features in the restorations are the stained glass windows, of which there are several, executed in the establishment of Messrs. Ballantine and Allan. These examples of modern glass-painting are very favourably spoken of by those who have seen them.

Rochester.—The recent destruction of the picturesque old bridge of Rochester will be matter of regret to many artists who have made that locality their sketching-ground—and it has been a favourite resort of some of our best painters, among them Turner, Callcott, &c. The view of the bridge from a short distance up the Medway, where the river takes a bend,—with the keep of the ancient castle, embosomed in a mass of noble trees, looking down upon it at one end, and the mass of irregular, dilapidated buildings at the other,—will long be remembered by the thousands to whom the scene has been one of great interest and pictorial beauty. The railway bridge running side by side with the new bridge for "horse and man," is a sad "blot" on the landscape, entirely obstructing the view down the river. This utilitarian age pays no respect to the picturesque of Nature or of Art, when such intervenes between it and its requirements.

FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

Very pleasant are the sentiments inseparably associated with the exhibitions of the French artists in London. They began well, at the right time, and in the right manner; and they have at once sustained their own high reputation as artists, and they have rendered traditional the agreeable sentiment with which, from the first, their exhibition was introduced. The present collection contains much of excellence, and perhaps more of promise; it harmonises well with the best of our exhibitions; and it possesses its own distinctive characteristics and peculiar excellences. The number of pictures is smaller than in past years; neither are there any such works as Paul Delaroche's "Death of the Duke of Guise," or Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini;" yet no one will leave the gallery without that wish to pay it another visit, which arises from the consciousness that, while there, genuine mental cultivation is very happily combined with refined pleasure.

Edouard Dubufe's "Portrait of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur" (No. 40), and the fair artist's own "Denizens of the Highlands" (No. 11), are the two pictures which seize upon the attention, and do not readily relax their hold on it. It is well to go to Bond Street, and there renew our acquaintance (or there form an acquaintance, if it exists not already) with Rosa Bonheur's great picture of the "Horse Fair," before contemplating her expressive features and noble forehead in M. Dubufe's admirable picture. Not that the portrait needs anything to enhance its own felicitous impersonation of the great painter: she is looking at us from the canvas, while she muses on herArt, and gives silent, yet eloquent, promise of what may be hoped from her in time to come. This portrait we have styled an "admirable picture," and so it is; and it is in this respect that we recommend it as a valuable study to those of our own painters of portraits, whose aim does not extend beyond a faithful rendering of feature, and form, and expression; these all are here—witness the grasp of mind that plays about those lips, and dwells in the depths of those contemplative eyes: but the picture goes further, and besides these, it has qualities of composition, and tone, and colour which gives it a place rather amidst historical works, than among portraits, in the usual acceptation of the term. The "Denizens of the Highlands" are three young animals of Mademoiselle Bonheur's favourite bovine race, and they would alone make a reputation: in this case they had to maintain a reputation, and they have done it *to the life*. Sharp, also, and dashing as life is the little "Wasp," Mademoiselle Bouheur's "thorough-bred Skye terrier" (No. 12). A capital picture of another class is No. 13, Breton's "Going to the Fields:" it is hot reaping in that field, and the reaper's family already feel the harvest sun. There are several good seapictures. Nos. 122 and 109, by Noel and Le Poittevin, are the best. No. 72, a "Coast Scene," by Gudin, is also very clever, and deserves high commendation. Ary Scheffer's "Ecce Homo" (No. 142) is a fine picture, well conceived, effective in expression, and admirable in drawing; but the colouring is cold, and there is that peculiarly German treatment of the manipulation which will never command the deepest sympathies of the English mind. Isabey's "Morning of the Chase—Time of Louis XII." (No. 90) is scarcely worthy of the artist; the buildings are very picturesque and well painted, but the figures, both in costume and grouping, have too much theatrical extravagance about them, and too little either of genuine nature or noble art. Troyon's largest picture (No. 136), "Going to Market," is his best; the sheep that have crossed the ford are admirably rendered. No. 127, "The Young Lambs," by Palizzi, is another most excellent picture of the same class; both lambs, sheep, and fowls are rendered with masterly power. Biard's three pictures are of somewhat unequal merit; "Sunday Prayers in Lapland" (No. 4) may claim the first place. There are many examples of the favourite small pictures of domestic scenes, all of them finished with an intense elaboration; and several others, also, deserve that special notice which our present space will not permit, but which we hope to assign them on another occasion.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The "Little Theatre," as our grandfathers used to call the Haymarket Theatre, was filled with a large attendance of the subscribers to the Art-Union of London, on the 28th of April, to receive the Annual Report of the Secretaries, and to witness the distribution of the prizes. The Lord Monteagle, president of the Society, occupied, as has been his wont, the chair on this occasion. From the Report, which was read by Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., one of the honorary secretaries, we learn the following particulars of the state and doings of the Art-Union during the year just expired:—

The subscription of the present year amounts to the sum of £13,218 9*s*.

Each subscriber is entitled to two engravings,—one of "The Piper," by Mr. Frederick Goodall, A.R.A.; and one of "The Clemency of Cœur-de-Lion," by Mr. Cross.

For next year a painting, by Turner, of "Bellini's Pictures conveyed to the Church of the Redentore, in Venice," has been engraved by Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.E.R.A.; and the prints will be ready for delivery in the spring.

The volume of etchings prepared for the Association by the Etching Club is completed, and will be found very interesting. Copies of it, as prizes, will form part of the present distribution.

The series of wood-cuts, illustrative of the works of deceased British painters, is being proceeded with, and will be appropriated hereafter. It comprises pictures by Sir W. Allan, Barry, Bird, Blake, Constable, Collins, Copley Fielding, Etty, Gainsborough, Haydon, Von Holst, Lawrence, Morland, Romney, Stothard, Turner, Wilkie, and others.

The council have the satisfaction of announcing that the popular picture, "The Sands of Ramsgate," by W. P. Frith, R.A., the property of her Majesty, is being engraved by Mr. Sharpe, for the Association, and will be delivered to all subscribers of a future year. They have also arranged for the production of an engraving by Mr. Willmore, after the picture by Turner, in the National Collection, known as "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Thomas Battam for the production, in Parian statuary, of Gibson's fine group, "Venus and Cupid," with the kind concurrence of the Earl Yarborough, to whom it belongs.

In the department of bronzes, Mr. Stephens has executed for the Association a group, "Mercy on the Battle-field," and is now producing it in bronze for distribution as prizes.

The medal, commemorative of Sir William Chambers, has been completed by Mr. B. Wyon, and a certain number of examples will be allotted as prizes.

The reserved fund now amounts to the sum of £7,695.

The sum set apart for prizes will be thus allotted, viz.:—

26	works at	.....	£10 each.
30	,,	.....	15 ,,
24	,,	.....	20 ,,
24	,,	.....	25 ,,
16	,,	.....	30 ,,
14	,,	.....	35 ,,
6	,,	.....	50 ,,
5	,,	.....	60 ,,
3	,,	.....	75 ,,
2	,,	.....	100 ,,
1	,,	.....	150 ,,
1	,,	.....	200 ,,

To these are added:—

12 Bronzes of "Her Majesty on Horseback."
1 Bronze of "Satan Dismayed."
3 Bronzes of "Mercy on the Battle-field."
2 Bronzes in relief of "The Duke of Wellington entering Madrid."
10 Vases in iron.
50 Porcelain Statuettes, "The Stepping-stones."
10 Porcelain Statuettes, "The Dancing Girl reposing."
10 Terra Cotta Statuettes of "Thalia."
20 Silver Medals of Flaxman.
30 Silver Medals of Sir William Chambers.
450 Impressions of the Lithograph, "The Supper Scene."
250 of the Mezzotint of "Tyndale translating the Bible;" and
250 Volumes of Etchings.
Making in all 1250 prizes."

The principal prizes fell to the lot of the following subscribers:—Mr. T. Mallett, Catherine Street, Lambeth, £200; Mr. Rhead, Tavistock, £150; Mr. J. Pound, Lee, Kent; and Mr. J. Sloane, Dungannon, £100 each.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The principal Art attractions in Paris during the last month or two have been the exhibition of the works of Delaroche (of which we shall give an account next month), the reception of the paintings in the *Salon*, and the sale of the collection of pictures belonging to M. Paturcau, of Brussels; of this last the following is the result:—'Storm Approaching,' Backhuysen, 6000 fr. (M. Fould); 'A Washerwoman,' Berghem, 5000 fr. (M. Fould); 'Interior,' Brauwer, 2150 fr. (M. Fould); 'View of the Environs of Dort,' A. Cuyp, 26,000 fr.; 'Rustic Repose,' Gonzales Coques, 45,000 fr. (Lord Hertford); 'Portrait of Martin Pepin,' Vandyke, 15,000 fr. (M. Etienne le Roy); 'Flowers,' David de Heem, 1361 fr.; 'Entry to a Town,' (figures by Vandevelde,) Vanderheyden, 14,5000; 'The Windmills,' Hobbema, 96,500 fr. (Museum of Berlin);* 'A Woman Sweeping,' Peter de Hoogc, 3850 fr. (Duthuy); 'Flowers,' Van Huysum, 6500 fr. (Isaac Pereire); 'The Fallen Cuirassier,' 14,000 fr. (Tardieu); 'Lady Playing Music,' Metzu, 2950 fr. (Duthuy); 'Young Woman at her Toilet,' F. Van Mieris, sen., 19,700 fr. (Etienne le Roy); 'Interior,' W. Mieris, 1050 fr. (Fould); 'Infant Christ Sleeping,' Murillo, 41,500 fr. (the Empress Eugenie); 'Night Scene,' Van der Neer, 1060 fr.; 'Dutch Public-house,' A. Van Ostade, 51,500 fr.; 'Interior,' A. Van Ostade, 2200 fr.; Hurdy-Gurdy Player,' A. Van Ostade, 18,100 fr. (Tardieu); 'Interior of a Public-house,' A. Van Ostade, 8000 fr. (Favart); 'Dutch View,' J. Van Ostade, 3200 fr. (Fould); 'The Pasturage,' Paul Potter, 15,500 fr. (Lord Hertford); 'A Rabbi,' Rembrandt, 15,100 fr. (Turmond, of Aix la Chapelle); 'Portrait of Rembrandt,' by himself, 5800fr. (H. Didier); 'Venus Soliciting Vulcan for Arms,' Rubens, 11,200 fr. (Museum of Brussels); 'S. Theresa interceding for the Souls in Purgatory,' Rubens, 16,000 fr.; 'Head—a Study,' Rubens, 6100 fr. (Surmondt); 'View of Haerlem,' J. Ruysdael, 9700 fr. (Verboen); 'View in Norway,' J. Ruysdael, 6800 fr.; 'Entrance to a Forest,' J. Ruysdael, 8000 fr.; 'Entrance to a Forest,' J. Ruysdael, 6100 fr.; 'Sick Woman,' J. Steen, 5000 fr.; 'The Female Messenger,' J. Steen, 2200 fr.; 'Guard House,' D. Teniers, jun., 20,500 fr. (Schneider); 'Temptation of S. Anthony,' D. Teniers. jun., 6900 fr.; 'Smoking House,' D. Teniers, jun., 2550 fr. (Bischofsheim); 'Ale-house,' D. Teniers, jun., 4300 fr.; 'Landscape,' D. Teniers, jun., 2000 fr. (Fould); 'Young Girl at her Toilette,' Terburg, 7800 fr.; 'Marine View,' W. Vandevelde, 9000 fr.; 'Sea—a Calm,' W. Vandevelde, 10,000 fr. (Lord Hertford); 'Landscape and Figures,' A. Vandevelde, 23,500 fr.; 'Halt of Cavaliers,' P. Wouvermans, 50,100 fr. (the Emperor); 'March of an Army,' P. Wouvermans, 12,600 fr. (the Emperor); 'Halt of Sportsmen,' P. Wouvermans; 'Landscape,' P. Wouvermans, 30,000 fr. (the Princess Matilda); 'The Sortie of the Sheepfold,' Wynants and A. Vandevelde, 7600 fr. (Meuchet); 'Landscape,' Wynants and A. Vandevelde, 4500 fr. (the Emperor); 'Spring' and 'Autumn,' Boucher, 14,500 fr. (Lord Hertford); 'Psyche,' Greuze, 27,700 fr. (Lord Hertford); 'Head of a Bacchante,' Greuze, 17,100 fr.; 'Child's Head,' Greuze, 10,900 fr.; 'Child's Head,' Greuze, 16,200 fr. (Isaac Pereire); 'Nest of Birds,' Lancret, 2000 fr.; 'Pastoral,' Lancret, 1400 fr.; 'Concert' and 'Swing,' Pater, 20,500 fr.; 'Preparing for Encampment' and 'A Camp,' Pater, 15,100 fr. (Nozzi); 'Rural Amusements,' Watteau, 6000 fr. (Rothschild); 'Sleeping Nymph,' Watteau, 2600 fr. (Bourdon); 'The Two Cousins,' Watteau, 550 fr. (Van der Hoven); two 'Sporting Pieces,' Desporte, 10,700 fr.; 'A Park and Figures,' Dietrick, 210 fr.

The mania of sales by auction is at its height at the present moment in Paris, and the most enormous prices are given for paintings, prints, old china, and articles of *vertu* generally. When the amounts realised are for articles of real value, none can complain; but it is often and generally the contrary—scarcity and caprice being principally the guides of the buyer: no doubt a severe reaction will take place. Thus, when we see 27,000 fr. given for an inferior study of a head (Psyche) by Greuze, when pictures by Rembrandt, Teniers, Vandevelde, and other great artists, brought much lower prices, we cannot help deploring the judgment and taste of the purchasers.—In a recent sale of modern artists, principally French, were sold—'Christ in the Garden of Olives,' by Delaroche, 10,000 fr.; 'Galilee,' by the same, a small delicious painting, 9000 fr.; also several studies for the Hemicycle, eleven in number, 5200 fr.—M. A. Martinet has been elected Member of the Academy in place of Baron Desnoyers, deceased.

* This famous picture was knocked down to M. Schulze, of Berlin, who purchased it at a cost of £3860, for, as we understood, the Museum of that city.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It is understood that arrangements are in progress for the formation of a gallery of portraits of the members of the Royal Academy; the series being commenced by that of the President, which the artist, Mr. Knight, has presented to the body. We earnestly hope to see this project effectually carried out. Such a collection cannot fail to be of the highest interest—valuable to the present, but infinitely more so to the hereafter of Art.

"THE DINNER" at the Royal Academy did not take place this year, in consequence of the death of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. This was a serious disappointment to many, and might, perhaps, have been postponed merely; notwithstanding that such postponement might have caused some inconvenience. The cost of the entertainment has been thus saved, but as large a sum, probably, has been expended by the Academy in cleaning and regilding the frames of the Diploma pictures contributed to the Manchester Exhibition.

THE NATIONAL ART-MUSEUMS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Great progress has been made with the internal arrangements in this group of museums, so that we trust in our next Journal to be able to announce that they have been opened to the public for inspection, and to students for study. Much, however, yet remains to be done in every department, except in the Architectural Museum, which has taken the initiative in arriving at a condition of completeness in the important matter of arrangement. When completed, these museums will be more than able to maintain their own position against all assaults and cavils; there will be found in them, too, much of real worth, and they will be available for purposes by far too beneficial as well as important for them to fail in commanding a favourable opinion with the public. The new building for the reception of Mr. Sheepshanks' noble gallery of pictures has arisen with Aladin-like promptness under the auspices of Captain Fowke; and here we trust that the munificent donor of this fine collection may long be permitted to observe how great a benefit he has bestowed upon his countrymen, when he gave to his country his choice assemblage of the works of British artists.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—On the evening of Wednesday, May 6th, a conversazione was held at the house of the society, in the Adelphi, which was very numerously attended, and on which occasion, in addition to various other objects of attraction, a series of pictures and drawings by the late Mr. Seddon was exhibited. Mr. Ruskin directed the attention of the assembly to the peculiar merit of these compositions, and gave a pathetic sketch of the brief career of the accomplished and lamented artist. Mr. Seddon's first work—"Penelope at her Loom," was included amongst the collection, and his last picture was very particularly described by Mr. Ruskin, both from its singular character, and because a subscription had been announced for the purpose of purchasing it from the widow of Mr. Seddon, with the view of placing it in the National Gallery. This picture is of comparatively small dimensions, and was executed entirely amidst the scenes which it represents; it is characterised by the most minute elaboration of treatment, and, without doubt, may be regarded as an exact portraiture of the Valley of Jehosaphat, with Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, precisely as those ever-memorable and most interesting localities exist at the present moment.

HERR CARL WAGNER'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, 49, PALL MALL.—We are glad to find that this accomplished artist has brought another collection of his drawings to London, and, at the same time, that he has resumed his former system of giving lessons in the beautiful and beneficent art which he practices with such success. Herr Wagner's last sketching tour has been in Spain, and he has brought from that beautiful, but still, unhappily, barbarous country, a series of characteristic pictures, especially from Barcelona and the Alhambra. The far-famed palace of the Spanish Moors, in these drawings, rises before us with the most vivid reality, and all its romantic history appears to be present to our minds—now sparkling with spirit-stirring incident, and now dim with shadowy legends: nor are the fair natural scenes which surround the gorgeous courts of the Alhambra less truthfully, or less impressively delineated than the palace itself. Of the twenty-five drawings which constitute the group, we were particularly struck with the merits of Nos. 7, 8, 10, 13, 15, 19, 20, 22, 23, and 24, all of them representations of some court, or other part of the Alhambra. One quality in Herr Wagner's treatment of water-colour, and in his teaching also, demands especial notice, from the increasing prevalence amongst our own artists of a system of an opposite character. Herr Wagner scrupulously rejects body colour, and adheres to the simplicity of true transparent water-colours; thus securing to his works permanence of tone, combined with a purity of expression, which the opaque medium may represent, but can never really possess. The *atelier* at No. 49, Pall Mall, is fitted up after a true artistic fashion, with old carved cabinets, Venetian glass and quaint china, curious armour, arms, and musical instruments; and here, in the midst of his drawings, and of photographs from them, Herr Wagner receives his pupils, and teaches them to draw and paint from living models attired in Spanish costume, and surrounded with appropriate accessories. A visit to this *atelier* will more than recompense such an appropriation of the time which it may occupy.

ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPH ASSOCIATION.—During the last month a series of meetings were held, with permission of the Council, at the apartments of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in Grosvenor Street, with the view of establishing a new society, for the special purpose of collecting and distributing amongst its members copies of architectural photographs. The peculiar value of photography as the means of obtaining representations of architectural subjects has for some time attracted much attention, and now that this marvellous art has both attained to so high a degree of perfection, and its treatment is also so generally understood, the present period appears to be most favourable for the formation of this association. Great facilities for obtaining valuable architectural photographs from various countries have, in the first instance, been placed at the disposal of the promoters of this well-conceived plan, so that the most important results may be anticipated from the operations of the society as soon as they are fairly in action. The photographic departments of the Board of Ordnance and of the East India Company are prepared to co-operate with the society, or, rather, they actually take a part in its proceedings, and a carefully organised system of general operations will speedily be at work. The provisional committee, charged with the duty of forming the association and framing its rules, consisted of Sir Charles Barry, Mr. G. G. Scott, Captain Scott, R.E., Mr. B. Ferrey, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Papworth, Rev. Charles Boutell, Mr. Edmiston, and several other gentlemen, Mr. R. Hesketh acting as honorary secretary. We shall hereafter enter more in detail into the constitution of this new society, and we shall continue to watch its proceedings with the utmost interest, since we confidently expect it will prove the means of doing far more than hitherto has been done, both with the profession and with the public at large, to advance the best interests of architecture as a great and noble art.

STATUE OF HER MAJESTY AT SALFORD.—During the visit of His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, to Manchester, the statue of the Queen, executed by Mr. Noble, and commissioned to commemorate her majesty's visit to Salford, in 1851, was inaugurated in Peel Park. Peel Park is one of three new parks which the inhabitants of Manchester have purchased and thrown open free to the public. The park extends over a surface of thirty-two acres. A bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel stands on a granite pedestal in front of the Museum. Her majesty visited Peel Park in 1851, and on that occasion an assemblage of 80,000 Sunday scholars and teachers assembled on the grounds to greet the Sovereign. The occasion was so interesting that it was resolved to make an enduring record of the Sovereign's visit by erecting a marble statue of her Majesty, to be placed in the most prominent part of the grounds. A subscription was accordingly set on foot among the teachers, scholars, and other inhabitants of Salford, and a commission was entrusted to Mr. Noble to execute a statue of her Majesty of heroic size. The site of the statue is a plot of ornamental ground in front of the new wing of the Museum. The work has been executed in

Sicilian marble, and is eight feet six inches in height. The pedestal is of white marble, supported on a base of Aberdeen granite. It is a correct likeness of her Majesty, and the attitude is easy and graceful. The pedestal is inscribed with the following lines:—"To commemorate the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, to the Peel Park, Salford, October 10, 1851: this memorial was erected by contribution, aided by public subscription, of 80,000 Sunday-school teachers and scholars who were present to welcome her Majesty on that joyful occasion."

Dr. Waagen is in London: having been specially invited to Manchester, he has been for some days occupied in a very close examination of its Art-Treasures; with many of them he is, of course, intimately acquainted; several, however, of the most important he has here seen for the first time. It is his intention to communicate his views concerning them—and with reference to the whole subject—through the columns of the *Art-Journal*.

New Photographic Establishment at Messrs. Colnaghi's.—In addition to the other departments of their extensive and very complete establishment, Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi have just completed the requisite arrangements for the production of photographs of the highest class and of the largest size, and also in every possible variety. This wonderful art will not fail thus to receive a new impulse towards the full development of its capabilities, and a fresh attraction will be added to the already comprehensive resources of this eminent establishment. Amongst the first of the original photographs produced under their own direction, Messrs. Colnaghi will publish a series of fac-similes of some of the gems of the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. We have been able to examine many of these photographs, and their excellence, combined with their cheapness, justifies our pronouncing their appearance as a new era in Art.

Portraits of the Stuarts.—Amongst the extensive collections of ancient Art, and of objects illustrative of history and the manners of by-gone times, displayed last year in the national galleries at Edinburgh, in the museum formed during the meeting of the Archæological Institute in that city—a leading feature of interest was presented in the numerous portraitures of the Stuart family, and especially of Mary, Queen of Scots. A very curious exemplification of the various portraits of that ill-fated queen was presented, to an extent never before contemplated, through the kind liberality of the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Napier, Mr. Stirling, of Keir, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Earl Morton, Lord Londesborough, Sir John Maxwell, and many other contributors to the series. The gratification expressed on that occasion has suggested the proposal to bring together, in the apartments of the Institute in London, a choice collection of portraits of Mary, including miniatures, medals, and the rare engraved portraits by Elstrack, De Leu, and other contemporary engravers. A considerable number of valuable portraits have already been offered, and the exhibition will take place at the closing monthly meeting of the Institute, for the present season, at 26, Suffolk Street, on Friday, June 5th. The most authentic types are doubtless the original drawings by Janet, existing in Paris and in private collections in England, the painting in her Majesty's collection, attributed to the same artist, and that by Porbus, in the possession of Prince Labanoff. There are, however, numerous valuable portraits in private collections in England which would throw much light on the inquiry. Any communication on the subject will be thankfully received, and may be addressed to Mr. Albert Way, 26, Suffolk Street. Messrs. Graves, 6, Pall Mall, and Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, have kindly consented to take charge of any portraits which may be sent for the proposed exhibition. They may also be addressed to the office of the Institute, 26, Suffolk Street.

Water-colour Drawings.—It is reported, in some of the foreign journals, that M. Prévost, a Swiss artist resident near the lake of Geneva, has discovered a method of fixing water-colour drawings, so that they neither fade, nor lose their brilliancy of colouring, by exposure to the light. We should be delighted to hear that M. Prévost, or some one else, had also discovered a medium that oil-painters might employ to fix their colours; for most certainly the lapse of a few years makes sad ravages with the works of modern painters.

The New Reading-room of the British Museum.—Writing last month on this subject, we said that the dome is wholly constructed of iron; we have since been informed that the girders only are formed of this material, all the rest of the internal work being composed of "patent wood," a fibrous substance, invented, patented, and manufactured by Mr. Bielefeld, the well-known manufacturer of papier-maché works for ornamental purposes. The dome of the new Reading-room has double the area of the dome of St. Paul's, and is equal to the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome. The sizes of the panels, composed of three pieces, are 22 feet long by 11½ feet wide; each panel, in its spherical form, was raised from the ground to a height of 110 feet, and fixed in one piece to the roof. This new material is well deserving the attention of all engaged in building-operations, as a substitute for wood for flooring and panelling; it is perfectly non-combustible—we have seen a large slab on which a fire burnt for a considerable time without doing any further injury than blackening its surface; it is a non-conductor of heat or sound, is equal in density to the hardest woods, yet is easily worked with ordinary tools; bears a beautiful polish, and can be veneered, or painted to imitate any kind of marble. In a word, it possesses advantages too numerous for us to particularise, and of which the patentee has received ample confirmation from those who have used this material. A company, under the title of "The Patent Wood, or Fibrous Slab Company, Limited," is engaged in carrying out the invention of Mr. Bielefeld, whose name and material seem alike to have been left unnoticed in all the papers which have spoken of the new Reading-room; it is, however, only just he should have the merit due to him.

Messrs. Day and Son, the eminent printers and publishers of works in lithography, and especially in chromo-lithography, announce a work as "in preparation" which cannot fail to be deservedly popular,—it is to represent the "Art-Treasures" now in Manchester, and to consist of one hundred prints—sufficient to render the magnificent collection ample justice; the series will embrace sculpture, the ceramic, metallic, vitreous, textile, and other decorative arts: the prints to be accompanied by historical and descriptive letter-press, by Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. George Scharf, Mr. J. B. Waring, and others. A very limited number of copies will be issued. This is a grand undertaking, and will be valuable long after "the Treasures" have returned to their homes.

Messrs. Colnaghi announce a work of a highly important character, to consist of photographic copies of many of the principal pictures, and also selections from "the Museum," contained in the building which in Manchester "houses" the Art-Treasures of the kingdom. This will be a boon of magnitude; a project so extensive cannot fail to give permanancy to the value of the collection: it will thus be made practically useful to the student, the manufacturer, and the artisan, in a thousand ways, long after it is again distributed.

The Annual Festival of the subscribers and friends of the society, known as the "Artists' Benevolent Fund," was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 16th of last month. Sir Robert Peel was to have presided on the occasion; but, in consequence of his absence, the cause of which, however, was unexplained, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., at the instance of the stewards, occupied the chair, and performed the duties devolving upon him most efficiently. As at the dinner of the "Artists' Benevolent Institution," reported in the *Art-Journal* for May, so now we must express our regret at the scanty number of those who attended the dinner, and especially of such artists as by their position would give a *prestige* to the meeting, and would at the same time encourage others to follow their example. The members of the Royal Academy who supported the chairman were, Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., David Roberts, R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., J. H. Foley, A.R.A., and J. T. Willmore, A.R.A. Sir Charles Eastlake, in returning thanks for the toast of "The Royal Academy," said very truly, and by way of apology for the thin attendance of the older members, that very many of them had reached an age when they might be expected to claim exemption from the fatigue and excitement of a public dinner, and also from any active exertions in support of a cause in which they, nevertheless, felt the greatest interest; and that it was only fair and right the younger members of the profession should now take on their own shoulders the burden which others had borne for so long a time. We are quite of the President's opinion, and would urge on the rising artists, the Academicians and Associates of a future generation, the expediency and justice of lending efficient aid to this and other kindred institutions for the benefit of the necessitous. Mr. Godwin made an effective speech on behalf of the Society: the subscriptions at the close of the evening's entertainment were announced to have reached £500,—a considerable increase on previous years. During the past year fifty-three widows of artists received £15 each, and thirty orphan children £5 each.

Sale of Pictures by the Old Masters, &c.—The sale by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on May 16th, of the pictures collected by the late Mr. David McIntosh, must not be omitted from our columns, though it occurred too late in the month to find a place with the other picture-sales we have noticed. The collection contained sixty-three works, of which the following were the principal:—'View in a Dutch Town,' Van der Heyden, 460 gs.; 'The Milkman,' Jan Steen, 240 gs.; 'A Woody Landscape, with a pool of water in front,' Ruysdael, 145 gs.; 'Landscape, with a group of trees on the banks of a river,' Ruysdael, 121 gs.; 'A small Landscape, with a wild boar in his lair,' P. Potter, 155 gs.; 'Landscape, with a group of trees on a mound above a sandy bank,' Ruysdael, 200 gs.; 'A large Landscape, with cows and sheep grazing at the edge of a stream,' from the collection of Madame Cattalin, of Paris, Ruysdael, 510 gs.; 'Landscape, with peasants driving cattle,' Wynants, the figures by A. Van de Velde, 175 gs.; 'A Woody Landscape, with a river falling in two cascades, peasants and cattle crossing a long wooden bridge, &c.,' Ruysdael, 330 gs.; 'Winter Scene,' Van der Neer, 210 gs.; 'The Prodigal Son,' D. Teniers, painted on copper, 810 gs.; 'Dutch Village Fair,' Ostade, 25 gs.; 'A Woody Landscape, cottages and trees, felled timber in the foreground, figures, &c.,' Hobbema,—a fine specimen of the master,—1070 gs.; 'Italian Landscape,' N. Berghem, 382 gs.; 'Mount Parnassus,' Claude, 100 gs.; 'The Adoration of the Magi,' Bonvicino, or Il Moretto (the latter name being that by which this scholar of Titian is best known), 160 gs.; 'Coast Scene with Fisher-boys,' W. Collins, R.A., 435 gs.—this picture, we have heard, was purchased by Mr. McIntosh for 300 gs.; 'The Hanging Gardens of Babylon,' J. Martin, 136 gs. The entire collection realised upwards of £8000.

Machine for Polishing Knives.—We do not often consider ourselves called upon to notice mere utilities uninfluenced by Art; but an ingenious Frenchman, M. Dethier, having submitted to us a singularly neat, convenient, and very perfect machine, which effectually removes all necessity for the ordinary process of knife-cleaning, it is our duty to direct attention to it, and to aid him in making his patent profitable. It is small, easily managed, and avoids all the evils that usually arise from clumsiness and dust; it occupies little space, standing on the corner of any ordinary table. The process is carried on by a slight interior covering of emery and brick powder, through which the knife is made to move with sufficient rapidity to clean it in a few seconds: the peculiar ingenuity of the inventor having been exercised to polish the shaft of the knife without so augmenting the force as to cause greater proportionate wear to the thicker portions. The invention has many and obvious advantages, and cannot fail to be accepted as a household acquisition of much value.

Mr. Minasi.—We thought this venerable artist, whose extraordinary pen-and-ink drawings we have repeatedly noticed, had been gathered to his fathers, as we have not seen or heard anything of him for a long time past; but we find from an advertisement in the columns of the present number that he is still living, and, we understand, though upwards of four-score years of age, is still able to prosecute his labours with scarcely undiminished powers. We should rejoice to know that the announcement he puts forth may be the means of attracting some to his house whose patronage would avail to smooth the declining years of a worthy man, whose earliest efforts in Art go back to the days of Bartolozzi, under whom he studied.

REVIEWS.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, &c., No. 3, — 1857. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., Author of "Modern Painters," &c. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

Mr. Ruskin's critical pen has this year been dipped in ink which has less of wormwood in its composition than of honey, except when he employs it with reference to an artist, whom, hitherto, he has exalted to the topmost pinnacle of fame. What will Mr. Millais think of the following remarks? "For Mr. Millais there is no hope, but in a return to quiet perfectness of work. . . . . The time has come when this painter must choose, and choose finally, whether the eminence he cannot abdicate is to make him conspicuous in honour, or in ruin." Will he learn wisdom from the reproving words which, in public and in private, are heard on all sides from both friends and foes? Five pages, out of about thirty-five which Mr. Ruskin devotes to his notice of the Academy, are occupied with strictures on the "Dream of the Past," and "The Escape of a Heretic," in addition to a few lines condemnatory of the "News from Home;" in short, he begins to "see with consternation that it was not the Parnassian rock which the artist was ascending, but the Tarpeian." We much fear that neither the painter, nor the guide on whose strong arm he leaned, was quite aware of the direction in which he journeyed, nor what awaited both at the end of the course. The one has at length discovered his mistake; let us hope the eyes of the other will also be opened to see rightly; each has in him what "the world will not willingly let die," if it be made worth the keeping.

At the very outset of his "Notes" Mr. Ruskin confesses that the practice he has always advocated is tending to an "inevitable calamity:"—"As year by year, in the Royal Academy, the principles established by the Pre-Raphaelites are more frankly accepted, and more patiently put in practice, I observe that, notwithstanding all the substantial advantage derived from them, two results must inevitably follow, involving some disappointment to the public, and great mortification to the artist. I see that we shall have more wayside nooks, corners of green fields, pools of water-cress streams, and such like, than can, in the aggregate, contribute much to the amusement of the restless and over-excited crowd of London spectators; and I see also that there will be so high an average of perseverance and care brought to bear on every subject, that both will pass unnoticed, unless recommended by more brilliant qualities; and painters who flattered themselves that the devotion of a year's honest labour could not but make their pictures conspicuous and their names illustrious, will find, with bitter disappointment, that patience and sincerity are no longer distinctive, and that industry will soon be less notable than sloth." Now this is just the result that might have been predicted from the general tendency of Mr. Ruskin's teachings; he has argued so powerfully in favour of small things—the mere technicalities of Art—that a large class of painters has accepted his doctrines as truths, and adopted them, almost to the entire exclusion of higher purposes; is it, therefore, surprising that he has now to complain that of all the pictures in the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, "there is not *one* which expresses, or summons, a serious thought?" We do not concur in this opinion; but we candidly admit that British Art, as exhibited in the various galleries this year, has made no advance—in truth, has scarcely maintained its ground. But there is another reason, and one still acting with equal force to that assigned by Mr. Ruskiu, which has contributed to the result deplored by him—we mean the injudicious and indiscriminate patronage bestowed on Art at the present time. It cannot be denied that the large demand for pictures has made artists, whose names are in good repute, comparatively indifferent to what they produce. As an instance, we have heard that the painting by Millais, which has excited the severe strictures of his critic, was sold, before its completion, for *fifteen hundred guineas*, and another, from the same hand, for *one thousand*. Are not such facts—presuming, that is, our information is correct—strong temptations to labour for riches rather than for fame? Far be it from us to desire to see artists ill-paid, as, unhappily, but too many are; the labourer in any and every vineyard is worthy of his hire, yet it should bear some adequate proportion to what it costs him. Mr. Ruskin is not altogether insensible to the truth of our remark, for he says—"There must be, of course, a certain proper and healthy demand in London every spring for pictures which mean nothing, just as there is for strawberries and asparagus. . . . . All this is perfectly right and refreshing; nevertheless, a society which takes upon itself, as its sole function, the supply of these mild demands of the British public, must be prepared, ultimately, to occupy a position much more corresponding to that of the firm of Fortnum and Mason, than to any hitherto held by a body of artists; and to find their art becoming essentially a kind of Potted Art, of an agreeable flavour, suppliable and taxable as a patented commodity, but in no wise to be thought of or criticised as living Art. For living Art, or Art at all, properly so called, never has been, nor can be, developed in answer to a demand of this inferior kind," &c.

In noticing Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet, we have preferred to allude to his generalities rather than his specialities: with the former we entirely agree, while there is but little in the latter from which we are inclined to dissent. There is a healthier tone in his criticisms than his readers have been accustomed to see, and his language is, as it always is, eloquent and poetical. Few writers of the present day afford us greater pleasure than the "Oxford Graduate," when he lays aside his egotism and whimsical conceits.

THE HIGHLAND BRIDE'S DEPARTURE. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by Jacob Thompson. Published by LEGGATT, HAYWARD & Co., London.

This is a large print from a picture by Mr. Thompson, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851: the composition is of that character of subject which the pencil of Landseer has rendered so deservedly popular. In front of a cottage, it is presumed,—from the household paraphernalia that lie scattered about, though the building is not introduced,—the "Highland bride," mounted on a rough white pony, receives a Bible from the hands of her mother, as a last parting gift; the action and expression of the matron clearly indicate that she is inculcating on the newly-married pair—the son-in-law stands by the side of the animal—the importance of consulting the sacred volume as the rule of life. To the right of this central group is another—the bride's father, apparently explaining to an aged woman, who is seated, and whom we should call the bride's grandmother, what is passing between the others. To the left of the centre is a dark pony, laden with the bride's spinning-wheel and panniers, containing various articles of domestic use; and in the more immediate foreground are children of different sizes and ages, dogs, goats, sheep, and the ordinary "material" of Scotch rustic life; all grouped with judgment and a due regard to picturesque effect. It is an open-air scene altogether; the background consists of a range of hills more or less lofty, between which we have a peep of the sea. The story of the "Departure" could scarcely be more agreeable and impressively told by the pencil than in Mr. Thompson's work, which, as a whole, is well engraved, though there are parts that would unquestionably have been improved by a little more labour and attention to finish. A line engraving of the size of this is almost a rarity in these days; we shall be glad to see it followed by others of equal interest, both as a subject and as a work of Art.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

It may be accepted as a proof that English Art is acquiring a favourable position abroad, when we find French artists engaged on the reproduction of the works of our painters. We have before us several large lithographic prints, executed in Paris, from paintings with which the English public are more or less well acquainted. The first is "Gillie and Deer Hounds," lithographed by S. Teissier, from a drawing by F. Tayler: the dogs are capital, the gillie is well drawn and easy in his attitude, but the landscape in the distance is woolly, and the details are not well made out. "The Arrest of John Brown, of Ashford," also lithographed by Teissier, from the picture by A. Johnston—the subject of one of our illustrations of the works of this artist, published in February last—is a very clever and striking print, firmly executed, and the characters well sustained throughout. "A Letter from Papa," by A. Charpentier, after the picture by Goodall, is faithfully copied; a little more delicacy in the flesh tints would, however, have been an improvement: the texture of the draperies, and of the tapestry that covers the wall and the chair, is admirable. This print is sure to become a favourite. "The May Queen," from the picture by Mrs. E. M. Ward, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, has had full justice at the hands of E. Desmaisons, by whom it is lithographed: it is a bright and sparkling print, everywhere most carefully executed. The last we have to notice is entirely the work of French artists,—"The Luncheon," drawn by A. Sirouz, from the picture by E. Frère: it pleases us far less than any of the preceding; the subject is good, but the lithographer's work is confused and "foggy:" it is difficult to define the outlines of some of the objects in the picture.

HANDEL: HIS LIFE, PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL, WITH THOUGHTS ON SACRED MUSIC. A Sketch. By Mrs. BRAY, Author of the "Life of Stothard," &c. &c. Published by WARD & Co., London.

Mrs. Bray has brought out her little sketch at an opportune moment, for the public are invited this month to hear the three greatest compositions of Handel produced on a scale of orchestral power which England, and, we believe, no other country, has before attempted. How far the strains of the Milton of music will lose or gain in sweetness and harmony by the assembled multitude of instruments and voices, may be a question of opinion; it is one, however, with which we have nothing to do. A love of music, as well as a knowledge of what is really good, has within the last few years so rapidly increased throughout the kingdom, that at the present time it amounts almost to an excitement; the compositions of Handel occupying, as they deserve to do from their grandeur and sublimity, the foremost place in every performance from which sacred music is not very properly excluded. Though a foreigner by birth and education, we in England consider him, as we have a right to do, almost as one of ourselves; for half a century he lived among us, and it was in England, and under English patronage, his immortal writings were composed and brought out. That he experienced much neglect at some periods of his life, and suffered from the jealousies of rivals, is mainly attributable to the times in which he lived, and a public unable fully to appreciate his extraordinary genius; it has, happily, found ample justice from those who are the posterity of his contemporaries, millions of whom associate the name of Handel with their hours of purest enjoyment, while thousands have good reason to "rise and call him blessed," as one whose works have contributed, in no measured degree, to heal the sick, clothe the naked, and feed the hungry. The charitable institutions of Great Britain owe to him a debt they can never repay. Mrs. Bray discourses about him pleasantly and unpretendingly; her subject is a popular one, and her book will scarcely be less so: there are, however, some inaccuracies of dates that ought not to have appeared.

THE PLEASURE PATHS OF TRAVEL. By EDWARD FOX. Published by T. C. NEWBY, London.

There are many far more pretending books that do not possess a tithe of the interest which diffuses itself through this little volume. Our author has travelled tolerably far in the beaten track of the English tourists, but he has looked on nature with the eyes of a poet, and he has studied man with the feelings of a philosopher. Mr. Fox journeys to Rome—visits the Tyrol—looks at Venice—spends three days at Vienna—runs down the Danube—dines at Berlin, and then finds himself "on our way back to the beloved country and home." He gossips, and gossips pleasantly, on all these and on other places. We recommend our readers to follow Mr. Fox in the "Pleasure Paths of Travel;" whether he leads them through the shades of Vallombrosa, or over the heights of Tivoli, we can assure them they will be refreshed, as by health-renewing spring breezes, so genuine and natural is the tone of his book.

ONE—TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE: Ten Designs drawn on Stone by E. R. B. Published by EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS, Edinburgh; HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., London.

We are always pleased to give a hearty welcome to amateurs who venture into the domains of Art, especially when, as in the present instance, the artist happens to be a lady, and among those amateurs who know how to handle the pencil gracefully and effectively. E. R. B. has illustrated the old nursery ballad with some very pretty and fanciful outline etchings, drawn with great correctness and considerable spirit; the words of the "poem," printed upon separate sheets, are ingeniously and tastefully designed in rustic letters.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



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THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

DEPARTMENTS OF EARLY AND MEDIÆVAL ART,

With Examples of more recent Art-Manufactures.



CRITICAL examination into recent technical nomenclature would be found to be a very curious method of obtaining a vast amount of valuable and suggestive information. When fresh conditions of facts or new combinations of circumstances demand new names for their results, such names almost invariably are in themselves a kind of epitome of all that they represent: such is the power of language to concentrate in a single expression, perhaps in a single word, a complex series of ideas. The term "Art-Manufactures" is a striking example of this comprehensiveness of signification. Within a few years such a phrase became necessary; it was, consequently, produced: and now, in its direct and general application, this compound word, "Art-Manufactures," has become recognised and understood. It is probable, however, that but a comparatively few persons may have considered how much meaning is conveyed by the circumstance that this expression is, strictly and exclusively, of recent origin. This is not an old form of expression revived; we have invented it in our own times: in times past it was unknown. And wherefore was the term "Art-Manufactures" unknown until now? It was unknown before because it never was needed before. And it was never needed before, because, in times past, either *all* manufactures were Art-Manufactures, or *no* manufactures were Art-Manufactures. Art once was universal in its actual application, as it always is universal in its possible applicability. Time was when the mind and the hand of man worked harmoniously together in whatsoever work was to be produced. Art then was truly great, because then it knew how to condescend to the very humblest requirements without compromising a single atom of its dignity. It was, indeed, the glory of Art to have designed whatsoever skill should produce: and thus, in their relative positions, Art would always rank higher than skill—the faculty of the mind higher than dexterity in manipulation. And so also, on the other hand, in the great days of Art, its noblest and most spiritual conceptions were never divested of practical associations; those grand efforts of the human intellect had always a relative bearing, irrespective of their intrinsic character: however lofty their aspiring, they did not lose sight of some connection with the ordinary conditions of human life. But a degenerate age was at hand. The love of Art grew cold, and Art, in her turn, shrunk from every familiar association. Utility superseded design; workmanship took the place of work; manufactures existed without Art; and works of Art became invested with certain absolute and distinctive attributes of their own,—they were complete in themselves,—no ulterior object remained to be effected for them through association.

We may justly congratulate ourselves on having witnessed, in our own times, an earnest desire, coupled with a strenuous effort, to restore Art to her proper rank by restoring her to her proper sphere of action. Our word "Art-Manufacture" speaks volumes with reference to what we consider to be the part which Art ought to assume, and the effects which Art ought to achieve. We may even begin to look forward to the disuse of this term "Art-Manufacture," because, when our manufactures shall all have been impressed with the touch of Art, the distinctive title will have become useless, and, therefore, it will no longer need to be retained. It is the same in the case of what are distinguished as the higher expressions of Art—works in sculpture and painting, specially so designated. We are beginning to see that a statue or a group of figures then only is perfect in itself when it fulfils some condition in connection with architecture; and, notwithstanding the saying of a great master of our own country, that "a picture is finished when the artist has done with it," the opinion happily is gaining ground amongst us, that a picture will always derive fresh worth from the suitableness of the position which it may occupy, and from the appropriate character of the various accessories and other works with which it may be associated.

It is the great, as it is the peculiar excellence of the Manchester Great Exhibition, that it extends over the entire range of Art; that it treats everything which Art has aided to produce, as a work of Art; and that it applies the expressive title, "Art Treasures," as well to the productions of the workers in enamel and glass and the precious metals, and steel and wood and ivory and plastic clay, as to the marble which has derived from the chisel everything but life, and to the canvas which emulates Nature's own subtleties of colour, and teaches how infinitely modified are the natural gradations of expression. So long as "Art-Manufactures" are exceptional things, differing from, as they are intellectually superior to, the bulk of our manufactures, so long will Art fail to exercise amongst us the full powers of its influence for good. In these educating times it is especially incumbent upon us to learn and to apply the lesson, that the highest standard of Art knows no limits to its diffusive range. Indeed, it is from its widest possible diffusion that Art gathers strength to soar to higher levels; and she reciprocates the benefit by communicating universally an elevating impulse. Hence, of infinite importance to the cause of Art in its loftiest forms of expression is the cultivation of Art, in all its truth and purity and energy, in the lowliest of its applications. It is, accordingly, through familiarising the many with Art, as the intellectual, and, therefore, the guiding agent in the work of their own hands, and in the appliances of their own lives, that we must seek to secure (because thus alone we can secure) for the great works of Art an adequate appreciation; and this is but to say, in other words, that thus alone Art can attain amongst us to its highest condition. And it is full time that the matter should be taken up by us in earnest. There are, on all sides, abundant evidences of a retrogression in Art, if there be not a speedy and a decided advance. Already, in the study of Art, too much distaste is apparent for the severities of discipline, coupled with too little regard for authority, in the practice. There is too evident a leaning to the pretty,—too ready a willingness to rest content with showy trifles. If we can but render the most trifling things really good, because there is just that amount of mind and thought in them which is essential to their being really good,—if we can but apply Art to manufactures, with such effect as to enhance the most perfect workmanship through the superior excellence of design,—we thus may, as it were, compel Art to push forward in her front rank, or the artist would have to yield to the manufacturer. In the particular department of the application of Art to manufactures, the ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION has taken a step in the right direction; and not only so, but it has taken that step in the right manner. Exactly confronting itself to the notion, that artistic excellence is to be attained only through an advance into the unexplored regions of some unknown styles and some novel systems, this great collection points to what Art has accomplished in the past. It submits the highest authorities to the student. It shows what has been done, when Art was strong—when men were also strong, being humble, patient, earnest, devoted. But it does not say—"There, see these things; they were done in the great days of Art, in the days when they did not talk of 'Art-Manufactures,' but when Art had its part in every manufacture: now, do such things again; reproduce these things; bring back *those* great days of Art." Far from this. The lesson which this exhibition teaches is such as this:—"Consider the spirit which could produce such works in those earlier times; observe how carefully everything then was studied, according to the means then available; note very carefully the *Art-feeling* everywhere prevalent; see how deep was the thought, and how refined the taste which produced even the more trivial works: all these are lessons for you—lessons of incalculable value; but you must apply them aright; you must recognise in them incentives to aspire to a kindred spirit with the men of the past; you must learn to sympathise with their ardent love for the beautiful, and their self-denying pursuit of excellence; you possess facilities for action unknown to them; yours is an age of intellectual brilliancy, while their lot was cast in dim and restless times: go forward, then, and, aspiring to be greater than the greatest of the artists and Art-workers of the past, learn to surpass them even in their noblest works: you cannot be their equals merely; you must either yield to them, or they to you: if you would simply be copyists of them, this is at once to admit their absolute superiority; but if, having learned how they became great, and having discovered how truly great they were,—if thus you would take your own independent position beside them, you must in this case rise to a higher level than theirs through the very force of your superior means and opportunities." Could they have enjoyed such intellectual light as that which shines upon us, the old artists and Art-manufacturers would have far surpassed their own actual achievements; it follows, therefore, of necessity, that we must surpass them, when once we shall have realised the fulness of their spirit, and have made our own their principles of action.

The archæologist who would not extend his view beyond the retrospect which these wonderful collections spread out before him, would fail to do justice either to the individual works which compose the collections, or to the peculiar value which now attaches to every object through the power of its present associations. Forming, indeed, a copious and a graphic history of ages which have passed away, the archæological collections of the "Art-Treasures Exhibition" are replete with lessons of the truest wisdom for all who would elevate the

present as the means of securing for the future a magnificent pre-eminence. We propose now to indicate, as fully as our available space will admit, what "treasures" of "Mediæval art" have here been brought together, that thus their power as teachers may be the better understood. It will be seen that nearly all the more excellent works were previously well known; but this circumstance will be found rather to enhance than to detract from the interest which attaches to the present collections as collections. The equal care with which Art was brought to bear upon every production; the uniform influence of a true sentiment of Art, evidently in-wrought in the minds of the actual producers through the agency of familiarity with Art, speaking to them in beauty and appropriateness of design; the facilities now afforded for an extended comparison both between various objects of the same class, and similar objects in different classes;—these, with various other advantages only to be obtained from such a collection as the present, will not fail to be duly impressed upon the thoughtful student. There is also one especial circumstance which demands particular notice in these collections—this is, that they extend downwards from an early period to our own era; they consequently take the student through the weak and meretricious periods which still leave their baneful influences but too palpably visible in many of those productions of our own times, in which we flatter ourselves that Art has taken her proper part. It is always well that warning against the prejudicial should be coupled with lessons that inculcate and exemplify the teaching of the admirable and the elevating; the student of the "Art-Treasures Exhibition" will observe how taste declined and Art sunk into helplessness, and thus the power of contrast may aid him in impressing the more deeply the lessons which comparison alone can convey. Possibly such degenerate works may be considered as scarcely worthy of a place amongst "Art Treasures" under any circumstances. This is a point upon which we may hereafter have occasion to offer a few remarks; but in the instances to which we now more particularly refer, the works are amongst the best and most characteristic of their class and period, and thus as teachers and historical exponents they may fairly rank as "treasures."

The building itself, which now contains these treasures, claims a few words of commendation. Its only defective feature is the grand front: here Art, not having been consulted (and when this front was built, being perhaps in doubt concerning the treatment she might experience within the edifice when completed), has not taken a part. Within, the building is altogether satisfactory. It is not too lofty, it is not too light, it is not too spacious, it is not a mere repetition of the Crystal Palace, nor does it sacrifice the excellences of the great type of the Paxton style to any fantastic attempts at originality. To these negative forms of approbation, which at the present time possess a peculiar value of their own, we may add that the general effect of the interior is eminently pleasing; the colouring has been carefully chosen and tells well; the light has been judiciously admitted; and the constructive members of the edifice have been made rather to improve than to impair its appearance. In a word, the interior of the Exhibition building is what it ought to be. In its southern wing are the pictures—the works of the old masters; the northern wing contains the modern pictures; in a gallery at the east end is a somewhat miscellaneous series of pictures: the portraits hang, *in ordine longo*, in the lateral aisles of the central compartment; the water-colour drawings, the miniature portraits, the photographs, and the very admirable collection of engravings, occupy galleries at the west, which extend about the transepts: in four rows, two on either side of the main central avenue, the works in sculpture (original marbles, not casts) are arranged; and along the walls, below the portraits, and in large, well-contrived cases standing to the rear of the statues, the mediæval and ancient works are placed—additional groups or single objects being scattered here and there in rich, and yet well-ordered profusion, in other parts of the edifice. The armour, which occupies a commanding position near the transept, looks right nobly; all that is needed is more of it, that the steel suits might be continued eastwards along the lines of sculpture. We shall, on another occasion, enter minutely into a description of this fine armoury; we may, therefore, now rest content with expressing our high sense of the admirable skill and the profound science which have combined to produce these groups, figures, suits of armour, groups of weapons, &c. &c. Mr. Planché ought indeed to be—nay, he verily is, in not the least distinguished sense of the title—a "king *at arms*." To the west is the orchestra, with a good organ—for here, as elsewhere, music has made good her claim for recognition in a palace of the Arts. Beyond the northern transept is the very curious and valuable Indian and Chinese museum; and the principal refreshment department is also in this quarter, other establishments of a similar character being on the opposite side.* We now proceed to sketch out the result of our careful examination of the cases and their contents; and we commence with the second case from the principal entrance on the south side. This case is marked B, and its contents, which are ENAMELS, form a rich museum in themselves. This most beautiful art, a true Art-offspring of the gorgeous East, occupied a foremost position in the estimation of all ranks of persons in the middle ages, and it probably was transmitted to that romantic period from remote antiquity. The enamels of Europe were derived from that fertile fountain-head of the Arts, Byzantium; and those enamels for which, after the Byzantine age, other European cities attained to such high celebrity during a long period, indicate the presence of a Byzantine influence. The mosaic pictures, for which the artists of Byzantium were so famous, may have contributed to determine the distinctive character of the enamels of their city; and, indeed, this enamel system may be regarded as a species of mosaic. Distinguished by the most extraordinary delicacy in their production, the important works of the early Byzantine enamellers have very rarely been permitted to leave the ecclesiastical treasures or national museums of Eastern Europe. Case B, however, contains a characteristic example in Mr. A. J. B. Beresford Hope's pectoral cross, which was apparently executed in the tenth century, or perhaps still earlier. This style is known as *cloissonée*, or inclosed, from the circumstance of the several colours being bordered by narrow bands of gold filigree, which stand in relief from the plate which forms the basis of the entire work. The *champlevé* enamel, the earliest form in which this art was practised at Limoges, was a modification of the former, though it differs from it in many important conditions. Here are characteristic examples of the finer, and also of the more roughly executed varieties of this art, under almost every possible form of its application. Lord Hastings contributes a very remarkable basin of the twelfth century; two very early plaques, with figures of the Saviour, will also claim special attention. An early dish, enriched with shields of arms and scroll-work; a series of very curious and beautiful carved heads of pastoral staves; a collection of shrines and caskets; and various miscellaneous specimens of crucifixes, book-covers, reliquaries, and articles of use and decoration, illustrate this art. The translucent enamels of Italy, and the surface-painted enamels, which were carried to their highest perfection at Limoges, the scene of their development, are also exemplified in a splendid series of specimens, which lead on the student through the successive chapters in the history of this beautiful art. Here are the staff of William of Wykeham, from New College; the King's Lynn cup; the Marquis of Aylesbury's Severnake horn of tenure, with its enriched bands and belt ornaments; a noble triptych, the property of Mr. Danby Seymour, of great historical interest; and Mr. Magniac's jewelled morses, with a host of others, make up the contents of this case. The neighbouring wall-cases, A and C, also contain other varieties of works of the same class. Amongst these are sets of apostle spoons, various domestic articles of great artistic beauty, watches, jewels, caskets; an exquisite jewel-enriched pendent ornament; Ashmole's chain, boxes of crystal, rings, seals; Cardinal Wolsey's silver-embroidered purse; the Charles Edward Stuart relics, of melancholy interest; enamelled silver book-covers; Lord Hastings' enamelled fibula of the twelfth century, and various other examples from the same extraordinary collection, including some very early shields of arms of peculiar interest, chalices, and other articles of a religious character; an exquisitely beautiful dish, the property of Mr. Rhode Hawkins, &c. &c. All these are specimens worthy of individual study, and a bare enumeration of a few of the more remarkable amongst them will serve to demonstrate the worth of the entire collection.

Case A, the first on this side, with its wall-case, contain examples of early glass, comprising tazzæ, plates, cups, cups and basins with covers, ewers, vases, decanters, wine and liqueur glasses, and other varieties. Great as are the advances which have of late been made in glass manufacture as an art, this case will afford abundant suggestions to the genuine Art-manufacturer. The delicacy of the Venetian glass, and the essentially *vitreous feeling* which pervades these works, tell their own tale; while the lustrous hues of the coloured glass, the translucent purity of the whites, and the richness of the opal varieties, cannot be studied without practical advantage. The forms of the glass vessels are no less diversified than their ornamentation, while in every instance their contour and the adjustment of their proportions evince the most refined perception. At the same time the student will be conscious that it will be well for him to base his own general principles of design upon the teaching of an age in which Art produced forms distinguished rather for nobleness than fanciful variety; thus glass may be made to combine every most perfect quality and ornamentation of Venetian beauty, and manipulation of Venetian delicacy may be enhanced by designs of an excellence and truthfulness unknown to the best artists of Venice.

With the view to add to their intrinsic attractiveness the charm of variety, the cases lead on the observer from one style of Art to productions in other styles and different materials. Case C, accordingly, the next in the order of succession, commences the series of collections which in this exhibition so richly illustrate the Ceramic Art. The examples in this case are all European, and they comprise almost every known variety of the productions of Dresden, Sèvres, Berlin, and other celebrated manufactories of comparatively modern times, including those of our own country at Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, &c. A fine series of the works of Wedgwood, now so justly estimated,

* We gratefully acknowledge the excellence of the system which prevails in this by no means unimportant appendage to a "great exhibition." Everything is very good in quality and very reasonable in cost, and an air of comfort pervades the whole department.

occupies the neighbouring wall-case, and the principal cases, D and E, are devoted to the illustration of oriental china and the famed majolica ware of Italy—the productions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In common with other Chinese matters, the porcelain of China is known to us only by the specimens which have been obtained by us; its history is almost a blank. Much, however, may be gathered from the works themselves, which may be made to elucidate the history of their production, more particularly when the Chinese specimens are brought into comparison with other ceramic works, as in the present instance. The contents of the oriental case exhibit this beautiful ware under its most perfect conditions, and show how keen was the perception of colour, and how admirable the manipulative skill of the artists. This, indeed, is the lesson, conveyed almost in a single word, which all these cases teach—that the works they contain were produced by *artists*. The majolica ware impresses this lesson with striking effectiveness. Here we see designs, many of them offensive, and most of them inappropriate, elevated and refined through the Art-feeling of the manufacturer. The boldness of the forms, the splendours of the colouring, the inventive versatility which is apparent in the ornamentation, notwithstanding its generally unworthy style—these are qualities which demonstrate the meaning of the term "Art-Manufactures," and enforce upon manufacturers the necessity of being artists also. The exhibition is rich indeed in examples of majolica, and of the kindred styles, all of them of the highest excellence. In this case are many of the finest works known to be in existence, including Sir A. Rothschild's well-known treasures; admirable specimens of Hispano-Moorish work; of the various applications of metallic lustrous glaze; of Palissy, Delft, and of every most instructive variety of this most interesting class of production. Cases F and G contain multifarious specimens of the goldsmith's art, and metal-work. It would be vain for us to attempt to enumerate, however briefly, the mere varieties of objects here brought together; yet all have valuable teaching to convey—all add their varied testimony to the great lesson that excellence, in whatsoever production, must be sought from Art. The processes of chasing, damascening, and ornamenting by embossed-work are illustrated most nobly; the filigree process shows how delicately it can be wrought; and jewels, cameos, and other accessories, are displayed with equal taste and richness. Some enamelled vases of exquisite workmanship, some ewers and basins of open-work and rich enamel, a large Nuremberg salver, a group of hanaps and nautilus-cups, a most splendid oval tazza, which combines in itself almost every mode of elegant enrichment, with a singular and singularly beautiful double head of a pastoral staff, will attract particular attention. With these also may be specially mentioned a remarkable tazza of tortoiseshell, very large, and enriched with gold-work and jewels; a very curious reliquary; the clock given by Henry VIII. to Anne Bullcyn; an exquisitely beautiful pastoral staff-head of about A.D. 1420; and a large circular reliquary of the thirteenth century, enriched with filigree, jewels, niello, &c., and bearing a series of very curious brief early inscriptions in letters of great beauty. Case G contains a magnificent assemblage of college plate and corporate regalia, including Bishop Fox's staff from Oxford, Archbishop Scrope's marer cup, various fine works in the precious metals, in rock crystal, agate, &c.; the royal nautilus-cup is here, with a numerous series of similar beautiful productions, together with other works for various purposes. In the adjoining wall-case (H) are fine collections of medals in gold and silver; a very curious and interesting series of pilgrims' tokens, discovered in the Thames; and a valuable historical series of English coins. Near these cases are some singularly bold examples of figure-carving in wood, a remarkable collection of nearly 300 pieces of carved ivory, three *couvre-feus* of laten, &c.; here also one of the iron-clustered pillars of the building stands between Cardinal Wolsey's scarlet hat, now the property of Mr. Charles Kean, and Theed's beautiful statue, "Ruth."

Sculpture in bronze, terra-cotta, wood, and other materials, is exemplified in the next case, marked H. To this valuable and instructive collection her Majesty has contributed a medallion of the Emperor Maximilian, executed en stone by Albert Durer. The same great artist has here a Pietà with a canopy; there are some terra-cotta statuettes of wonderful power by Clodion, with other statuettes in amber and bronze; various examples of wood-carving of truly marvellous delicacy, particularly a Judgment of Paris; a very beautiful pastoral staff of wood, a pilgrim's staff of similar material, and a very elaborately carved librella or jester's wand, probably unique. These works, the productions of the greatest artists of Italy, Germany, and Flanders, from the close of the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, cannot be appreciated without careful study. The collections of ivories are also of rare interest and value. Works executed in this beautiful material have been in high favour amongst all Art-loving nations, and they contribute, after a very remarkable manner, to illustrate the history of the past. The incidents which were represented by carving in ivory were so various, and so great also was the variety of purposes to which carved ivory was applied, that these works in themselves constitute a treasury of information, as well bearing upon the habits, sentiments, tastes, costume, and arms, and the civilisation and religion of different epochs, from the fourth to the seventeenth centuries, as more directly illustrative of the history of Art itself. The cases of ivories have been contributed from the most important collections in England, and they nobly vindicate their title to the appellation of "Art treasures." The four great periods—the late Roman, the Byzantine, the Mediæval proper, and the Renaissance—are copiously illustrated with examples relating to national, civic, and domestic life, religious subjects, various secular matters, particularly such as have reference to war and romance, and reproductions after the antique. The gems of the Mayer and Meyrick collections are here; and the Queen has set an example of liberal contribution which has been most loyally supported. The wall-case (which like the last case is marked with the letter I) is also filled with ivories; here is a very remarkable triptych of the middle of the fourteenth century, with various fine rilievi, medallions, tablets, a crucifix of peculiar beauty, various cups, and other vessels, &e. The next cases, in the same order, contain additional specimens of porcelain, majolica, and Delft ware, glass, and similar works, together with various contributions from Mr. Mayer's noble museum at Liverpool. Amongst the latter may be specified a magnificent series of antique bronzes from the Hertz collections; examples of ancient and mediæval glass, various enamels, three very remarkable small paintings in fresco from Pompeii and Herculaneum, a collection of watches, various Egyptian works, chiefly personal ornaments, and Etruscan productions of a similar character. One Egyptian signet of gold bears on a cartouche the name of Amenoph I., one of the Pharaohs, who reigned while the patriarch Joseph was in power. Here also are various ivories, which include a full-length statuette, sixteen inches in height, of an abbess with her staff of office. The next compartment contains other noble ivories from Egypt and Assyria, with others from Byzantium and Italy, including diptychs, plaques, &c.; here is a diptych of the Emperor Philip the Arab to commemorate the thousandth year of Rome (A.D. 248); also the Æsculapius diptych, *c.* A.D. 50; various consular works of the same kind; a most remarkable representation of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection; and a fine figure of King Henry VI. seated in royal state. A low case close at hand contains about 2000 intaglio gem-seals, with a considerable number of exquisite cameos, all from the Mayer collection. A group of Etruscan pottery next succeeds, and declares how truly and ably ante-Roman Italy can illustrate the arts of Greece; with these Etruscan works some Roman pottery is associated. The last case on the south side, the one which is next to the Meyrick armoury, is occupied with specimens of book-binding, and it shows how readily Art can adapt herself to every requirement, and how valuable her aid and co-operation are in every work.

Passing through the Meyrick armoury to the corresponding compartments on the north side of the building, which contain examples of armour and weapons from the royal collections, and leaving the oriental museum without a visit, we commence upon the second series of cases which are arranged opposite to these already noticed. The first and second of these cases contain a fine collection of goldsmith's work, early and modern, which has been obtained chiefly through the exertions of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of London. In Case K are many noble specimens of richly-chased and embossed-work in church plate, dishes, vases, cups, ewers, candlesticks, caskets, and other varieties, including the shield presented to the Prince of Wales by the King of Prussia. The power of Art to enrich the most precious of the metals is here exhibited after a most impressive manner. Close at hand are some remarkable works of modern Art in silver, including the Montifiore testimonial, and some other elaborate works of a similar character. Mr. Mayer has filled the next case with another most precious selection from his treasury of Art, consisting of various fine and delicate carvings, examples of enamel, gems, niellos, &c. One of the niellos is the work of Mazzo Finaguerra; it is in silver, and enriched on both sides of the metal with two subjects from sacred history: it will be remembered that from the niellos of this artist, the art of engraving, for the purpose of producing impressions, was accidentally derived. In this case is a cameo bust, in hone-stone, of Albert Durer's wife, by Durer himself. Case L. contains the Douse collection of ivories, now the property of Colonel Meyrick, which exhibits examples illustrative of this art from its earliest Christian period to the seventeenth century, and is peculiarly rich in illustration of mediæval Art, and mediæval sentiments and usages. The caskets, diptychs, mirror-case covers, coffers, book-covers, and other objects, possess the strongest claims upon the student both of History and of Art. Cases M, N, and O, which are next in the order of succession, are occupied with selections of the choicest specimens of the Soulages Collection. These celebrated examples of Renaissance works here are seen with every advantage. The best objects occupy the most prominent positions; the grouping is good and effective, and each case derives an accession of interest from its own immediate companions, as also from the kindred groups which are assembled around it in every direction. We may here observe that the Soulages furniture has been skilfully grouped with corresponding contributions by her Majesty and other distinguished collectors, and placed, with excellent effect, in

different parts of the edifice. A fine collection of locks and keys, with various other works, beautifully executed in steel and iron, a rich series of niellos, some small mosaics, and curious inlaid coral-work, occupy wall-case M. Wall-cases P and R contain other examples of Ceramic Art of various kinds; some illuminated MSS. in rich bindings; with Worcester enamels, and the Duke of Portland's beautiful Sèvres porcelain. Lord Hastings has filled case P with specimens of majolica, Palissy, Raffaelle, French, and Flemish wares, and thus has enabled the student to extend the range of his researches with great advantage. The varied nature of the examples in this case, and the lustrous splendour of their colouring, will repay a very careful examination. The true value of these productions, as teachers to us to render our manufactures works of Art, is signally exemplified in this fine group. The same lesson receives further powerful corroboration from the next five cases, which, with two other wall-cases, complete the collections. These five cases have been contributed by the Government from the national collections—a circumstance which we record with especial satisfaction, as an expressive indication of the interest taken by those in power in such an attempt as the present exhibition, to instil a taste for true Art, and to cultivate Art as a great public teacher. These cases afford most gratifying evidence of the richness of the national museums in ceramic works, glass, ivories, and works in metal of various classes. Many of the finest specimens are from the British Museum, and the rest chiefly from the Bernal Collection, which now has its home in the new museum buildings at South Kensington. Adjoining these highly-interesting collections, which are second in value to none in the Exhibition, are several very fine cabinets variously enriched, and with them are grouped many remarkable clocks, the Marquis of Westminster's "Medici coffer," some fine bronzes, and equally fine china, and many other Art-manufactures of great beauty and interest. The wall-case S contains, in its three compartments, various small cabinets, chiefly in metal, inlaid and enriched with damasceen-work, and a large and very admirable series of Wedgwood's beautiful wares, contributed by Mr. Mayer; and in wall-case U the same gentleman has placed the unique "treasures" of his Anglo-Saxon Faussett Collection, in company with many other relics scarcely, if at all, inferior to them in archæological interest, and in their faculty of historical illustration. These early British, Celtic, and Saxon remains bear a touching though silent testimony to the energy with which the lamented John Kemble entered upon his labour of love; and they declare how surely, had he been spared to complete his work, he would have rendered this department of the Exhibition absolutely perfect. As it is, this one case will more than repay a visit to Manchester, to every one whose mind leads him to inquire into what the earliest days of our national history have left to us of visible and tangible evidence. The evidence here collected throws a gleam of light over that hitherto darkened period, and we may rejoice to recognise Art as a cherished ministrant to the Briton, the Celt, and the Anglo-Saxon. Arms and ornaments, those primary requirements of mankind in every condition of civilisation, here are seen under most characteristic forms:—the pure gold torque, the jewelled morse, the skilfully-adjusted celt, the finely-formed sword-blade and spear-head, the fibula in such universal request, beads of varied forms and hues, armillæ, and various other productions of early Art, here are exemplified. The singular beauty of the earliest of the ornaments, and the skill evinced in their construction, will be studied with deep interest; and the care with which the various weapons and implements have been formed, will be noticed with equal attention. The very remarkable bell-case, and the pastoral staff, both probably of the seventh or eighth century, and severally contributed by Dr. Tod and Cardinal Wiseman, are amongst the objects of the greatest curiosity and rarity; they illustrate the earliest forms of Irish Christian Art, which exercised an important influence on the ornamental art of all the northern nations. The celebrated relics disclosed by the "Fairford Graves" are here, and near them are the Rev. Thomas Hugo's celts, and other early specimens. Here also are the wonderful gold torque-armillæ found, in 1829, at Malpas, a Danish waist-torque, with various rings, bits, and spurs of immense size.

Such is a brief sketch of what this noble Exhibition has to show the visitor in the various departments of Art applied to manufactures. Possibly we may hereafter place before our readers more detailed and minute descriptions of some of the finest, the most beautiful, and the most suggestive specimens; now we have said more than enough to corroborate our advice, that all who can by any means visit and study in this unrivalled school of Art should exert every effort to accomplish so important an object. There remains, however, one remark to be made upon this great collection, as it appears while we now are writing,—in itself it declares beyond question the ability and the zeal, the munificence and the confident trust which have combined to produce it, and it demands the warmest expressions of admiring gratitude to be addressed as well to those who have sought, and, having sought, have obtained and classified these diversified works of Art, as to the noble-hearted possessors of these "Art Treasures," who have thus freely and liberally contributed them: but then this collection also appeals for such a plain, simple, yet masterly explanation as may render it intelligible to every class of visitor, and may make its all-valuable teaching appreciated through being understood;—*and this yet remains to be done.* The collections have but this one imperfection—they are too perfect, too noble, too elevated to be felt without the very clearest and most attractive of interpreters. We hope, before these lines are read, that much will have been accomplished in this all-important matter. There is ample time to do it, but there is no time to lose. Let the various collections be made to speak, in constant successions of short, simple, effective lectures, delivered *in* the exhibition building, and let them also have *attached to them* brief printed notices, historical and descriptive, while *every* individual object has its own label. Surely, if these things were worthy to be collected, they are not unworthy to be described. If each object is to gain by association with every other, and thus all are to form a grand Art-teacher, invested with authority unknown before, surely the teaching capacity and the teaching value of the exhibition should not be left alike unimproved, because both are unknown through not being declared. These things may be self-evident to the few, by the many they have yet to be learned. We trust, finally, that a catalogue worthy of such a title, because it is both *complete and accurate*, will be before long to be obtained. Such a catalogue would be a permanent record of infinite value, particularly if judiciously *illustrated;* and this might, as we believe, be done without much difficulty, since so many of the best specimens are already engraved. The existing engravings might be brought together as the originals have been; and then, with a few fresh additions, the "Art-Treasures Exhibition" would possess a worthy illustration in not the least interesting, not the least instructive or valuable of its departments.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

MANCHESTER FROM KERSAL MOOR.

W. Wyld, Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 2 in.

LITTLE more than seventy years has elapsed since Manchester was looked upon as a town of third or fourth rate importance, with respect to the number of its inhabitants, their wealth, and relative position in the scale of our social community. It has grown up within this comparatively short period of time into a city, having a bishop, and all the other ecclesiastical dignitaries appended to the mitre, and is the greatest manufacturing place in the world.

But though Manchester has so enlarged its boundaries, and become the watchword of commercial enterprise all over the world only within a few years, it is a place of very remote origin, and of considerable historic interest. Writers upon topographical antiquities assume it to have been a Roman station,—the *Mancunium* of the "Antonine Itinerary." Whitaker supposes Aldport—the name given to the place after it had lost its Latin cognomen—to have had its rise in the reign of Titus, and that the place was indebted to the Romans for an improvement in the woollen manufacture, which is said to have been introduced by the Gauls. Under the Saxons it became the residence of a thane, who dispensed justice from his baronial hall, and effected improvements in the town: it had also two churches, one of which—St. Michael's—is mentioned in the Domesday Book. After the Norman Conquest, William gave the place to William of Poictou; and the third baron of Manchester was in the list of those feudal lords who extorted Magna Charta from King John.

At the period of the Reformation, much dissension took place among the inhabitants. The Warden of the Collegiate Church—an office at that time of considerable influence—refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII., and many of the principal inhabitants adhered to the Papal cause. When the civil war of Charles's reign broke out, Episcopacy succumbed before Puritanism, and Manchester was besieged by the royalist forces, under Lord Strange. "In 1646, when Lancashire was converted into an ecclesiastical province, under the Presbyterian forms, Manchester, with some neighbouring places, was constituted the first classical division of the county; and under the Protectorate, the electors chose a representative in the person of Mr. Charles Worsley, and then of Mr. R. Ratcliffe." The men of Manchester appear almost always to be given to change; for we read in its history that a strong Jacobite feeling prevailed during the Rebellion of 1745, which was carried to such an extent that Mr. Dickinson, an influential inhabitant, lodged and entertained Prince Charles at his house. The part which Manchester has played in more recent political demonstrations, is written in the chronicles of England.

Such is a brief history of a place which, whatever its commercial greatness and value, affords but little scope for the artist's pencil. It has no architectural beauty internally, except, perhaps, the Collegiate Church, or Cathedral, as it is now called; and externally, the surrounding country offers little picturesque scenery. From whatever side the spectator contemplates the city, he sees long ranges of factories with innumerable chimneys, which point

> "Their tapering spires to heaven;"

but recalling to mind other associations than those to which the poet's line has reference—thoughts of active enterprise, industry, and accumulating wealth. Of late years, however, the city has assumed a new character—all the public buildings of recent erection are fine examples of Art, and its "warehouses" are almost palaces.

Mr. Wyld is an English artist, long resident in Paris. He has somewhat recently been elected a member of the New Water-Colour Society, and has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour in the city of his adoption. He is an artist of high ability, and upholds the reputation of England in Paris. His view of Manchester has a Turner-like character, and, considering the materials of the composition, is most agreeable.

The drawing is at Windsor Castle.



E. GOODALL, SCULP.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 7.—VEGETABLE FIBRE—PARCHMENT PAPER.

Man, looking around him for the means by which he can achieve certain ends, finds that Nature, in her beneficence, has produced many of the substances which he requires. Leaves are taken to thatch his rude dwelling, and grass ropes are employed to bind the roof, and secure it from the action of the winds. Advancing from one point to another, by observation he discovers that the grasses which he has been using have a peculiar fibrous structure—that they can be torn up into threads, and those threads twisted into ropes. He advances, therefore, to the use of vegetable fibre, for uniting skins and leaves into articles of dress; and gradually proceeds to the construction of nets and other things for snaring the beast, the bird, or the fish. Eventually, from netting, an advance is made to weaving—and linen and cotton fabrics are the results of thought and industry. There will be but little difficulty, whether we study the history of human progress in the nations of antiquity, or in the conditions of untrained races, as contrasted with those advanced in the refinements of civilisation, in discovering many of those steps which have been so briefly indicated. It is long, however, before much intellectual labour is brought to bear upon Nature; the applications of Science lag far behind those applications which are due merely to the sensual requirements of man. The following passage from one of Sir John Herschel's recently published Essays is so exactly to the point, expressing, in language superior to any we can employ, the condition of man in respect to useful and thoughtful applications, that we cannot resist quoting it:—"The experience of all history has shown that the gratification arising from the exercise of purely intellectual faculties is especially apt to be postponed to almost every other, and in its higher degrees to have been as unduly appreciated by the many, as it has been rarely enjoyed by the few who are susceptible of them. The mass of mankind, too happy in a respite from severe toil and bitter contention, are well content with easy pleasures, which cost them little exertion to procure and none to enjoy. As a conquering, contriving, adorning, and imaginative being, the vestiges left by man are innumerable and imperishable; but, as a reflective and reasoning one, how few do we find which will bear examination and justify his claim! How few are the conclusions, drawn from the combined experience and thought of so many generations, which are worth treasuring as truths of extensive application and utility! How rarely do we find, in the writings of antiquity or of the middle ages, any general and serviceable conclusion respecting things that be; any philosophical deductions from experience, beyond the most obvious and superficial, on the one hand, or the most vague, loose, and infertile on the other; any result fairly reasoned out, or any intelligible law established from data afforded by observation of phenomena—whether material, having reference to the organisation of the system around us, or the psychological, bearing on the inward nature of man." These remarks apply with especial force to the subject under consideration.

Vegetable fibre was soon indicated to the most untutored mind as a subject capable of being extensively applied. It was, at first, taken as nature had woven it in the leaves and in the barks of her forest-trees; it was eventually torn into strings, and twisted or woven into such forms as necessity demanded, or as fancy directed. But we have to confine ourselves to one form of this application. Upon the leaves of certain plants, we are informed, the first written signs for ideas were painted. As experience showed the usefulness of these tablets, and indicated their imperfections, men were induced to prepare the raw material, and the *papyrus* became a prepared leaf,—a leaf, indeed, partly beaten into a paper pulp, but still retained in the leaf-like form by the preservation of the stronger binding fibres. From this, the steps to the manufacture of paper-pulp, and the spreading it out into sheets were natural, although the progress made was slow. We have already dealt with the peculiarities of paper manufacture, and it is not intended to return to the subject farther than to show some of the peculiar vegetable fibres which are known to be applicable to the construction of this very useful material. Let us examine for a moment some of the sources from which we now obtain materials for the manufacture. Rags of all kinds are collected at home, and imported in large quantities from abroad; and in addition, old navy stores, cordage, bagging, and fishing-nets are employed. The waste of the cotton and flax mills furnish large supplies of the required raw material. The cotton waste produces a paper pulp of great fineness, but possessing little strength; flax waste, on the contrary, gives a paper of great tenacity; so the flax and the cotton are combined to produce a paper of good medium quality. *Straw* is now manufactured into paper at four or five mills in this country, and it is so rapidly improving in quality that it is getting into more general use. The principal difficulty, and, indeed, the chief source of expense, incurred in the manufacture of straw paper, is the removal of the siliceous coating of the straw, for which an alkali is required. Mr. Durden, of Leeds, to whom we are indebted for much information, informs us that two tons of straw furnish only one ton of paper pulp. This paper requires the use of binding materials, and of plaster of Paris to give it surface. When it is well made, straw paper makes a good scribbling and note paper, and it is pleasant to write on; but it is by no means durable.

Mr. Jeyes, of Northampton, has successfully applied the *common couch grass* as a material for making a stout brown paper and millboard. The twitch or couch grass is a well-known troublesome weed, which, hitherto, the farmer has collected and burnt; it may now be turned to profitable account. Lincolnshire yields the couch grass abundantly,—the fenny districts of that county being especially favourable to the growth of the weed. A company has been formed for the manufacture of this paper and millboard at Stamford. Mr. Jeyes has also patented the application of the stems of the *mustard plant* to the manufacture of paper. Mr. Barling, of Maidstone, has succeeded in manufacturing a strong paper from the *hop bine;* and, judging from bleached specimens, Mr. Durden, whose experience is great, says, "I think there cannot exist a doubt of the practical application of the fibre to the manufacture of writing paper. It is estimated that 15,000 tons of hop bine are annually obtainable in this country, the only application of which hitherto has been to form shelter for cattle, or it is burnt to get rid of it." The refuse of the *sugar-cane* has been employed, but not hitherto with much success. Dr. Cumin, of Bath, has made paper of this kind, but we believe it is not found to possess the required tenacity. *Wood*, in various forms and of different trees, has been used. Mr. Schlesinger, of Bradford, has established works for the conversion of wood into a fibrous pulp, which is capable of being mixed advantageously with rag pulp in the manufacture. It is found that the woods of the fir, the pine, the poplar, and the willow, answer best.

Peat paper. In the neighbourhood of Turin, and in some parts of Germany, peat paper is largely manufactured. M. Lallemand, of Besançon, has patented a process for its manufacture; and Mr. W. H. Clarke is the patentee of a similar process; but the latter proposes especially to use it, as a substitute for paper, in the manufacture of *carton-pierre, papier maché*, &c. The peat is not employed alone, but is mixed with old cordage, the bark of the *mulberry-tree*, and like substances. When we remember that there are in Ireland three million acres of peat bog, which are now nearly valueless, we cannot but hope that some of those methods may be found to be commercially available; and that we may, in articles of use or of ornament, see the application of this vast supply, and the consequent conversion of it into real wealth. From a communication made to the Polytechnic Society of Yorkshire by Mr. Durden, we glean the following important fragments of information. M. Vivien, of Paris, has rendered the leaves of trees, plants, &c., more valuable by fitting them for conversion into paper. Very excellent specimens of paper have been produced from the fibre of the *hollyhock;* the fibres of the Spanish rush, *espato*, are capable of conversion into a paper of good quality. Lord Berriedale has patented the use of the *common thistle*, and Mr. Evans that of *Brazilian grass*. Dr. Hoskins has fully succeeded in rendering the *galingale*, a plant indigenous to the Channel Islands, available for the manufacture of paper, and is now converting large quantities of this material into the state of "half-stuff" ready for the paper maker, to be used either alone, or in combination with rag pulp. The *spartum* or *water broom* has been patented by a foreigner for a similar purpose. M. Guyardin, of Paris, recommends the *arrow* or *water-arrow* of Brittany. Mr. Gillman, of Twickenham, claims the invention of using the fibrous parts of the New Zealand plants *giagia* and *ti;* and the New Zealand flax will probably, in a short period of time, be largely employed in making paper,—the durability of which will especially recommend it for printing superior and valuable books, or expensive reproductions of the works of Art. Mr. Burch, of Waltham Cross, manufactures paper-pulp from the *willow*. Dr. Forbes Boyle has directed the attention of mercantile and scientific men to the enormous quantity of raw material fit for paper-making, which could be obtained from the plants and weeds of tropical climes. Large quantities of *jute* are sent to this country from the East Indies in the shape of what are called "*gummy bags*," or bags containing various articles of East Indian export. This material, bleached by the patent process of Messrs. Smith and Holdsworth, of Laugly Mills, near Durham, seems likely to be extensively employed in the manufacture of paper. The specimens of white paper, of various kinds, containing large percentages of bleached *jute*, sent out by this firm, are of very superior quality. The peelings of the withey, and the scrapings of liquorice root, have been experimented upon with some success. Such are the various kinds of vegetable fibre which have been employed for, or suggested to be employed for, the manufacture of paper. It will be evident from this, that almost every variety of vegetable fibre may, in some form or other, be made available to the production of this most useful article.

Advancing by the lights of experimental science, we now come to a more remarkable point in connection with vegetable fibre, and its useful applications. It will be necessary to the complete understanding of the question that the chemical composition of woody fibre should be remembered. Oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportions in which they form water, combined with carbon, are the ultimate chemical elements constituting every variety of vegetable tissue. Many years since Braconnot and Pelouze discovered that if ordinary bibulous paper was exposed to the action of strong nitric acid, it became—when washed with water, to remove the adhering acid—extremely tough, but it also became exceedingly inflammable. It was, indeed, proposed to use it as "*quick match*" for pyrotechnic purposes, and for artillery. Eventually Schönbein introduced gun-cotton to our notice, and he showed that ordinary cotton fibre, became, when exposed to the action of nitric and sulphuric acid, more inflammable than gunpowder. Much attention was directed to this remarkable cotton. It still kept its fibrous form, but it had acquired new and extraordinary powers. Its explosive force was found to be due to the fact of its having taken nitrogen into combination with its other elements; and Kuhlmann has shown that gun-cotton, whether woven or not, will not receive dyes; but that when it has lost part of its nitrogenous principle by spontaneous, or artificially produced, decomposition, the vegetable fibre absorbs colour more energetically than it did in the natural state. This gun-cotton, dissolved in ether, forms *collodion*, which is now so extensively employed in photography; and any one variety of all the vegetable fibres named, may, by treating them with acids, be converted into a similar substance to the gun-cotton. Other peculiarities in connection with changes produced by chemical means on vegetable fibre have been the subject of experiment. Mr. J. Mercer discovered that cold solutions of the caustic alkali, chloride of lime, and oil of vitriol, imparted strength and fineness to textile fabrics.

Upon these investigations an improvement has again been made by W. E. Gaine, C.E., by which the strength and character of parchment is given to

paper. Mr. Gaine ascertained that by drawing a piece of common unsized paper through a mixture of two parts of concentrated sulphuric acid with one part of water, and then immediately and thoroughly washing it, this peculiar condition was brought about. It is important that the correct proportions of acid and water should be preserved, for if it falls below, or exceeds the above-named strength, the quality of the *parchment paper*, as this substance is called, suffers. Parchment paper thus prepared, is so strong that a ring of it seven-eighths of an inch in width will sustain from 63 to 100 lbs.: a ring of parchment of the same weight and dimensions supporting about 56 lbs. Parchment paper, though it absorbs water, does not permit water to percolate through it. It is not disintegrated by water, and, unlike parchment, is not destroyed by warmth and moisture. The weight of the paper is not increased by the change, proving the entire absence of sulphuric acid. The causes leading to this remarkable change are not yet understood, and must—unsatisfactory as it may appear—be referred to that mysterious influence by which bodies occasionally seem to effect, by their mere presence, changes in other bodies, while they remain themselves unaltered. The strength of this substance, and its resemblance to parchment, commend it for many important purposes in which strength and durability are requisite. Having the appearance of vellum, it is likely to supersede the use of that substance in bookbinding, and without doubt it will be largely employed for legal deeds, policies of insurance, leases, and similar important documents. We have seen maps and prints which have been subjected to this process, and the smoothness of surface produced, leads to the belief that they will not speedily be soiled, and that when soiled they may be very readily cleaned. This parchment paper is well fitted to receive oil colours, and it takes water colours admirably; so that in Art and in commerce equally, the discovery promises to be of the first importance. We understand this substance will shortly be introduced into commerce by Messrs. Thomas De La Rue, & Co.

We now know that an immense variety of vegetable fibres are fitted to be formed into paper, and that from many of them a superior kind can be manufactured. We are, therefore, but little dependent upon the supply of rags, which have been said to be unequal to the demand. We may also, by the treatment to which Mr. Gaine subjects the paper, render it stronger than the animal skin; while at the same time it is fitted for writing, printing, or painting upon. When this important discovery comes more fully before the public we may return to its consideration.

Since the above was written, attention has been directed to the use of this acid process for improving the appearance of photographs, and, as we should suppose, for increasing their permanence. When finished positive photographs are subjected to the above mode of treatment, a slight modification is rendered necessary in consequence of the harder nature of the paper upon which they are printed. The following is a description of the manipulations, which, owing to the powerfully corrosive nature of the acid, must be performed with great care:—

"Take a good sound stoneware jug, holding about a pint, and stand this in the centre of a large pan. Measure out eight fluid ounces of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol of commerce will generally be found sufficiently strong to be used), and pour it into the jug; then measure four ounces of water and pour that into the sulphuric acid; not hurriedly, but taking about ten seconds for the purpose. Stir the mixture now with a glass rod, cover the jug with a plate, and leave it until quite cold. Immediately the water and acid are mixed, great heat is evolved, and the necessity for taking the above precautions will be at once evident, since any breakage of the vessel, through the sudden and great heat to which it is subjected, will be attended with the most destructive consequences to almost everything that the acid touches.

"Have ready three perfectly clean dishes, arranged side by side. No. 1 must be of good porcelain, quite dry, and in size about 10 by 12 inches. Nos. 2 and 3 should be very deep, and holding not less than half a gallon each. Into No. 1 pour the mixture of sulphuric acid and water. Nos. 2 and 3 must be filled with pure water, and to the latter a few drops of solution of ammonia must be added. Now take the photograph (which must be quite dry), and, in the ordinary way, lay the picture side on the acid, taking great care to avoid air-bubbles; then instantly lift it up, and lay the plain side on the liquid. This will not be at all difficult, as the wetted surface curls slightly inwards, the acid producing an opposite effect to that of water. Any part which is not covered with liquid is now to be gently pressed under with a glass rod or a platinum spatula, and the sheet left immersed in the acid for a space of time varying between a quarter of a minute and two minutes, according to the kind of paper on which the picture has been printed. Canson's thin paper will require about thirty seconds; Canson's thick, one minute; thin paper, Saxe, twenty seconds. Whatman and Turner's about ten seconds, if the size has been well removed; but if they still remain non-absorbent, two minutes will not be found too long. After the sheet has soaked for the proper time, gently raise one corner out of the acid, and guarding the thumb and finger from injury with a double fold of blotting-paper, lift it entirely out by means of this corner, and allow it to drain for a few seconds; then with a quick motion completely immerse the sheet in dish No. 2, and move it about in all directions, so as to remove the strong acid from the surface as rapidly as possible. Lift it perpendicularly out of the liquid, and plunge it in again two or three times consecutively, and then transfer it to dish No. 3, where allow it to remain until the whole number of sheets are completed, or it becomes inconveniently crowded.

"Dish No. 2 must be emptied, and refilled with pure water, after about six sheets have been passed through it; and in dish No. 3, a piece of good blue litmus paper should remain, and as soon as this shows the slightest tendency to become reddened, a few drops of ammonia must be added, and the whole well mixed together; for if any, even the slightest trace of unneutralised acid remain in the paper, after coming from this bath, the picture will soon be inevitably destroyed: thus, the necessity of keeping the liquid alkaline, in dish No. 3, will be evident; at the same time experimentalists must not forget that long soaking in ammonia is prejudicial to the half-tints of the picture, and thus the excess of the alkali must be small.

"After coming from the ammonia bath; the sheets will want washing two or three times in clean water, and they can then be dried in any convenient way. The paper, when dry, will have an uneven, crumpled appearance, and will require either to be carefully mounted, or passed between rollers, to render it smooth again."

We would strongly recommend photographers to institute experiments on their positive pictures, in the manner above described; for which method we are indebted to Mr. W. Crookes: the pictures are greatly improved in appearance, and are far more enduring.

ROBERT HUNT.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BASHALL, ESQ., OF FARINGTON, LANCASHIRE.

THE collection of pictures of our own school, formed only of late years by Mr. Bashall, with a taste and discrimination which do honour to his love and knowledge of Art, may, for the greater part, have either been commissioned by himself or purchased by him from the painters themselves, for all are of recent production. Mr. Bashall resides in a district rich in British Art. We have felt it a duty to speak especially of the more than liberal support which our painters have received from the neighbourhood of Preston and Manchester; and there are other galleries in the same localities, yet to be described, not less interesting than those already noticed. The pictures of which we now speak are distributed in the lower rooms of a mansion well lighted; insomuch that many of the pictures look more fresh than when exhibited—for a large proportion of them have lately hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, productions of Maclise, Goodall, Hilton, Stanfield, Roberts, E. M. Ward, Linnell, Cooke, Creswick, Johnston, Poole, Frith, Egg, &c. &c.

'An Episode of the Happier Days of Charles I.,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—This picture will be remembered among the engravings that accompanied our sketch of the artist's life. As to light and colour, it is the most brilliant work ever executed by its author. Every work since this is much more subdued in tone, with a deference to the colour and feeling of the Dutch school. It hangs here very advantageously near a window, and comes out with infinitely greater power than it did in the Academy. The subject is a felicitous conception; it is the only composition that we have ever seen in which Charles I. is represented otherwise than in embarrassment, peril of his life, or in death—with the exception of Vandyke's sketch in the Louvre.

'The Child Timothy,' J. SANT.—This picture is well known from the engraving which has been published from it; he leans his head on his hand, and is in the act of unrolling a scroll.

'The Infant Samuel,' J. SANT.—This is a pendant to the preceding, and, as a pair, no two pictures can sort together better. The qualities of both are identical; they are extremely simple, and are painted without show of colour—in virtuous reliance on expression and *chiar'-oscuro*.

'Milking Time,' J. LINNELL.—The theme is not an aspiring one, but it is carried out without the introduction of any incident to vulgarise the composition. It is small, and was painted in 1847: essentially a dark picture, closed on the right and left by trees, and showing principally groups of cows.

'The Portrait,' W. P. FRITH, A.R.A.—This is suggested by the description in the "Spectator" of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator viewing the portrait, which, it will be remembered, is represented in all cases—for it is a stock subject—very like a Saracen's head. Both figures are full of interest, but there is something successfully whimsical in the *pose* of the baronet.

'The Stricken Deer,' A. ELMORE, R.A.—This was painted as an illustration to those verses of Moore's Irish Melodies, "Oh, what was love made for," &c.; it contains one figure, that of a lady in white, to which has been communicated a sentiment in consonance with the poetry.

'Gaston de Foix taking leave of his wife before the battle of Ravenna,' Sir W. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A.—This is a large picture, painted from a passage which occurs in the life of Louis XII., and it has been worked out with that consistency of purpose which distinguishes all the works of the president. Gaston de Foix is as much a favourite with painters as he has been with poets and annalists; every striking incident of his life has been illustrated. We find him here seated, wearing a suit of black plate armour, over which is cast a white surcoat, and near him lies his plumed helmet. There is a high and pure tone of romance in the picture—this perhaps is carried to extremity; be that as it may, the relation between the figures is eloquent in the tenderest terms of the heart, and the impersonation is no other than the chivalrous De Foix.

'Going to School,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—This small picture was painted in 1851: those who are "going to school" are two cottage children, a boy and girl, whose mother stands watching their tardy progress. The composition is throughout rendered with infinite care, and the figures are distinguished by all the valuable points which characterise the children generally introduced by this artist into his works.

'Martha,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—One of the single figures of which this artist has painted very many, all of which abound with suggestion and allusion to the source of the subject. The figure here is seated; the features are seen in profile. She is looking thoughtfully from the window on the moonlight sky. The manner of these works is free and sketchy, but in this manner they are very masterly.

'Brunetta and Phyllis,' A. SOLOMON.—This picture will be remembered as having been exhibited some few years ago in the Academy, and within a season or two of the exhibition of the 'Discipline of the Fan,' a subject also from the "Spectator," and, like this, containing numerous figures. The interpretation of the passage is difficult on canvas, but it is set forth here with as much perspicuity as the subject admits. The triumphant air of Brunetta, and the swooning of Phyllis, explain the story as a

case of rivalry, to which greater point is given by the dress of Brunetta's sable attendant being identical in pattern and material with that of Phyllis. Then the assembly is divided into two parties, one of whom sympathises with Phyllis, and the other sneers with Brunetta. The tone and colour of the picture are sustained in their original brightness.

'The Tax Gatherer,' G. O'Neil.—We trust that, for the sake of the poor woman upon whom the demand is made, the impersonation of this functionary is a little overcharged. His manner is coarse and overbearing, he is just the man to threaten and oppress; the dog is much scandalised at his insolent bearing, knowing that, although the debt be a just one, the justice of the claim does not palliate undue severity.

'View on an Italian Shore,' J. D. Harding.—The foreground of this picture is extremely rich in colour, and much broken up with rocks and pools of water—a pictorial confusion, deriving much value from contrast with the more tranquil and airy section of the picture. Composing with the nearer material, there are fragments of buildings dominated by cliffs, the line of which trends round the coast, and far into the view, until lost in the sunny distance. On the beach there are felucche drawn up, which, with some characteristic figures, communicate life to the scene. The manner of the work is forcible and independent, evincing in every passage the knowledge and firmness of a master.

'The Dead Sea from Bethlehem,' D. Roberts, R.A.—The view seems to have been taken from the top of one of the houses in Bethlehem, whence is obtained a very high horizon, determined by an even range of mountains. The Dead Sea lies in the basin of the intermediate landscape.

'Over the Hills and Far Away,' T. Creswick, R.A.—A subject of that class to which this artist owes his early reputation—consisting of a Welsh mountain stream flowing over a rocky bed, closed on the left by a mass of rock and herbage, and on the right by mountains which retire into distance: it is like composition. This painter is extremely skilful in his arrangement of material; his adjustments have very much the appearance of natural coincidence.

'The Woodland Mirror,' R. Redgrave, R.A.—One of those simple and tranquil passages of sylvan nature, for the love of which this painter seems to have forsaken the human form. His selection generally fixes on a placid pool of water embosomed in trees. The "mirror" occupies the nearest section of the composition; a road winds round it, and the view is closed by the shaded depth and nearer substance of a summer grove. The proximate masses, on which the light falls, are painted with a minute elaboration of foliage tracery; every blade of the herbage that skirts the water is most conscientiously individualised, and the lustrous reflections of the water are exquisite in their mimicry of nature.

'The Soldier's Home,' J. Sant.—Like all the works of the painter, a picture of very few parts, the interest being centred in a mother and child—the former kneeling by the side of the bed and teaching her child to pray for the safety of its absent father. It is a dark picture of great power, containing a sparing distribution of light, to each passage of which is assigned a most important function in the composition.

'The First Day of Oysters,' G. Smith.—An every-day street episode very effectively put together, but to be valued especially for the extreme care of the manipulation. There are three figures—the vendor, an old woman; the consumer, who is content to refresh himself standing; and a girl, who waits her turn, holding a plate. The locality appears to be suburban; it had better been the corner of some well-frequented street.

'Contemplation,' Frank Stone, A.R.A.—The features of this figure, with their profoundly melancholy cast, declare in a great degree the turn of thought that agitates the bosom of the lady who sits leaning her head on her hand. The female heads painted by this artist are always attractive.

'The Novice,' A. Elmore, R.A.—This picture formed one of our engravings, published a few months since, with the biography of the painter.

'The Administration of the Lord's Supper,' J. C. Horsley, A.R.A.—Engraved in our last month's number.

'The Introduction of Pepys to Nell Gwynne,' A. Egg, A.R.A.—The style of the composition is jaunty, like that of the diary. Pepys very gallantly kisses the lady on the cheek, a salute which she evidently expected, and receives as a compliment. This picture shows much of the costume of the period at which Pepys wrote. The figures are numerous, and full of vivacious expression.

'Dante meditating his Episode of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta,' J. N. Paton, R.S.A.—We do not remember to have seen this picture exhibited. The story of Francesca da Rimini has been set forth of late in an endless variety of versions, derived immediately from the description in the "Inferno," but never before, we believe, has Dante been represented as imagining the episode. We find him here seated in profound meditation under an arch of his house; he sits in profile, his head supported by his left hand; and the narrative is greatly assisted by the subdued light, for the time is evening, and the day is fast fading. The stream of the poet's thoughts is indicated by an airy vision—the figures of Paolo and Francesca, still bound together in the immaterial by that love which they conceived for each other on earth. These figures can be no other than Francesca and Paolo; the sentiment expressed in them is as intense as that we conceive of from the verse; and the Dante before us is no other than he to whom the gossips of Florence ascribed the power of visiting and returning from the blazing tombs whenever he thought fit. It is a production of great power and depth, tender exceedingly in execution, and altogether distinguished by the best qualities of Art.

'Reading the Scriptures,' Alexander Johnston.—A domestic scene from Scottish rural life, consisting of the reader,—a young man, and a prominent impersonation of the agroupment,—the aged mother, wasted in sickness, and supported by pillows, whose days are numbered; to these, with a girl and an aged man, is committed the narrative, which extends beyond the mere reading of the Scriptures. The figures are most judiciously lighted, and made out with a generous manipulation.

'Nymph and Cupid,' W. Hilton.—The head of Cupid here is very like the conceptions of Reynolds; the conformation resembles that of 'Puck,' long in the collection of the late Mr. Rogers; of a mould similar to that of the infant Hercules, but there is of course more detail. The picture is well known from the engraving.

'The Gentle Reader,' A. Solomon.—This small picture forms a pendant to 'The Stricken Deer,' in the same collection. It is a study of a young lady in white.

'The Market at Antwerp,' Mrs. E. M. Ward.—The characters and their properties are so accurately rendered, that we feel at Antwerp, and nowhere else. The principal figure is a maid-servant, carrying one of those copper pails, of which we see so many in the market-place at Antwerp.

'Edinburgh from Leith Roads,' C. Stanfield, R.A.—This is always a fine subject in the hands of an artist who can feel its beauties. It contains an endless variety of marine, domestic, and romantic material. The spectator is of course on the Firth of Forth, with a heaving sea passing through the composition transversely. A brig is the nearest and most prominent of the vessels, but there is a great variety of craft, giving life and interest to the scene, which is bounded on the left by Newhaven, and in the centre distances by the lines of the old town with Arthur's Seat, the Castle, and the Calton, the lower parts of the new town lying in airy indistinctness. In colour and tone it is equal to the painter's best works.

'Sheep-washing in the Isle of Skye,' R. Ansdell.—The scenery here is bold and romantic, the general character of that of the Isle of Skye; the immediate material being rocks and smaller fragments of stone, rank grass, and water. The superintendent, mounted on a pony, watches the progress of the purification with some round estimate of the value of each fleece. The principal action of the scene is confided to a stalwart shepherd, who seizes the struggling animals by the horns, and plunges them one by one into the pool of the mountain streamlet. The sagacious and busy collie looks wistfully on, but he is tied up, with an injunction not to interfere. The sheep are full of life; each looks like a portrait.

'The Picnic in Epping Forest,' W. Linton, figures by Wright.—The most aged and timeworn trees seem to have been selected, and brought into this composition, but after all there is nothing of dramatic refinement in the treatment of the subject; it looks like a veritable *fête champêtre*. The figures are costumed as of the time of Charles I.

'Recollections of Venice,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A.—This is a small and Veronese-like composition, intended literally and morally as allusive to the Venice of poetry. A party of gallant gentlemen have been serenading a company of ladies, who, in admiration of the chivalrous devotion of the former, are rewarding them with flowers. The serenaders are on the water, and the ladies occupy a gallery overhanging the canal, an arrangement extremely picturesque, assisted by the costume of the fifteenth century.

'The Flitting,' Alexander Johnston.—We read here a story of every-day life, made out with a searching fidelity, in which no moving circumstance is forgotten. She who changes her habitation is a young widow; her weeds, especially eloquent on her in the language of sorrow, afford at once painful reasons for her removal from an abode in which, her tears declare, she has passed the happiest years of her life. She leans on the arm of an attendant; her pastor, mounted on his pony, is present to console her on her departure; and we see the waggon laden with her furniture already on the road. The sentiment of the picture is refined; there is no approach to exaggerated affectation, and, although the subject be commonplace, the treatment is free from the alloy of vulgarity.

'San Giorgio Maggiore and the Salute, with Fishing-craft off Chioggia and the Lagune,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.—Rich as is the architecture of Venice, we scarcely acknowledge it without its natural accompaniment—water; and yet the great reason of the wearisome reiteration of these objects is that they can be seen advantageously only from a few points on the water. This view places San Giorgio prominently in the right centre of the composition, showing the edifices on the right and left all very minutely made out. The left is closed by a group of boats, with the Campanile, every object being brought forward with an earnestness which must compel the admission that the version bears with it a singular semblance of truth; it is, indeed, this circumstantiality on which in a great measure the artist relies for the primary interest of his work.

'The Valentine,' F. Stone, A.R.A.—The missive is received by a girl while in the act of dressing, and in the passive excitement which she evinces lies the force of the narrative. The head, with the expression of the features, is a most successful passage of Art, and the colour and brilliancy of the face are very artfully enhanced by the suppressed reds, which foil the flesh hues. It is more natural, less conventional, than other works of its author.

'The Cruel Sister,' T. Faed, R.S.A.—This picture contains figures larger than those which the artist now paints; the subject is also of a class different from that to which he is now devoted; his style and feeling realising into truth more positive that kind of domestic incident in which he has signalised himself. The picture illustrates the story of an ancient ballad, commencing,—

> "There were two sisters sat in a bower,
> Binnorie! O Binnorie!
> There came a knight to be their wooer,
> Binnorie! O Binnorie!"

We see, therefore, the three walking abroad over the hills which look down upon their castellated home; and the "situation" at once tells a story of demoniacal jealousy. The knight walks between the sisters, and his *devoirs* are paid to the younger, whose downcast look betokens the gratification she feels, while rage and disappointment contort the features of her sister. The costume is that of the sixteenth century. The picture was painted perhaps about the year 1849.

'Josephine Signing the Articles of her Divorce,' E. M. Ward, R.A.—This large picture was exhibited some years ago in the Royal Academy, and will be remembered as containing elaborate and accurate portraits of the personages who "assisted" at a proceeding which was dignified into a great act of state ceremony—and so it is here represented; and the painter has so fully imbued himself with the spirit of the scene as to have thrown much of the style and feeling of French art into his work. The personages present are, Napoleon, Murat, and

Cambacères, on the left; and near the centre of the picture the Queen of Naples, with her back turned to the spectator. Josephine is on the right; she holds the pen with which she is about to sign, and behind her is Queen Hortense, and near Eugène Beauharnois and d'Angely. The subject is historical, and it is treated with becoming seriousness.

'The Spanish Donna,' D. Maclise, R.A.—Of late years Mr. Maclise has produced but few studies of single figures. This was painted in 1852,—representing a lady singing to a guitar accompaniment, the music-book lying open on her knee. The features are invested with much of the significant expression which he uses generally with such felicity.

'The Crusader's Wife,' J. R. Herbert, R.A.—A study of a head, seen in profile, of the size of life, and in the manner of its art very like fresco—a feeling readily accounted for, the artist having been employed of late almost exclusively in the decorations of the Houses of Parliament. The bust of the figure is seen, wearing a plain blue drapery; the lady is gazing forth upon the sea, as if looking for the ship which is to restore her husband to his home. This was painted as recently as 1851.

'Crossing the Stream,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.—A large upright picture, in which appears a girl carrying a child across a mountain streamlet. The effort used by the girl as necessary to sustain the weight of the child is effectively described by the *pose* of the figure—a kind of expression not easily seized, from the difficulty which models generally find of resuming exactly a given attitude. The background is open, mountainous, and romantic—of that kind by which this painter always relieves his single figures.

'The Madrigal,' J. C. Horsley, A.R.A.—This picture may be remembered by many as having been exhibited in 1852; it was at the late exhibition at Paris; and seeing it here, we think, more advantageously than we have seen it before, it impresses us as the best of its author's works. The conductor is seated, and accompanies the singers, who stand behind him—two of whom, a youth and maiden, are out of time and tune in the interchange of those silent signs of affection, of the passing of which the spectator alone of the party is cognisant. The conductor looks round penetrated with the excruciating discord; but the most remarkable figures are the two impersonations, constituting the audience, an old gentleman and lady—portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Callcott. The former is a very striking figure, beating time with a pinch of snuff between his finger and thumb. The figures wear the costume of the 17th century; and the picture, without being detached in character from our own school, has much of the *genre* subjects of the best Dutch masters. Engraved in the *Art-Journal* last month.

'Fruit,' G. Lance.—A graceful composition of grapes, melon, white and black plums, with an intermingling of fragmentary foliage painted with much taste.

'The Death Blast,' W. P. Frith, A.R.A., and A. Cooper, R.A.—The "death blast" is wound by a hunter, who having pursued the stag to the death, now announces with his horn the triumphant conclusion of the chase. He is grouped with the dogs, one of which leaps upon him. The figure and the animals are brought forward with firmness and spirit; the intention of the hunter is at once obvious.

'The New Dress,' T. Faed, R.S.A.—One of those scenes in humble life, in the delineation of which this artist has signalised himself. The composition in its spirit points to Burns' poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The mother and father are seated by the ingle nook, and, while the new dress is being shown, the "neebour lad" enters, in the act of doffing his bonnet; the relation between these two figures is at once established in the mind of the spectator. The lighting of the figures is as successful as if all had been agrouped at once, and so studied; each is sound and palpable, and in this quality the principals do not unduly supersede the secondaries, but all keep their places, retaining that degree of importance properly due to them. We cannot praise too highly the solidity of this painter's manner, it is original and natural, and otherwise enhanced by the highest qualities of Art.

'The Benediction,' Liverseege.—This picture, which is well known by the engraving, must have been painted about 1831. A figure veiled, and in bridal attire, kneels at the altar, and receives, in a *pose* of much grace, "the benediction," which is pronounced by a figure characterised by a feeling of earnest devotion. We have always considered this an impressive production, and though extremely simple, and by no means approaching the finish of the works of the present day, yet, as to sentiment, far in advance of the general feeling of its period.

'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.—This picture, it may be remembered, was exhibited a few years ago, and may be considered as among Mr. Poole's most important works, having been most carefully painted, and carried out with equally cautious elaboration. There is in all the works of this painter a certain mysticism which separates his larger compositions from the realities of every-day life. If he aims at creation, between life-like conceptions and visionary illusion, he succeeds to perfection. In looking for an instant at this picture, and others which he has produced in the like vein, the spectator may believe that he has momentarily looked into a magic mirror. With a certain class of subjects this is the desideratum which but few artists ever acquire, but in a description of substantial life we can scarcely believe that the painter is in earnest.

'Ferdinand and Miranda Playing Chess in the Cave,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A.—Very striking in its effect of *chiar'-oscuro* and force of colour. Ferdinand is about to make a move—both being absorbed in the game; and, in order to assist the "situation," a pair of doves are seen on the floor of the cave. Ferdinand wears red, in support of which the composition is otherwise powerful in colour.

'Norah Creinah,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—One of the minor studies of this artist, so many of which as single figures he has painted with charming feeling. The features are presented full to the spectator, and the lady wears heather in her hair; altogether an attractive performance.

'The Young Fishermen,' W. Collins.—This large and earnest picture must rank among the best productions of its author. The general feeling of the landscape composition is beyond the title given to the picture, being deep, serious, and suggestive. The scene is limited to a foreground by a dense and dark screen of trees, before which is the pool wherein the anglers exercise their craft. One boy is fishing, and another holds up the bottle containing the tittlebats already captured.

'The Dogana, San Giorgio Maggiore, &c., Venice,' W. Müller.—We have seen several Venetian subjects by this painter remarkable for the generous breadth of their treatment, and, allowing a little for aggrandisement, representing as truly the real feeling of Venetian material as anything that has ever been done. The picture is large, but, for the subject, by no means too much so. There are on the right boats with a variety of auxiliary proprieties, and the church is brought into the composition in the most opposite site it could occupy, and any angularity or stiffness which might occur in the architecture is very skilfully foiled by other objects. In many of Müller's essays in English scenery there is a playfulness which disposes the spectator, to whom his versatility is unknown, to believe him to have been incapable of exalted description.

'The Flock,' W. Linnell.—This is one of those compositions put together very successfully from studies of small passages of landscape accessory found in our lanes and commons, of which the intelligence uneducated in Art knows not the value. The flock gives life to the picture, but the well-broken foreground and the dispositions of the distances, although by no means beyond the most commonplace, arrest the attention by their colour and masterly distribution. In the materials of his most aspiring, as for those of his most simple works, this painter seldom moves far from his own home.

'Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp,' D. Roberts, R.A.—This is a large upright picture, the figures of which take us back to the Spanish dominion of the Netherlands. The place is thronged with crowds of devotees, whence we may infer the occasion to be some saint's-day, when the reliques are exposed to the awe-stricken multitude. The carved screens come well out in opposition to the airy tones beyond, and, with his usual success, Mr. Roberts gives imposing height and space to the building.

'Lake Lugano,' C. Stanfield, R.A.—This is a large and rich picture, richly imbued with that tranquil brilliancy which Stanfield gives to his Italian lake scenery. The architecture of the composition, which has a very oriental character, is situated on a little island connected by a bridge with the mainland, which rises into a mountain-chain that closes the view. The picture is full of colour, but it is not felt to be redundant from its able distribution, not only in the nearest section of the work, but also in the remoter parts, which are more or less subdued by atmosphere.

'The Capture of Carrara,' F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.—This very spirited composition may be remembered by many lovers of Art as having been exhibited in 1852. It is full of action—Carrara being captured just as about to escape in a boat, accompanied by his wife. On the left of the composition a fierce struggle is going on between Carrara and his captors, who drag him from the boat, and on the right the wife struggles to rejoin her husband, but is held in the boat by her friends.

'The Marriage Feast,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A.—The subject of the picture which was exhibited in 1852 was thus described in the catalogue:—"Signor Torello goes to fight the Turks, and is made prisoner: his wife, supposing him to be dead, is persuaded by her family to marry again. Torello returns, and appears in disguise at the marriage feast, when he makes himself known to his wife by dropping his ring into a pledge cup." Without such a description, it would be perhaps difficult to determine the point of the story. It is clearly a ceremonial festival: we see the astonishment of the wife-bride, and the significant look of Torello, but a further relation between these figures could not be established from the narrative on the canvas. It is, however, very elaborately executed, and possesses otherwise high artistic merit.

'Queen Elizabeth reproves her Courtiers for their Flattery on her rising from an Illness,' A. Egg, A.R.A.—This is the sketch made to assist the execution of the larger picture of this subject, which it resembles very closely in every particular.

'Red Deer,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A.—This is a large picture, presenting a family group of three of these animals—a stag, a hind, and a fawn. The expression and attitude of the older animals are that of alarm from the approach of some enemy, human or canine. The fixed attention and startled *pose*, especially of the vigilant stag, is a most happy passage of nature.

'Juliet and her Nurse,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A.—The subject is from the fifth scene of the first act:—

> *Juliet.* What's he that follows there,
> That would not dance?
> *Nurse.* I know not, &c.

The guests are departing, and Juliet and her nurse stand as primary figures in the composition; the former appealing most earnestly to the nurse in reference to Romeo. The picture has much excellence in execution and disposition; but not the least of its merits is the distinctness with which the subject is at once determinable.

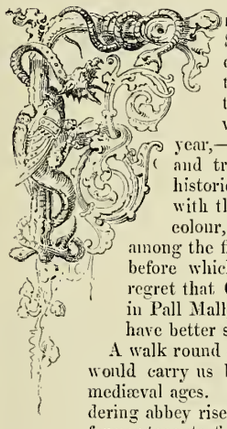
'The Avenue,' F. R. Lee, R.A.—One of the most successful essays that Mr. Lee ever exhibited. We remember the work as it appeared in the British Institution, now some years since; and so popular was the picture, that Mr. Lee painted in succession other similar versions. It is an avenue of forest trees retiring in perspective, the road here and there lighted by flakes of sunshine with admirable truth.

'James the Second receiving the News of the Landing of William,' E. M. Ward, R.A.—This is a replica of the large picture—so we call it, for its condition is much superior to that of a preparatory sketch, having been perhaps touched from the larger work. It is a scene of general consternation and defection—akin to that occasion on which James lamented that even his own children had forsaken him. He has just read the letter which conveys to him the fatal intelligence that seems to paralyse both mind and body. The queen is present with their youngest child, and a conspicuous figure near the king impersonates John, the first Duke of Marlborough, as page in waiting.

Thus, to the *habitués* of the exhibitions, the above enumeration will call to memory many valuable pictures, with which, speaking for ourselves, we have experienced a high degree of gratification in renewing our acquaintance.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXVI.—GEORGE CATTERMOLE.



Few of the constant visitors to the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, during the last quarter of a century, but must have latterly marked the absence from its walls of the works of one particular member. His contributions were never very numerous,—rarely more than five or six each year,—yet there was in them such originality of subject and treatment, such an exhibition of antiquarian and historical knowledge, of fancy and imagination expressed with the feeling of a poet, and the power, in drawing and colour, of a true artist, that his pictures were always among the first which the lover of genuine Art sought for, and before which he lingered longest and last. Who does not regret that George Cattermole has withdrawn from the gallery in Pall Mall, and from every other Art-exhibition? "we could have better spared a better man,"—if such an one exists.

A walk round a gallery hung entirely with pictures by this artist would carry us back centuries of our history; for he lives in the mediæval ages. Under the magic influence of his pencil, the mouldering abbey rises up again in all its glory, and is peopled with its former tenants, from the courtly, luxurious abbot, to the scarcely less pampered servitor; for there were in those "religious" houses stores of good things for all ranks and degrees of men—stores for their own gratification, and stores for those requiring the charitable aid of the good fathers of the convent. Side by side, perhaps, of some such subject as "Pilgrims at the Gate of a Monastery," we find a troop of armed men at the portal of a castle, demanding, but not begging for admission; or a "Border Foray," or a "Skirmish of Cavaliers and Roundheads." Passing by these and similar incidents drawn from monastic life and the records of history, we enter, with him, into the banqueting hall of some old mansion, rich in the decorations of Tudor architecture, or of some castle the foundations of which were laid by the immediate descendants of the men who came over with the Norman, and whose names are to be found in the roll of Battle Abbey; and in this banqueting-hall, its lord and master is feasting his guests and retainers, or dispensing his bounties with no niggard hand to his dependents. In a word, while the mind of the painter is ever busy amid the past, it embraces a wide range of what the past was, in its deeds of violence, and in its acts of chivalry and beneficence.

Though it can scarcely be a question whether we—that is, the public—desire to see what is usually called "the good old times" revivified in reality, it is quite certain there is no class of pictures which more powerfully arrest the attention than works that recall them. Who would care to hang on his wall a representation of a dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern or the Trafalgar, or of an aristocratic gathering at Almack's, or of the interior of a church in Belgravia during service? The eye and the mind alike shrink from such pictorial inanities; with all our love of the advantages among which we live, and with all our appreciation of the comforts, social and political, that surround us on every side, we revert with no little pride and pleasure to what our ancestors were, and to what they did; and feel grateful to the artist who, like Cattermole, can summon up the past from the sleep of death, can rebuild castle, abbey, and hall, and cause them to be again inhabited by the men of an iron age, but in whose hearts dwelt love, and honour, and every noble feeling—associated, however, as mankind always must be, with others into whose bosoms the slightest ray of sunshine from the throne of purity and goodness could never penetrate.

George Cattermole was born at the village of Dickleburgh, near Diss, in Norfolk, in August, 1800. At an early age his attention was directed to the delineation and study of the architectural antiquities which particularly abound in his native county. At the age of sixteen his name appeared as one of the illustrators of Britton's "English Cathedrals." In the execution of such works the young artist laid the foundation of that architectural and antiquarian knowledge he has subsequently brought to bear on his ideal works; and while thus engaged, his mind, doubtless, received so strong an impression of the picturesque character of the feudal times, as to make it for the future the leading idea of his art; and certainly he could not have decided upon one more varied, more attractive, and in many respects, more original. As Scott, with his pen of romance, broke up what may be called the fallow-ground, or the waste lands, of literature, so Cattermole, with his pencil, entered upon a new field of art, and brought to light treasures of pictorial beauty of which men generally had little knowledge, and held in yet lower estimation. Scott and



Engraved by] THE ARREST OF STRAFFORD. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Cattermole may very properly be associated together as resuscitators of a buried world, though the artist only followed the path marked out by the poet and romancer.

Yet if Scott had not pioneered the way into the shadowy land of the past, there is little doubt but that Cattermole, from his early impulses and education, would have turned his thoughts thitherward. At all events, he travelled into Scotland, in 1830, for the purpose of making sketches of the localities introduced into the writings of Scott: many of these have been published in various forms, and a large number are widely known as illustrations of the "Waverley Novels." But the book with which Cattermole's name is most closely associated, as an illustrator, is the "Historical Annual," written by his brother, the Rev. R. Cattermole; it was published in two volumes, and is devoted to the history of the great civil war.* The engravings in these volumes, executed

* Mr. H. G. Bohn has purchased the copyright of this work, and is now publishing it, in one volume, at a greatly reduced price: we do not know a more interesting illustrated book than this to be had for one guinea.

under the superintendence of the late Charles Heath, manifest the power and versatility of the artist's genius in a remarkable manner; so much so that one scarcely knows which most claims our admiration—the picturesque beauty of his architecture, the drawing and grouping of the figures, or the antiquarian knowledge shown in the costumes and accessories. As examples of these three qualities respectively, we would instance, though only chosen at random, as it were, the following plates in the first volume: "Republican Preaching," in the interior of some richly decorated church or cathedral; "Goring Carousing," and "Selling Church Plunder." It has always appeared extraordinary to us that an artist, whose eye and hand must have been for so long a period occupied with the mechanical operations of architectural drawing, could give to his figures so much of truth, freedom, and vitality—so much of character and of nature. This is a rare combination of artistic excellence. To look at some of Cattermole's drawings, one would certainly say he was an architectural draughtsman, who treated his subjects poetically and picturesquely, yet in accordance with the strict rules of the science; examine other pictures by him, and you would call him a painter of history only: there are others again, such as the "Skirmish on the Bridge," and more especially the "Sortie from Latham House," that would almost restrict him to the title of a landscape-painter. But we will endeavour to recall to mind a few of the works which we remember to have seen in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society, of which Cattermole was a member for more than twenty years.

We recollect two of his finest compositions, exhibited in 1839: the one, "Sir Walter Raleigh witnessing the Execution of the Earl of Essex in the Tower," a large drawing—the subject set forth with dramatic power, and all its details made out with the utmost skill and care. The other was entitled "Wanderers Entertained;" but the subject is now widely known by that of "Old English Hospitality," the name given to Mr. Egan's engraving from the picture, and published by Moon. We have introduced it among our illustrations, being, perhaps, one of the best works we could select as showing the "style and character" of Cattermole's productions. It is quite impossible to contemplate such a scene—which, though a painter's "fancy," records a fact—and not be sensible that the progress of civilisation and the increase of wealth, have not been accompanied by such an exercise of household charity as was a characteristic feature of the social condition of the middle ages. The "Castle Chapel," the most important work, in size and composition, exhibited in 1840, shows a number of figures—many of whom are armed for battle—in the act of devotion. There is a feeling of solemnity and awe in this work which, in spite of the warlike appearance of the assembled worshippers, knight, squire, and man-at-arms, invests it almost with the dignity of a sacred subject.



Engraved by] THE HUNTING PARTY. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Of several drawings painted in 1843, some have been engraved, as "Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh preparing to shoot the Regent Murray, in the Streets of Linlithgow, in 1570;" the figure, standing at an open mullioned window, with a pistol in his hand, shows great determination in expression and attitude. We think we saw the picture, with several others by Cattermole, in the *Palais des Beaux Arts*, Paris, in 1855. The "Chapter House," and "After the Second Battle of Newbury," two other works of the year 1843, may be classed among his best, the latter especially; it is a night scene, representing the royalist troops encamped before Donnington Castle; the near part of the picture is thronged with figures and all the material of the warfare of the times; from the windows of the castle issues a strong glare of light, most skilfully managed.

"Benvenuto Cellini defending the Castle of St. Angelo," and the "Visit to the Monastery," both exhibited, with several others, in 1845, are two drawings of very opposite character, but each admirable in conception and general treatment; the latter shows a party of cavaliers and ladies, mounted on their steeds and palfreys, received at the gate of the monastery by its inmates, headed by their principal; some noble trees, whose ages appear antecedent to the building, add greatly to the picturesque quality of the composition. But, perhaps, the most extraordinary display of Cattermole's powers in landscape is to be seen in a picture exhibited in 1846, and entitled "The Unwelcome returned:" it is a magnificent forest scene, such as no other country than our own could show ere the necessities of the population had uprooted the giant trees of the woods, and converted the habitation of the wild deer into a fruitful field. "The huge boles of the oaks seem to be gnarled with the wrinkles of five hundred years, and hold the ground with a tenacity that appears to defy any human power to disengage;" their arms, each one equal in magnitude to the trunk of a tree of modern growth, twist and stretch out in every direction, forming a low and shadowy roofing to an avenue along which a mailed knight rides slowly and thoughtfully: the idea of the subject is taken from Scott's description, in "Ivanhoe," of the return of Richard *Cœur de Lion*. Our estimation of this picture, in our notice of the Water-Colour Exhibition, was summed up in these few brief words:—"A work of such power as not to be equalled by the utmost effort of any living artist." We know not who is the fortunate possessor of this picture, but the owner ought to regard it with something like feelings of veneration.

This was the last work of a size and character to demand especial reference, which Cattermole has exhibited; he contributed several comparatively small drawings in 1849 and 1850 to the society of which he was so valuable a member, and then withdrew his name from the roll of the institution, to the infinite regret of all who had been accustomed to see the walls of the gallery annually adorned with his works. We know not the cause of his secession, but

it probably arose from a desire to devote his time to oil-painting, in which he has been engaged for the last five or six years; during this period he has executed several pictures similar in character to his water-colour drawings, and of greater magnitude. It has never been our good fortune to see any of these oil-paintings, but we can readily believe—recollecting, too, how freely he used body-colour in his drawings—that he would attain even greater power with his new medium than with that he had previously employed, though this seems to be scarcely possible.

Mr. Cattermole has somewhat recently been made, by special diploma, a member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam, and also of the Belgian Society of Water-Colour Painters—appointments which do honour to his genius, while they reflect the highest credit on foreign liberality of feeling. He was also awarded a first-class medal by the international jury of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855, to which he contributed several drawings. Of these the French critics spoke in the strongest terms of commendation. One, M. Gautier, in his *Beaux Arts de l'Europe*, says, "The water-colour drawings of Mr. Cattermole have a brilliant and harmonious scale of colour, which shows an intelligent study of Paul Veronese and the Venetian masters; the subjects, usually selected from history or the legends of the middle ages, have in them nothing of that Gothic formality nor minute trivialities which we are too apt to believe it is essential to adopt when treating of analogous scenes. He has continued, in water-colours, the romantic revolution commenced by Scheffer, Deveria, Poterlet, Delacroix, L. Boulanger, and, above all, by Bonington, the most natural colourist of the modern school, many of whose qualities of painting he has learned how to appropriate without servile imitation." Complimentary as these remarks are to the artist, we do not think the writer has formed a correct judgment upon his works; Cattermole is one of the last painters whom we should suspect of borrowing from another, or even looking at him with any idea of imitation. He is entirely original in all that he does, and, as it seems to us, in his method of working; his colouring, especially in some of his later works, does, indeed, remind us now and then of the old Venetians, but we regard the similarity as an accident, so to speak, on the part of our gifted countryman, and not the result of intention. His only master—or rather mistress—is, in our opinion, Nature, which, however, he studies in a way peculiar to himself, and which he sees with the eyes of one who lived centuries ago; his whole world, including things animate and inanimate, has nothing in common with the present—it is not that wherein we dwell. A writer in the *Bulletin of the American Art-Union* of June, 1850, which we have before us, humorously says, "Cattermole undoubtedly *was* some stalwart knight or wandering minstrel of the fourteenth century; he died, but our railroad age has



Engraved by] OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

been suffered to reproduce him, in order that we might pictorially learn from him how noble errants, gentle damozels, grey seneschals, and reverend friars behaved. I never saw a drawing by him that was not a *poem*—sometimes, indeed, very rugged border minstrelsy, but as often truly epic and elaborate in theme, if not in execution. *Here* he is very dashing and loose" [we cannot agree with this remark: his pencilling is bold, but extremely careful]: "he seems to paint by inspiration; there is no evidence of effort; the result is *always* delicious colour, *generally* a true grasp of his subject, which makes it a reality."

In the majority of the pictures which illustrate the age of chivalry and romance, it appears to have been Cattermole's aim to exhibit the noblest characteristics of the period—the heroism of the "belted knight," the devotion and willing obedience of the vassal, the open-hearted liberality of the wealthy, the gratitude of the poor and destitute. In those days the high-born and the lowly were less isolated from each other than now—there was a mutual dependence felt and acknowledged by all, and yet exercised independently, without undue subserviency on the one side, or supercilious pride on the other; it is thus that the artist writes his history of the past. In his illustrations of monastic life—full as it is of the picturesque—he has undoubtedly succeeded in investing them with a deep religious feeling, as if he were thoroughly convinced of the fact that, notwithstanding all the faults and abuses of monastic institutions, they were, in our own country especially, the nurseries of religion and learning, and not unfrequently of liberty also, at a time when almost every art and science, save that of war, was in the keeping of "hooded monk and sandalled friar" only.

For the last six or seven years the attention of this artist has been turned almost exclusively to sacred subjects, chiefly from the New Testament, and we have heard from those who have had opportunities of seeing them that these constitute his best productions. Will he allow us to ask, on the part of the public, that it too may be afforded similar opportunities? All have regretted his withdrawal from the Water-Colour Society, but why will he not exhibit his oil-pictures in galleries that are open to receive them? why does he permit them to pass immediately from his studio into the possession of the purchaser, who is always at hand to carry off every work he finishes? We must enter our urgent protest against this practice, and hope Mr. Cattermole will pardon us for telling him he has no right "to hide his candle under a bushel." Providence endows with especial gifts for especial purposes—that they may be used for the good or the gratification of others; and the "others" include *all* who might derive the benefits these gifts are capable of affording, if they come within their grasp, and not the *few* only who are able to pay liberally for what they receive. Every Art-lover deprecates the absence of this original painter from the exhibitions of the season, and desires to see him again, as in "the days of yore."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB.*

ALTHOUGH a notice of this very beautiful volume appeared in our columns two or three months ago, we are induced to refer to it once more, principally because we have now an opportunity of showing our readers some examples of the wood engravings, from Mr. Gilbert's designs, which ornament



the book. The characters and descriptions that form the subject of this passage of sacred writing have led the artist into a field new to him, and which, therefore, must have entailed upon him a considerable amount of study, especially in such matters as pertain to the natural history of



Eastern countries; and he has here shown as much skill in the delineation of botanical objects, of animals and reptiles, and of landscape, as he has in many previous illustrated works in his figure compositions. Look, for instance, at the second engraving we have introduced, representing the "Behemoth," and at the last, illustrative of the "Cobra," both of them drawn with as much truth as if intended only as examples of natural history: there are many others in the volume of equal beauty and power. The figure subjects we have selected are



respectively entitled "The Ambush," "Longing for Sunset"—a little gem in spirit and execution, and "Miserable Comforters;" everywhere the artist appears to have thoroughly felt the inspiration of the various passages on which he has employed his pencil, and to have expressed his feelings in the most poetical language of Art. We must point out as a few of the most noticeable examples, "The Mourner,"



"Harvest Home," "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age," &c., where the dead body of an old man is carried on a bier to its last resting-place, through a field of ripe wheat; "Like a Flower," a magnificent group of wild plants, beside which lies a sickle; "The Storm," "I was Eyes to the Blind," "Conscience," &c. The variety of subject which "The Book of Job" offers to the artist has brought Mr. Gil-



bert out in unusual strength, combined with originality; and while we observe a certain harmony of conception and feeling throughout the entire series of designs, there is far less sameness than might be expected from the thoughts of one mind, and the working of one hand—which, moreover, have so long been engaged in labours of a similar nature. A more welcome volume than this has not been before us for many a long day; and the noble poem could scarcely have found a better illustrator.

* THE BOOK OF JOB, illustrated with Fifty Engravings, from Drawings by John Gilbert; and with Explanatory Notes and Poetical Parallels. Published by Nisbet & Co., London.

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER VI.

Giorgio Barbarelli—Harmony of appearance and character—Name of "Giorgione"—Distinctive characteristics—Loss sustained by Art in his early death—Morto da Feltre—Frescoes of Giorgione—Rarity of his authentic Works—Of some of the few in England—Fitzwilliam Museum, Oxford—Royal Institution of Liverpool—The Edinburgh Institute—Drawings at Oxford and Chatsworth—Thirlstaine House—Castle Howard—Bowood—Portrait of Giorgione—Works in the Louvre—The Dresden Gallery—Venice—*Amende honorable* of Von der Hagen—Palazzo Manfrini—Barberigo Pictures now at St. Petersburg—Studies of Heads—The Muses—Venetian Academy—The Stilling of the Tempest—Sebastiano del Piombo—See him in Rome and Venice—Works in our own possession—London—Edinburgh—Hamilton Palace—Pope Clement VII.—Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle—Marquis of Lansdowne—Works in the Louvre and at Berlin.

THE significant augmentatives of Italian speech are not often used in compliment—they are more frequently the expression of disapproval; even the excellent Masaccio received that well-known extension of his own name, "Maso," * rather as a good-humoured reproach for his neglect of externals, and for the effect of that negligence on his personal appearance, than as an acknowledgment of his greatness, which all were yet ready to admit. But with Giorgione the case was different: if the names of Giorgio Barbarelli, derived from his family and sponsors, have been all but forgotten in the more familiar "Giorgione," that last recalls no mere eccentricity, no peculiarity of habit—the appellation was assigned to him by common consent, because it well expressed the greatness and distinction attached to his whole being, mental and physical. The stateliness of his lofty stature, and the grandeur of his person, no less than the deep seriousness of his mind and the warmth of his heart—the latter giving unusual beauty to features not otherwise remarkable—these all rise to the pleased and grateful memory at sound of that name, Giorgione: there is, accordingly, but one feeling and one opinion as to the great and distinctive characteristics of this beloved master; "admirable," "noble," "sublime;" these epithets are applied, and justly, to other painters by the coldest of our critics, nor are they refused to Giorgione—but to him there belongs, moreover, a yet dearer distinction; one that all true lovers of Art have agreed to accord him, and that without a dissentient voice. Loving—as all we know of him concurs to prove—much, also has he ever been loved; you have but to open the first good authority, contemporary or modern, that may lie beneath your hand, to be persuaded of the fact. Nor will any be surprised at this who reflect on the character of his works: remembering the elevation of thought that attracts, the depth of feeling that binds us, to this earnest master, all will perceive that he who loves Giorgione can well render his reasons for that love.

Endowed with equal, nay—and that in the grandest essentials—with superior powers of mind and finer qualities of heart than had been assigned to his justly renowned compatriot and condisciple, Titian, what might Giorgione not have done had length of days been added to the rich store of his gifts? Is it too much to believe that the downward tendency, of which, even in his day, certain symptoms had become apparent, might have been arrested in its course had Giorgione (the ordeal of his fiery youth passed through) been permitted to settle into the wise and genial worker that he must have proved in those fairest fields of Art towards which his best nature ever led him? We think not; the first place among painters would assuredly have been the conquest of his maturer age, had that maturity been permitted. But little more than a third of Titian's appointed period was that accorded to Giorgione; yet what evidence has he not left us of the much that was to come?

"He looked on life and nature with the gaze and the feeling of poet and painter in one," is the observation of one German writer—a simple truth; nor is the poet ever to be divided from the painter, if either would speak effectually to human hearts. "The figures of Giorgione may be said to represent an exalted race of beings, capable of the noblest and grandest efforts," remarks another; and he, too, is right: the consequence was one that could not fail to follow from that elevation of nature distinctive of Giorgione. Enumerating the peculiar characteristics of various masters, and comparing the heads painted by certain of the greatest among Italian artists, one of our own writers, speaking to the same effect with those of Germany cited above, remarks that in the heads of Giorgione many of the best qualities lauded in all others are combined; and says in conclusion, "then what power of thought, what intensity of feeling, will be found in all that Giorgione has left us"—or words to that effect, for the writer quotes from memory, and may not be strictly accurate as to phrase, although certainly true to the thought. Such instances might easily be multiplied, but let those given suffice.

The too early death of Giorgione is attributed by some writers to plague, but there is no record of any plague prevailing in Venice during the year 1511, which was that of his decease; and Ridolfi, who had ample means for ascertaining the truth, assures us that he died from a different cause, which he describes as follows:—The Florentine, Pietro Luzzo, called also Zarotto and Morto da Feltre, having repaired to Venice in company with Andrea di Cosimo, was there entertained with frank kindness by Giorgione, who did him numberless good offices, and finally admitted the stranger to his intimacy and confidence. But Pietro repaid those benefits with the basest ingratitude; he found means to estrange from Giorgione the affection of a beautiful Venetian, to whom he was but too passionately attached; the false friend and faithless betrothed are even said to have fled together, and the double wound thus inflicted proved fatal,—the ever-lamented life of Giorgione was cut short, not by disease, but by grief.

Lanzi, alluding to the portrait of Morto da Feltre, pointing to a death's head, now in the Uffizii, and said to be painted by his own hand, has the following:—"Io penso che sia effigie di un nomo incognito, il quale si fece figurare con un dito rivolto verso un teschio di morto, per risvegliare in sè, qualora il mirasse, il salubre pensier della morte; or nel nostro quadro, il teschio capricciosamente fu preso per simbolo del nome Morto, e si è dato per ritratto e opera del Feltrese." * And the learned Abate is doubtless right; he remarks, further, that the portrait of Morto, as given by Vasari, is altogether different from that of the Uffizii,—a fact of which any one may convince himself who will compare the latter with that in the second or subsequent editions of the *Vite*.†

Few traces of the frescoes executed by Giorgione now remain. The "siroccos and salt winds" might have spared these priceless bequests of a great spirit, to charm centuries yet more remote than is our own from the period of the master; but what the elements have respected, man destroys; change and "restoration" of the palaces once proud to bear these trophies, have all but effaced them; some few poor remnants do indeed remain, but we cannot hope that even these will long escape: this is the more to be regretted, because, although but fragments, they are of striking beauty, and bear ample testimony to the value of all we have lost.‡

The genuine works of Giorgione being confessedly rare, and many bearing his name which have no claim to the honour, England may hold herself fortunate in the possession of several pictures, the origin of which is undoubted. In collections open to the English public they do not abound; the authenticity of the "Peter Martyr," bearing the name of Giorgione, in our National Gallery, has been questioned: the picture at Hampton Court, although bearing the name, and admitted to be a fair production of some good imitator of Giorgione, is not believed to be by his hand. The Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, is more fortunate: the "Adoration of the Shepherds," now there and formerly in the Orleans collection, is without doubt an authentic work of the master—"Edel in den Karaktereu, zumal das Kind sehr schön, glühend und gesättigt in der Färbung, dies—aus der Gallerie Orleans stammende Bilde"—as above said—"ist in allen Theilen dem Gemälde mit Jakob und Rahel in der Dresdner Gallerie nah verwandt."* The Royal Institution of Liverpool is in possession of a portrait, said to be that of Guidobaldo, Duke of Montefeltre. This work, not known to the present writer, is affirmed by competent authority, to exhibit the elevated conception, and deep golden tone of colour, proper to Giorgione.

There is a small portrait of a man by the same master in the Edinburgh Institution; we name it here chiefly because the work is of the few accessible to public inspection, the colouring, as a whole, not being such as to attract the lover of the master from a distance, as does that of every other work of Giorgione with which we are acquainted; but there is no question of its being by his hand. At Oxford there is a valuable drawing, more to be prized in our circumstances, if of undoubted authenticity, than even the finished work: this is a landscape with figures. An exquisite and certainly genuine example of Giorgione's drawings will be found at Chatsworth—"Christ and the Woman of Samaria;" there are, moreover, said to be two small ones at Lowther Castle—the writer has not seen them, but hopes to verify the statement, if fact, at no distant period. There are others in the collections of our nobles and gentry: the horseman at Stafford House, the knight in armour in the collection of the late Mr. Rogers, two pictures in the Ashburton collection, the portrait of a man at Devonshire House, and the daughter of Herodias, in the possession of Mr. Holford, though in some cases injured by restoration, are all within reach of the English lover of Art. At Thirlstaine House, the seat of Lord Northwick, near Cheltenham, is a work by Giorgione—the "Woman taken in Adultery," some of the best qualities of the noble master authenticate this picture, which is of great value; the expression given to the woman is most touching, her attitude, no less than the face, exhibit the deep humility proper to her offending condition. There is a precious fragment at Castle Howard; but in no English gallery have we a picture more profoundly interesting to those who love the master, than is the "Shepherd," in Lord Lansdowne's collection at Bowood—that shepherd presenting the portrait of Giorgione himself, as all who remember the profound depth of feeling in "the dark glowing eyes" of that in the gallery of Munich, will at once perceive.

If Giorgione was not handsome, as authorities aver, he was much better than merely handsome: in his face is that best beauty, earnest thought, and true warm feeling. Returning ever and again, as one does to the Munich portrait, the shadow of that cloud thrown over his devoted life by the traitorous Feltrese, seems even now impending; you indignantly refuse to believe that the forgotten vows of a worthless woman can have wrecked that noble being; but when the envenomed wounds of friendship spurned, and confidence betrayed, are added to the sum of wrong, you comprehend how that heart, so tender, should burst with the weight of its anguish, and you seek relief from the intolerable pain of the recollection, in vengeful rage against the wretch who could thus reward his benefactor. Ever commend me to a good fit of anger if the eyes are blinded by tears for a grief that cannot find remedy; most effectual is the heat of it for absorbing those drops which you *will* not suffer to fall, because the cold and uncaring are around you, and never does one want that relief when the thought of Morto is presented. Not *his*, the beautiful head of the Uffizii—do not believe he looked like that—no! not at any moment of his evil life. The hard, stony glance, the coarse mocking expression of mouth, of the Aretine portrait, each aiding the other to mar a face made up of features else not unhandsome, these may indeed belong to Morto, and so it is

* "The son of the notary, Ser Giovanni di Mone (Simone) Guidi, of Castello San Giovanni, in Val d'Arno: he is inscribed in the old book of the Guild as *Maso di* Ser Giovanni di Chastello Sangiovanni, MCCCCXXIV." Gaye—"Carteggio inedito d' artisti dei Secoli, xiv. xv. xvi." 1, 115; see note to Mrs. Foster's Translation of Vasari, vol. i. p. 402.

* Storia Pittorica, vol. i. p. 170. Edit. Pisa, 1815.

† See the portrait of Morto, in the edition of Florence, 1822, vol. iii. p. 449.

‡ See Zanetti—"Varie pitture a fresco de' principali Maestri Veneziani," where some relics of these lost treasures are preserved.

* "Noble in the characters, the child especially very beautiful; the colouring full and glowing. This picture resembles in all respects the meeting of Jacob and Rachel in the Dresden Gallery."—See also Dr. Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," vol. iii. p. 446.

that Vasari gives them. For the woman, let her pass—a creature fit only to waken the contempt of a moment and be forgotten: grief and shame, that such as she was could give pain to the heart of Giorgione! But I hold firmly to my belief—from wounded friendship, not slighted love, came the arrow that found the joint of his armour: one grudges to him who so treacherously sent it, the death, but little merited, which he found, say his compatriots, soon after, on the field of battle. Yet is there one thought that might help us to part in charity even with Morto da Feltre. After betraying his friend, he took service with the Venetian republic, though Florentine by birth, and with no interest in its quarrel: did he hope thereby to expiate the crime that blackens his name? or was it that his life had been rendered unendurable by the recollection of that wrong? Let us believe in his remorse, and we shall not so ferociously grudge him his grave.

To the works of Giorgione preserved in the Louvre, we can do little more than refer the reader; they are happily well within his reach, and we must content ourselves with reminding him that he will there find examples certainly genuine. One of these may safely be accounted among the most precious bequests of the lamented master—not for its beauty only, although that is extraordinary, but because it is one of those most characteristic of himself, and gives evidence of qualities so high as to make the beholder more than ever regret the early bereavement suffered by Art in his person. This work alone would largely repay the traveller for his journey to Paris; yea, even in *our* suffering days, when those hard-hearted, and well-named "iron ways," have reduced all travelling from one of the best of pleasures to a sore and heavy penance. But there is besides a Holy Family in the Louvre, with St. Catherine, St. Sebastian, and the figure of the donor, a work of the master's early time: there, too, as many will remember, is that picture, said to be a "portrait of Gaston de Foix;" and which owes its origin, as did another described by Vasari, to the well-known discussion between Giorgione and certain sculptors, as to the alleged inability of the Painter to present his subject in more than one aspect at one time, whereas the Sculptor can exhibit the same form in various points of view, if the spectator merely walk round it. "This," says Vasari, "was at the time when Andrea Verocchio was working on his horse of bronze; and Giorgione affirmed that the painter could exhibit all the different aspects of the figure at one glance, and without giving the spectator the trouble of walking around it." This he accomplished, in a jesting fashion, by painting a nude figure, with the back turned to the spectator, and with a clear stream at the feet reflecting the front. On one side was a highly polished corslet, which the figure depicted, having divested himself thereof, had laid at his left side, where it served as an effective mirror. The profile on the right was reflected from a glass; and the work, says our author in conclusion, was "sommamente lodata e ammirata per ingegnosa e bella."* Respecting the Daughter of Herodias receiving the Head of the Baptist, also in the Louvre, and attributed to Giorgione, competent judges express more than a doubt.

The meeting of Jacob and Rachel, considered to be one of the finest of Giorgione's works, and sometimes called his masterpiece, is in the Dresden Gallery. A fine valley, pleasantly embosomed in surrounding hills, is the scene of this greeting; and if the costume and accessories—those of the painter's land and time—be not in strict accord with one's preconceived notions, yet the disappointment at first felt on approaching the picture is not of long continuance: the truth and earnestness of expression in the heads and attitudes of the principal figures, at once compel forgetfulness of those peasants of Friuli, by whom it is, in fact, that the Hebrew and his betrothed are here represented, and the highly-raised expectations with which the traveller approaches the picture, are in the end fully justified.

To the remarkable gift of forgetting, exhibited by our good friend, Von der Hagen, in the case of certain great Venetian painters, we have done ample justice: in the case of Giorgione he does *not* forget. Being at Florence, he falls into raptures at sight of a mere copy—by no incapable hand, but still only a copy—of that boast of the Manfrini collection, the lovely lady, touching her lute, whose imperial beauty, according to one of his compatriots, "commands the whole world to bend in adoration before it." "Since the time when I first beheld her in the Manfrini Palace at Venice," says Von der Hagen, "has she constantly been present to my thoughts—so life-like is she, so entrancing, so absorbing, that the impression I then received continues in all its force, nor will it ever be effaced; no, never shall I forget her while I have being." A truly honourable "amende" for that curious lapsus of memory recorded above, dear denizen of your most praiseworthy city, Breslau; but there is even more:—"the rich violet-coloured robes, with all besides of that costly oriental dress bestowed by the lavish hand of the master on this labour of love," are set down on your tablets this time, among the "never to be forgotten,"* wherefore you shall hear no more of that other matter—we forgive you for it, at once and for ever.

Among the most admired and best authenticated of Giorgione's works is the enthroned Madonna, painted, as is believed, for the Venetian family Soranza, but purchased from that of Balbi, who obtained it by inheritance, for the collection of Mr. Edward Solly. In certain parts the manner of this work recalls that of Giorgione's master, Giovanni Bellino. St. Peter and St. John the Baptist stand on the right of the throne, St. Sebastian and another saint occupy the left; these figures have all the grandeur of character and earnest depth of expression peculiar to Giorgione. The landscape is strikingly beautiful—"Mit dem glühend leuchtenden Horizonte," says a German writer, "es gehört zu dem schönsten, was man dieser Art aus der venedischen Schule kennt." The breadth and fulness of the treatment are equally remarkable, the colouring is deep and glowing, and in all essentials this picture bears a manifest resemblance to the few paintings known to be from the hand of Giorgione—that, for example, of St. Mark stilling the Tempest, in the Venetian Academy.

The almost equally admired "Astrologer" of Giorgione is, or was, in the Manfrini Gallery. An old man, strangely habited, sits beside a marble table; there is a ruined fabric in front of his seat, and in a niche of the building a broken statue of Venus. Gazing into the distance, the Astrologer is holding the instruments of his craft in his hand. A woman stooping, or rather cowering to the ground, is playing with an infant laid before her on the earth, and near her is a young man in armour. In the distance there are soldiers resting beneath a tree. In the gallery of the Barberigo Palace (yielded, as our readers will remember, to Russian entreaty, and now at St. Petersburg) was a treasure of inestimable value in studies of heads by Giorgione. Here also were the "Muses"—"Eine unschätzbare entzückende Darstellung der selig verschwisterten Göttinnen," says a writer of our own day, "vorzüglich anmuthig und poetisch ist die holde Emporblickende im Sternenkranze, die Musik; und Thalia die Schauspielkunst."

As regards the "Tempesta sedata dal Santo" mentioned above, and now in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, heavy reproach has been cast on Vasari for that he, in his innumerable occupations, did commit the oversight of attributing this work of Giorgione to Jacopo Palma—as happened in his second edition, although in the first he had rightly ascribed it to Giorgione. From the life of Palma it is then that we will now take Vasari's description of the picture, and this, were it only to add another proof to those already adduced, showing that "praise of Venetian painters" does not "come reluctantly from his lips," as Fuseli—who should have known better, well informed as he doubtless was, than to repeat that refuted calumny of some petulant, perhaps disappointed contemporary of the Aretine biographer—has somewhere said:—"Fece oltre ciò, per la stanza dove si ragunano gli uomini della Scuola di San Marco in su la piazza di San Giacomo e Paolo, una bellissima storia nella quale è dipinta una nave, che conduce il corpo di San Marco a Vinezia, nella quale si vede finto dal Palma una orribile tempesta di mare, ed alcune barche combattute dalla furia de' venti, fatte con molto giudizio e con belle considerazioni, siccome è anco un gruppo di figure in aria e diverse forme di demoni che soffiano a giusa di venti nelle barche, che andando a remi e sforzandosi con vari modi di rompere l' inimiche ed altissime onde, stanno per sommergersi. Insomma quest' opera, per vero dire, è tale e si bella per invenzione e per altro, che pare quasi impossibile che colore o pennello adoperati da mani anco eccellenti, possano esprimere alcuna cosa più simile al vero o più naturale; atteso che in essa si vede la furia de' venti, la forza e destrezza degli uomini, il muoversi dell' onde, i lampi e baleni del cielo, l'acqua rotta dai remi, ed i remi piegati dall' onde e dalla forza de' vogadori. Che più? Io per me non mi ricordo aver mai veduto la più orrenda pittura di quella, essendo talmente condotta e con tanta osservanza nel disegno, nell' invenzione e nel colorito che pare che tremi la tavola come tutto quello che vi è depinto fusse vero."* This is followed by certain technical remarks, all in the same spirit, and to the praise of the painter, showing Vasari's sense of the magnitude of those difficulties overcome by Giorgione in this work, with his perfect willingness to admit their existence, and his readiness, not to say eagerness, to give all due praise to him who had obtained the signal success he so warmly celebrates.† Such passages—with that given by Lanzi in our last chapter—should set at rest the question of justice done by Vasari to Venetian painters; but that they will do so is scarcely to be hoped.

Lanzi, speaking in praise of the same work, alludes particularly to the figures of "tre remiganti ignudi, pregiatissimi pel disegno, e per le attitudini."‡

Vasari appears to be slightly mistaken in his description of one part of the subject of this work. The moment chosen by Giorgione is not that of the conveyance of St. Mark to Venice, but that of a storm excited by demons, and allayed by the power of St. Mark, St. George, and St. Nicholas. The story, as related by the Venetian chronicler, Marino Sanuto, is as follows:§—"On the night of the 25th of February, 1340, a storm, such as had never before been seen at Venice, was raging around the city, when a poor fisherman, labouring to secure his barque on the riva di San Marco, was accosted by a stranger, who desired to be put over to San Giorgio Maggiore." The fisherman long refused, but won by promises and entreaties he finally consented to make the effort, and rowed the boat safely to San Giorgio; here a second stranger entered, and the two required to be rowed to San Nicolo del Lido, where they found a third awaiting them on the shore. The three thus united commanded their boatman to pull beyond the castles, and into the open bay. Scarcely had they gained the sea before they perceived a galley approaching with the rapidity of a bird on the wing: that vessel freighted with demons, who were obviously proceeding to effect the downfall of Venice. Then the three companions, rising solemnly in their boat, made the sign of the cross, when the demons were put to flight, the sea became peaceful, and the unknown bade the fisherman return to the delivered city. Here they made themselves known to their boatman, declaring themselves to be none other than SS. Marco,

* Opere, vol. iii. p. 40.

* See "Briefe in die Heimath," vol. ii. p. 163.

* See "Opere di Giorgio Vasari," vol. iii. pp. 481, 482. Edit. Firenze, 1822.

† Here follows a free translation, with some little abridgment, of the above, for any who may prefer to see it in English. "He likewise painted a most beautiful historical picture, representing a barque wherein the body of St. Mark is being conveyed to Venice. It is a dreadful tempest, the ships are tossed and driven by the fury of the winds and waves, all depicted with great judgment and the most thoughtful care—as are a group of figures in the air, with demons of various forms, all blowing against the barques in the manner of winds. Impelled by their oars, the ships labour in divers positions to stem the furious waves, but are on the point of sinking. At a word, this work is so well conceived, and so finely executed, that it seems impossible for colour and pencil, however powerful the hand employing them, to express anything with more truth of nature. The fury of the winds, the strength and dexterity of the mariners, the movement of the waves, the lightnings of heaven, the water broken by the oars, and the oars bent by the waves or by the strength of the rowers, all are painted to the life. What more? For my part I do not remember to have seen a more impressive picture than this—all being so truly represented, the invention, the design, the colouring, being all so equally cared for, and the whole so complete that the canvas seems to quiver as it might do if everything depicted were reality."

‡ Lanzi—"Storia Pittorica della Italia." Tomo secondo, parte prima. Scuola Veneta.

§ See Mrs. Foster's translation of Vasari's "Lives, &c.," vol. iii. p. 376.

Giorgio, and Nicolo, who had come forth to save Venice from being overwhelmed by the sea. In proof of the fact, which they bade the fisherman declare to the Signoria, St. Mark then presented his ring, the delivery of which to the senate of Venice has been selected by more than one of her painters as the subject of his pencil.

Giorgione painted pictures for his own country, the March of Treviso; one of them—executed for that Vedelago which disputes with Castelfranco the honour of having given birth to the master—is the "Finding of Moses," now in the Brera, a gallery much visited by our people; a second is the "Entombment," still at Treviso: but "the composition is shown," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "in a woodcut which the reader will find in the English edition of Kugler's 'Geschichte der Malerei.'" *

That a very high place among Venetian masters is justly due to Sebastiano del Piombo, the most distinguished disciple of Giorgione, will be obvious even to such as have seen no more than the works that form so important a part of our National Gallery; but yet more eminent would have been the position assigned to that painter, by right of his extraordinary powers, had he more steadily devoted them to Art. But Sebastiano resigned himself, as we know, to social enjoyments, and, abandoning his native Venice, passed the greater part of his life in Rome; his later years being spent, unhappily for Art, "in making up to himself," by all permitted and legitimate indulgence, in the varied delights of that delightful city, "for the weary nights and laborious days previously given to his studies."† Richly endowed, indeed, must Sebastiano Luciani have been by nature, since with this feeling, that nights given to Art, and days consecrated to the exercise of her well-repaid toils, were "dreary and fatiguing," he could yet produce such works as we still admire; and great would have been the profit to Art, and perhaps to himself, had he not so early been able to "give himself good cheer."

The question how far Michael Angelo took part in the "Lazarus" of our Gallery has been long since set at rest, nor is there place for it here were that otherwise, neither do we meddle with the inquiry whether the portrait called that of Giulia Gonzaga be really the work for which Ippolito Cardinal de' Medici dispatched the master to Foudi "with four swift horses," to obtain sittings from the "lady, whose celestial beauties, treated by the hand of so accomplished an artist, give us a picture that may be truly called divine;"‡ all know these works, and can examine them at their pleasure. We confine ourselves, therefore, to the mention of some few to be found in other collections. An altar-piece in the Church of San Giovanni Grisostomo, at Venice, with others, both in that city and in Rome, rise appealingly to remembrance, but we name those most easily attainable in preference. There is an Entombment in the Bridgewater Gallery, said, like the Lazarus, to be from a design by Michael Angelo. In the Royal Institution, at Edinburgh, there is a Bacchus and Ariadne, under the name of Sebastiano, but its authenticity is doubted. In the collection at Hamilton Palace are two paintings by this master: one, the portrait of Pope Clement VII., than whom a handsomer or more gentlemanly personage rarely filled the papal chair, is of his earlier and better period; the second, a Transfiguration, "showing in composition and drawing the unmistakeable influence of Michael Angelo," is of yet earlier date, being inscribed 1518, with the addition of a long sentence purporting that this picture was formerly presented to the Emperor Charles V.§ Three very fine works from the hand of Sebastiano are in the possession of Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle,—namely, a Holy Family, a Pietà, and a study of a male head,—the first and last from designs, or in any case after the manner, of Michael Angelo. The Marquis of Lansdowne has a "Monk with a Skull," at Bowood, and there is a St. Sebastian in Lord Radnor's collection at Longford Castle.

In the Louvre they have but one example, a "Visitation of the Virgin," who is received by St. Elizabeth, while Zachariah is also approaching, and descends the steps of their dwelling. This work bears the name of the master, and is dated "ROMA, MDXXI.;" thus proving it to have been executed before the fatal period of self-indulgent indolence had closed its leaden wing over the head of the artist, as indeed may be seen from the character of the work. There are four pictures by Sebastiano del Piombo in the Royal Gallery of Berlin: one of these is the Dead Christ supported by Joseph of Arimathea—Mary Magdalen lifts the wounded head of the Saviour, and regards it with sorrow. A second of these pictures represents Christ on the Cross; the other two are portraits—a branch of art in which this painter—following his master, Giorgione, by whose effective portrait in oil he was first made known to the Venetian world of Art—excelled all the artists of his time; it was, in fact, that wherein alone Sebastiano could finally be prevailed on to exercise his unhappily wasted gifts.

Ludovico Dolce, in his "Dialogo della Pittuora," relates a story to the effect that Sebastiano, having consented to retouch certain of Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, which had been much injured by the soldiery during the siege of Rome, was conducting his honoured compatriot Titian through the various chambers, at the time of that great painter's sole visit to the metropolis of Art, when the Venetian, remarking the changes thus produced, inquired, "What presumptuous and ignorant hand has dared thus to mar these heads?" whereupon Sebastiano "became of *lead* indeed," adds Ludovico, alluding to that office of "Keeper of the Leaden Seal," whence the name "Del Piombo" was derived.* There seems reason to believe this anecdote a true story; yet we do not read it with the satisfaction which might be felt had Sebastiano been a vain or presuming person, but that was not by any means the case. It was in no spirit of overweening arrogance that he had laid hands on the ruined frescoes of the lamented master. Luciani was indeed a man of sense, who had many excellent qualities, his chief defect being that indolence and self-indulgence before mentioned: yet was this a devouring leprosy never sufficiently to be deprecated, and in the case of the patient here in question more particularly to be regretted, since but for that grievous disease of an unconquerable addiction to the pleasures of sense, he would, without doubt, have proved himself one of the brightest luminaries of Art.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

ON the 1st of June the exhibition of works of Art by female artists, as announced in the *Art-Journal* for the month of May, was opened at the gallery, 315, Oxford Street. The collection contains 358 works of every kind, including original pictures in oil and water-colours, and a very few copies from Reynolds and other deceased masters, chiefly of the old schools. The number of contributors is 145.

It was a bold experiment of these ladies to challenge, on behalf of their sex, a title to public favour as an associated body of artists, able to produce works which might fairly be worthy of notice. Yet it is quite evident they did not over-estimate their own powers, nor need they appeal to the forbearance of the critic to deal leniently with them, nor to his gallantry for his approbation and encouragement. A visit to the gallery can scarcely fail to satisfy even the most incredulous that this institution, if countenanced as it deserves to be, must eventually take its place among the annual exhibitions of the metropolis, and continue to be of the number of those which every lover of Art will not fail to see.

It has been too much the custom with a certain class of connoisseurs, real or pretending, to speak disparagingly of the productions of female artists—to regard them as works of the *hand* rather than of the *mind*—pretty and graceful pictures, but little else. Yet when a Rosa Bonheur, for example, astonishes the world with a "Horse Fair," or a herd of half-wild oxen, then we hear from the same lips some such exclamation as this:—"Clever—very clever, but *decidedly unfeminine!*" so that these lady artists often have occasion to sing, in the words of the old ballad,—

"What shall we poor maidens do?"

Between the absence of due appreciation on the one side, and the sneers of the other, it is difficult for them to hit the right mark. Moreover, the obstacles which lie in the way of their receiving an Art-education that will qualify them to undertake works of a high order are not sufficiently taken into account by those who assume to be their judges. Though not prescriptively excluded from the lectures of the Royal Academy, few ladies are bold enough to attend them. For a long time no female was seen within the lecture-room, till Miss Fanny Corbaux, we believe, rallied some other ladies around her, broke through the rules established by custom only, and, with her friends, made her appearance before the academical professors. Even in private Art-schools females have not the advantages of unlimited study that students of the other sex enjoy, and which can alone capacitate them for the undertaking of the highest departments of Art; but with all the difficulties in their path, we need only recur to our exhibition rooms every year to receive ample proof that in Art, as in Literature and Science, the women of England possess a just right to claim equal rank with their countrymen.

The exhibition recently opened in Oxford Street could scarcely have been founded on the supposition that female artists have not received justice from the constituted authorities of the older societies; everywhere are their works cordially accepted, and generally well placed. Of course there must be rejections, and consequently disappointments; such things are inevitable, and, perhaps, more to be deplored in their case than in others, inasmuch as the Fine Arts are of the comparatively few sources lying open to well-educated females as a means of subsistence. It must, however, we think, be conceded that other opportunities of exhibiting their productions than those afforded in galleries already existing were required; and therefore that these ladies had sufficient cause to justify the step taken, as they assuredly had for assuming there was among them enough of artistic talent to redeem them from the charge of presumption in making a direct personal appeal to the intelligence of the public. With these brief preliminary observations we proceed to point out some of the contributions that more especially attracted our notice.

Of the ninety-seven oil pictures hanging in the gallery, Mrs. MCIAN'S 'Highland Emigrants' (No. 35) claims the first notice. It is a large composition, full of figures, many of whom are in the act of embarking in a boat, while others are assisting or bidding adieu to the emigrants; a piper is playing the "farewell." The scene is most pathetically expressed, yet without any exaggeration of sentimental feeling; the figures are well drawn, and skilfully grouped; the general colour of the work is low in tone; and although this in some degree detracts from its interest as a mere painting, it is a judicious treatment of the subjects well harmonising with its character. If we recollect rightly, this picture was exhibited at the National Institution a few years ago, but it has greatly improved since then in mellowness of tone: we hope it is not still in the possession of the artist, for assuredly it ought not to be. Mrs. CLARENCE HALL'S 'Preparing for School' (No. 7) shows good knowledge of the principles of composition and careful drawing, but the flesh-tints are unnaturally purple. The 'Tower of Invermark, Forfarshire' (No. 11), and 'Bridge at Festiniog, North Wales' (No. 64), by FRANCES STODDART, are passages of clever landscape-painting; but the background of the former is rather too solid, and deficient in atmosphere. 'A Village School near Boulogne' (No. 12), by EMMA BROWNLOW, and 'Helping Granny' (No. 75), will attract attention from their truthfulness of character, manifested in subjects of an opposite nature to each other. In the 'Cottage Fireside' (No. 30), and 'Threading Grandmother's Needle' (No. 66), KATE SWIFT shows talent both in design and execution, which practice and careful study may turn to profitable account. Mrs. ROBERTSON BLAINE exhibits some good pictures of Eastern subjects. Her 'Bedouin Bivouac in the Desert' (No. 38) would have been fairly entitled to

* See "Schools of Painting in Italy," vol. ii. p. 433.
† "Se ne stava riposando," says Vasari, "e le male spese notti ed i giorni affaticati ristorava con gli agi e con l' entrate." Opere, vol. iii. p. 690; English translation, vol. iv. p. 68.
‡ See Vasari, as above.
§ See "Treasures of Art in England," vol. iii. p. 305.

* See "Dialogo," as above cited, p. 11: Venizia, 1557.

a place "on the line" of the Royal Academy; it is a striking and powerfully coloured work: and her 'Christian Woman of Nazareth' (No. 59), and 'Street Scene—Minich, Upper Egypt' (No. 65), are pictures far above mediocrity. A half-length portrait of an 'Australian Bushranger' (No. 80), by Miss E. Bradstreet, is a bold masterly study of a bold villanous-looking subject. 'Mountain Mist' (No. 77), and 'A Welsh Stream' (No. 84), by Mrs. J. W. Brown, form a pair of landscapes very carefully executed: the foreground of the latter picture is, however, too purple even for Welsh scenery. 'Reading the List of the Killed and Wounded' (No. 85), by Miss J. Sinnett, illustrates a painful story very graphically; the face of the old woman is capital. Mrs. Blackburn's 'Ploughing on the Coast of Ayrshire' (No. 90) would be a most excellent picture had not the artist fallen into the error of making it too heavy in colour. The subject is well composed, well drawn, and is treated with much poetic feeling. In her endeavour to realise this latter quality she has evidently been led into a fault which tends to destroy the interest of her work. We must not forget before closing our notice of the oil pictures to point out three charming little portrait sketches of children (Nos. 55, 56, 57) by Mrs. E. M. Ward, who has also sent her 'May Queen,' exhibited last season at the Royal Academy.

In the water-colour department, the drawings of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray are entitled, by their merits and number, to our first notice. This lady paints with a remarkably bold pencil; she has a true eye for colour, and an apt sense of the picturesque: she depicts what she sees without any idea of calling to her aid any of those "mystifications" of Art frequently employed by painters to produce effect. Her most ambitious work is a drawing of large dimensions, 'Funchal, Madeira, taken near the residence of her late Majesty, Queen Adelaide' (No. 200); it is a very brilliant drawing, full of daylight, and rich in colour: a little more attention to finish in the foreground objects would, we think, greatly enhance its value. 'A Teneriffe Market-girl' (Nos. 131 and 211), 'Sketch of Teneriffe Peasants' (No. 145), and 'A Moorish Girl' (No. 228), by the same lady, are charming drawings. Mrs. Musgrave is a liberal contributor to the exhibition, chiefly of portraits: 'Children of the Rev. G. Hodson' (No. 106), and 'Children of Robert Heath, Esq.' (No. 110), are full of life and nature. In her portraits of the 'Hon. Mrs. Rashleigh, and Miss Edith Rashleigh' (No. 180), and of 'Miss Grant' (No. 184), we think she has committed a mistake in introducing dark clouds behind the heads; they require no such relief, and are unduly thrust forward by the background, which also seems to deprive the flesh tints of their purity of tone: in the former of these works a little more attention to the drawing of the hands was needful. A work of more pretensions than any of these, from the hand of Mrs. Musgrave, is 'The Crimean Legacy: a Highland Soldier bringing to the Widow of his Officer the pets of her slain Husband' (No. 221). The incident is given with considerable expression and with much pathos: the picture is also good in colour. 'Little Dora' (No. 217) is another of this lady's works that must not be passed over. Mrs. Dundas Murray exhibits several landscapes, unmistakeable transcripts of nature, rendered with care and feeling: her 'Seaton, on the Coast of Durham' (No. 135), has all the essentials of good Art, and her 'Castle and Bridge of Sorrento' (No. 138), is a picturesque subject, very effectively treated. Miss Marianne Stone has also some good landscapes, fruit-pieces, &c.; her 'New Laid' (No. 122), a basket of eggs, is worthy of W. Hunt; and her 'Autumn Fruit' (No. 185), is rich, ripe, and truthful. In the horticultural department also, the two contributions (Nos. 126 and 202) of Miss Charlotte James must not be overlooked: they are delicately rendered. Lady Belcher's 'Fir Trees' (No. 114), and 'The Castle of Tancarville, on the Seine' (No. 139), are characterised by boldness of design and touch, but are rather heavy in colour: the subjects are well selected, and arranged very pictorially. Of the various contributions by Florence Peel, none of which are without merit, we prefer 'Mills at Looe, Cornwall' (No. 159), this lady exhibits some groups of flowers, beautifully drawn and painted, and a bird's-nest with primroses, executed with much delicacy. A 'Study of a Head' (No. 164), one of several drawings by Mrs. Backhouse, is excellent in pencilling, but the pink dress was certainly not a good selection of colour with reference to that of the face. 'The Cottage Door' (No. 177), by Mrs. V. Bartholomew, is among the best works of its class in the gallery: the heads of the figures are very expressive of "cottage humanity." Mrs. Holford, in her 'Sunday Afternoon in St. Peter's at Rome' (No. 186), seems to have had a peep into Cattermole's studio, and brought away—not clandestinely, we feel assured—an idea or two, of which she has made good use. 'The Lord of the Castle' (No. 261), a small drawing by Miss Blake, would be an acquisition to any water-colour gallery in the metropolis: so, also, would be two very clever subjects by this lady, 'The Kremlin, Moscow' (No. 205), and 'Schloss Elz' (No. 206). Mrs. Grote's studies of 'Burnham Beeches' (Nos. 305 and 307) have in them the true look of nature; and two or three portraits, by Miss L. Caron, will well repay examination. Mrs. Harrison, contributes several of her beautiful flower-pieces, of which it is almost superfluous to speak. Some cameo portraits by Miss Nicholls, would form charming embellishments to a lady's cabinet or toilette.

There are many other works concerning which we could find something commendatory to say, if our space permitted us to enlarge, but we must forbear. Among the copies, however, is one by Miss Marian Turner it would be a manifest injustice to omit: her 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' after Turner, is one of the most successful reproductions, on a reduced scale, we remember to have seen. The sculptures are by Mrs. Thornycroft, Mrs. R. R. Smith, Miss Gann, Mrs. Fielder, Miss Levison, Miss Burrell, and Mrs. Maccarthy.

Art-societies have grown up into magnitude and popularity from far less auspicious beginnings than this; we have, therefore, little doubt of its ultimate progression. On behalf of this young institution we would appeal to those ladies whose works have already been made known to the public, and received its favourable verdict through the medium of other societies. We do not ask them to forego the advantages attending an appearance in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, but we do ask them to reserve a portion of their strength to further the object of their sisters in Art. A combination of the female "Art-power" of the country could not possibly fail to make itself felt and respected to an extent which would operate beneficially upon all who might contribute to it.

We may remark, in conclusion, that the exhibition was opened within a very short time, comparatively, of the idea being promulgated; great credit is therefore due to those ladies who have exerted their influence and spent their time to gather together such a collection of works of Art. It will gratify them, we know, to find that their labours have not been in vain; pictures have been sold to an extent that could scarcely have been anticipated, and the "receipts" for admission will do more than cover all incidental expenses. This is altogether cheering, and is an encouraging augury of the future.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Leeds.—The annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the Leeds School of Practical Art, was held, on the 3rd of June, in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute and Literary Society. The report stated that there were altogether 104 pupils attending the central school. The head master has under his personal charge, besides the central, eight other schools wherein he gives lessons—namely, Ackworth schools, 200; Wakefield Mechanics' Institution, 26; Leeds Mechanics' Institution (boys' school), 90; Leeds Ladies' Educational Institution, 50; Marshall's school, Holbeck, 150; St. Matthew's, do., 150; St. George's, do., 180; St. Peter's, do., 30. The school has now in action two certificated masters, Mr. John White, head master, and Mr. Charles Ryan, assistant master. The assistant master has under his charge twelve classes in public schools and institutions. At present there are 86 females receiving lessons in connection with the central schools, and under the head master's personal care.

THE SISTER AND BROTHER.

FROM THE ALTO-RELIEVO BY A. MUNRO.

The two figures composing this group, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, are portraits of Miss Agnes Gladstone and her brother Herbert, children of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who is entitled to the merit of being a liberal patron of the Arts, in addition to those other qualifications by which he has raised himself to high distinction. As a portrait-sculptor, Mr. Munro stands in a very good position with the public and his brother artists. His practice is considerable, as we know from the number of works he exhibits annually at the Academy; many of these are busts of children, for the execution of which he seems to possess a peculiar faculty, and consequently he enjoys a kind of monopoly of such works; but not, however, without a due share of commissions in the way of heads of "grave and reverend seigneurs" and ladies fair, and he occasionally produces some ideal subject of a similar character.

In every artist, whether painter or sculptor, who limits his practice almost exclusively to a particular class of subject, we must expect to find him excelling in that alone; hence, in the group we have engraved, the heads are most deserving of attention. The arrangement and grouping of the figures are good, and the feeling expressed in the design is appropriate and very sweet, but the lower portion of the work and the modelling of the extremities are not equally successful: in his attempt to foreshorten the lower limbs of the "sister," the sculptor appears to have been fearful of projecting his model too far out of the niche in which it is placed, and thus the limbs look disproportionately short: the same fault is observable in the arm which encircles the younger child. The heads, however, especially that of the boy, are very beautiful, and quite compensate for the defects we have not hesitated to point out.

It is a fact which almost every one connected with the Fine Arts readily acknowledges, that the most liberal patrons of modern Art are those who are themselves, or whose immediate ancestors were, connected with the mercantile or commercial classes. Mr. Gladstone, who has risen to so great eminence as a statesman, is the son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant; he was educated at Eton, and afterwards proceeded to Oxford, and entered at Christ Church. At a very early age—he had scarcely reached his twenty-fourth year—he was elected as the representative of the borough of Newark, a nomination borough in the hands of the ducal house of Newcastle. Once in Parliament, he soon attracted the attention of the House, and of the Government of the day, by his remarkable business talents, his comprehensive knowledge, and his oratorical powers. "Mr. Gladstone," Macaulay wrote, in 1841, in the *Edinburgh Review*, "is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents. It would not at all be strange if he were one of the most unpopular men in England; but we believe that we do him but justice when we say that his abilities and demeanour have obtained for him the respect and good-will of all parties." It is no part of our duty to follow Mr. Gladstone through his political career, or to express the least opinion upon the course he has pursued; but a statesman of his intellectual powers, and with such an aptitude for taking a prominent part in the politics of his country, must always be regarded with respect, even by those who differ from him. We believe that he is yet destined to fill a much higher position, as a minister of the Crown, than any he has hitherto occupied, when the "circle of political events" shall have taken a few more turns, and wrought another change among the leading personages whose office it is to guide and control the machinery of Government.

The painter, in more respects than one, has an unquestionable advantage over the sculptor in portraiture, especially in the representation of childhood—living childhood. With all the skill the sculptor may exhibit in the marble, however exquisitely his work may be modelled, and however gracefully his forms are produced, the unavoidable absence of colour must ever render such "likenesses" less acceptable to the public in general than pictures, though always most welcome to every lover of the highest department of Art.



THE SISTER AND BROTHER

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE ALTO-RELIEVO BY A. MUNRO

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

THE ENGLISH STATE-PAPERS.

VERY important facilities having been recently effected for consulting the important documents deposited in our Record Offices, we propose to devote some space to their history and character.

Few persons are aware of the enormous mass of unused material for the true History of England existing in the Record Offices of the country. Writers are generally content to copy each other's version of important facts, or modify their opinions by reference to printed documents; but few, very few, have gone to the only true source of history, the state-papers, which are, in fact, the very main-springs of public actions, by which the whole government of the country has moved. Our statesmen have entirely acted on the information they afforded, and they remain as the only true record of their proceedings; they are the only keys to many a state secret of the most vital importance, many a dark page in history can only be illuminated by their aid, and very many yet require illuminating.

The question will, in the outset, naturally arise—Why has this been? The answer is a simple one; they were unavailable by their quantity, and the confusion in which they were kept. It has been the labour of a few earnest men, during the present century, to clear this Augean stable, and reduce this confusion to order. Previously the records were utterly neglected—left forgotten in damp and decay to perish, and treated generally as useless lumber. When their guardians thus forgot their value, and almost ignored their existence, it is not to be wondered at that the public scarcely turned a thought in that direction. If some enthusiast for truth felt desirous of consulting such historic papers, his path was obstructed by difficulties, which, in the end, he would find himself unable to surmount. If, after the sacrifice of much time and patience, he should succeed in getting permission from the officers of the Crown to consult these documents, he would find himself only in possession of an unavailable privilege—the right to examine thousands of bundles unsorted, and black with dirt and age; the labour of a year might be devoted to obtain access to a fact which half-an-hour's research in an ordinary library would give on other subjects. Hence the more public state-papers in the British Museum, which were the collections of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Robert Harley, have been continually used as our chief general depository of facts—our historic mine, which has been well worked by our literary men, with results of the most satisfactory kind to the reading world outside the walls of our great national library.

As an index is to a book, so is a catalogue to a library. Had the papers in the Harleian and Cottonian collections no index, literary men—whose time is never too well paid for—would not have devoted their researches in that quarter. We speak not of such literary men as have leisure, and some amount of independence,—they are few in comparison with the enormous number who are employed on the exigencies of the modern press. The labours of many of these unrecorded authors are great and continuous, and spread over a larger surface sometimes than those of greater men; it is necessary, therefore, that this very popularisation of knowledge should flow from its source purely: it should not be filtered through the prejudiced minds of other writers, or be obtained from the garbled pages of the party historian. It is almost always impossible to get at pure truth in history; for every historian, however honest he may be, can scarcely fail to feel a prejudice in favour of some person or action he may have to record, and some dislike to the opponents of both. It follows, then, that our only chance of arriving at fair conclusions is to have the simple facts on both sides of a question laid before us, and so form our own judgments. These facts exist in the contemporary documentary evidence of the state-papers; they assisted our forefathers to the conclusion of events which now make part of history, and to them we must go to test the soundness of their conclusions, or understand the true state of the facts which occurred in by-gone days.

Facilities for all this research have been increasing yearly, and the recent production of a minute *catalogue raisonné* of that portion connected with the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, has recently been printed for public use by Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A., the Assistant Keeper of the State-paper department of the Public Record Office.* By aid of this volume any document may be found in a brief space of time—for all have been bound in a series of volumes, and can be readily referred to. It is history made easy for the student. This labour has already borne good fruit, as the following table will show; it records the number of visitors in the commencement of last year before this calendar was printed, and the number who, during the same months of the present year, have availed themselves of the extra facilities it has afforded them for research:—

Jan., 1856. .	56	Jan., 1857 . .	144
Feb., „ . .	37	Feb., „ . .	181
	93		325

This is a practical comment on the labours of Mr. Lemon, which is the best of all testimony to its utility; but we cannot yet fully estimate its value on the historic literature of the country.

It will be of interest to describe the history and nature of this new field of research. The detail of the fortunes and vicissitudes of our National Records is pregnant with interest, and it is too little known by the world in general. We shall found our narrative solely on the memoranda furnished by the officers who have been connected with the establishment, and who have revealed instances of the neglect and destruction of precious documents, which could not be believed on evidence less conclusive.

Mr. F. S. Thomas, secretary to the Public Record Office, published, in 1853, his *Handbook* to its contents, a work which may be said to have originated in his *Notes and Materials for the History of Public Departments*, privately issued in 1846, and which abounds in curious and authentic information. By this it appears that in times most remote, the Records were kept in the palace of the king, where the three law courts—the Exchequer, the Chancery, and the Sovereign Court of ordinary Judicature, then styled *Curia Regis*—were held; but as these courts moved with the sovereign from place to place, wherever he happened to be, many of the records were deposited in such temporary residence, and have accordingly been found there. Thus, as recently as 1848, there was discovered in Swansea Castle, the original contract of affiance between Edward of Caernarvon, Prince of Wales, and Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France (20th May, 1303). It is known that when Edward II. fled from Bristol to Lundy, and was driven into Swansea by contrary winds, he deposited a number of the national archives that were travelling with the court, as usual, in the Castle of Swansea for safety. When the law courts became stationary at Westminster, the records of their proceedings were kept within the precincts of the Royal Palace there. In addition to these, Stow informs us that the records relating to the public affairs of the kingdom, the treaties with foreign powers, the documents connected with the suppression of monasteries, the books of the Orders of St. George and St. Michael, foreign accounts, and other matters of State, were also preserved in the King's Treasury; and that in the Abbey of Westminster was a room vaulted with stone, and known as "the Old Treasury," a place always designed for the custody of the leagues of the kingdom; and another where the records of the King's Bench and Common Pleas were kept. The Tower was naturally one of the chief depositories in ancient times, and here were kept the Chancery records, which were sent there in bundles from the dwelling-house of the Master of the Rolls as they accumulated; but the practice was discontinued after the reign of Edward IV., and they were lodged in the chapel of the Master of the Rolls. In process of time these documents increased greatly, and we meet with continued notices of the anxiety of the Crown for the safety and due record of their contents, and continued orders for the removal of many from various other places to the Tower, which seems to have been considered the proper depository. They appear to have been consigned to neglect soon after the Reformation; for it is affirmed that, in the third year of the reign of Edward VI., many records were discovered in an old house within the Tower, all of which were unknown, until search was made for a convenient place to deposit gunpowder, and many of them had lain so long against the walls that the lime had partially destroyed them.

Queen Elizabeth having been informed of the perilous state of the records of Parliament and Chancery gave orders for their better preservation, but such orders were never executed: the records were neglected, and it is not until the reign of Charles II. that we obtain any positive fact as to the ruin into which they had fallen. William Prynne, the famous author of the *Histriomastix* (who had been pilloried and lost his ears by order of Charles I. for writing it), was appointed by Charles II. keeper of the Tower Records. Prynne had pursued the stormy course of politics all his life, and had written and argued, and fought and squabbled, during the days of the Protectorate, so much as to become a marked man; but ultimately, seeing the folly of his course, had welcomed the Restoration. Charles was somewhat embarrassed by his new friend, and hardly knew how to keep "busy Mr. Prynne," as he was termed, out of politics, when it was luckily proposed to give him this government place. He went to his new duties with the greatest *gusto*, and assiduously devoted himself to arranging all the records, bidding adieu to political life. His description of the state in which he found them is very graphic:—"They had for many years by past lain buried together in one confused chaos, under corroding putrefying cobwebs, dust, filth, in the darkest corner of Cæsar's Chapel, in the White Tower, as mere useless reliques not worthy to be calendared, or brought down thence into the office amongst other records of use." He goes on to narrate how he "employed some souldiers and women to remove and cleanse them from their filthynesse, who, soon growing weary of their noysome work, left them almost as foul, dusty, nasty, as they found them." He and his clerk were then obliged to take the labour; and he says, "In raking up this dung-heap I found many rare, antient, precious pearls and golden records;" but, he exclaims, "all which will require Briarius his hundred hands, Argus his hundred eyes, and Nestor's century of years, to marshal them into distinct files." Prynne continued his labours while life lasted, as his valuable volumes show; but enthusiasm on this subject died with him. Although keepers of records were appointed—observes Mr. Thomas—their chief interest was in the fees their office brought them, and the agency business connected therewith. If the records fell into confusion, or became mutilated, so they might remain. They gradually became inaccessible to the public, and, finally, entirely neglected.

It was in the year 1800 that the first important move was made to do something for these "unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained" papers—for so they are described in the Royal Commission issued that year for their better preservation. That the language simply conveys the true state of the case may be seen by the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1836, which describe the Records of the Queen's Remembrancer as kept in 600 sacks; "they were all in a most filthy state, and for that reason scarcely legible; and if a document required as important evidence was known to exist somewhere in that miscellaneous collection, the labour and disgusting nature of the search prevented the attempt." Many sheds in the King's Mews were devoted to receive other documents; and we must quote the sober language of a parliamentary report to describe their condition, lest we should be charged with caricaturing the case:—"In these sheds 4316 cubic feet of national records were deposited in the most neglected condition. Besides the accumulated dust of centuries, all, when these operations were commenced, were found to be very damp. Some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the stone walls. There were numerous fragments which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin, and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass; and, besides furnishing a charnel house for the dead during the first removal of these national

* CALENDAR OF STATE-PAPERS. Domestic Series—of the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth: 1547—1580. Preserved in the State-paper department of her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A. Published by Longman & Co.

records, a dog was employed in hunting the live rats which were thus disturbed from their nests."

The Record Commission having expired in 1837, an act was passed in the following year, by which the present Public Record Office was founded, which ultimately embraced all other offices, which were hence considered as branch establishments, the entire superintendence of all being vested in the Master of the Rolls. It is intended to appropriate the new building in Chancery Lane as a general repository; but as inasmuch as there are two very distinct classes of documents preserved, it is to be hoped that while the larger mass of legal papers be very properly located near the inns of court, the historic and domestic series of state-papers be preserved distinct for the literary student in their present convenient locality.

It is with the latter section that our present business lies, and as new and great facilities are now offered for consulting them, we shall be doing good service in pointing out the interesting character of this undeveloped mine of history. The regulations for access to them in their present depository in St. James's Park, is not so simple as it might be; it is invested with more circumlocution than was usual before, or is at all needful; and it is somewhat curious that, while greater facilities are given by the publication of Mr. Lemon's calendar to assist the student, a larger series of merely formal letters have to be written from the Secretary of State to eight or ten subordinates before permission to consult them be granted. It is a mere waste of time in routine, and was not usual before this office was amalgamated with the others. The student, however, has but to apply to the Secretary of State, and patiently wait the result. By aid of this excellent calendar all documents therein noted can be found at once, and placed before the reader in less than a quarter of an hour; many in five minutes; while individuals in the country can send to a London correspondent a notification of any document they may require, and a copy can be transmitted without personal inconvenience at all.

The state-papers spring from three great and original sources: namely, the offices of the Secretaries of State for the Foreign, the Colonial, and the Home Departments. In the State-paper Office they are classified under those several denominations; the papers emanating from the Home Department being technically denominated *the Domestic Papers*, as representing the correspondence of the domestic or home affairs of the nation, in contradistinction to those of the foreign and colonial interests. Of the extreme importance of these documents, and their paramount interest as the only true materials for the history of England, we have the best proof in the eleven volumes printed under the authority of the Royal Commission in 1830, and containing accurate reprints *in extenso* of those which relate to the reign of Henry VIII. Large and important as this public contribution to English history is, it is but a portion only of the papers connected with the reign; others, though they be of minor importance, are of great value in aiding us to understand the spirit and manners of the age. They belong rather to the history of the people than to that of the State; but that yet unwritten history is destined to be one of the most interesting.

The calendar now issued by the present head of the office is a voluminous list of every document connected with the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and is to be continued by others until the whole series be completed. In the space of two or three lines the nature and contents of each document is fully described; and we may form some idea of the labour required in such a volume when we note that it consists of 700 pages, each containing on an average an account of sixteen documents, every one of which had to be carefully perused before it was thus indexed. The eye cannot be cast over a single page without curiosity and interest being excited. Mr. Lemon says, in his preface, "For the general reader papers of great interest will appear in the reign of Edward VI., elucidatory of the intrigues of Seymour, Somerset, and Northumberland; and in that of Mary, the obscure plots of Dudley and Throgmorton, and the rebellion of Wyatt will be more fully opened. Immediately upon the accession of Elizabeth a strongly-marked change in the character of the papers will not fail to be observed. Rich as they are in the particular departments of biography, genealogy, and local history, it is in the details of the social condition of the empire under her reign that the greatest amount of information will be found: the insight into curious and minute points of domestic habits, the intermixture of the utmost simplicity with regal magnificence, the germs of thought then dimly conceived, but lying dormant for three centuries before ripening into perfection, the projects and inventions of mechanical genius still in the nineteenth century remaining uncompleted, are all traceable in the present volume."

The proposition of Gawen Smith, in 1580, "for the erection of a beacon on the Goodwin Sands, twenty or thirty feet above high-water mark, and able to receive and preserve thirty or forty persons at least," notwithstanding our amazing advance in all the mechanical arts, remains yet unaccomplished; while in the application to Walsyngham, by one called John the Almain (or German), on behalf of one of his countrymen, "who had inveuted an harquebuse that shall contain ten balls or pellets of lead, all the which shall goe off one after another, having once given fire, so that with one harquebuse one man might kill ten theaves or other enemies," will be seen the prototype of an idea, successfully carried into execution only in the present generation.

The prevalent tone of superstition of that age is noted in such reports as that of Thomas Mastyn to the Earl of Devoushire, in may 1555, that the astrologers Dee, Cary, and Butler, who calculated the nativities of the king, queen, and Princess Elizabeth, are apprehended on the accusation of one Ferys, "whose children thereupon had been struck, one with death, the other with blindness;" or in the statement made in the following year of one John Dethick's application to make experiments on a foreign coin called "calder gylders" (or old silver guilders) to convert them into gold, "he having skill in alchemy;"* or the particulars of examinatious in 1559, at Westminster, of certain persons accused of sorcery, witchcraft, poisoning, euchantment, &c.

The insight given of the private lives of the upper classes is curious in such letters as those of Sir John Bourne, 1560, to a friend, giving an account of his rural occupations, and inviting him to join him; or in that of Sir William Cecil, 1561, who decides that his son, then travelling in France, shall not be at the expense of keeping a horse, as he "fears he will return home like a spending sot, meet only to keep a tennis court."

Queen Elizabeth's dislike to the publication of any likeness of herself without authority is shown by the proclamation in 1563, prohibiting "all paynters, prynters, and gravers" from issuing any such until "some cuning person mete therefore shall make a naturall representation of her majesty's person, favor, and grace." Her majesty had peculiar ideas of Art, and declared all shadows unnatural in painting, hence Nicholas Hilliard gave us the sickly representations of her haggard features, with which only was she satisfied.

The progress of the native trade of the country, by the wise permission for foreign artists' residence, is seen in the account of the progress of the manufacture of glass and pottery, under the superintendence of an expert foreigner, and the clumsiness of the native English glass-makers incidentally mentioned. In July, 1567, we find Bishop Grindal writing to Cecil that the foreign artisans, who have been driven from the Low Countries on account of their religion, should be allowed to follow their occupations in various towns in England. Of course, we also meet with many instances of "vested interests" taking alarm, and petitioning against all this concession; but we trace in the wise regulations of Elizabeth and her minister the foundation of the trading greatness of England.

Many entries show the comparative discomfort of court life in those days. Thus, though a queen ruled, we find Elizabeth's maids of honour at Windsor petitioning "to have their chamber ceiled, and the partition that is of bordes there to be made higher, for that their servauntes looke over." The continued interference of the court and government in matters of personal freedom, and trade regulations, would in our days be considered most offensive. The accounts of revels, and items of personal expenses for dress and decoration, scattered through these pages are also very curious; as are some notes of a strictly private nature, such as that of a yeoman of Westminster who, with three sureties, binds himself in a sum of £80 not to play at dice or cards "for the rest of his life."

We can do no more than hint at the contents of this volume, or the vast mass of material available for historic purposes of all kinds preserved in these *domestic* documents of the State-paper Office. Mr. Lemon's volume is an admirable hand-book to these treasures. It is a work of enormous labour, conscientiously executed, and has, in addition to all we have already noted, most elaborate indexes of names and subjects comprised in the entire volume. Several competent hands are devoted to the same work, on other portions of the same series of state-papers. It is a labour of the greatest importance, and most worthy of national support; and in concluding our notice of what has been done, we can but "wish God speed" to those who are labouring so earnestly and so well.

* In March, 1567, we find a solemn engagement entered into by one Cornelius Launcy to produce gold and gems by a chemical process, he having before promised to transmute enough gold in a year to produce 50,000 marks to the Treasury. Sir William Cecil notes that this alchemist "wrought in Somerset House, and abused many in promising to convert any metall into gold."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

SIR,—Doubtless the echo has reached you of a hubbub in a certain Water-Colour Gallery, engendered by the questionable doings and short-comings of its committee of arrangement. The *émeute* having gone beyond mere growls, lamentations, and MSS. communications—in short, been followed up by a bold demonstration in print, coupling a free expression of opinions with a sort of table of contents of the gallery, bearing on the distribution of favours therein—you will probably take note of it; but as the question, "How *are* pictures hung, or rather how are they *to be* hung?" is one of importance, equally great to the public and the artist, requiring, moreover, much discussion, I venture to offer a few suggestions for consideration.

It is scarcely necessary just now to point out how grievously the *public is misled* by the improper method of hanging pictures in the exhibitions; one must hope and believe that time will teach it, nevertheless, how to discriminate between true Art and its counterfeit, that the now often-heard cry for the right man in the right place, will be succeeded by another of like strength, and as rational—"the right picture in the right place." But it is needful on every opportunity to advocate the cause of the artist, who is much the greater sufferer of the two by the existence of this serious evil; surely 'tis time that the placing his works before the public should be regulated by a higher feeling and a better consideration than has hitherto obtained. He has a right to be fairly represented in the annual parliament of the Fine Arts. Granted, a hanging committee has a difficult, delicate, troublesome, even thankless duty to perform; but as it wields an enormous power for the distribution of good or evil, every member of it should bring to the performance of his trust a determination that justice shall prevail—that, "on occasion," even the more winning presence, *generosity*, shall be suffered to appear. Men before now have removed their own works from posts of honour, that desert in a younger disciple of Art, or aspirant for fame, might be observed. Is it to be considered that Art and its followers shall continue subject to the theories or caprices of an irresponsible hanging committee—to the prejudices, favouritism, or selfishness of weak human nature? or are we to console ourselves with the thought of a "good time coming," when some competent, untrammelled individual, learned in Art, independent of the picture-dealer, with tastes and feelings differing from those of the mere drawing-master, shall be *answerable* for the well and honest disposition of the pictures sent to form a coming exhibition? These speculations, however, must give way to the "hanging matter" which has disturbed the neighbourhood of Charing Cross.

Why so much grief in that charming little gallery? It is never overwhelmed with offerings, as another place always is that could be mentioned; its collection of cabinet size Art-treasures averages something like 320 or so, with ample room and verge enough to display tolerably well all good examples, save at the coveted squeeze of the private view. Whence then the heartburnings of its members, and the difficulties of the committee of ar-

rangement? What were they this year? One, as alleged, an influx of larger drawings than usual; another—not paraded—the striving to give the gallery that even, monotonous tone or harmony, such as results from the furnishing skill of a house-decorator, when intrusted with the fitting up of my lady's boudoir—pleasing enough to the eye, but destructive to the individuality of the pictures—and *voilà tout*. The first might have been easily lessened, to the joy of the non-hanging members, by returning so many of their drawings as creditable places could not be found for, or giving each artist notice of this disagreeable dilemma, with the option of withdrawing his redundant contribution. It was but a sorry excuse for withholding this boon, when sought, to say, "the catalogue was in type," as if the injuring a *fellow-artist* was of less consequence than permitting a little irregularity in the numbers of the catalogue. Much less painful and damaging is it to an artist that his work should remain in his study, to be seen and understood by his friends there, than that they should discover it in the gallery, soaring towards the clouds, or grovelling in the dust. As to the second self-created difficulty, it is enough to say that, by its toleration, many works are robbed of their right position on the walls; and hence some that deserve a better fate get passed over unobserved by the visitor, who comes away with an impression of sameness in all he has seen, finding little or nothing very striking in the exhibition to attract his attention—in fact, having scarcely more than faint impressions made on his memory.

Now as some change seems needed in the *irritating regulations* which prevail in this ruffled society, or at least some efforts require to be made to lighten the sense of wrong which they have led to, why might not the committee, as each member's works arrive at the gallery, or any way, before they are separated, select for placing on the line the one that bore the strongest evidence of merit, and for rejection, the evident so-so example of the same pencil, supposing want of a suitable hanging-place rendered such course advisable; supposing also that the contributors of two, or of twenty drawings, should not be down for equal numbers in the doubtful list. Or better still, why not allow each member and associate to mark which of his drawings he wishes to be dealt with after this suggested fashion. Were either of the above courses adopted, we should have but few complaints of pictures being banished *far* away from the eye that required to be *near* to save them from neglect or perdition, and security would not be wanting for there existing between the spectator and a mediocre production that desirable *distance* which lends enchantment to the view. By some such arrangement would the artist come *fairly* before the public, and be stimulated to more carefulness and earnestness in preparing himself for appearing in the best of good company. Aided by such frequent opportunities of seeing truly, would the public learn that "sterling merit" and "a name" do not always co-exist.

VIGILANS.

ON ENAMEL-PAINTING.

BY CHARLES TOMLINSON.

No. II.

THE Ceramic Court of the Crystal Palace contains a large number of specimens which admirably illustrate the beauties and the resources, as well as the defects and difficulties, of enamel-painting. The colours of some of the animals represented remind one less of the zoology of nature than of that of the hostelry, where, from the failure of the intended effect, we have a blue horse, a red lion, &c.; but such blemishes are rare, and it would be unjust to dwell upon them when there is so much to excite our respect and admiration. For the sake of brevity, we select as one of the successes of the art, a porcelain slab representing a lovely woman in an evening dress, leaning forward so as just to catch the rays of the setting sun streaming in through a window on the right, which, however, is not seen. The arch expression of the face, the graceful ease of the figure, the excellence of the drawing, the subdued harmony of the colouring, would make this work admirable as an oil-painting; but when we consider further, the creamy softness peculiar to enamel, and the indestructibility of the work, our admiration ought, it may be said, to be increased. The painting is a Dresden work, lent by Lady Rolle; it is framed and hung up against the wall. It is this last circumstance which makes us qualify our admiration of this charming performance. The doubt crosses our mind whether, notwithstanding so perfect a result, it may be classed under legitimate Art. A skilful artist in oil would produce such a work in a tithe of the time expended by the enamel-painter, with none of those uncertainties in the results, which the process of firing entails. His colours would display their mute eloquence, and his work would be constantly associated with the idea of progress, which we hold to be essential to success in Art: in enamel-painting the idea of progress is lost, or embarrassed in the complication of the processes, in the disparity between present effects and final results, and in the uncertainty which must always accompany a work which has to pass through the fire. It is probably on account of the difficulties and uncertainties which beset his art, that the enamel-painter, except in the case of pattern design, seldom rises to the dignity of composition. His most successful performances are copies of celebrated pictures. Each picture furnishes him with precise results, places a standard before him, a target at which to aim, and thus relieves him of some of the uncertainty of his art. Provided he attain the rank of a successful copyist, he is satisfied; he fancies that he has reached the object of his studies. The jury of the Great Exhibition of 1851 (Class XXX.), in passing judgment on certain enamels on porcelain, and on metal, recognise this sort of merit. Speaking of a successful copy of one of Titian's pictures, they remark: "The character and deep transparent colouring of the original are admirably rendered;" and of a less successful copy of a "Holy Family," from a picture attributed to Raffaelle, they say, "The flesh is too pale, compared with the warm, powerful colouring of the original." In other words, praise is awarded to the successful copyist, and withheld from the unsuccessful. And justly so. If a copy be attempted, it should be an accurate one, faithfully representing, in an indestructible material, the works of the great masters, and giving to future generations as good an idea of their pictures as can be gained in so different a material: yet we cannot help regretting that the fine talents employed in the mere copying of pictures should not be oftener directed to the more legitimate object of improving and elevating pattern design. Copies of pictures in tapestry, or in worsted, fall under the same objection which applies to enamel-painting, and have not its recommendation of durability. They are produced with great mechanical labour, require little or no mental power in their production, and are as costly, or even more so, than some of the oil-paintings which serve as models. An elaborate picture, woven with the jacquard apparatus, is unquestionably a mistake in Art, and can scarcely rank higher than pictures in needle-work, and "Dignity and Impudence" in worsted. *Patterns*, not *pictures*, are the proper subjects for such materials as fictile ware and textile fabrics, and the pattern-designer has an abundant field for the display of his invention and taste, if he study Nature, and the best models to assist the suggestions of his own genius; for, with the endless magic of form, and the equally interminable harmonies and contrasts of colour, there can be no lack of subjects appropriate to the material to be adorned.

A highly wrought enamel-painting, on a snuff-box, or on a bracelet, is a legitimate exercise of the art: an oil-painting in such a position would evidently be out of place. What we object to is the making one branch of Art usurp the place of another. A full-sized portrait in enamel is a mistake, since it cannot equal the effect of an oil-painting, although the difficulties of production are infinitely greater: a miniature portrait in enamel, on the contrary, as worn in a bracelet, is in character with the ornament to which it is attached, partaking of its durability, and admitting a similar amount of friction and wear.

Vases which appeal to our sense of beauty by the poetry of form and graceful proportion may still be heightened by the magic of colour; but it admits of question whether landscapes and the figures of men and animals find a fitting place on such productions. A convex surface is not well adapted for a picture, and a design must suffer if the spectator have to walk round a circle in order to view it. Hence the judicious artist covers the surface with a pattern, which, seen at one part, can be continued by the mind to the other parts; while the more ambitious landscapes, figures, faces, &c., are disposed in the form of medallions which admit of being viewed separately, like so many distinct pictures, if, indeed, the position of the vase allow us to walk completely round it. In many cases, however, this is impossible; and the artist falls into the ridiculous dilemma of having painted a couple of pictures, only one of which can be seen. This difficulty is sometimes got rid off by substituting another—viz., by making the vase movable on its plinth, in a vertical axis, as we noticed at the museum at Sèvres, in some of the largest vases; thus effectually disturbing the idea of repose, which these massive forms ought surely to produce.

The figures of men and of natural objects introduced on antique vases had often a monumental character, and served the purposes of a people whose records were inferior as compared with our own, and whose religious associations required the use of vases so adorned. These exquisite and highly artistic forms mark the devoted affection of the living for those who had fallen asleep, and contrast strongly with the hideous piles of masonry which we erect to the memory of "the mighty dead." In the figures which adorn the antique vases, the colours are very few in number, and we may adduce as the nearest approach to them in modern times, the Limoges porcelain, in which only white and black are employed, with a few light tints of carnation for the face and some other parts.

But the vase, if judiciously adorned, harmonises so well with the poetry of life, and is always so suggestive of pleasing thoughts, and artistic associations, that we would allow considerable latitude in the amount and style of its ornamentation. Not so with most of the members, or "pieces," of a dinner-service. No amount of argument will convince us that it is decorous to cover with our food a highly finished copy of a picture by a great master. No amount of custom or fashion can make a practice æsthetically right which is, in itself, offensive to good taste. The very circumstance of hanging pictures on the walls of the dining-room condemns the custom of dealing out to the guests pictures on porcelain, to be viewed horizontally, and often upside down, and to be covered with food or its refuse. We quite agree with the opinion that in such articles as plates, dishes, cups, and saucers, the ornamentation should be of a simple and subdued character. The objects themselves may be as graceful and elegant as a due regard to the proper use of the article will admit of; the material may, and, indeed, ought to be, of the purest and choicest kind; the glaze should carry out this idea of purity; the wreath of flowers, or other ornament, ought also to relieve, not disturb, the leading idea of absolute purity in the articles from which we take our food. Good taste in ornamentation will not offend in the minutest particular. A judicious use of gold will indicate the choiceness of the porcelain, since gold is out of place on common ware. The flower groups will be disposed so as not to obtrude either by their size or position. A mistake in this particular lately came under our notice; the interior of a porcelain tea-cup was adorned with four small groups of flowers, equidistant from each other, and near the edge. One group was placed just 90° from the handle, so that the lips could not avoid meeting it in the act of drinking. Good taste would have placed the flowers so as to leave the pure white porcelain for contact with the lips. So with many other articles in white porcelain; the ware itself is so pure and beautiful that we may say of it as the poet said of our first mother—

"When unadorned adorned the most."

Custom, which reconciles us to the intense ugliness of every-day forms, has sanctioned the practice of elaborate ornamentation of dinner and dessert plates. The majolica ware set the example, and the most celebrated porcelain factories have followed it up, and still continue to do so. Now a plate is not a beautiful object; but if it contain a choice enamel picture, it may take its place in a cabinet with other articles, with the forms of which it may harmonise. But what shall we say of the taste which covers the walls of a whole room with dessert plates!—horizontal and vertical rows of round plates embedded as medallions in the walls! And yet we have seen such a room in France, the land of taste—and it was in the Imperial Palace of Fontainbleau; and it was done by order of Louis Philippe. It is true that the plates are of Sèvres manufacture, each one containing a landscape, or an historical group, surrounded by a pattern border; but this freak was not wanting to prove that the improper use of beautiful and costly materials must result in ugliness.

The theory of enamel colours is now pretty well

understood. Thanks to the progress of chemical science, we have now happily passed, as Auguste Comte would call it, from "the superstitious" into "the positive phase" of fictile philosophy. And it now becomes our duty to give a brief account of the chemistry of enamel colours; but, as we have occupied so much space with these observations, we reserve our remarks for another paper.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF PAUL DELAROCHE.

THE most noble temporary monument that can be reared to the genius of a deceased artist is an exhibition of his works. This remark applies especially to Paul Delaroche, as in consequence of his long withdrawal from the public galleries of Paris, very many of his best pictures are but little known. The exhibition recently opened in Paris must prove extremely gratifying to the admirers of this great artist, and indeed to all who are able to appreciate historical painting of the highest class; and to artists generally, such an exhibition constitutes a lesson of the utmost value, inasmuch as it develops a regular progressive advancement both in style and thought, from year to year. As many of his works as it was possible to gather together have been collected, and visited daily by crowds of Parisians, and strangers who happen to be sojourning in the city. The oil-paintings are numbered 1 to 61, the drawings in water-colours and in chalks from 61 to 112: numerous engravings after his works were, very properly, exhibited at the same time. We subjoin a list of the oil-pictures, with the dates, respectively, of the years when each was executed.

No. 1. 'Joas Saved,' Salon, 1822. No. 2. 'Fillipo Lippi,' Salon, 1824; engraved by Reynolds. No. 3. 'S. Vincent de Paul Preaching,' Salon, 1824; engraved by Prevost. No. 4. 'Joan of Arc and the Cardinal of Winchester,' 1824; engraved by Reynolds. These early paintings carry marks of academical study, and certainly give little promise of the talent afterwards shown by the artist.

No. 5. 'Death of A. Casani,' 1826. No. 6. 'Miss Macdonald,' 1827; engraved by Reynolds. No. 7. 'Scene of the St. Bartholomew,' 1827; engraved by Prudhomme. In these three paintings there is a visible progress; they are characterised by great delicacy of feeling and treatment.

No. 8. 'Death of Elizabeth,' 1827; engraved by Jazet. This is the well known painting belonging to the Luxembourg Gallery: the execution of the draperies and accessories is very fine, but the heads generally are disagreeable in colour and expression.

No. 9. 'Death of the President Duranti,' painted in 1827; engraved by Pelée. A well-executed painting; it has been finely engraved.

Nos. 10 and 11. 'Richelieu' aud 'Mazarin,' Salon, 1831; engraved by Girard. These are two of Delaroche's *chef d'œuvres:* they look as fresh and as beautiful as when we first saw them at the Salon of 1831; in delicacy of feeling and colour they stand among his best works. The prints, executed on a large scale, have had great success.

No. 12. 'Cromwell and Charles I.,' Salon, 1831; engraved by Henriquel Dupont. This painting, although in the catalogue, is not exhibited; it belongs to the Museum of Nismes, the trustees of which refused to lend it.

No. 13. 'Jane Grey,' Salon, 1834; engraved.

No. 14. 'Assassination of the Duke of Guise,' 1835; engraved. One of his fine small pictures, but unpleasing from the nature of the subject, which is told in a most forcible manner.

No. 15. Studies of Monks' Heads.

No. 16. 'Strafford,' 1837. A most powerful and well-exccuted painting, one of the best of his large works; it has been magnificently engraved by Henriquel Dupont.

No. 17. 'Saint Cecilia,' 1837; engraved by Forster. A painting in a flat, disagreeable style, with no relief or *chiaro-oscuro*.

No. 18. 'Study of an Angel,' after Mademoiselle L. Vernet; painted at Rome, 1835.

No. 19. 'Napoleon in his Cabinet,' painted 1837; engraved by A. Louis.

Nos. 20 to 23. Portraits.

No. 24. 'Infancy of Pic dela Mirandole,' painted in 1842; engraved by J. François. No. 26. 'Maternal Happiness,' painted in 1843; engraved by A. François. It belongs to the King of Holland. No. 27. 'Mary in the Desert.' A sketch for the painting executed in 1843 for the Marquis of Hertford. No. 28. 'Young Girl in a Marble Bath;' painted at Rome in 1844. No. 29. 'An Italian Woman and Child,' 1844; engraved by Z. Prevost. No. 30. 'Young Girls Swinging,' 1845. Of the above six paintings little need be said; they are good, and may be meutioned as preparing the way for those exquisite small sacred subjects with which he closed his career, and which in delicacy of feeling, both religious and artistic, have rarely been equalled, and certainly never surpassed: one of these is—

No. 33. 'Christ in Gethsemane,' 1846.

Nos. 31, 32, 34, 35. Portraits, various.

No. 35. 'Napoleon at Fontainbleau,' 1847. The well-known painting, ably engraved by J. François; the property of J. Naylor, Esq.

Nos. 37, 38, 39. Portraits.

No. 40. 'General Buonaparte Crossing the Alps;' belongs to J. Naylor, Esq.; engraved by François.

No. 41. 'Marie Antoinette after her Condemnation,' painted 1851; engraved by A. François. A most powerful and interesting picture.

Nos. 42, 43. Portraits.

No. 44. 'Sketch of Napoleon at St. Helena,' 1852.

No. 46. 'Mater Dolorosa,' 1853; engraved by J. François.

No. 47. 'Moses exposed on the Nile,' 1853; engraved by H. Dupont.

No. 48. 'Burial of Christ,' 1853. An exquisite painting, beautifully engraved by H. Dupont.

No. 49. A small reproduction of the Hemicycle. This was executed for M. Goupil, in 1841; was retouched, with considerable alterations, in 1853.

No. 50. Portrait.

No. 51. 'Italian Mother and Child,' 1854; belongs to W. P. Knowles, Esq.

No. 52. 'Beatrice Cenci led to Execution,' 1855.

No. 53. 'A Martyr of the period of Diocletian,' 1855.

No. 54. Portrait.

No. 55. 'The Girondins.' One of the most effective works, and perhaps the best, of the master; began in 1846, finished in 1856: all the finest qualities of the painter are here seen in full force—no praise can be too high for such a work, it is being ably engraved by E. Girardet.

No. 56. 'Virgin Mary and Holy Women,' 1856. No. 58. 'Christ the Hope of the Afflicted,' 1856. No. 60. 'The Return from Golgotha,' 1856; sketch unfinished. No. 61. 'Virgin in Contemplation of the Crown of Thorns.' Four of the most beautiful of the small pictures.

No. 57. 'Herodias.'

No. 59. Portrait.

The drawings in chalk, being principally portraits and sketches, need not a particular description; they are beautifully and delicately finished.

No painter has had greater justice from the hands of the engraver than Delaroche, and no one deserved it better; his loss is a severe one to the French school; and when two or three more artists, now advanced in age, are removed, "Who will be able to replace them?" is a question easier put than answered.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The jury for the admission of paintings, &c., has finished its task; but the result is, as might be expected, very far from satisfactory to those artists whose works have been rejected: among them are many whose talents ought to have secured them commanding positions in the *Salon:* in our next we shall resume this subject, and give some account of the exhibition.—Death has recently removed several artists of good repute. M. Simart, Member of the Institute, and one of our best sculptors, met with his death in an unfortunate manner: descending from the top of an omnibus, his foot caught, and he was dragged some time before the vehicle could be stopped: death ensued from the injuries he received. M. E. Goyet, historical painter; M. L. Estachon, a pupil of Roqueplan; M. Guet, an artist of merit, and a regular contributor to the *Salons*, several of whose works have been engraved in mezzotinto by Girard,—are also among the losses sustained by the Art-world.—M. L. Auvray has received a commission to execute for the Louvre a bust of Watteau.—The Minister of State has allowed 3000 fr. for the erection of a monument to Lesueur in the Garden of the Luxembourg.—M. Dumont has been commissioned to execute a statue of Labourdonais for the Mauritius.

BERNE.—Out of the number of twenty-three designs lately submitted in competition for the erection of the Roman Catholic church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Berne, two by English architects had prizes awarded to them: a gold medal—the fourth prize—to the design of Mr. Goldie, of Sheffield; and a silver medal to that of Mr. Pedley, of Southampton.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The National Gallery of St. Petersburg has been enriched with the Luichtenburg bequests of pictures, partly collected by Eugène Beauharnais, when viceroy of Egypt; and also with the Barberigo collection from Venice, which, among many other fine works, contains seventeen examples of Titian, from his earliest time to his latest.

OXFORD IN THE STEREOSCOPE.*

SELDOM has there been a series of views so entirely interesting as this—the most successful effort that has yet been made to render the stereoscope, not only a source of intense enjoyment, but a veritable and effectual teacher of Art. The pleasant companion of the drawing-room has ceased to be "a toy;" it has become an instructor: lessening in no degree its power to amuse, it is now a means of education, the influence of which it would not be easy to overrate, inasmuch as it induces thought in lieu of idleness, and makes leisure profitable. No happier theme could be found on which to employ the charming art of photography than that of the venerable and beautiful city of Oxford; it appeals to so many sympathies; is "a memory" to thousands whose early associations are with its

> "Domes and towers,
> Gardens and groves;"

and who, in these records of its peculiar graces and beauties, may revisit—by no great strain of imagination—the places in which studious youth was passed in preparation for ardent manhood, and the armour was girded on which gave vigour and power for the battle of life.

We can conceive few pleasures equal to that which must he enjoyed by him who resorts to this elegant and instructive "toy" for memories of long past days: every familiar scene is brought before him; he knows there is nothing to deduct for the fancy of the artist—nought has been added, nought abstracted; stern but attractive truth is there, in each one of these many pictures: if the "walks" are altered, it is only because time has added somewhat to the height and breadth of the trees that give augmented shade to paths he has trodden; if there be some change in the walls and gateways and towers he so well remembers, it is only because age has its influence on all outward things. He may again enjoy Oxford—"that faire citie, whercin make abode so many learned impes"—and enjoy it thoroughly; untroubled by that "tumultuous hope" which here especially "toils with futurity."

If the soldier may "fight his battles o'er again" when tracing on the map the march of armies, surely the scholar has higher and nobler triumphs when revelling in the retrospect—in cloisters pale, in venerable halls, beneath stately porticoes, in silent galleries, in sombre quadrangles, by solemn altars, in quiet gardens, in umbrageous walks; every step or stone of which is as a familiar friend, entitled to a heart-greeting; and welcomed by memory without a thought of reproach.

But considered merely as beautiful works of Art, and entirely apart from any association with a life of intellectual labour here commenced, this series of Oxford views has abundant attractions. The subjects are especially calculated for display by the stereoscope; they are precisely of that nature which are thus made to "tell" best: buildings of striking architecture and order; antique gables and gateways; "bits" by the water-side—the rich banks of the King of Island Rivers; walks amid trees terminated by quaiut temples; ancient walls, embattled, which time has "mouldered into beauty;" bridges and streets, unrivalled anywhere; with the several accessories which give peculiar character to each. The themes here selected will indeed be understood by all who are acquainted with the venerable city; while those who are strangers to it will at once feel that a source more productive of valuable materials could not be found in England, not perhaps in the world.

The task of thus multiplying these grand attractions of Art and Nature has been confided to safe hands; no artist could have produced them more satisfactorily than M. Delamotte, while in Mr. Alderman Spiers he found a valuable guide—for to him every spot of interest is known. The photographist and the publisher acting together and in concert, have produced a series which cannot fail to give delight while affording information; they have made the pleasant and graceful "toy" a valuable means of education.

* A Series of Views of the Public Buildings, Colleges, Gardens and Walks of Oxford; photographed by P. H. Delamotte, F.S.A. Published by Spiers & Son, High Street, Oxford.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VII.

FROM Abingdon the Thames pursues its course with little to attract the tourist until we arrive at the ferry of Clifton, over which hangs a small hill, the summit of which is crowned by one of the most graceful and beautiful modern churches in England.

Before we visit it, however, let us pause awhile to enjoy the calm quiet of the scene; to examine the luxuriant water-plants, and listen to the music that issues from every "bush and bosky dell," and not unfrequently from the borders of the stream on which we glide.

The chorus of lively chirpings that greets our ear from the neighbouring reed-beds, proceeds from those little aquatic songsters, the Sedge-warbler (*Salicaria phragmites*), and the Reed-warbler (*Salicaria arundinacea*); two birds closely related in appearance and habits, and generally to be found in company in reedy spots by the water-side, uttering their varied chant, the programme of which comprises imitations of the notes of the swallow, lark, sparrow, and linnet, with some original bits of their own. We append a cut of the reed-warbler—the larger bird of the two, with its curiously constructed and situated nest, suspended between three or four reed-stems above the water, formed of reeds and grass, wound round and interlaced with the supporting stems, and lined with a little wool, fine grass, and long hairs; it is made of considerable depth—a necessary provision for the safety of the eggs or young, when it is considered that, from its suspended situation, their cradle is rocked by every breeze, and in a high wind the slender reeds that support it bow almost to the surface of the water; yet the mother bird has been seen to sit steadily in her nest when it was swinging and dipping with the violence of the wind-gusts, so as occasionally to be almost immersed in the water. This elegant little warbler is of somewhat sombre colouring, being brown above and buff beneath, with white throat, and is one of our summer visitants only—remaining in this country from April to September, when it seeks a warmer latitude—its insect food becoming very scant as winter approaches. Those who row up or down the Thames, or walk along its ever pleasant banks, have, therefore, a source of enjoyment which inland dells and woods do not afford, for the notes of these birds, even if



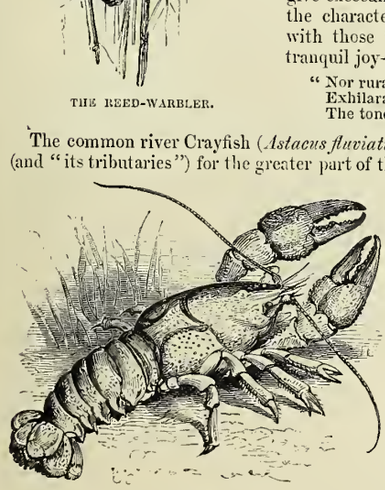
THE REED-WARBLER.

"Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,"

give exceeding pleasure when in keeping with the character of the scene, and in harmony with those "gentler solitudes" which create tranquil joy—

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature."

The common river Crayfish (*Astacus fluviatilis*), which abounds in the Thames (and "its tributaries") for the greater part of the course, is frequently brought to market as an article of food, but is not held in much esteem. In general appearance it greatly resembles a small lobster, but on comparing the two together considerable difference in structure will be observed, the body of the crayfish being flatter than that of the lobster, and the claws being rougher, and of a distinct form. The colour of this animal is a dull, dark, greenish grey, and its usual length about three or four inches. The principal food of the crayfish consists of aquatic shell-fish, the grubs of insects, and sometimes even of such small fish as come within their reach. The following amusing and graphic account of the habits of this species in confinement was communicated by Mr. Ball, a naturalist of Dublin, to Professor Bell, from whose work on "British Crustacea" we quote it:—"I once had a domesticated crayfish (*Astacus fluviatilis*), which I kept in a glass pan, in water not more than an inch and a half deep; previous experiments having shown that in deeper water, probably for want of sufficient aëration, this animal would not live long. By degrees my prisoner became very bold, and when I held my fingers at the edge of the vessel he assailed them with promptness and energy. About a year after I had him I perceived, as I thought, a second crayfish with him: on examination I found it to be his old coat, which he had left in a most perfect state. My friend had now lost his heroism, and fluttered about in the greatest agitation. He was quite soft, and every time I entered the room, during the next two days, he exhibited the wildest terror. On the third he appeared to gain confidence, and ventured to use his nippers, though with some timidity, and he was not yet quite so hard as he had been. In about a week, however, he became bolder than ever; his weapons were sharper, and he appeared stronger, and a nip from him was no joke. He lived in all about two years, during which time his food was a very few worms, at very uncertain times; perhaps he did not get fifty altogether. I presume some person, presuming to poach in his pond, was pinched by him, and plucked him forth, and so, falling, he came by his death." During our visit to Oxford, a thoughtful friend furnished the breakfast-table with the crayfish, which is there considered a luxury "in season"—the season being the autumn of the year. Although frequently eaten on the Continent, it is but seldom used in England, even as the garnishing of a dish. Like the lobster, it is dark—almost black—when alive, but becomes red when boiled. In several parts of the river, and especially in the neighbourhood of Binsey, above Oxford, the fish is obtained in large quantities; these are caught in traps resembling the common eel-traps, but much smaller; they are formed of common willow-wands, and are baited with animal matter, or with dead fish.



THE CRAYFISH.

We were gratified by finding in great plenty near Abingdon that most elegant aquatic, the Flowering Rush (*Butomus umbellatus*), clumps of which were constantly occurring where the water was shallow, either at the river-side, or in spots where the ground approached the surface in mid-stream. It is a lordly plant, with its graceful stem rising from the water some three or four feet, bearing on its head a crown of purple and white flowers—a "bunch" of considerable size. The long grassy leaves, which diverge in sweeping curves from its foot, add greatly to its beauty. Those who have seen this charming plant will agree with the eulogium of quaint old Gerard, who, describing it in his Herbal, saith;—"The Water Gladiole, or Grassie Rush, is of all others the fairest and most pleasant to behold, and serveth very well for the decking and trimming up of houses, because of the beautie and braverie thereof." It is by no means common to all the banks along the Thames. We voyaged many miles on several occasions, and sought for it in vain, finding it in great luxuriance in the river Tame, between Dorchester and the junction. It resembles, however, so nearly the common rush when not in blossom, that the unscientific searcher might easily pass it by without recognition.



FLOWERING RUSH.

It is singular that while so many efforts have been made to tranfer to the greenhouse and garden the exotics—weeds—of foreign countries, we have so much neglected the wild graces which await, at our own doors, that removal for culture which expands and extends beauty. Even in the miniature lakes which so often refresh an "elegant demesne," or in the ponds that so frequently act as drains to a lawn or plantation, and are made "ornamental," that the eye may be gratified by converting a blot into a grace, we too generally observe that Nature is left to plant as she pleases, while a little aid brought to her from one of her rich stores of fertility and beauty, might essentially add to its other attractions.

The walls and woodwork of the old locks are beautifully decorated with groups of graceful plants that would altogether form choice studies for the pre-Raphaelite painter. Perhaps the most elegant of these is the Ivy-leafed Snapdragon (*Linaria cymbalaria*), a pendent plant, with glossy, deep green, ivy-like leaves, and quaintly formed flowers of violet colour, with yellow throat. It appears this is not strictly an indigenous plant; but that it was originally introduced from Italy into our gardens, from which it has escaped and naturalised itself through the country, having now become as thoroughly English as any family that came in at the Conquest. From Oxford to Teddington we are continually meeting with the flowery festoons of this pretty plant, wherever old stonework is found in proximity to the water: we may suppose seeds of it have in old times escaped from some Oxford garden washed by the Thames, and, having been carried downwards by the stream, were deposited in convenient resting-places along the river's course. This will account for the abundance of the plant on the line of the Thames, while in most other districts it is hardly ever met with.

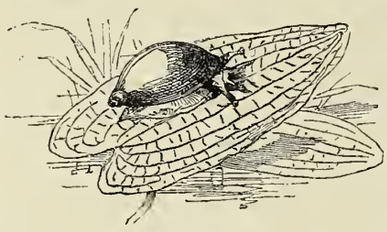


IVY-LEAFED SNAPDRAGON.

It will be obvious that from these water-plants the designer of ornament may obtain very valuable lessons; it is indeed surprising that as yet they have been but little resorted to for the purposes of the manufacturer, or of those artists to whom he gives special employment. He will find within the range of any single mile on the upper Thames a number of valuable suggestions, any one of which would be a "fortunate thought,"—for it would have the value of novelty, inasmuch as subjects to be obtained there have been hitherto made so little available.

On the floating leaves of the water-plants, or among the moist herbage of the river-side, we constantly find a curious little shell—the Amber-shell (*Succinea*

amphibia)—tenanted by an odd-looking little creature of amphibious habits, who, though born in the water and passing much of its existence there, has the faculty of leaving that element at pleasure, and wandering to considerable distances from it without injury: we observed it sometimes high up on the stems of plants, quite removed from the water. The shell is very fragile and transparent, of a clear amber tint, whence its name of "Amber-shell." Many of the fresh-water shells, of which a great number of species inhabit the Thames, are of elegant forms; and the habits of the animals that occupy them render them extremely interesting objects for the aquarium, where their history may be studied to great advantage; moreover, a collection of these shells would make a pretty addition to the cabinet.



AMBER-SHELL.

Before we reach the little church of CLIFTON HAMPDEN, we pass the villages of Sutton Courtenay and Culham—the former with a modern, the latter with an old church; both are towered and embattled, and have a picturesque effect. They are situated about two miles from Abingdon, the river flowing the whole way through meadows of the richest luxuriance, their banks covered with wild flowers. A mile beyond this, the railway crosses the river at the village of Appleford. The banks here rise to a considerable elevation, and



CLIFTON HAMPDEN CHURCH, AND FERRY.

upon their summits many graves of the early Roman and Saxon settlers have been discovered. At Long Whittenham, close by,—a quiet village embosomed in trees,—some fine Anglo-Saxon jewels have been exhumed.* The scenery is purely pastoral, but is relieved by gently-undulating hills. Upon one of the boldest stands the new church of Clifton—for it is a new church, although externally and internally the architect has followed the best models of the best periods of church architecture; it occupies the site of the ancient structure; indeed, the foundations, and some portions of the walls, have been preserved. It is a most attractive and graceful object seen from the river, and will bear the closest examination, for every part of it has been confided to the care of a competent artist; and all its appurtenances are as perfect as Art can make them. The village, too, is neat, well ordered, and evidently prosperous. Over the whole district there is evidence of wise and generous superintendence; the clergyman is, we believe, the squire, and it is obvious that the temporal as well as the spiritual wants of the district have a generous and considerate minister.† A handsome LICH-GATE of carved oak has been placed at the entrance of the church-yard, adding much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. From the tower of this church, raised as it is so much above the surrounding scenery, we obtain a noble view of now distant Oxford; and here, especially, we are impelled to recall the lines of the poet Warton:—



LICH-GATE, CLIFTON.

> "Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
> Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
> Ye massy piles of old munificence,
> At once the pride of learning and defence;
> Ye cloisters pale, that, length'ning to the sight,
> To contemplation step by step invite:
> Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
> Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
> Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
> Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
> Lo! your loved Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
> With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!
> Hail! Oxford, hail!"

After passing Clifton the hills to the right are somewhat bold in character, and we see more distinctly the picturesque formation of the Long Whittenham range: they are round, chalky hills, with clumps of trees on their summits. We now pass by Little Whittenham Church, which is embosomed in luxurious trees, and the fine, woody hills beside Day's lock, where the river makes a circuit, passing, as usual, between low and luxuriant banks on either side, where the hay-harvest is ever abundant, but where the husbandman will rarely look for any other crop, inasmuch as the land is covered with water in winter floods.* We approach Wallingford, but within a mile or two of this town the voyager will pause at a narrow bridge, about twenty feet in length, which crosses a poor and somewhat turgid stream. The tourist would row by it unnoticed, as of "no account," but that he knows this to be the famous river Tame, and that here it joins the Thames—or, if the fanciful will have it so, "the Isis;" this being the marriage-bed of the two famous rivers, who henceforward become one; for from this spot, according to the poet,—

> "Straight Tamisis stream,
> Proud of the late addition to its name,
> Flows briskly on, ambitious now to pay
> A larger tribute to the sovereign sea."

Although most of the poets have described "Tame" as of the rougher, and "Isis" as of the gentler sex, they are not all of one mind on this subject. Camden celebrates the Tame as a female—

> "Now Tame had caught the wish't for social flame
> In prospect, as *she* down the mountains came."

With Drayton, Tame is the bridegroom—

> "As we have told how Tame holds on *his* even course,
> Return we to report how Isis from *her* source
> Comes tripping with delight."

He calls her also—"the mother of great Thames." Pope, in allusion to the Thames, makes reference to

> "The famed authors of his ancient name,
> The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame."

And Warton,—

> "As the smooth surface of the dimpled flood
> The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod."

The Tame rises in the eastern part of the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire, between the town of Aylesbury and the village of Querendon; and after winding through the golden vale of Aylesbury, enters the county of Oxford, and soon refreshes the town to which it has given a name. Hence its course is to the very ancient city of Dorchester, from whence by slow progress—and by no means "running to the embraces" of the fair Isis—it paces about two miles



JUNCTION OF TAME AND ISIS.

to join the Thames beneath the small wooden bridge we have pictured—its whole course, from its rise to its fall, being about thirty-nine miles. Fancy may be permitted full scope and free indulgence while "the voyager" passes underneath the plain rustic bridge that marks the interesting locality. He has visited the scarcely-perceptible source of the great river—already seen it fertilise and enrich cities, towns, and villages; but here he will naturally consider in prospect the mighty gifts it presents to the world, between this comparatively

* The hill above Long Whittenham has earthworks of an early kind upon it, believed to be the work of the Romans; it is certain that these early conquerors of Britain were located here, inasmuch as many antiquities, unmistakeably Roman, have been found in the immediate vicinity; and several of their burial-places discovered, from which vases, coins, &c., were obtained.

† "A small church, of mixed styles, beautifully situated on a cliff, at a bend of the river Thames. It has been restored under the direction of Mr. Scott, the architect, in extremely good taste, by the present patron, Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, in pursuance of the wishes of his father, the late Mr. George Henry Gibbs, with whom the design of restoring the church originated, and who left by will a considerable sum for this object." ("Guide to the Architectural Antiquities in the neighbourhood of Oxford." Parker.)

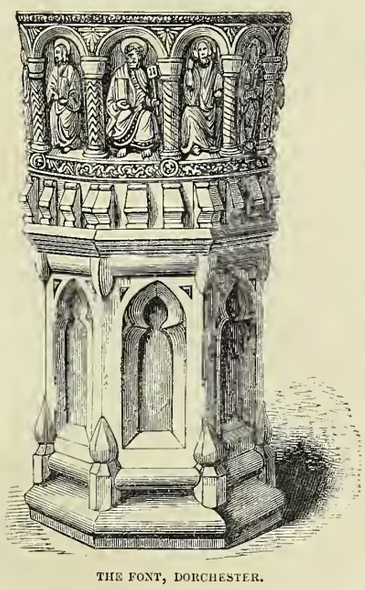
* "Tradition has given to this place (Little Whittenham) an intellectual importance which heightens, at least, if it does not transcend, its native beauties. Here an oak had long flourished—and hard was his heart who suffered the axe to strike it—beneath whose shade Prior is said to have composed his poem of Henry and Emma. The poet has described this spot as the scene of his interesting story, and such a tree might surely have been spared for the sake of its traditionary character, when the general ravage was made, by its last possessor, on the sylvan beauties of the place." (Boydell, 1794).

insignificant confluence of "two waters," and the illimitable sea to which they are together hastening:—

"Let fancy lead, from Trewsbury mead,
With hazel fringed, and copse-wood deep;
Where, scarcely seen, through brilliant green,
Thy infant waters softly creep,
To where the wide-expanding Nore
Beholds thee with tumultuous roar,
Conclude thy devious race;
And rush, with Medway's confluent wave,
To seek, where mightier billows rave,
Thy giant Sire's embrace."

A row up the Tame to visit Dorchester will be the duty of those who have leisure and desire to examine the several points of interest on or near our great British river. He will be amply repaid for a brief delay. Although the "city" has fallen to the grade of a poor village, the Roman amphitheatre is an earth-mound, and the cathedral half a ruin,* history and tradition supply unquestionable proofs of its former magnificence—proofs which time has been unable altogether to obliterate. On its site was a Roman station of large extent and importance; and the place was famous during the ages that immediately followed. But its high and palmy state was in the seventh century, when Birinus, who was sent from Rome to convert the West Saxons, here first preached to them the Gospel of our Lord. The missionary had baptised Cinigils, the king; and at the ceremony Oswald, King of Northumberland, attended as god-sib; when the two sovereigns, according to Bede (who calls it Civitas Dorcinia), gave the bishop this town for the foundation of an episcopal see in honour of the occasion. The see was for a long period of "gigantic dimensions," comprising the two large kingdoms of the West Saxons and Mercians. Twenty bishops here sate in "papal grandeur;" and, although seven bishoprics were afterwards "taken out of it," the see continued to be the largest in England, until about the year 1086, when Remigius removed it to Lincoln. At the Conquest, however, the town had dwindled; it was "small and ill-peopled," although "the majesty of the church was great, either by the antiquity of the building or the diligence of such as had lately repaired it."

The old Abbey Church at Dorchester is remarkable for its extreme length, and for some peculiar architectural features. It is now much too large for the wants of the parish, and was, some few years ago, allowed to fall into a lamentable state of decay, from which it has been in a great degree rescued by a general subscription, under the auspices of the Oxford Architectural Society. The portions of Norman architecture now remaining are striking in their solidity and beauty; but the most remarkable feature in the church is the celebrated "Jesse window" which lights the north side of the chancel. At the base lies the figure of Jesse, from whose body rises the tree of the Saviour's genealogy; its stem forms the great centre mullion, the branches from it crossing the other mullions and forming the intersecting tracery of the window; they are all richly sculptured with foliation, and a figure of one of the tribe of Jesse appears at each intersection. The statue of the Virgin with the Saviour, which once crowned the whole, has been destroyed. The sedilia and piscina opposite this window are highly enriched; and have a peculiarly brilliant effect from the insertion of painted glass beneath the beautiful canopies that shadow them. The other most noticeable feature in the church is the ancient FONT we here engrave. The upper portion is Norman; but the shaft is much more recent, probably a work of the fifteenth century. The bowl is circular, and exhibits figures of apostles seated in eleven semicircular arches, above and below them is a rich border of foliage. The whole of this portion of the font is of lead, and the rarity of such early work in this material makes this example precious in the eye of the antiquary. It is, moreover, a curious work of Art, inasmuch as it presents the peculiar features which are strongly characteristic of the Byzantine taste, founded on the decadence of the great Roman empire in the East. The richness of detail and abundance of decoration visible in the Norman style may be referred to this influence on European Art.



THE FONT, DORCHESTER.

From the junction to Wallingford the "united streams"—

"With friendly and with equal pace they go,
And in their clear meanderings wandering slow"—

soon pass under the bridge of Shillingford, from whence the tourist may walk some two or three miles to offer homage at that shrine in the grand old church of Ewelme, which contains the dust of Sir Thomas Chaucer, the poet's first-born son.

Shillingford is an antiquated village, with many large farm-houses of red brick and timber, warmly thatched, and with an air of picturesque comfort about them thoroughly characteristic of English rural life of "the better sort." Indeed, this portion of the Thames is as completely rural and unsophisticated as any part of England. The character of the scenery changes completely at the bridge, and we see again the rich level meadows, with the square tower of Bensington Church, and the quiet village of farms and cottages beside it.* A mile further, and we reach another lock, close to the town of Wallingford, which is nearly hidden by the luxurious growth of trees in surrounding meadows.

Wallingford was famous in its day: the Gauls, the Romans, the British, the Saxons, and the Danes, had each and all their settlements there; it was a borough in the time of the Confessor, and had a mint before the Conquest.† Traces of its ancient walls and castle may still be obtained by the patient searcher; the latter is described by old historians as "impregnable," but "Time, the destroyer," has effectually removed all its strength except a few indications, which consist of rubble and stones. In the time of Leland it was "sore in ruines, and for the most part defaced." Camden described it as "environed with a double wall and a double ditch; the citadel standing in the middle on a high artificial hill." It must have been of immense size and strength, and was regarded as "impregnable" before

"Villainous saltpetre had been dug
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth."

During the civil wars, when King Stephen and the Empress Maud contended for England, the lady was here besieged by her enemy; but all assaults were vain, until famine came to the aid of the besiegers. Her son, afterwards Henry II., arrived at the seat of war just in time to save his heroic mother; but a conference took place on the river's bank, when it was resolved that Stephen should possess the crown during his life, and that Henry should succeed him. Of its "fourteen parish churches" Wallingford retains only three, one of which was "erected at the sole expense of that eminent lawyer and learned judge, Sir William Blackstone." Notwithstanding its comparative decadence, however, Wallingford has the aspect of a cheerful and thriving town.‡

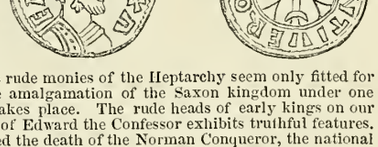
Soon after passing under its bridge we reach the little Norman church of Crowmarsh, and about a mile further, at a lock known as "Chamber Hole," we observe Newnham-Murrell, with an old church on one side of the river, and Winterbrook on the other. A short distance below is Mongewell,—a fair mansion, with rich gardens, lawn, and plantations. A small modern Gothic church is erected here. We soon reach Cholsey, where an older church awaits the antiquarian tourist. At Little Stoke, some distance onward, we are again met by a railway-bridge, and notice the high chalk down rising above it. Passing the bridge, the church of Moulsford appears embosomed in trees. Nearly opposite is South Stoke, and, a short distance further, at Cleeve Hill lock, we arrive in view of the Streatly hills, at the foot of which are the twin villages of Streatly and Goring—the former in Berkshire, the latter in Oxfordshire, joined by a long and picturesque bridge, from which a fine view is commanded of the river, with its graceful windings and its pretty "aits" above and below, and especially between the bridge and the lock, distant some half a mile apart. These villages of course contain churches; that of Goring, however, is by far the most interesting; it stands close to the water-side, and beside it are a graceful cottage and a busy mill. §

The church is of Norman foundation, but the tower only preserves the peculiar features of that style. It is very massive in construction, with round-headed windows, divided into two lights by a central pillar; a winding stair to the belfry is formed in a small round tower appended to the north side of this

* An earthwork, intended as a fortification, stretches from one river to the other, across the meadow formed by the circuitous bend of the Thames. It appears to be of Roman work, and to have been a military outpost, to guard the town on a weak side.

* "West of the church is a bank and trench, of a square form: the north side still retains somewhat of its original appearance; to the west and south they are readily traced, but to the east it requires a minute examination to discern them. Doctor Plot mentions an angle of King Offa's palace near the church, which must have stood on this spot, where bones of men and horses, as well as old spurs and military weapons, have been dug up. This, being a frontier town, often changed its masters in the contests between the west Saxons and the Mercians. Offa, king of the latter, considering it to be politically necessary to his government that his enemies should hold no place on that side of the Thames, at length possessed himself of it, and finally united it to his own dominions." (Boydell, 1794.)

† We engrave here the silver penny struck at Wallingford by Edward the Confessor. It is a type of the utmost rarity, and is preserved with other scarce Saxon coins in the Bodleian Library. By comparing it with the Oxford coin of Alfred, which we have also engraved, the progressive improvement in the English mintage will be apparent—a neater and truer character prevails in those of the Confessor, indicative of more peaceful times. Indeed, the coinage of England tells in some degree the history of the country. The rude monies of the Heptarchy seem only fitted for barbaric need; and it is not until the amalgamation of the Saxon kingdom under one sovereign that a great improvement takes place. The rude heads of early kings on our coins seem scarcely human; but this of Edward the Confessor exhibits truthful features. In the troublous times which succeeded the death of the Norman Conqueror, the national currency lapsed into its old barbarism, and it was not till the era of Edward I. that it recovered itself. We must refer to the Reading penny, engraved under our notice of that town, as an example, and to the note appended, for a continuation of these remarks.



‡ Camden mentions his having frequently visited it in his academic character, and that it then retained a considerable portion of its ancient grandeur.

§ Nearly a century has passed since the village of Goring was "famous" "on account of the virtues" of a medicinal spring in its immediate vicinity: it was called "Spring-well," and was situated on the margin of the Thames. It is particularly mentioned by Dr. Plot (in the reign of Charles II.) as celebrated for its efficacy in the cure of cutaneous disorders, and also for ulcers and sore eyes. Much more recently, however, it was considered "a valuable specific;" for its then owner, Richard Lybbe, Esq., published several advertisements, wherein he states "that other water had been substituted and sold for that of Goring spring;" and he informs the public that, to prevent such deception, every bottle or vessel hereafter filled with the genuine water shall be sealed with his arms, of which he gives a particular description; and that the persons appointed by him to seal and deliver it, shall demand nothing for the water, but a penny a quart for attendance and impress of his arms. The value of Spring-well, if it ever had any, has long ceased to be appreciated. The spring now gives its supply to the Thames without fee or reward, and the "penny stamp" is a tradition of the past.

square tower. The body of the church is much more modern—a circumstance by no means uncommon in English ecclesiastical architecture. It has been recently restored in very good taste; but while it gratifies the ecclesiologist, it offers few antique features on which the architectural student can dwell.



GORING CHURCH.

The houses at Goring are excellent examples of those "peasant homes" which nowhere exist more happily than in our own favoured isle. The cottages have that look of comfort so essentially English, and their little gardens are trim and neat. Its opposite village has equal claims to attention, and is more romantically situated on the hill-side. The scenery is the most striking we have yet met in our downward course.

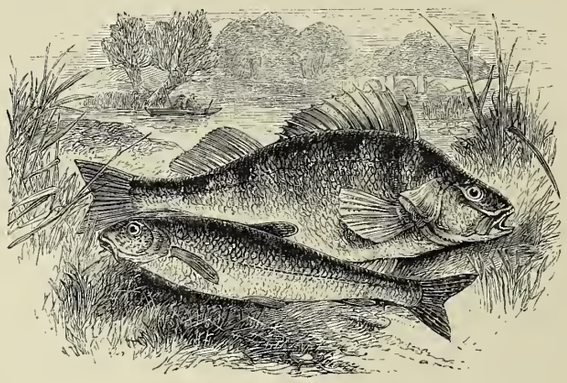
Resuming our voyage, we leave to the right, on the slope of one of the hills which now "accompany" us for several miles, the beautiful mansion of Basildon. Hence, until we arrive at the villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch, the Thames assumes a new character—high hills, richly clad in foliage, suspend over us on either side, now and then opening, occasionally bare, and frequently fringing the banks of the stream with the branches of the best varieties of British trees. The villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch, like those of Streatly and Goring, are united by a bridge, a little above which are the lock and weir; the scenery all about this neighbourhood is exceedingly interesting and beautiful—the stream is broad, and the wood-crowned heights that arise on either side add to the view that variety which is especially welcome after so much that is tame and flat, with which the upper Thames so continually supplies us. These low lands, however, have their value; not alone as suggestive of fertility—they abound in the picturesque; of such scenes the poet has happily said—

"Everywhere
Nature is lovely: on the mountain height,
Or where the embosom'd mountain glen displays
Secure sublimity, or where around
The undulated surface gently slopes
With mingled hill and valley;—everywhere
Nature is lovely; even in scenes like these,
Where not a hillock breaks the unvaried plain,
The eye may find new charms that seeks delight."

The Thames at Pangbourne—above and below it—is, and has long been, a favourite resort of the angler; its sides "hereabouts" are full of water-lilies and those other aquatic plants which afford the fish shelter and protection; they are especially such as are loved by the perch—and perch fishing in this vicinity is perhaps as good as it is upon any part of the bountiful river. The perch is "one of the most beautiful of our fresh-water fish, and when in good condition its colours are brilliant and striking," according to Yarrell—from whom this passage is borrowed—"the upper part of the body is a rich greenish brown, passing into golden yellowish white below; the sides ornamented with from five to seven dark transverse bands; the irides golden yellow; the fins brown, spotted with black." The scales are rough, hard, and not easily detached, as the angler well knows: the fins are so sharp that those who handle them must be careful of their touch. The fin of the perch is, indeed, a weapon of defence, and is said to protect it against the assaults even of the pike; certain it is that the perch will live and thrive in a pond or lake with pike, while all its other denizens gradually vanish before the tax which the water-wolf perpetually levies. The perch has been emphatically called "a bold fish;" he is unquestionably, as old Izaak styles him, "a bold biting fish." If one be caught another is pretty sure to follow; and as they usually "march in troops," and are seldom scared by any noise or bustle in the water, the angler, when he encounters a "school" of them, is likely to fill his basket before his prey discovers what he is about. Again to quote from Izaak Walton, "they are like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight." The perch is fished for in the Thames usually with a "paternoster;" that is to say, a gut or hair line of about four feet long is mounted on the ordinary running line, and this gut or hair line contains three hooks, mounted on pigs' bristles, placed at intervals a foot or eighteen inches apart, so that different depths are attained. The usual bait is the minnow, but the fish will eagerly take the brandling or dew-worm. The perch is not often taken in the Thames above a pound weight, or above eight inches in length. They grow, however, to a much larger size, frequently weighing four or five pounds, and occasionally so large as eight or nine pounds: they breed rapidly. Yarrell states that a perch of half a-pound weight has been found to contain 280,000 ova. Like the pike, it is a fish of prey, and has great tenacity of life; perch have been kept for twenty-four hours out of water without peril to life. Next to the trout, the pike, and the eel, the perch is perhaps the best fish for the table, its flesh being hard and sound.

The Gudgeon (*Gobio fluviatilis*) is commonly found where the perch luxuriates; although associates, however, they are by no means friends—on the contrary, the one is the prey of the other. The gudgeon abounds in the Thames, and to catch them is a favourite sport of the angler—and a pleasant sport it undoubtedly is, inasmuch as it is usually pursued in hot weather, when there is little disposition to exertion, and repose, amounting to indolence, becomes pleasure for a season. It is in this pursuit especially "the punt" is used, and it is frequent in June and July to see one of these boats moored in the centre of the river, containing three and sometimes four persons, lazily hooking the fish and bringing it to the boat's side, when the fisherman removes it from the hook, sees that the bait is in order, and places it again in the water, to be almost immediately drawn up again for a like operation.

Gudgeons swim in shoals, are always greedy biters, and a very small degree of skill is therefore requisite to catch them; it is the amusement of ladies and boys more frequently than of men; for the fish is sure to hook himself, and little more is required of the angler than to put the bait down and draw it up again, as soon as he sees his light float under water. Consequently, "jokes" concerning this easy sort of fishing are very abundant, and it must be confessed they are not unmerited; for neither skill, labour, nor activity, are requisite to catch some ten or fifteen dozen of this tiny fish by a single hook in a day; and a boat such as we describe may be pretty sure to contain thirty or forty dozen, when a late dinner-bell calls a party home on a summer evening.



PERCH AND GUDGEON.

But let not those who can enjoy no pleasure that is not derived from toil despise that pleasure which is simple and obtained easily. The gudgeon fisher usually seeks a holiday, a quittance from labour, a repose from thought; "his idle time" is, therefore, never "idly spent;" but his amusement is derived from other sources besides those supplied by his rod and line; he moves about from place to place—from "pitch" to "pitch:" the hot sun is rendered not only innocuous but agreeable, when a gentle breeze passes along the river to cool his brow—look where he will his eye encounters some object of natural beauty, and his ear is regaled by the songs of birds along the banks, and the lark ever rising above some adjacent meadow. He has leisure to enjoy all this and much more—musing and not thinking—reclining rather than sitting—because neither the exercise of skill, neither mental nor bodily exertion, are requisite to secure sport.

To those with whom a full and heavy basket is but a secondary consideration, who covet the many other true enjoyments which a day on the Thames affords, there is, after all, no "pleasure" more truly pleasure than that which may be obtained by the gudgeon fisher from morn till eve of a bright day in summer.

The gudgeon is invariably fished for with a small hook, baited with a small red worm, or a blood-worm, usually in water about three feet deep, and as close as may be to the bottom; the fisherman always selecting a gravelly bottom, which, every now and then, he "scrapes" with a large iron rake, part of his boat's furniture. The object of the raking is to draw the fish together; they feed on the aquatic insects, and their larvæ, the ova, &c., which the rake thus frees from the gravel; of course, they seize greedily on the more tempting morsel which conceals the fatal hook. It is not uncommon to catch nine or ten dozen in one "pitch," and, frequently, half-a-dozen will be taken without losing or changing a bait.

The Thames gudgeon seldom exceeds six inches in length, the ordinary size being four inches. The lower jaw is broad, the mouth wide, with a barbul at the angle on each side, the tail deeply forked; the scales of the body moderate in size; the colour of the upper part of the head, back, and sides olive-brown, spotted with black; irides orange red, pupil large and dark, gill-covers greenish white; all the under surface of the body white; pectoral, ventral, and anal fins nearly white, tinged with brown; dorsal fin and tail pale brown, spotted with darker brown. If people care to eat, as well as catch, fish, there is no fish of the Thames more "palatable" than the gudgeon, fried with a plentiful supply of lard. It is "of excellent taste, and very wholesome," and has been sometimes called "the fresh-water smelt."

From Pangbourne to Reading—or rather to Caversham Bridge—a distance of six miles, the banks of the river again become more level, although the hills continue for a short distance, and remain long in sight, as a fine background to a most beautiful picture.

THE

NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS,

AND THE EXHIBITION OF THE DESIGNS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

As we write, this Exhibition is about to close, and before our words can be read it is probable that the award will have been given which is to determine the competition itself. Certainly it has been said that the month of June should not pass until the judges should have formed their opinion, and delivered in their report; and then, as we have been led to believe, the prize designs, together, perhaps, with such as may be distinguished by "honourable mention," will again be exhibited to the public, that the much-discussed qualifications of the judges may be submitted to that most practical test, criticism upon the judgment which they will have pronounced. This is all straightforward and fair, and is sure to be duly appreciated. Meanwhile, the matter being yet *sub judice*, we desire now to extend our former general observations on this subject, and briefly to remark upon certain of the designs which have been exhibited.

The public interest in the proposed new National Edifices has made itself known with an earnestness of decision that admits of no misapprehension. A palace for the administrative government of England is unquestionably required: what the people ask is, that it be no less certainly worthy of its title and its use. And it has been very gratifying to observe how the desire to have a worthy edifice actually erected, has gradually led to a better understanding and a more correct estimate of the real character and the true merits of the several designs. What, in the first instance, may have seemed to be very noble, simply from being very pretentious, has assumed its genuine aspect after calm deliberation; and much that is really praiseworthy in a degree has come to be estimated in that degree, instead of being raised to a position to which it could never with any justice have aspired. Notwithstanding a considerable amount of indignant declamation from persons whose own views coincide with the bulk of the "designs" (as very many of these projects have been somewhat ironically designated), and whose architectural capacities may be measured by the same standard with them, the accepted opinion is, without doubt, that, with a few most honourable exceptions, the result of the government invitation to architects to a "*grande certamen*" has proved anything but creditable to the competitors. For ourselves, we are persuaded that this competition, however justly it may condemn all architectural competitions as a system, is in no respect whatever to be held as an exponent of the actual status of architecture, either in this country or abroad. Very many architects who do possess the faculty of design, and can command ideas and bid them clothe themselves under material forms, or who are able to deal worthily with styles in which new forms are impossible, and even fresh combinations difficult—very many of such architects have, for whatever cause, stood aloof from the competition altogether. Others of the same class, who have entered the arena, have found themselves compelled to struggle more severely against the urgency of time than the difficulties of the actual contest. But it would seem that there exist many persons desirous of being ranked as architects, who do not need any prolonged period for their productions, and yet are able to put forth their full powers. Works thus produced have constituted a very large proportion of the Exhibition of Designs; and, consequently, there has been a vast amount of superficial display, while but little of mind, of genius, or of taste, has given evidence of its deep and earnest working. Happily, these high qualities have not been absent altogether from the competition; and, possibly, they would have been more abundantly evident, had classic architecture, whether adapted from ancient authorities or revived under modern conditions, been less intractable and more versatile. What we have chiefly lamented over in the classic designs, has been the prevalence in them of one or other of these two unfortunate circumstances—either a most insipid poverty of conception, if not an actual want of all original and distinctive architectural character, or a painful straining after originality through the sacrifice of all artistic and architectural consistency.

There is scarcely an example of the established classic model which has been treated with thoughtfulness and adapted with skill; while the specimens of the accepted modernised type of this style are, for the most part, lamentably meagre and spiritless. We are now speaking of the *treatment* of this style in the present competition; the style itself may be rejected without hesitation and without compromise; it has made our public buildings and our streets what they are—and what are they? it has been tried, tried long, and until patience herself has been wearied out by the dull and dreary monotony of the results, and found to be utterly wanting; it may have been called Anglo-Roman or Anglo-Italian, but it never has been called English, because nothing can ever, by any possibility, render it English. Most of the designs in the mediæval styles exhibit, more or less strikingly, just that one imperfection which, even at the present time, might have been expected from them: they indicate, that is to say, too decided a tendency towards mediæval treatment, whereas the problem now to be solved is the capacity of Gothic Art to adapt itself to existing circumstances, and its readiness to accept practical conditions arising from both the requirements and the appliances of the present time. Gothic architecture *is* English architecture, and as such it will most certainly—and, as we believe, very speedily—be recognised; but then the readiness of this recognition must be greatly influenced by the promptness with which the style is shown to be the English architecture of every age. The necessity for designing new edifices, *in* the great Gothic spirit, indeed, of the olden time, but not *after* the olden fashion, needs still to be impressed upon some even of the master spirits of the Gothic movement amongst us. We do not want old buildings to be built over again; we do not want our new government palace to be what it might have been had the Black Prince have presided over a Fine Arts commission at Westminster, or William of Wykeham discharged the functions now entrusted to Sir Benjamin Hall. The Gothic of the present, while as genuine Gothic as that of past ages, must be a fresh emanation from the old fountain-head,—it must be as decidedly the Gothic of the middle of the nineteenth century, as the Gothic of the middle of the fourteenth century bore a decided character of its own. Indeed, our own Gothic cannot be true, so long as we seek its forms of expression only from the relics of by-gone times; this is all very well in the classic Renaissance, because there genuine invention is impossible,—the new architecture can do nothing more than recall the old. Again, another point needs to be carefully borne in mind in seeking to realise the new application of Gothic Art. This is not to be accomplished by combining a certain amount of novelty with certain veteran forms and associations; the whole must be re-cast, so that the result may be uniform throughout,—absolutely consistent—really Gothic; yet really the Gothic of to-day. We have heard it objected to some of the Gothic designs that they are too foreign in their type, or at least in many of their details. This is no good objection, provided the design be really good and true. We must expect to perfect our Gothic only through the widest study and comparison; and remembering the essential unity of the style itself, we must not reject anything in it that is excellent or valuable, simply because that thing may have been accepted elsewhere. We have not been in the habit of setting aside certain columns because they were Corinthian; we shall, therefore, at least have precedent in our favour when we adopt any noble constructive details that may be, in some special sense, French or German. The favour with which a few—that is, four—Gothic designs have been so generally regarded, has elicited from the supporters of the classic Renaissance the most bitter expressions of disappointed indignation. Finding it difficult to advocate the designs in their own style, these persons have concentrated their energies in an onslaught upon their Gothic rivals. These attacks have been distinguished by their want of all point and of all sound argument and just criticism, and consequently they have proved to be singularly unfortunate for their authors, and as eminently calculated to raise the Gothic designs themselves still higher in the public estimation.

It would now be mere affectation to assume that the authors of the more important designs are not well known, and, therefore, we speak of No. 116 as the design of Mr. G. G. Scott. In this noble composition the architect has shown how completely he is master of the style which in him has found so earnest, and also so popular a champion. Mr. Scott has adhered strictly to the conditions of the government proposition, and in his design he has not shown more than such buildings as would be required for the Foreign and War-Offices. These offices, as he has proposed them, must be regarded, first, as complete in themselves; and, secondly, as associated with other buildings yet to be planned, so that their ultimate effect may eventually be governed by the general character of the entire group. In themselves, the proposed offices constitute a really grand edifice, as in their arrangements they are most felicitously appropriate for the uses that would be required from them; and, doubtless, when more extensive works should appear, these offices, grouping with them, would then declare how well they were originally adapted to form a component of a series of buildings. Their harmony with Westminster needs not to be noticed; here they stand beyond the reach of the most hostile of objectors. Mr. Scott has exhibited two modifications of his general design; both views are distinguished by equal originality, truthfulness, and vigour, and probably the two might be so far actually combined as to produce a work which should exhibit the characteristic excellences of both. Mr. Woodward, in his No 35, has ably sustained his reputation. It is no less certain that this gentleman understands and appreciates the spirit of Gothic Art, than that he feels what the Gothic has now to do. We know not in what manner to express in stronger terms our admiration for what Mr. Woodward has sketched out in his design, than to say that we wish such congenial spirits as himself and Mr. Scott were working together. Rivals they cannot be, being brethren in Art; and most certainly it would be well for the cause of that art could such brother workmen be united in the closest fellowship. Mr. Woodward's principal *façades* appear to require some breaks, and his roofs, with their accompanying details, might be considerably improved; but his fenestration is admirable; his general grouping also, together with his plan and general arrangements, are equally excellent, while his feeling for sculpture as an accessory to architecture is beyond all praise. Mr. Street has taken, and will maintain, a position of his own in the front rank of the Gothic confederacy. His No. 129, though produced with an unavoidable rapidity which pressed hardly upon him, is worthy of the author. It shows his grasp of a subject, and his power of dealing with it as a master in his art. Compare this design with any of its classic competitors, and inquire where there appear evidences of mind, and of that faculty of conception and expression which marks the artist and the architect? No. 140, the production of Messrs. Seddon and Pritchard, is another excellent design, and yet, like Mr. Street's, it would scarcely do for the purpose proposed. These gentlemen must look forward yet more than has been their wont; they must apply, under fresh conditions, their well-stored treasures of Gothic usage and authority. In both No. 129 and No. 140, the design is scarcely less mediæval in treatment than it is in feeling; and in either case it is so complete, that the buildings afterwards to be erected could scarcely be grouped harmoniously with these foreign and war-offices. The towers which appear in these designs are very admirable, particularly Mr. Street's; and it is to be hoped that such a tower will not fail to be the crowning ornament of the entire group of the new Government Buildings. We do not desire to particularise any of the classic Renaissance designs as special examples of the unworthiness which clings to the style, even in the ablest hands. Many so-called critics have seen much to admire and praise in these productions; to us they have been simply painful, though conclusive testimonies to the justice of the views which we have long felt deeply and earnestly cherished. In common with all who have felt any interest in this competition, we shall look forward to the result with anxiety, but with that confidence which we always are prepared to repose in English honour, integrity, and justice.

THE TURNER COLLECTION.

The exhibition of Turner's pictures, recently opened in the upper apartments of Marlborough House, enables the public, for the first time, to form a just estimate of the great painter who has left such examples of his marvellous genius behind him. What a record of industry, as well as of genius, do we find within those rooms! what extraordinary indications of intense study, intellectual power, subtle observation, communion with nature, and knowledge of the capabilities and resources of Art to represent nature in every aspect to which she is subjected by seasons, atmospheric influences, and other causes! They who knew Turner only through the works of the last ten years of his life, we may almost say the last twenty, can have no possible conception of the varied greatness of his pictures: now they can see him as he showed himself throughout his long career; they may compare him with himself, for with none else can he be put into comparison; and, while inspecting and examining this glorious collection, they will feel what a magnificent inheritance this unrivalled landscape-painter has bequeathed to the nation.

The number of pictures now added to those with which the public is already acquainted is between sixty and seventy, including many of his largest and finest productions; but we are spared the necessity of describing them, as this was done in the article on the entire collection which appeared in our January number; but we have a word or two to say with reference to their present appearance.

Many of the pictures we had an opportunity of seeing just as they came from the old house in Queen Anne Street; the canvases, either rolled up or unstretched, so covered over with dust and mildew, as scarcely to admit of the subjects being recognizable: now the majority look as fresh as if just come from the painter's easel. The task—one most difficult—of cleaning and restoring devolved upon Mr. Wornum to superintend; of the manner in which it has been performed by Mr. Bentley, under Mr. Wornum's directions, every visitor will have the opportunity of judging, but, in our opinion, the work could not possibly have been better performed. The hanging is also most satisfactory, considering the size of the apartments and their general unsuitability, in comparison with what they ought to be, for the purpose: still we are glad to see them under every disadvantage, and to tender our thanks—in which we are sure all will join—to Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Wornum for making them accessible to the public at the very earliest period at which it was possible to exhibit them.

The paintings are hung, in the various apartments, in chronological order, so far as was practicable. Turner's first period includes the pictures painted prior to the year 1802, when Richard Wilson was his model; of this epoch we have among others in the same apartment, a "Study of Trees on Clapham Common," "Æneas and the Sibyl," and "A Mountain Scene with Castle." From 1802 to 1819, it is impossible to say whom he imitated, or did not imitate; then he produced his "Harvest Home," in the style of Teniers; the "Blacksmith's Forge," in that of Wilkie; a "Holy Family," and his own portrait, in imitation of Reynolds; "The Death of Nelson," a noble composition; "The Goddess of Discord in the garden of the Hesperides," in the broad and massive style of Gaspar Poussin; "Dido and Æneas," in that of Claude; the wonderful "Shipwreck;" "Calais Pier;" "Greenwich Hospital from the Park;" and several others, now to be seen at Marlborough House.

After his visit to Italy we discover another change; we see Turner alone, and altogether lose sight of any other artist, whatever his time or country. Now he produced his "Rome from the Vatican;" "The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sybyl," glowing in sunlight; the "Vision of Medea," gorgeous in colour; "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy," an exquisite composition, rich and lustrous in the hues of an evening sun; "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," full of imaginative and poetic feeling, &c. &c. And lastly, the spectator is introduced to a number of his latest works, wherein he set at defiance all recognised principles and theories of Art, and allowed his fancy to run riot wheresoever it listed; beautiful often in its extravagances, and, paradoxical as it may seem, not always untruthful in its fallacies, or what appear to be such. Among these are "The Exile and the Rock Limpet," "Rain, Steam, and Speed," "The Opening of the Walhalla," "The Sun of Venice going to Sea," "Whalers," "Pilate washing his Hands," &c. &c.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without expressing approval of the admirable descriptive catalogue, by Mr. Wornum, of the British School included in the "National Collection;" no one who is not intimately acquainted with the works of our artists ought to visit the gallery without the catalogue in his hand, if he wishes to understand what he sees. In its compilation Mr. Wornum has had very considerable difficulties to overcome; from the lapse of time since many of the pictures were painted, their wretched condition, and the unmeaning titles Turner frequently gave to his works, it must have been no easy matter to identify and name them with something like an appropriate title.

The Turner, the Vernon, and the Sheepshanks Collections are now the property, and in the hands, of the public; when will the public become so sensible of their treasures as to demand a fitting habitation for them? shall we long continue to brave the contempt of every enlightened foreigner who visits the metropolis, by the indifference England shows in the matter of her works of Art? with possessions worthy of a great and enlightened nation, we hide them in holes and corners, not as a miser hoards his gold, to keep it safely, but as if we were half ashamed of what we hold.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The following works of Art have been selected by the prize-holders of the current year, up to the period of our going to press:—

From the Royal Academy.—'The Child's Grave,' J. W. S. Mann, 200*l.*; 'Shades of Evening,' H. J. Boddington, 120*l.*; 'Falstaff proposing to Marry Dame Quickly,' D. W. Deane, 100*l.*; 'Lynmouth,' T. Webb, 75*l.*; 'Interior,' A. Provis, 60*l.*; 'Devonshire Fishing Village,' H. Jutsum, 50*l.*; 'Lausanne—Evening,' H. Moore, 50*l.*; 'The Vale of Bettws, N.W.,' F. W. Hulme, 40*l.*; 'A Fishing Harbour,' W. W. Fenn, 35*l.*; 'Marlborough Forest,' J. Stark, 35*l.*; 'Crossing the Common,' A. W. Williams, 35*l.*; 'Interior,' G. Earl, 35*l.*; 'Faces in the Fire,' J. Brett, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'Conway Castle,' J. F. Hardy, 30*l.*; 'The Bride,' A. J. Simmons, 30*l.*; 'Little Market-woman,' E. J. Cobbett, 30*l.*; 'Little Gleaner,' C. Richards, 25*l.*; 'Russ—County Wicklow,' T. F. Collier, 25*l.*; 'Valley of the Lledr,' J. F. Hardy, 25*l.*; 'Going to Market,' N. O. Lupton, 25*l.*; 'On the road to Langley,' V. Cole, 21*l.*; 'A Group in Belgium,' H. Weeks, jun., 20*l.*; 'Lynmouth Bridge and Tor, N.W.,' W. Havell, 20*l.*; 'Among the Wild Flowers,' J. D. Watson, 20*l.*

From the Royal Scottish Academy.—'Scene among the Islands of Loch Awe,' Me N. Maelean, 30*l.*

From the Society of British Artists.—'Return from Jaek Fishing,' J. Tennant, 150*l.*; 'Gipsy Camp,' W. Shayer, 80*l.*; 'Evening on the Llugwy,' J. P. Pettett, 75*l.*; 'Fern Carting,' G. Cole, 63*l*; 'Beach at the Mumbles,' G. Wolfe, 50*l.*; 'On the River Usk,' J. Tennant, 37*l.*; 'The Interrupted Meal,' G. Armfield, 36*l.* 15*s.*; 'A Hazy Morning on the Thames,' H. J. Boddington, 35*l.*; 'Rest on the Way,' E. J. Cobbett, 35*l.*; 'Crossing the Brook,' J. Hengall, 35*l.*; 'On Holmwood Common,' G. Cole, 30*l.*; 'A Country Alehouse,' W. Shayer, 30*l.*; 'Castle and Town of Heidelberg,' J. Dobbin, 30*l.*; 'Una Higa del sol,' P. H. Calderon, 30*l.*; 'Puffin Island,' J. B. Pyne, 30*l.*; 'The Mouse in Danger,' T. Clater, 30*l.*; 'Scarboro' Castle,' J. Danby, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Seene on the Mawddach,' C. Pearson, 25*l.*; 'Day after the Gale,' E. Niemann, 25*l.*; 'A Mountain Spring,' J. Hengall, 25*l.*; 'A Nook in the Conservatory,' Miss L. Rimer, 25*l.*; 'The Prawn Fisher,' W. Shayer, 25*l.*; 'Fairlight Glen,' J. Godet, 25*l.*; 'A Marvellous Tale,' E. Coekburn, 20*l.*; 'Crossing the Village Ford,' A. F. Rolfe, 20*l.*

From the National Institution.—'A Family Group,' H. B. Willis, 80*l.*; 'Winter Sunset,' G. A. Williams, 75*l.*; 'Harvester's Repast,' F. Underhill, 60*l.*; 'Early Morning,' H. B. Willis, 42*l.*; 'The Stepping Stones,' F. Underhill, 35*l.*; 'A Village in North Devon,' H. B. Gray, 35*l.*; 'On the Llugwy,' W. Williams, 35*l.*; 'The Coming Squall,' T. S. Robins, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Forresters,' H. Barraud, 25*l.*; 'Scene in Knowle Park,' H. B. Gray, 20*l.*; 'Master Ford searching for Falstaff,' R. W. Buss, 17*l.*; 'Hazy Morning,' E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., 15*l.*

From the Water-Colour Society.—'Bed of the Conway,' W. C. Smith, 35*l.*; 'Children in the Wood,' Mrs. H. Criddle, 25*l.*

From the British Institution.—'Leith Hill, Surrey,' G. Cole, 60*l.*; 'Lane Seene, October,' T. J. Soper, 35*l.*; 'English Interior,' D. W. Deane, 35*l.*; 'The Wood Piekers,' T. Earl, 30*l.*; 'Gleaners,' A. Jerome, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Blaekberry Gatherers,' G. Wells, 25*l.*; 'Mineral Spring,' J. Collinson, 25*l.*; 'Dartmouth Castle,' H. R. Taylor, 25*l.*; 'Farmyard,' G. Cole, 20*l.*; 'On the Meadows,' J. Stark, 20*l.*; 'The Unexpected Visitor,' A. J. Stark, 18*l.*

From the New Water-Colour Society.—'At Pallanza,' T. L. Rowbottom, 100*l.*; 'Sorrento, Italy,' T. L. Rowbottom, 40*l.*; 'Margate Roads,' T. S. Robins, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Stag Roeks,' Philp, 30*l.*; 'Artist's Life,' J. Absolon, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Florence,' W. Evans, 21*l.*; 'Scene off Dieppe,' T. S. Robins, 18*l.*

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PRINCESS OF BELGIUM.

F. X. Winterhalter, Painter. D. Desvachez, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3ft. 1¾ in. by 2ft. ⅞in.

Francis Xavier Winterhalter, a name that has of late years become quite familiar in the Art-circles of England and to the British public, was born at Todtnau, near Baden, in Germany. We presume that he received his early Art-education at the school of Carlsruhe, in the Grand Duchy of Baden; for M. Raezynski, in his work, "*L'Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne*," written in 1837, mentions him among the artists of that school.

The exact period of his arrival in Paris we know not, nor how he rose into favour at the court of Louis Philippe; but he received the first medal in 1836 for historical painting, and the first medal also in the following year: in 1839 he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Although he is chiefly known as a portrait-painter, he has executed some works of a purely imaginative character, as his "Decameron," "Dolce far Niente," both of which have been engraved in mezzotinto, on a large scale, by Girard, of Paris: several others, principally portraits, have also been engraved in France; and many of the portrait-pictures painted in England have been engraved here.

Winterhalter is the court painter of the day; he appears to be equally a favourite at Buckingham Palace, the Tuileries, and at Brussels: almost every member of our own illustrious royal family, from our most gracious Queen and the Prince Consort to the youngest of the royal children, has been the subject of his pencil, sometimes more than once or twice. In the Paris Great Exhibition last year, he exhibited full-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress, a half-length of the Empress, and a very striking group of the same imperial lady surrounded by her *dames d'honneur;* and if we are not mistaken, the whole of the royal family of Belgium have sat to him: he has certainly been a most fortunate artist, even admitting his talent to be a sure passport to patronage. It is certain that he possesses rare advantages as a portrait-painter.

The portrait of Charlotte, Princess of Belgium, third child and only daughter of Leopold, King of Belgium, by Maria, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, is a very charming, graceful, and unaffected picture, painted, we believe, about two years since: the Princess is now seventeen years old, the date of her birth being June 7th, 1840: she is habited in simple walking costume, a black mantle over a pink silk dress; a straw hat half shades a face of singularly sweet expression; to which the large, full and sparkling eyes impart great intelligence: we have rarely seen a countenance that, by its simple yet graceful beauty, is calculated to please us so much. Winterhalter has done the subject full justice; so too has Desvachez, a Belgian engraver, in his translation of the painter's work.

Though the position in which Leopold once stood in reference to this country has passed away, the intimacy subsisting between the royal families of England and Belgium, and the general respect entertained here for his Majesty, still seems to unite him in some degree to ourselves; moreover, the King is the uncle of our gracious and beloved Queen—being the brother of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and he is also the uncle of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Those among us whose recollection extends back nearly forty years, do not forget the deep gloom that overshadowed Great Britain, when his first wife, the young and high-minded daughter of George the Fourth, was laid in an early grave. But there are other reasons why Leopold has a claim on the respect and sympathy of Englishmen: chosen unanimously to govern a nation peculiarly circumstanced, and at a period when they had shaken off a yoke that had become burdensome to them, it required the utmost discretion and judgment on the part of their ruler to maintain the position the people had assumed, and to reconcile neighbouring states to the new dynasty and kingdom. He has executed his high and difficult task in a manner honourable to himself, and satisfactory to his subjects.

The portrait of the Princess of Belgium is in the Collection at Osborne.



F. WINTERHALTER PINXT

D. J. DESVACHEZ SCULPT

THE PRINCESS OF BELGIUM.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

PICTURE SALES.

Since our last report the collections of pictures which have been offered to public competition were of a very miscellaneous character. The first we have to notice is that formed by the notorious Leopold Redpath, which contained several first-class drawings, sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on May 23rd, at the following prices:—'Fruit Piece,' W. Hunt, 77 gs.; 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' W. Hunt, 37 gs.; 'A Frosty Morning,' W. Hunt, 47 gs.; 'The Usurper,' W. Hunt, 58 gs.; 'A Hawking Party,' F. Tayler, 41 gs.; 'Marauding Troopers,' F. Tayler, 125 gs.; 'View of Spithead, with part of the Baltic Fleet at Anchor,' E. Duncan, 74 gs.; 'The Conscript's Departure,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 178 gs.; 'A Storm and Shipwreck off Scarborough,' Copley Fielding, 89 gs.; 'A Storm off a Rocky Coast,' Copley Fielding, 74 gs.; 'Pozzuoli, near Naples,' and its companion, 'A View of Naples,' T. M. Richardson, 185 gs.; 'The Greeting in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, 152 gs.; 'Contemplation,' Margaret Gillies, 50 gs.; 'Interior of Herenthal Church,' and 'The Well of Quentin Matsys before the Tower of Antwerp Cathedral,' L. Haghe, 75 gs. The principal oil-paintings were 'The two Leonoras,' Carl Sohn, 171 gs.; 'Waterfall in the Dargle,' O'Connor, 82 gs.; 'Morning' and 'Evening,' views in Wales, by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 303 gs.; 'Dutch Pincks off Katwyk,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 140 gs.; 'View in Saxon Switzerland,' Koekkoek, 152 gs.; 'Harbour Scene,' Koekkoek, 172 gs.; 'Sweet Anne Page,' J. Sant, 80 gs.; 'The Blind Beggar,' by J. Dyckmans—a distinguished painter of the modern Belgium school—painted in 1853, 910 gs.; 'The Lock,' J. M. W. Turner, bought by Mr. Gambart for 500 gs. Redpath's collection of pictures and objects of *vertu* realised nearly £9000!

Of the collection formed by Mr. D. R. Blaine, and sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson on May 30th, several admirable drawings and oil-pictures by the late W. Müller fetched good prices, but our space forbids us to enumerate them, with the exception of a 'Sunrise on the Medway, with a View of Gillingham Church,' the figures put in by J. Linnell, which realised 122 gs.; sold to Mr. Gambart. We may also point out a fine picture, formerly in the Fonthill Collection, by A. Cuyp, 'Homeward Bound—a stiff Breeze off the Dutch Coast,' £300, bought by Mr. White; 'Landscape, with Figures and Cattle,' by N. Berghem, 198 gs.; 'Portrait of Justus Lypsius,' Rembrandt, from the Fesch Collection, 200 gs.; 'St. Jerome,' Velasquez, 230 gs.

A collection of English pictures, the property of a gentleman whose name did not transpire, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson on the 6th of June. Among the "lots" were examples of Collins, Egg, Etty, Frith, J. C. Horsley, F. Goodall, Müller, Philip, Creswick, P. Nasmyth, Linnell, Stanfield, Lee, T. S. Cooper, Webster, &c. &c. The specimens of Webster were six in number, all sketches for larger works,—viz. 'The Smile' and 'The Frown,' mounted in one frame, on the back of which is the commencement of a sketch of 'The Boy with many Friends,' 54 gs.; 'The Dame's School,' 76 gs. (Gambart); 'The Race,' 121 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Return from the Fair,' 135 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Musical Party,' 27 gs.; 'The Birthday,' 25 gs.; 'A View in Wales,' T. Creswick, 131 gs.; 'The Winding of a River near Bettws-y-Coed,' Creswick, 200 gs.; 'An English Landscape,' Callcott, 105 gs.: 'Le Bon Curé,' F. Goodall, 97 gs.; 'The Broken Bridge,' F. R. Lee, 151 gs.; 'Canterbury Cathedral from the Stour,' T. S. Cooper, 132 gs.; 'A Scene from "Comus,"' the design for the fresco in the garden-house of Buckingham Palace, C. Stanfield, 81 gs.; 'Landscape, with Cattle Drinking,' J. Linnell, 80 gs.; 'Windsor Forest,' J. Linnell, 148 gs.; 'The Negligent Brother,' W. Mulready (painted in 1824), 128 gs.; 'Gipsy Corner,' P. Nasmyth, 104 gs. (Prout); 'Carshalton Mill,' Nasmyth, 140 gs.—an autograph letter of the artist, in which he estimates the value of this picture at *fifteen pounds*, was sold with it; 'An English Landscape,' Nasmyth, painted in 1831, 111 gs. (Gambart); 'View near Lewes,' Nasmyth, 251 gs. (Gambart); 'River Scene,' Creswick and Ansdell, 80 gs.

OBITUARY.

M. EMILE JEANNEST.

The higher class of Art-manufacture in England has sustained a severe loss in the death of M. Jeannest, at the comparatively early age of forty-four. The Birmingham newspapers, in announcing his sudden removal by disease of the heart on the 7th of February last, gave a brief but highly eulogistic notice of his claims as an artist, whose talents had been successfully employed for some years in designing and realising the more important productions of the eminent house of Elkington, Mason, and Co. The materials for a memoir of him are unfortunately very scanty, and although we have been at some pains to collect a few facts connected with his early career, these resolve themselves into the simple statement that Emile Jeannest was a native of Paris, and the son of M. Louis Jeannest, a manufacturer of bronzes, in which department of art he was employed early in life. He was for a period a pupil of the celebrated Paul Delaroche, and came to England about 1845 or 1846. Prior to leaving Paris, however, he appears to have been employed by the late Duc d'Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, and by several of the French nobility. It is probable that the untimely death of his royal patron might have had something to do with his determination to try his fortune in England. He was resident in London for about two years, but does not appear to have been very successful. It was at this period that he was first employed by Mr. Herbert Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent; but the work executed appears to have been so ultra-French in its design, that after its manufacture it was not successful. Subsequently Mr. Minton induced M. Jeannest to settle for a period in the Staffordshire Potteries, and devote his attention to the production of works in parian—a material just then coming into public favour. During this period he appears to have been usefully and successfully employed in the Potteries School of Design, and laid the foundation for the education of the class of young modellers, which has proved so valuable to the staple trade of that district. About seven or eight years ago, the late Mr. Henry Elkington, of Birmingham, engaged M. Jeannest to take the direction of the Fine-Art department which he founded in connection with the manufacturing firm of which he was so distinguished a member. Here the subject of our sketch brought to bear his early experience in metallic manufactures, his fine taste and remarkable—almost unique—power over plaster material finding a full and complete field of operation. The success of his productions were co-incident with the success and reputation of the important house for which he laboured, and it is not too much to say that the genius and versatility of M. Jeannest, his remarkable knowledge alike of the minutest detail in ornament as in the human figure and animals, did much to elevate the productions of Messrs. Elkington to the position now almost universally assigned to them. During the whole period of his engagement in Birmingham he continued from time to time to design and model for Messrs. Minton; and some of the finest reproductions of majolica ware exhibited by this firm at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and which called forth so much laudation, were the work of M. Jeannest.

As a draughtsman and modeller his skill was almost perfect, so thoroughly did he appear to master at once the idea sought to be realised, and the material in which it was to be wrought out. As a designer, his residence in England, his love of English habits, and even modes of English thought, had a most beneficial effect upon his taste; and with that remarkable power of adaptability, which was certainly one of his leading characteristics, he appears to have fallen into a track suitable to the taste and wants of his adopted country. The exuberance of his fancy was sobered, and the faults of the school in which he had been trained were subdued,—the result being a chastening of style and comparative severity of treatment, where in a less genuine artist tameness and insipidity would have ensued.

M. Jeannest's chief characteristic as a man was that of exceeding *bonhommie*. In this he was more English than French. He was a favourite with all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, and especially so with those who acted under him or with him in the course of his labours as an artist. His quiet, earnest manner—the genuine modesty with which he showed whatever he had in hand, and (as it happened at one period that he kindly undertook to supply the want of a modelling master in the Birmingham School of Art), the thorough worship, if the term may be used, with which he was at all times met by his pupils,—were all points to be remembered. His power of explanation, *viva voce*, was very limited, as even in his own language he was no great talker: but the effect of his touches upon the work of a student was, at times, something marvellous, and better than any amount of mere lecture. It was hoped, at one time, that his services would have been secured as the responsible modelling master of the Birmingham School; but the arrangements of the Department of Science and Art, and the want of local means, effectually precluded the possibility of adequately remunerating a special man of M. Jeannest's powers: apart from the fact that such men do not care to associate themselves in a work where efficiency is condemned to the levelling process of a stereotyped routine, which, however well adapted to act as a spur upon listless mediocrity, or as a check upon slip-shod discipline and loose organisation, certainly acts as a drag-chain upon earnest and intelligent workers. Men of zeal and experience shrink from being tested by a standard which recognises quantity, in strict accordance with the prescribed metropolitan formula, as superior to any amount of excellence obtained by an intelligent adaptation of the instruction given to special local requirements. The assumption, too, that the youths engaged in the manufactories of a town like Birmingham have the same time at their command, can attend as long a period, and as regularly, as the Art-student whose sole business it is to study his art, is fatal to a fair judgment upon the results of the instruction imparted in the more advanced studies, such as that of modelling, painting, design, &c. Hence the astonishment sometimes expressed that the female students of schools of Art are so nearly on a level with, sometimes in advance of, the male students. The explanation is plain enough. The former are usually of a class who can afford time to attend during the day, when the more showy works are executed. The male students are generally of the artizan class, whose evenings alone are at their disposal, and whose Art-knowledge must be obtained after a hard day's labour in the workshop. This is certainly the case in our large manufacturing towns. In other places where schools of Art have been established, it is possible that many of the male students may be of a different class, and thus enabled to attend at hours more suited to the work they may have in hand. This class, however, has nothing in common with the modellers, die-sinkers, chasers, &c., of a town like Birmingham. To have engaged M. Jeannest for the mere *dilettanti* teaching, would have been a waste of money and talent; but it is impossible to calculate what his influence might have been upon the future modellers, &c., of Birmingham, had his services been secured for even the two or three years prior to his death. A rare opportunity for a great and valuable experiment was lost, such, in fact, as may never occur again; through the want of a clear perception of the special local wants of an important town and district.

That it will be a long period before M. Jeannest's place is fully supplied in the decorative and ornamental arts of this country, is certain. His influence, however, has been too great to be easily obliterated; and his best works will, at some future period, be quoted as examples of that influence at a period when professors of Art, *par excellence*, knew little or nothing of ornamental design, notwithstanding all the absurd talk about the influence of fine pictures or fine statues upon the Art-manufactures of the country: since any man who has studied *both* must declare, if he dare honestly to avow it, that there is but little connection between the two, and that that connection can only be seen and appreciated by such minds as that of the subject of our memoir. These, looking at Art in all its bearings, assign to each speciality its own position, and never dream of mixing up in one universal jumble of so-called principles, the æsthetics of a

tea-pot or a calico-print with that of a sketchy daub from Lake Como, or the last new portrait-statue of some illustrious nobody, done in native brass. There are some strange Art-doctrines enunciated here and there in Sir Joshua Reynolds' lectures, which of course people have believed, because the said Sir Joshua wrote them; but of these, few have misled earnest and orthodox, but not over logical, advocates of Art-education, more than that oft-quoted passage about the intimate relation between the progress of the Fine Arts and their influence on commerce. We have often thought that if its author could have seen the use made of his not very profound illustration of the value of the pictorial arts to trade, he would have done something similar to the action ascribed to him, when

"They talk'd of their Titians, Correggios, and stuff,"—

that is,

"—shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff!"

Birmingham. G. W.

D. T. COULTON, ESQ.

A few words to the memory of this lamented gentleman cannot be out of place in the *Art-Journal;* for, although not an artist, the late editor of the *Press* newspaper was one who loved Art, and laboured long and earnestly for its extension and elevation. Moreover, occasions are not to be neglected when affection may go hand in hand with duty to mourn over the grave of departed worth; and it is a pleasant, though a mournful task, to record that excellence by which society has been influenced, and testify to those virtues which have been largely and continually exercised for the good of mankind.

In the late editor of the *Press* the world has lost the thoughtful, fruitful man, whose memory is endeared by all the higher and better sympathies of toil. Mr. Coulton was born at Devizes, in Wiltshire, 1810, and was the grandson of the Rev. J. Coulton, Dean of Bristol. His father died during his early childhood. His delicate health confined him to his home, but he had the advantage of a private tutor, and the still more important teaching of an intelligent mother, and a loving, accomplished sister, who shared his more boyish studies simply because they were his. A home-loving, delicate youth frequently seeks, at once, repose and employment in literature: at a very early age Mr. Coulton contributed both poetry and prose to the periodicals of the time. In 1839 he founded the *Britannia* newspaper, and from that time, with but a short interval, his mind, able as ardent, was concentrated on politics and public events. We quote the opinion of one of his dearest friends as to his line of conduct, because it embodies all we desire to say on what was the leading object of his life:—"The line of politics mainly adopted by him in the *Britannia* was to extend and popularise the principles of Conservatism, and to uphold national Protestantism as embodied in the institutions of the realm. He had nearly all the merits which mark the English schools of political writers. His understanding was singularly plastic, and he could contract or expand an argument with rare dexterity of logic. While endowed with no ordinary imaginative power, his reasoning faculties were of the highest order, but their chief felicity was in the application of ascertained principles to the sudden emergencies produced by social changes. Always popular in his mode of composition, he could be profound in his treatment of complexed questions."

In 1847 Mr. Coulton withdrew from active journalism, and sold the *Britannia* in 1850; he then imagined himself "settled" at Goudhurst, in Kent. Married to a most amiable and attractive lady, he endeavoured to realise an elisium, without politics, and "took to" farming, occasionally contributing to the *Quarterly Review*, and publishing a remarkable novel, called "Fortune," which was too full of thought and wisdom to be popular among mere novel readers.

But this "quiet" was too quiet for an earnest working mind, and in 1854 he yielded to the solicitation of "friends," and, putting on his old armour, betook himself with renewed strength to the editorship of the *Press:* devoting himself with the energy and zeal of youthood, and the firmness and boldness of manhood, to his new work. Not the watching patience and remonstrance of his friend-sister—not the loving tenderness of his young wife—not the caresses of those children whom he loved more than his own life,—could ever induce him to care for himself, or to think of himself while work was to be done; and even when the toils of the *Press* were ended for the night, his strong active mind urged him to labour which might have tried the strength of a Goliah. His attainments in mechanics were considerable; he invented a new kind of atmospheric railway, which received the favourable notice of several scientific men; he had matured a plan for a most important literary undertaking, which is now in progress. Mr. Murray has secured the copyright of a work, upon which has been lavished the treasures of his genius, and the result of his keen, clear observation—it is called "The Threshold of Life."

But his varied talents and attainments, however great, could not have secured him the hearts of his friends; it is one thing to admire, another to love. He combined abilities of the highest class with the purest and kindliest virtues. We have had few sounder, and none who were more generous, critics; the knowledge he had gathered by long and continuous toil, he loved to distribute freely; his taste was delicate and refined; his judgment was solid and practical, while his fancy was excursive and often brilliant. Though occupied for a long period as a political writer, and during times of stormy discussion and party asperity—feeling and writing strongly—he was ever honourably and sternly JUST; zealous for the cause he believed right, but tolerant of opposition and liberal to opponents. Among his private friends he numbered many who in politics were his "adversaries."

In his life as in his works he was an honour to "the order" to which he belonged; and though, from constitutional delicacy and a natural indisposition to mix much with "the world," he was but little known out of his more immediate circle, he was esteemed and respected by all with whom he associated: no man was ever more loved—or merited to be more loved—by the family and friends by whom his home was made happy.

A. M. H.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

ON Saturday, the 13th of June, the Annual Exhibition of Old Masters was opened to private view at this Institution, with a collection of 168 pictures, principally of the foreign schools; and representing a term in Art from the days of Giotto to our own time, with examples of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, and, as usual, a limited selection of specimens of deceased members of our own school. We look always here for the gems of the various collections from which the contributions are generally supplied; and there are always some famous pictures, which, even without the *prestige* accorded to them by just criticism, would excite the admiration of persons of taste. Among those now exhibited are a few valuable works from the Orleans and the Camuccini Collections, on which no doubt can be cast, because they can be traced to the easels of the painters. We are led to make the last observation from a knowledge that many of our private collections contain works of at least doubtful authenticity: whenever the history of a picture is unknown, and it does not contain the highest qualifications of the master to whom it is attributed, there is always room to doubt its authenticity. There are pictures to which the name of Rembrandt is attached very much better in execution than Rembrandt ever could work; the real value of such work being ten shillings, whereas, if there were incontrovertible proof of its being a veritable picture, a thousand pounds or more would be its value. And so it is with other works, so extensive and skilful, at various times, have been the imitations of the best and most valuable works: Raffaelle, Murillo, Domenichino, Salvator, Guido, Leonardo, Titian—nay, all whose works bear a tempting value have been imitated. But, to address ourselves to the collection before us, No. 4 in the catalogue is a grand gallery picture by Guercino, with rather a long descriptive title—"St. Louis di Gonzaga, eldest son of the Duke of Mantua, who abdicated his succession to the dukedom in favour of his brother, and entered the Society of the Jesuits." There is but little in the composition, but it is a grand and impressive work. An angel calls the attention of the devotee to the crucifix before which he kneels in adoration. It is not so careful as to the extremities of the figures as we have seen some of the other works of Guercino, but we feel at once the intention of the painter. 'Isabella Lady de la Warr,' by VANDYKE, is an admirable portrait in excellent condition, very Henrietta-like; much superior to the 'Duke of Richmond,' also by Vandyke, who has given to his Grace lower limbs of quality exceedingly indifferent. No. 7 is a 'Portrait of Sebastian del Piombo,' by ROSSO FIORENTINO; but Sebastian looks too much of a gentleman to be the same "quel pittore che piombó," whose office it was to lead the Pope's wine; it is, however, an imposing portrait. 'The Ordination of St. Denis,' by LE SUEUR, is a substantial Vandyke-like work; and 'Christ Betrayed,' VANDYKE, has one or two good heads, but it is generally loosely painted. 'Our Saviour Casting out Spirits,' by GAROFALO, is remarkable for the elevated character given to the Saviour and the disciples Peter and John, by whom he is accompanied; a marvellously elaborate work.

'Il Riposo,' MURILLO, is in colour and arrangement a charming picture; the relief and oppositions are better than is generally found in the works of the painter; the varieties of grey are most valuable. 'The Baptism of Christ,' GUIDO, has not much of the feeling of the master. Guido studied most carefully from the Niobe family, but this work is hard and defective in drawing. 'The Virgin and Child,' MURILLO: the draperies are coloured like those of Murillo, but the study seems to have been made without refinement from a model in low life: we cannot see the master in the work. 'Portrait of a Man in a Ruff,' by RUBENS, is quite good enough for Rubens, being really a fine and luminous head of the warm class. 'A Seaport,' by CLAUDE, is a small picture, in composition similar to that in the national collection, the sun being low in the horizon in the centre of the picture. A small picture of much excellence—'Head of the Virgin,' SASSOFERRATO, is a simple study of much purity and simplicity, but without expression. It seems to have formed a portion of a larger picture. 'A Female at a Well,' by GIORGIONE, is the elegant picture in the possession of the Royal Academy. 'A Landscape, with Diana and her Nymphs,' by DOMENICHINO, is a curious essay in landscape composition, whence it may be inferred that the master had but little feeling in that direction. 'The Portrait of a Philosopher,' by SPAGNOLETTO, is a very forcible head. It seems to have been cleaned; from the present appearance of it, we think it had better have remained as it was. 'Rembrandt's Mother:' Remhrandt has not at all flattered his mother here; he has, on the contrary, exerted himself to give an exact account of every furrow in the old lady's face. 'A Landscape and Figures,' by BERGHEM, is a beautiful work; but Berghem left it as it ought to be now—that is, the glazes have deepened, and extinguished the middle distance detail. A worthy pendant to the work is another 'Landscape and Figures,' by BOTH, characterised by all the airy mellowness of the master: these are the landscapes to live in; the damp ground and cold air of Ruysdael kill people of delicate constitutions in three weeks. Near these, in the middle room, we have an exceedingly grey but very minutely painted landscape by WYNANTS and LINGLEBACH—a picture of much merit, apparently painted on the spot it represents. 'Live Fowls,' by HONDEKOETER, in which figure pea-fowls with a variety of very carefully drawn birds, is a very excellent example of the master. 'Our Saviour receiving the Soul of the Virgin,' GIOTTO, is supposed to be the work once in the Ognisanti, at Florence, and mentioned by Vasari as much praised by Michael Angelo. In 'A Fresh Breeze,' N. VANDERVELDE, the ships are drawn with infinite knowledge and *finesse*, but the water is certainly too black and opaque. 'The Virgin and Saints,' by CIMA DA CONEGLIANO, contains conceptions of the Virgin and the disciples, but brought together without relation between themselves.

'A Merrymaking,' JAN STEEN, is a composition entirely in the spirit of the master, the scene

being the principal apartment in a household in low life, in which rough jokes and athletic sports seem to be the prevailing taste. The colour is cold and severe, like that of Jan Steen generally. An example of MIGNARD—a portrait of Madame de Montespan—is a work of much sweetness for its period. A 'Landscape and Figures,' by KIERINGS and POELEMBERG, has much grandeur of feeling, but the universal round touch with which the foliage is made out wearies the eye with its monotony. There is not the liquid finish about the picture which we have seen in other works of Poelemberg. A 'Portrait of a Doge,' by TINTORETTO, presents the sitter in profile; it is very freely wrought, and we recognise at once in the impersonation the chief magistrate of the Venetian republic. A 'Landscape and Figures,' RUYSDAEL, shows of course, as a principal quantity, a group of large trees overhanging a pool of water. The line and tone are taken up by other trees, and carried under necessary modifications into distance. The foliage is painted in the most masterly style, but, as we have already remarked of Ruysdael, his are not landscapes in which we could live comfortably. 'A Fresh Breeze, with Men of War,' by VANDERVELDE, is another of the high-conditioned pictures by this artist, in which the ships are most beautifully made out, but the sea, as before, is too opaque.

In the south room—that in which we usually look for examples of our own school—are some fresh and beautiful works of many schools—as 'Flowers,' RACHEL RUYSCH; 'Landscape and Figures,' G. POUSSIN; 'Interior of a Church,' P. NEEFS—somewhat hard, but exemplifying the most patient elaboration; 'Woody Landscape,' HOBBIMA; 'Exterior of a Cabaret,' METZU; 'Family Portraits,' REYNOLDS; 'Courtship,' TENIERS—exhibiting the very best qualities of the artist; 'A Woody Landscape,' VANDERNEER; 'A Forest Scene,' HOBBIMA—a production of much natural truth; 'A Lady and Gentleman,' GONZALES; 'The Gazette,' TENIERS—a work of great power, depth, and beauty, and how superior to the works of contemporary painters! 'Landscape and Figures,' KARL DUJARDIN; 'Portrait of Dr. Johnson,' GAINSBOROUGH—the best portrait we know of the great lexicographer. There is another well-known portrait in the collection—that of Sterne, by HOLME, in which the subject is represented resting his head on his hand. There are also portraits of West, by HARLOW, and General Paoli, by LAWRENCE, and of Mrs. Siddons, also by LAWRENCE; and 'The Bridge of Verona,' by CANALETTO; 'The Couch of Diana,' STOTHARD; 'Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey,' by CANALETTO; 'Fête Champêtre,' WATTEAU; 'Hubert and Prince Arthur in Prison,' NORTHCOTE; 'Landscape and Figures,' JAN STEEN; 'A Frosty Scene,' HOBBIMA; with numerous other works of great and varied interest which we have not space even to name.

It not unfrequently occurs in this exhibition—by no means the least interesting of the season, although modern Art has made such rapid advances of late years—that we have an epitome—accidental of course—of the progress of some one of the acknowledged schools of Art, now Dutch, then Spanish, at another time of some of the local Italian schools; but amid the excellent works now on the walls of the British Institution, the examples are fitful and fragmentary.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION
FOR PROMOTING
THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

EXHIBITION OF PRIZES.

THIS society, we presume, acts upon a principle similar to that practised by the Glasgow Art-Union—that is, they reserve for themselves the selection of the prizes, which is at once seen by the quality of the pictures. The catalogue is not numerous, but every picture in the collection has more or less of quality to recommend it. It is, we believe, the first time that the Royal Association have exhibited their prizes in London; the reputation of the Glasgow Art-Union Exhibitions may have suggested this. The pictures have, we believe, all been selected from the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, and, curiously enough, they are all marked by certain common features of our school,—but peculiar to themselves as a selection. With these prizes there are exhibited certain pictures, the property of the Association, which have been purchased with the view of forming a collection of the works of Scottish painters. The most remarkable of these is "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," by J. N. PATON, R.S.A., painted in 1850, and acquired by the Association at the cost of £700; a production of exquisite fancy, full everywhere of fairy figures and appropriate material. Another is "The Porteous Mob," by DRUMMOND, painted in 1856, and purchased for £400; a picture also of great power in another class of subject. "Dawn Revealing the New World to Columbus," by HARVEY, painted in 1855, price £315; and a fourth, "Inverlochy Castle," by HORATIO MACCULLOCH, purchased this year for £200 from the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy. It is a large picture, presenting an extremely romantic passage of scenery. The ruin stands at the brink of a lake, the view being immediately closed by lofty and rugged mountains; it is low and broad in tone, with much elevation of feeling. Among the prizes of the first class there is another by Mr. MACCULLOCH, "A Summer day in Skye—View of the Cullin Mountains," which represents a kind of scenery not met with on our mainland coasts. The next in cost is "Irish Pilgrims," £180, by ERSKINE NICOL, in which are seen a company of Irish pilgrims kneeling in devotion before a cross; also among the highest prizes, "The Port of London," S. BOUGH. "The Shadow on the Path" (£105), JAMES ARCHER, A.; and "A Nameless Rill" (£100), WALLER H. PATON. In the former of the two last works we see a lady seated in a garden bower with her child; she contemplates a miniature of her absent husband, an officer, of course on active service: from the nearest site a shaded garden walk runs into the picture, in which appears a figure in black approaching. The figure is well drawn, and the whole vigorously painted, but the point of the story is by no means clear. The picture entitled, "A Nameless Rill" is a signal triumph of patience. The subject is simply a thread of water dripping over a stone, near which lies here and there exposed stones and earth coloured with the richest hues of ferruginous deposits; the rill is overhung by a tree admirably drawn, and the herbage all round is marvellous in execution; but the ferns are too *blue*—we say blue, because their intensity is all but blue. We do not look at—we do not see—nature thus. A single leaf of that fern looked at apart might be of that colour, but by association nature subdues all importunate intensities. Other remarkable pictures are "Lochaline Castle—Sound of Mull," H. MACCULLOCH; "Llewelyn and his brave hound Gelert;" "Politicians," A. H. BURR—an excellent production of the cottage-interior class, but feeble here and there in drawing; "Skaters—Duddingston Loch by Moonlight," CHARLES LEES, R.S.A.—a work of excellent quality, the figures are spirited, and the moonlight unexceptionable; "Psyche's Dream," R. HENDERSON; bust in marble, "La Penserosa," W. BRODIE; "Un Giorno Magro," JOHN A. HOUSTON, R.S.A.; "Polly Peachum," W. B. JOHNSTONE, R.S.A.—the figure firmly painted as to the drapery and skilfully brought out, but the flesh painting is weak; "A Quiet Lane near Comrie, Perthshire," and "A Study of a Beach-tree, Comrie," both by A. PERIGAL, A., and elaborately painted from nature; "Sketches of Irish Character," E. NICOL, A.; "Boathouse near Eyemouth," R. T. ROSS, A.; "Ralph presenting Hudibras's Letter," W. DOUGLAS, R.S.A.; "Highland Cottages," WALLER H. PATON; "The Housewife," JOHN BURR; "Glen Sannox," GEORGE SIMSON, R.S.A.; "On the Black Mount, Argyleshire," KENNETH MACLEAY; "Old Mill, Cheshire," G. F. HARGITT—a very brilliant picture; "Sunset near Edinburgh," G. F. HARGITT; "Twilight," D. O. HILL, R.S.A.; "The Linn of Muick," J. GILES, R.S.A.; "Arran from the large Cumbrae," J. MILNE DONALD; "The Edge of the Forest," ALEXANDER FRASER; "Sidrophel," W. DOUGLAS, R.S.A., and some masterly drawings by W. S. LEITCH, of which the subjects are "Loch Marce," "The Lake of Geneva," "Near Callander," "View in the Italian Tyrol," and "Glenfalloch"—the whole forming one of the least exceptionable prize exhibitions we have ever seen.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—"At a general assembly of the Royal Academicians, held on the 16th June, Frederick Richard Pickersgill, Esq., was elected an Academician; and George Thomas Doo, Esq., an Academician engraver." These elections cannot fail to be satisfactory; Mr Pickersgill has long been a distinguished artist—he has amply merited any distinction that can be conferred upon him—the only cause of regret being, that he did not obtain it long ago, for it is certain that long ago he was entitled to it. The observation applies with equal, or perhaps greater, force to Mr. J. H. Foley, who would do honour to any academy of Europe. He will have to wait for his proper position at least another year. These are evils for which there is but one remedy; that remedy cannot be delayed much longer. Mr. Doo also has been famous in his profession for more than a quarter of a century, and his promotion comes when the benefit is comparatively small.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—The *Times* has informed the public that "Baron Marochetti is at present engaged in a colossal monument to the Duke of Wellington, which will be raised in St. Paul's, *if the design meets the approval of Government.*" The *Times*, surely, cannot be aware that a competition for this very monument has been "invited" by the Government; that at this moment fifty models, by British artists alone, are collected at Westminster Hall; that a large number, in addition, are expected from foreign sculptors; and that judges are to be named, by whom awards are to be made, and upon whom will devolve the duty of selecting, from these models, that which is to be "raised in St. Paul's." The *Times*, therefore, is grievously in error, unless the competition be a farce, and the "judges" a delusion. The writer in the *Times* has seen the Baron Marochetti's work,—not the model, but "the colossal monument;" for he thus describes it:—"An imitative door of bronze is to be placed between two of the interior pilasters, and on the steps leading to it will sit a gigantic figure of Victory, with outspread wings, supposed to be the constant companion of the hero, even to the tomb. Above the door will stand an equestrian statue of the duke, while on pedestals on each side of the steps will be seated two figures symbolising civil and military honour. The nude figure of Victory, hereafter to be dressed, is now nearly finished, and a grandeur of design by no means common in our public monuments is already indicated." If this be the colossal shadow of a coming event,—foreknown and pre-arranged,—and some seventy or eighty sculptors of all countries have been deluded, by hope and faith, into a large expenditure, the public will find a word that justice and honour will apply to "the Government;" but, at present, we hope it would be difficult to find ten men in the kingdom who could believe that a course so atrocious has been contemplated, much less settled.

THE SITE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—After all, the national pictures are to remain where they are—where some of them are, that is to say, for the Turner and Vernon Collections are at Marlborough House, and the Sheepshanks Collection is at Kensington; the former must be removed at no distant period, and where they are to go is a mystery as yet: certainly there will not be space for them in Trafalgar Square, unless the Royal Academy, with its schools, library, lecture-room, and exhibition-rooms, receive immediate "notice to quit." And then what is to become of this body, with those "rights" of which they undoubtedly stand possessed? The *Times*, who defends the stationary principle, deals with the question on one only of its grounds—*i. e.*, the convenience of the situation; but the subject is to be tried by several other considerations. The end will be, we imagine, that the barracks and workhouse behind the National Gallery will be removed, and a structure erected worthy of the nation on "the finest site in Europe."

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM "is now open to the public both in the daytime and the evening. Besides the various collections of architecture, sculpture, patented inventions, &c., the Sheepshanks pictures will be exhibited in the new gallery erected expressly to receive them. The admission of the public to the museum lighted up in the evening is the first experiment of the kind with

a public institution, and, it is hoped, will be acceptable to those who work in the daytime." This announcement cannot fail to be received with exceeding gratification; it will be difficult to overrate the sources of enjoyment and instruction thus opened out to the metropolis and its tens of thousands of daily visitors. There has been no incident of modern times so certainly productive of good—no event so likely to contribute to the higher and holier purposes of Art. A SCHOOL is thus formed under the best possible circumstances, while a new means of daily delight is placed within the reach of all.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH PICTURES IN NEW YORK.—A project has been started, to which we cordially wish success; it is to form an Exhibition of British Pictures in New York, to be opened at the close of the present year. M. Rosetti acts as secretary. A prospectus, signed by that gentleman, was forwarded to us too late to receive the consideration to which it is entitled; and which therefore must be postponed. The project will be either a great success or a deplorable failure; we scarcely anticipate a medium: if the former, it will be productive of largely beneficial results. We confess, however, we are not sanguine as to the results. The time is too short; the Manchester Exhibition absorbs many pictures that may be had as "loans," and generally there will be an indisposition to transfer works *immediately* from the Exhibition for a long period. If this plan be put off until the autumn of next year, there can be no doubt of its being an entire success.

THE TURNER MEDAL.—Mr. Baily has been selected by the Royal Academicians, from amongst the sculptors in their body, to prepare a design for the medal founded by them, in conformity with the desire of the late Mr. Turner, as his prize for landscape painting.

THE PROFESSORSHIP OF SCULPTURE.—Speaking of the Royal Academy,—how is it, we may ask, that steps have not been taken ere now to fill up the vacancy in the body of its professors, occasioned by the death of the late Sir Richard Westmacott? The duties of the office have now been in abeyance a considerable time; and supposing such an office to be—as, of course, it is—a want of the Academy, there is in this matter a neglect by which the students of Sculpture must be supposed to suffer.

NATIONAL COLLECTIONS.—In the year 1856-57 the sum total of 202,467*l.* was expended on national collections, against 228,866*l.* in 1855-56. 46,490*l.* were appropriated to the British Museum establishment, 49,768*l.* to the buildings, and 20,454*l.* to purchases; 12,077*l.* to the National Gallery; 5815*l.* to scientific works and experiments; 500*l.* to the Royal Geographical Society; 58,966*l.* to the Department of Science and Art; 7312*l.* to the Museum of Practical Geology; and 1000*l.* to the Royal Society. The total amount expended on the purchase and laying out of the Kensington Gore estate from 1851 to 1856 inclusive is 277,309*l.*

VALUE OF OLD ENGRAVINGS.—It may surprise some of our readers to know the large prices frequently paid for rare old engravings. At a recent sale by Messrs. Christie and Manson, of a collection of these works of Art, the following are worthy of note:—By Desnoyers—'La Belle Jardinière,' after Raffaelle; a brilliant proof before letters, 31 gs. 'La Vierge au Linge,' after the same; first state before letters, 14*l.* 15*s.* By Garavaglia—'Madonna della Sedia,' after Raffaelle; first proof before letters, 15½ gs. By Longhi—'The Magdalen,' after Correggio; proof before letters, 24 gs. 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' after Raffaelle; brilliant proof before letters, 41*l.* By Morghen—'The Aurora,' after Guido; fine proof, 30*l.* 'The Madonna della Sedia,' after Raffaelle; proof before letters, 14 gs. 'General Moncada,' after Vandyck; rare proof before letters, 23*l.* 10*s.* 'The Magdalen Praying,' after Murillo; brilliant proofs before letters, 19*l.* By Müller—'The Madonna de St. Sisto,' after Raffaelle; fine proof, 49 gs. 'St. John,' after Domenichino; fine proof, with the letters, 28 gs. By Pontius—'Rubens, with Hat on his Head,' after his own picture; fine proof, 12*l.* By Strange—'Charles I. in his Robes,' after Vandyck; proof with all the margin, 44*l.* 'Charles I. with his Equerry,' after the same; proof in the first state, 19*l.* By Toschi—'Descent from the Cross,' after D. da Volterra; artist's proof before letters, 12 gs. 'The Correggio Frescoes:' fine India proofs before letters. The lot consisted of twenty-four plates selected and signed by the engravers, 42 gs. By Vandyck—(his own etchings). These consist of—1. 'His own Portrait.' in the first state; the pure etching. 2. 'Francis Snyders,' ditto. 3. 'Justus Suttermans,' first state. 4. 'Paul de Vos,' first state; the pure etching. 5. 'Titian and his Mistress,' first state; and three others, 55*l.* 9*s.*

MONUMENTAL SCULPTURES.—The subscribers to the memorial of Mr. J. Brotherton, late M.P. for Salford, have decided upon erecting a monument over his grave in the Salford Cemetery, and a bronze statue of the deceased, on a granite pedestal, in Peel Park. Mr. Noble has received the commission to execute the latter work, for which we hear he is to be paid 1000 guineas: this sculptor appears to be in high favour at Salford; last month we noticed his statue of the Queen recently erected in Peel Park.—The inhabitants of Montrose—the birthplace of another active member of the House of Commons who has "rested from his labours," the late Joseph Hume—are raising subscriptions for a monument to his memory, to be erected in Montrose: the sum of £500 has already been collected, and two or three artists have been applied to for designs.

Mr. BURFORD'S new Panorama of Sierra Leone, recently opened in Leicester Square, is one of the best pictures, looking at it merely as a work of Art, that we have ever seen even from his well-practised hand. The subject, indeed, may not possess the absorbing attraction of a Crimean siege or a Russian coronation, but it can never be without much interest to all who value the freedom of every nation on the face of the earth: the subject is highly picturesque, and, moreover, it is beautifully painted. The view spread out before the eye of the spectator is from the top of Signal Hill, where, by the way, a group of figures, English ladies and gentlemen, are enjoying themselves, "pic-nicing;" below, on the right, is the small city of Freetown, distant about three-quarters of a mile: on an elevated spot of ground, a little way out of the city, are the barracks for the troops. As the visitor to the gallery proceeds round it to the right, his eye will follow the range of hills, with the noted peaks "Leicester" and "Sugar-Loaf;" in front of the latter, though considerably in advance, is the missionary establishment, which, embosomed amid masses of fine trees, might very easily be mistaken for an English farmhouse; in fact, there are many parts of the scenery that have more of an European complexion than a tropical; the foliage of the trees generally—always excepting, as of course, the palm and cotton-trees—seems to us of this character. Not very far from Freetown is the village of Wilberforce, altogether African in its appearance; and on the opposite side of the Sierra Leone river lie the low marshy flats, called the Bullom country, richly clothed with vegetation. The landscape is dotted, in many parts, with the huts of the natives, and enlivened with figures occupied in various operations of husbandry. The sketches from which the picture is painted were made by Mr. S. Johnson.

NEW CHINESE GREEN DYE.—The attention of silk-dyers has of late been turned to a new kind of bluish-green, imported from China, and which produces a beautiful effect by candle-light. The composition of this green has tried the ingenuity of chemists, many of whom are now engaged in seeking a substitute, equal in quality, to this Chinese produce, and offering the advantage of a lower price, since the original article is sold at the enormous rate of 500 francs per kilogramme. M. de Montigny, French Consul, in China, having received instructions from the Minister of Commerce to obtain information on the subject, at length succeeded in obtaining, in 1854, the seeds of the plant which produces this green, and sent them to Paris. This year the Chamber of Commerce, at Lyons, has received a valuable communication from Father Helot, a missionary in China, on the cultivation of the plant, which he calls *Rhanmus sinensis*. It is a species of alder-tree, rising to the height of from eight to nine feet, and there is every reason to believe that the colour in question may be obtained from some plant of the same family indigenous in France. With this view the Chamber of Commerce, at Lyons has just offered a prize of 6000 francs for the discovery of a process by which the China green may be produced at a cost not exceeding 100 francs per kilogramme.

THE LATE MR. SCOTT ARCHER.—A subscription is in progress for the benefit of the destitute young family of Mr. Archer, the discoverer of the application of Collodion to photography. The list is headed by her Majesty's donation of twenty guineas, and is followed by another, from the Photographic Society, to the amount of fifty pounds. So large is the number of individuals who take an interest in photography, many of whom have derived substantial advantages from the discovery, that we shall feel much surprised if a considerable sum is not raised for so worthy an object as is contemplated in its disposal. Sir William Newton has undertaken the office of treasurer of the fund, at 226, Regent Street.

HERR CARL WERNER.—An error which appeared in our number last month requires correction: it was stated in the notice of an exhibition of water-colour drawings, at 49, Pall-Mall, that the artist's name is *Wagner;* it should be *Werner*. Many of our readers doubtless remarked the mistake, as Herr Werner is not a regular exhibitor in London.

STATUE TO HANDEL.—While so many are deriving enjoyment from the bequests of this great man, it is well they should know that efforts are making to erect a statue to his honour in the place of his birth. English lovers of his divine art are invited to contribute to the funds necessary for this purpose, which they may do through Sir George Smart, by whom a sub-committee has been formed in London; or through the treasurer, Henry F. Broadwood, Esq. The statue of Handel has been executed by Herr Heidel, of Berlin. It will be inaugurated at Halle, in 1859, on the 13th April, the centenary anniversary of the death of the great composer; and the projected memorial is aided by the King of Prussia, and other sovereigns of Germany. It would be a reproach to England to be inactive in such a cause: Handel belongs almost as much to us as he does to the Germans,—perhaps more to us than to them. His glorious compositions have been the delights of four generations of the English, and have been the safest and best foundations of musical taste among us. We owe a large debt to his memory, and ought to pay it in part; more especially now, when the mingled harmonies of two thousand voices are yet in our ears and our hearts.

FLOWER-POTS IN GLASS MOSAIC.—Mr. Stevens, to whose works in glass mosaic we have frequently made reference, has recently introduced a novelty in the art—adapting it very gracefully to flower-pots intended to grace the drawing-room. Although not of a costly character, they are exceedingly elegant, and cannot fail to obtain general popularity where novel objects of taste are coveted. The glass mosaic is introduced in panels between ribs of pure white cement, hardened and polished, the mosaic being of various patterns—some of them taken from those examples of snow crystals, engravings of which have been published in the *Art-Journal*, by Mr. Glasier. The pot is lined with zinc, so as to contain either mould or water, and to act either as a vase for cut flowers, or a bed for plants. It is difficult to convey an accurate idea of these graceful accessories to home enjoyments, but a visit to the establishment of Mr. Stevens, at Pimlico, will be repaid by an examination of many specimens.

THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.—The "managers" of the Soulages Collection have issued a circular to the subscribers of the Guarantee Fund, discharging them of all liability, by informing them that, Government having declined the purchase, the collection had been purchased for the sum of £13,500 by the committee of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester, who at the close of the exhibition will offer it for sale to the city of Manchester at the price of £14,175; and in the event of its being declined, will dispose of it by public auction. The original cost of the collection was £11,000, the sum being augmented by interest, commission, insurance, &c.; and by the very large and apparently unaccountable charge of £452 19*s.* 2*d.* for "printing and binding catalogues," lessened, however, by £97 11*s.* for catalogues sold. There is another item not easily understood, entitled "clerical assistance."

"ARMED SCIENCE."—The marble statue of "Armed Science," executed by John Bell, has been placed in the Woolwich mess-room; it was presented

by Colonel Adair and the artillery department of the service, and was inaugurated by a full regimental dinner at Woolwich barracks, on the 4th June; the commandant, General Sir F. Williams, of Kars, being president, and the dinner being attended by a large number of officers, many of whom had served in the Crimea.

The Art-Treasures Hotel, Manchester.—We have reason to believe that many persons have hitherto been kept away from the wonderful and admirable Art-Treasures Exhibition through being ignorant of the existence and of the character of the excellent hotel bearing the same distinctive title. This establishment, formed for the express purpose of providing accommodation for visitors to Manchester from distant parts of the country, will be found to combine every comfort and convenience with such economy as may at once dispel all apprehensions that a visit to the Manchester Exhibition must involve a considerable cost. We feel it at once an act of justice to the proprietor of this establishment (Mr. W. Donald, the contractor for refreshments at the Exhibition), and a duty which we owe to our readers, to state that the results of our own experience authorise us to recommend all visitors to Manchester to establish themselves at the "Art-Treasures Hotel."

Additional Pictures at the French Exhibition.—Sixteen pictures have recently been added to the collection which in the first instance formed this delightful Exhibition. Foremost amongst these new works is a picture of the very first importance by Madlle. Rosa Bonheur. It is entitled "Bouricairos (Muleteers) crossing the Pyrenees, Aspe Mountain, Road from Jaca to Urdos," and it represents a turn in the mountain-pass leading downwards to the descent from the eminence which the mules and their guides have just surmounted. The drove, with their picturesque equipments, are advancing towards the spectator in considerable numbers; in the front are two muleteers in earnest conversation, one riding and the other on foot; and in the distance the blue Pyrenees rise, calm and majestic, in all their beauty. In no respect inferior to the "Horse Fair," as well in originality of conception as in vigour and expressiveness of execution, this picture rises above that celebrated performance in the splendour and subtlety of its colour, and in the refinement of its expression. The freedom and ease which distinguish this extraordinary picture, are the truest evidences of the most commanding and the most versatile genius. The keen perception, the deep thought, and the unsurpassed power of the artist are apparent in every detail, while as a whole the composition is absolutely perfect.

The Earl De Grey's Conversazione, the first in the present season given by his lordship, took place on the evening of May 19th at the noble lord's mansion in St. James's Square. This most agreeable gathering comprehended, not only all the celebrities of architecture, but a numerous assemblage of painters, sculptors, and men of letters and science, and it also was graced by the presence of many ladies. The rooms abounded in objects of interest, including many fine collections of water-colour drawings. The blank spaces on the walls, covered with crimson cloth, showed how liberal a contributor Earl De Grey has been to the collections of pictures at Manchester.

The Royal Hibernian Academy.—A petition from some members of this body has been presented to the House of Lords by Lord Talbot de Malahide, but his lordship entered into no particulars, and left the subject in dispute unexplained. This Art-academy is the only one in the kingdom which receives a grant from Government; why it was given we could never learn, but it is certain that it has been productive of more evil than good to the Arts and artists in Ireland; its withdrawal would be a boon to that country. It may be our duty hereafter to consider and discuss this matter.

General Williams and his Staff leaving Kars.—This subject, a worthy and valuable theme for Art, has been painted by Mr. Barker, and is now exhibiting at the "Auction Mart" in London. The exhibition was opened too late for us to notice this month; but the artist's previous reputation justifies the expectation that in dealing with this deeply-interesting topic he cannot fail of success.

REVIEWS.

Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Published by E. Moxon, London.

Whether the laureate wreath which adorns the brow of Alfred Tennyson has been won by superiority over every other living poet, is a question we are not called upon to decide: his Sovereign's favour has placed it where it is, and popular applause has followed the appearance of his writings. Under such circumstances it was only reasonable to expect, according to the fashion of the day, an illustrated edition of at least some of his poems; and we have now a very beautiful volume, issued by Mr. Moxon, of the early poems (those originally published in 1830 and 1832), adorned with a large number of woodcuts from drawings by some of our most distinguished artists, Mulready, Maclise, Stanfield, Creswick, Horsley, Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rosetti. The peculiarity of Tennyson's style of writing, imaginative and highly-coloured, but frequently open to the charge of affectation, was perhaps, in some degree, a justifiable reason for enlisting the services of the Pre-Raffaellite school of artists in the work of illustration; yet we are much inclined to doubt whether their aid will be generally considered to have given much additional value to the volume. The quaintness of thought and expression that is found in the verse, needed not necessarily to be followed by quaintness of pictorial design. The artist may work harmoniously with the poet without any participation in the peculiarities of the latter, when these peculiarities have a constrained or affected tendency; he must work from, as well as up to, his model; but then we look for his own ideas of the subject before him, expressed in the true language of pictorial art, and not in that of any particular school or creed. Tennyson's heroes and heroines are not all men and women of the mediæval ages: but even when they belong to it, we would not have them drawn strictly after the fashion of the art of that period.

Mulready is the contributor of four illustrations; of these we prefer "The Deserted House," a solemn scene, yet rich in poetical imagery; and another, "The Goose," a perfect contrast to the former, lively and humorous as Hogarth. Maclise illustrates the "Morte d'Arthur," in two subjects, both exceedingly beautiful compositions, especially the latter of the two, where the king lies extended in the "dusky barge," the decks of which

> "Were dense with stately forms,
> Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
> Three queens with crowns of gold."

From Stanfield's pencil are six sketches, three marine and three landscape; of these the "Lotus-eater" and "Ulysses" merit particular notice for their picturesque and truthful character. Creswick is also a contributor of six subjects, all of them worthy of his great reputation as a landscape-painter. Horsley illustrates the few lines entitled "Circumstance," in a head-piece and tail-piece; and "The May Queen" in three subjects, characterised by taste and delicacy of feeling.

We now come to the Pre-Raffaellite school of artists, of which Millais claims the first notice as the largest contributor, eighteen being the number of designs to which his name is affixed: the majority of these show far less of the peculiarities of the artist than might be expected from his constancy to his adopted style; and among them are a few to which no one, we imagine, would take objection, and which are fine in conception and feeling, and by no means deficient in pictorial beauty: such qualities will generally be acknowledged in the second illustration of the poem—"A Dream of Fair Women," representing Queen Eleanor,—

> "Who kneeling with one arm about her king,
> Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
> Sweet as new buds in spring,"—

in the frontispiece to "The Talking Oak," and in that to "Lord of Burleigh." Holman Hunt has furnished seven subjects for the volume: most graceful and poetical is the Mussulman sailing down the Tigris, one of two designs illustrating the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights;" the frontispiece to "The Lady of Shalott" is a strange fancy that none but an artist of genius could have invented, but the lady is not drawn after the Pre-Raffaellite fashion. Five subjects are from the pencil of Rosetti; with the exception of "Sir Galahad," a vigorous and effective study, but, so far as we can make it out, without the slightest reference to any descriptive line in the poem it professes to illustrate, these designs are beyond the pale of criticism; if Millais and Hunt have shown something like an inclination to abjure their artistic creed, Rosetti seems to revel in its wildest extravagances: can he suppose that such art as he here exhibits can be admired? Is it not more calculated to provoke ridicule, or, if not ridicule, pity for one who can so misapply his talents?

It is fortunate for the engravers, Messrs. Dalziel, T. Williams, W. J. Linton, Green, and Thompson, that they are not responsible for anything but what has been placed in their hands to engrave; that they have had to do they have done with their accustomed skill: we could only wish that subjects more worthy of their time and labour than some we could point out had been entrusted to them. However, the Pre-Raffaellite school has many admirers, and Tennyson has more, so there need be little apprehension of this volume not finding a home in many households.

An Illustrated Vocabulary for the Use of the Deaf and Dumb. Published at the Asylum of the Deaf and Dumb, Old Kent Road, at the Depositories of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and by Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

Generally, in the capacity of critics, it is our task to review works in which Art is made to administer to intellectual gratification; but in this volume her ordinary duties are reversed, and she becomes the instructress of the ignorant. This vocabulary is an extraordinary book, whether it be regarded for the ingenuity displayed in its compilation and arrangement, the multitude of engravings it contains—in number about four thousand—or the cost of its production, which, from our experience of such matters, could scarcely be less than several thousands of pounds. The purpose of the book, and its character, will be best described by an extract from the prefatory remarks:—"This vocabulary, prepared under the direction of the Committee of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, London, is a selection of words in most common use, comprising many objects in natural history, and most of the noun-words used in Holy Scripture. It is intended as a first word book for the deaf and dumb, and, with that view, it has been pictorially illustrated as fully as possible. Words which could not thus be illustrated are left for the teacher to explain by signs—the pantomime language which must be adopted in the earlier stages of mute instruction. In teaching objects, there is no mode so effective as showing, in connection with its name, either the object itself or the model of it, or a correct pictorial representation. Great pains have been taken to render the representations in the present work as exact as possible; so that if the object shall have been seen by the pupil, even before instruction of any kind, he will be able to recognise something familiar to his mind, although ignorant of its name, which it is the design of this work to teach him."

But although this vocabulary has been prepared for the benefit of an especial class of our unfortunate fellow-creatures, its utility must not be limited to those whom Providence has deprived of some of the most valued natural faculties: what a fund of amusement and instruction it would afford to a child! All the school-books and primers ever published cannot come into competition with it, so extensive and comprehensive are its contents: in a nursery or an infant school-room it would prove a positive blessing to superintendents and children, a source of almost endless amusement, helping them to pass in agreeable and instructive occupation many an hour of time, which otherwise might be hours of weariness to both. Some seventy or eighty pages, towards the end, are filled respectively with "Illustrations of trades, and the tools used in them."

The engravings, by Whymper, from drawings by J. and F. Gilbert, Harrison Weir, and others, are excellent, and are capitally printed on stout paper: in fact, the book appears to be produced, in common phraseology, "regardless of expense," and deserves a large sale, which we trust it will find, if only to aid the committee of the noble institution in the Kent Road in meeting the cost of the publication.

The Farmer's Boy. By Robert Bloomfield. Illustrated with Thirty Engravings from Drawings by Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, and G. E. Hicks. Published by Sampson Low, Son, & Co., London.

What a library of pictorial art would the "illustrated editions" of British writers form which have been published during the last five-and-twenty or thirty years! Prose and poetry, history and fiction, writings sacred and secular, have all come before the public illuminated with the bright pencillings of artistic fancy. There is scarcely an author whose works take sufficient rank in literature to entitle

them to such distiuction, and are of a nature to admit of illustration,—from Shakspere, Milton, and George Herbert, down to the living Laureate,—who has not been made still more popularly known through the genius of the artist. And who are the men that have been called upon to lend their assistance in the field of æsthetical operations? To a greater or less extent, every distinguished name, in and out of the Royal Academy, that is to be fouud in the roll of the British school within the period to which reference has been made. One has only to remember this fact to form a just estimate of the aggregate pictorial value of these illustrated books: the highest Art-genius of a nation has, at one time or another, been engaged in strewing with flowers of beauty new pathways for the triumphal progress of her literary heroes.

So rapidly do these books follow each other from the press, and so numerous are they, that as each successive one comes into our hands, we have almost been induced to ask whether we are not getting too much even of a good thing, and whether the public appetite will not become satiated with such a continual feast; but as we turn over the leaves of each new volume, and ponder over the gems of Art contained iu it, we feel that the appetite "grows by what it feeds on," and that of the "dainty dishes" continually brought before us, there is not one to which we are so indifferent as to be willing to dispense with it—not one but we should consider a positive loss.

If—and it is not improbable from the mass of poetry which has since been written, and also the nature of the subject, so little in accordance with the popular taste of the present day—there were a chance that the memory of Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" would be allowed to slumber with him on the spot where—

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

it is not likely that it will do so now: this exceedingly beautiful edition of the poem must wake it to life again. Considering the comparative brevity of the poem, there are few writings in the language so full of picturesque description of rustic scenes; and with such artists as Birket Foster in landscape, Harrison Weir in cattle, and Hicks—a new name to us as a book illustrator, but not new as a painter, and a worthy associate of the others—what was to be expected but a series of very exquisite designs? If we said more, it would only be a recapitulation of what we have so frequently spoken when noticing other books of a similar character, with the best of which it is entitled to share equal honours. The engravers of the woodcuts are Thomas, Evans, Bolton, Cooper, Greenaway, Slader, and Wright, most of them "men of mark" in their profession.

Helen and Olga: a Russian Tale. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co., London.

The author of "Mary Powell" has opened a new mine, and the ore is as rich and abundant as in mines that are older: we rejoice that such is the case, because, however charming a marvel may be, sooner or later we tire of the one string—the mind refuses to banquet for ever on food, no matter what its quality, dressed after the same fashion; and "Helen and Olga," while giving evidence of careful reading, earnest study, and a perfect understanding of the relationship existing between the Russian serf and the lord of the soil, is a story in a new style, and of deep interest—so much so, indeed, that we imbibe the knowledge while enjoying the pleasure. We must repeat that the story and the style are as fresh and vigorous as if this was the author's first work, while the conduct and development of the tale supply evidence of more purpose and care than are to be found in her last two books. We were hardly prepared for such a charming little romance; and there is a strain of quaint comic humour in one or two of the characters, in which the author of "Mary Powell" has not heretofore indulged: altogether we have seldom read any work that has given us more gratification. The book is tastefully got up and admirably printed.

Popular History of the Aquarium. By George Brettingham Sowerby, F.L.S. Published by Lovel Reeve, London.

"Wait till your history becomes popular before you call it so," said a critic to a friend of ours, who had decided upon publishing a "popular" history of—we forget what. We do not mean to say, that this pretty volume does not deserve "popularity," but we think the title somewhat questionable; it is "got up," as are all Mr. Reeve's publications, with infinite taste and at great expense; the illustrations are correctly drawn and beautifully coloured, and the book contains an immense amount of information.

We have had so much practical experience in the management of fresh-water, and salt-water "vivaria," and have made them a study, as well as a pleasure, that we find but little of what is new to us in this, or in any book we have lately seen on this charming subject; but two years ago we should have been more than grateful for this "popular" history; it would have saved us much trouble and expense, and we can conscientiously recommend it to those who enjoy turning over page after page of the great book of nature as a safe and steady guide. Mr. Sowerby has collated "facts" with much skill and patience, and has gleaned information from the best books, as well as from collectors and collections. Mr. Lloyd's "tanks," in the Portland Road, afforded him excellent studies; and unless the London tyro collects his own specimens, we know that he will find it cheaper and better to buy them of Mr. Lloyd than to import them himself.

The marvellous "vivaria" of Mr. Warrington, the valuable publications of Mr. Gosse, the beauty and arrangement of the collections under the superintendence of the indefatigable Mr. Mitchel, the marine romance of "Glaucus," have all been rifled by Mr. Sowerby; but he does not rob—he *takes* honestly, and acknowledges *whence* he takes. Mr. Sowerby advocates the sloping back and slate sides to the "vivarium," which Mr. Warrington has adopted with success; doubtless they are excellent for experimental purposes, but they are not picturesque. The most beautiful tank we have seen for drawing-room purposes is made by an ingenious Frenchman of the name of *Dethier*, who resides at 13, Stockbridge Terrace, Pimlico: by a simple exchange of a particular sort of glass for the usual slate bottom the most cool and delicious effect is produced. We only cover half the base with shingle, and this gives full effect to M. Dethier's plan: he has also an ingenious way of glazing the sides, which prevents the salt water from coming in contact with any cement, but the tank must be seen to be appreciated. The more ornamental these charming receptacles for a long-neglected branch of natural history can be made, the more attractive the collections become. Nothing is more beautiful than vases of *Valisneria* and water lilies, animated by glittering fish; and we especially recommend one to be devoted to interesting and animated sticklebats. We wish that in the second edition of this pretty book Mr. Sowerby would devote a few pages to the information so frequently desired in vain—as to *where* the various zoophytes can be sought for with the best prospect of success. We found the best *madrapores* at Ilfracombe; the finest *dianthus* at Torquay; while Weymouth is rich in a variety of the most beautiful *actiniæ;* the commoner kinds are found abundantly at Dover, and even at Brighton.

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Published by Walton & Maberly, London.

In noting the close of another important contribution to the stock literature of England, we should be doing injustice to its able editor, did we not bear in mind also the fact that this is only a small part of the useful labour he has devoted for many years to the cause of science. His previous dictionaries of Greek and Roman antiquities, biography, and mythology, are indispensable to students, and have become standard works of reference. It is not possible to open a page of the present book without feeling the large amount of study and the great tact of useful condensation displayed there. We may refer to such lucid articles as those on Rome, Thracia, and Tyre, as examples of the large and accurate investigation of facts, the freedom from pedantry, and happy elucidation of conflicting or difficult statements, which characterise the labours of all the able corps of scholars which Dr. Smith has connected with his own arduous labours. It is very satisfactory in these days of rapidly and cheaply concocted literature—too often valueless and ephemeral—to note the steady production of such important works as issue from the establishment of Messrs. Walton and Maberly, and in the announcement of a forthcoming dictionary of biblical antiquities we perceive that the series is to be continued. If carried out in the spirit of the rest, it cannot fail to be eminently useful. The illustrations to the present work have been restricted to maps, coins, and the more important antiquities of the districts treated of. If we found any objection to the illustrations, it would be only this, that views of places and objects have been too sparingly introduced, though they would have been more valuable than coins, and appeal more usefully to the larger number of readers; whenever engravings have been given, they have been characterised by the same amount of conscientious simplicity and truthfulness that we have already remarked as conspicuous in the text. When the large expense is considered at which such a work is produced, its price is a really moderate one; and nothing can prove the wholesome state of the English book-trade better than the success which has attended these series of works, which could not have been perfected by private enterprise in any other country than our own.

A Descriptive Guide to the Museum of Practical Geology. With Notices of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, the Government School of Mines, and the Mining Record Office. By Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records. Printed by Eyre & Spottiswoode, and sold at the Museum, Jermyn Street.

A plain, intelligent, and comprehensive catalogue of the contents of every exhibition-room is indispensable to the visitor who wishes to learn as well as to see, and who is not a mere idle lounger among the wonders of Nature or of Art. Such a guide-book is this which our esteemed contributor, Mr. Robert Hunt, has prepared for the visitors to the Museum of Geology. The contents of the museum are explained in a popular manner, and there is added thereto a large mass of information on the practical uses of the various productions of Nature that are accumulated within its walls. The book extends to nearly three hundred pages—a tolerably sure evidence that nothing has been omitted from it which ought to be inserted; it is, in truth, a small treatise on geological matters in their natural and manufactured states.

Brighton, Past and Present: a Handbook for Visitors and Residents. By Mrs. Merrifield, Author of "Dress as a Fine Art," &c. Published by H. Wallis, Brighton; Whittaker & Co., London.

Whatever opinion one may have formed of the life and character of George IV., there are thousands who have good reason to hold his memory in grateful recollection as the founder of Brighton, without exception the most frequented and the noblest watering-place in the whole world. Prior to the erection, in 1782, of the Pavilion—that architectural gew-gaw—by the Prince of Wales, Brighton, though creeping up into importance, was little else than a fishing-village, around which a few dwelling-houses of a tolerably good class had recently been erected for the convenience of a small number of persons of wealth and position, who had begun to resort thither for the benefit of sea-air and bathing. What it is now all the world, that is, the British world, knows,—for who is there with a crown-piece in his pocket, and the liberty of enjoying himself for a few hours, that has not seen Brighton? Mrs. Merrifield's "Handbook" is a useful guide, as well as an amusing history of the place in its younger days, when the Prince and his boon companions kept high revel within and without. A journey to Brighton, even by parliamentary train, could scarcely be a dull one; but if the traveller chance to have this little book in his pocket,—and we should, under any circumstances, recommend him to provide himself with a copy,—he will possess an antidote to any *ennui* that may overtake him.

The Beautiful Islets of Britaine. By Walter Cooper Dendy, Past President of the Medical Society of London, Author of "Psyche," &c. Published by Longman & Co., London.

A well-timed little book is this, making its appearance when sunny weather and long days are alluring everybody not hopelessly chained to his daily avocations into green woods and flowery meadows, and shady lanes, and to the side of the silvery sea. Scattered, frequently at long intervals of distance, around our main coast, lie numerous "beautiful islets"—Wight, Scilly, Man, Anglesey, Bute, Arran, and half a score others besides, some of which are well known, but those of lesser note will amply reward the visitor who may be tempted to travel to a distance from the metropolis; and the means of communication are now so frequent and easy, that there is little difficulty in the way of reaching them. Mr. Dendy gives a sufficiently ample and well-digested description of all the islands of any importance, pointing out their peculiar geological characteristics, and whatever in the scenery or historical associations is likely to interest. Numerous engravings from the pencil of the author illustrate the work; these are more truthful than artistic—but we have no right to analyse the productions of an amateur as closely as if they came from the hand of a professed artist.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



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ON THE EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES AT MANCHESTER.

BY DR. G. F. WAAGEN.

The Exhibition of Works of Art at Manchester is an event interesting, not alone to all lovers of Art in England, but throughout Europe and the United States; where I have observed, within the last ten years, public interest in matters of Art has increased in a remarkable manner. It may be safely asserted, that never before has an Art-exhibition taken place which has so fully realised all the expectations it was calculated to excite. With equal certainty it may be said, that in no other country than England could such an exhibition be accomplished, since here alone are found the indispensable conditions for such an undertaking. The first of these conditions is, of course, the existence of the necessary treasures of Art in the hands of private individuals; and in this respect no country can compete with England. Few persons indeed can, from personal experience, form an opinion so satisfactorily as myself: during six different visits to this country I have spent nearly two years in the search for these treasures of Art; and although in this period I have seen about one hundred and fifty larger or smaller private collections of works of Art, more or less celebrated,—sculptures, pictures, drawings, engravings, works in ivory, enamel, jewellery, majolica,—in short, all that in England is included under the name of articles of *vertù*, I am still far from having come to the end of my search, and continually meet with new collections.

But however fully this first condition is realised, a second is equally requisite to ensure the success of such an undertaking. This is found in the national spirit of association and co-operation which exists more widely in this country than in any other, attended though it may be by considerable sacrifices, whenever any object of importance to the nation at large is to be attained. It is, however, necessary to know intimately, as I do, the value which collectors in England attach to the works of Art in their possession, to appreciate this sacrifice in its full extent. I am well aware, from my visit to Manchester, that the committee for managing this exhibition have felt to the utmost the responsibility they have undertaken, and have consequently taken the greatest care and precautions for the preservation of the works committed to their charge; nevertheless it is impossible to overlook the risk inevitably attending their transport and exhibition. Great, however, as is this risk, in a pecuniary point of view—considering the high price which good pictures realise (for instance, Lord Hatherton has refused an offer of £5000 for the *chef-d'œuvre* of Hobbema which he has sent to Manchester)—there is yet a higher estimate which the true lover of Art attaches to the works in his possession; they are treasures of artistic value not to be replaced. Another consideration must not be lost sight of: these Art-treasures are distributed in the apartments which their possessors habitually occupy, and it is no little sacrifice to their owners to be deprived of these familiar objects of interest, refreshing alike to the eye and mind, for a long period of seven months (including the time occupied by the transport to and fro), especially as the season falls precisely at a time when an Englishman desires to entertain his friends, and naturally likes to show his rooms to the greatest advantage. Notwithstanding, because it was the great purpose of this exhibition, by bringing together the most distinguished works in the above-mentioned branches of Art, to present an opportunity of rare enjoyment and instruction to all interested in Art, and thus to aid in diffusing widely a fundamental knowledge of the Fine Arts, and elevating the public taste, with a laudable desire to carry out these views, a large number of possessors of these works of Art have readily consented to make this great personal sacrifice. Such liberality must be acknowledged with the liveliest gratitude by every well-educated person. Her Majesty the Queen has in this instance, as in everything tending to advance the highest interests of the nation, set a noble example; not only has she contributed a series of *chefs-d'œuvre* from her galleries in Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Buckingham Palace, but in many of the finest objects of the other departments in the exhibition her Majesty's name will be found attached. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort has emulated her Majesty's gracious intentions. In his well-known letter to the committee, he first recognised the great importance of this undertaking, and indicated the principal points of view to be observed; and he has likewise contributed from his private collection highly interesting specimens of the old Italian, German, and Flemish schools—works of comparative rarity in England. It is true that the smallest contributor to this exhibition, in one view, deserves equal thanks with the greatest, inasmuch as he has assisted according to his means: but it would lead me too far to mention all here by name. I shall therefore name those who, by large or small number of specimens of the chief value in each department, have aided in raising the exhibition to its present importance. In the department of pictures, the Marquis of Hertford's name stands first: the works he has contributed are hung together, and form a rich bouquet, as it were, of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, and English schools. In the Italian schools must be mentioned pre-eminently Lord Ward, Lord Cowper, and Lord Darnley, without whose contributions these schools in their highest period would be very insufficiently represented. Next in importance are the contributions of Lords Carlisle, Northwick, and Warwick; of Messrs. Labouchere, Baring, Holford, Fuller Maitland; of the Rev. J. Fuller Russell, and of the late Mr. Smith Barry. In the old Flemish and old German schools, the most remarkable specimens are those of the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Carlisle, Sir Culling Eardley, Bart., the Rev. J. H. Heath; Messrs. Beresford Hope, J. H. Green, Lord Yarborough, and Lord Spencer. The later Flemish schools, from Rubens and Rembrandt downwards, are represented the most richly of all by particularly favourable specimens from the following contributors:—the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford; the Lords Carlisle, Spencer, Darnley, Warwick, Overstone, Yarborough, Hatherton, Ellesmere; the Messrs. R. S. Holford, Thomas Baring, Edward Loyd, John Walter, Edmund Foster, George Field, Henry T. Hope, Henry Labouchere, F. Perkins, J. Dingwall. The pictures of the Spanish school of especial importance have been sent by Sir Culling Eardley, Bart., William Stirling, the Lords Overstone, Elgin, Stanhope; Messrs. Henry Farrer, W. Morritt, the Duke of Bedford, and George A. Hoskins. In connection with the French school may be mentioned the Lords Carlisle, Burlington, Derby, and Yarborough, and Edmund Foster, Esq. The number of contributors to the modern English school is so great, that I might almost transcribe all the names in the catalogue; and the same may be said of the numerous collection of water-colour drawings.

The English aristocracy and gentry have contributed a great portion of the assemblage of portraits of distinguished persons. The exhibition of miniature portraits is principally furnished from the collections of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Portland. The cartoons and drawings of the great masters consist mainly of contributions from the excellent collection of the Rev. Dr. Wellesley, at Oxford, that of B. Hertz, Esq., at London, T. Birchall, Esq., and the astronomer Johnson. In the extremely rich collection of engravings, the contributions of R. S. Holford, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Wellesley, Felix Slade, Esq., and Richard Fisher, Esq., occupy the first place. With these names worthily rank those of Mr. J. H. Hawkins, Sir J. S. Hippesley, George Vaughan, F. T. Palgrave, Messrs. Evans, E. Cheney, C. S. Ball, Sir C. Price, M. J. Johnson, the Rev. F. Griffiths, St. John Dent, Esq., Lewis Loyd; and in etchings of Rembrandt, the Duke of Buccleuch; of Claude Lorrain, the Rev. Dr. Wellesley. In the collection of old wood engravings —especially those which are printed in colours from various blocks (*chiaro-oscuro*)—William Russell, Esq., has given the most interesting specimens from his rich collection. The Rev. Dr. Wellesley's liberality has here again not been wanting,—he has given important specimens, to which Dominic Colnaghi, Esq., has also added contributions. In the large collection of photographs, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort has especially contributed,—photographs after the admirable drawings by Raphael, executed by C. Thurston Thompson, which are preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor, and of Italian buildings.

I come now to the most important contributors in the department of sculpture: the larger examples are, with few exceptions, modern,—since the time of Canova,—and mostly by English artists. As the number of contributors in this instance is almost equal to the number of objects, it is impossible to enumerate them. In the small specimens of sculpture, however, executed in various materials, especially in terra-cotta, ivory, and bronze, the case is rather different. In Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Art, the chief contributor is Joseph Mayer, Esq., of Liverpool, who has here presented many specimens from the collection of these works which he purchased from the well-known collector, B. Hertz, Esq., of London. In the fine medallions of the fifteenth century, also, he stands pre-eminent with the Rev. Dr. Wellesley. The contributions too of the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby, Mr. Pulsky, and Mr. Philipps, deserve to be noticed. Mr. Mayer is likewise in the department of sculptures in ivory, one of the principal exhibitors; he has sent the collection which he purchased from the well-known amateur of Art, Mr. Pulsky, called the Fejervari Collection. In connection with the above, three other contributors may be mentioned in this branch: Colonel Meyrick, who contributes the celebrated collection bequeathed to his family by the well-known archæologist, Douce; Lord Hastings and Robert Goff, Esq., who have also given choice specimens from their admirable collections. To these names may be joined those of the Rev. W. Sneyd, Messrs. Field, and Falcke, Lord Cadogan, Mr. Edward Cheney, Lord de Tabley, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Mr. Norton, have contributed peculiarly valuable specimens of bronze sculptures.

I come next to the department of metallic vessels for ecclesiastical and secular uses; and here are to be named, above all, the colleges of the universities, and the different corporations and companies, from the importance of their contributions. Together with these may be mentioned Cardinal Wiseman, Messrs. Beresford Hope, the Rev. Dr. Sneyd, the Rev. Dr. Rock, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Farrer, &c. In oriental vessels, the contributions of Mr. Falkener and Mr. Rhode Hawkins, are of the greatest importance. For an excellent selection of silver vessels of the later and modern time, the public is indebted to Messrs. Hurt and Roskell. In the enamel, as well of the earlier mediæval works, as in the vessels of the celebrated manufacture at Limoges, Colonel Meyrick and Lord Hastings again take the first place; whilst the contributions of the Rev. Walter Sneyd and Beresford Hope are also of the greatest importance. In the department of porcelain, of European fabric, such a favourite one in England, the contributions of S. Addington, Esq., R. Napier, Esq., the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Bath, and Charles Mills, Esq., are most distinguished; and in the oriental productions those of Lord Cadogan, Edward Falkener, and John P. Fischer. In the contribution of earthenware, nearly allied to porcelain, in which the majolica-ware takes the first place, Lord Hastings again is pre-eminent; and next to him

I may mention Sir Anthony Rothschild. Very remarkable artistic specimens of glass vessels have been sent by Mr. Felix Slade, Mr. R. Napier, Miss Auldjo, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Cadogan, and Mr. H. G. Nicholson; and when the fragile nature of these articles is considered, a double share of acknowledgment is due to these contributors. In all these departments of ornamental art, the contributions made by the Government from the British Museum and Marlborough House, as well as the Soulages Collection, purchased by the committee for this exhibition, are highly important features of the exhibition. I need scarcely remark that the Honourable East India Company and the Royal Asiatic Society have contributed most largely to the Oriental Museum: at the same time, the works from the collections of private individuals, especially those of Mr. Fischer, Mr. Falkener, and Messrs. Hewitt, merit peculiar attention.

The highly interesting collection of armour and arms—several specimens of which have a considerable artistic value—is principally indebted to the liberality of Colonel Meyrick.

The simple existence, however, of all these treasures, and the noble liberality of their owners in parting with them, for the accomplishment of a great purpose, would not have sufficed to accomplish this exhibition, unless accompanied by two other conditions, which are only to be found in England: in the first place, the extraordinary wealth which alone can furnish the means for such an undertaking; and secondly, a readiness to incur a great pecuniary risk, in order to attain so important an object, and, still more, to undertake the serious labour and heavy responsibility inevitably attending the accomplishment of such a design. The fact that such an undertaking has been carried out in the first manufacturing town in England, with such happy results, satisfactorily contradicts the oft-repeated assertion, that an appreciation of the highest mental interests of mankind is incompatible with manufacturing pursuits, and confers the highest honour on the town of Manchester. No person, however, can fully estimate the obligations which all persons interested in Art are under to the members of the committee, but one who, like myself, in establishing the Museum at Berlin, has been engaged in bringing together and arranging, from various quarters, a great collection of works of Art.

The first requisite was a building of a size commensurate with the object in view. With the exception of the Palais des Beaux Arts, in which the works of Art were exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, I have never seen a building containing such collected works of Art so advantageously lighted as this, while the rooms are airy and of felicitous proportions.

The next question relates to the contents of the building. In order to leave nothing undone that could contribute to the success of this great undertaking, the committee, knowing that I have for a long time been engaged in the study of the treasures of Art in Great Britain, applied to me on this occasion; and I most readily have done all in my power to direct their attention to a large number of the most important pictures in this country.

Another important point was the selection of persons best qualified for collecting and placing the objects in each department, and also making a catalogue of them; in this respect the choice made may be considered fortunate. In relation to the pictures of the various schools, this task has been entrusted to Mr. G. Scharff, jun., who is well and favourably known by his public lectures on the history of Art, as well as by his numerous admirable illustrations of various works. In his arrangement he has, as far as the space would permit, classified the various schools in chronological order—an arrangement which has been also very judiciously adopted in the gallery of portraits, in the English school, in the drawings, engravings, and the collection of armour. This system has, above all, this great advantage,—that each work of Art appears as a link in a great chain, which receives an influence from the one preceding it, and imparts an influence to the one following. Each work is thus illustrated and made intelligible, while instruction is combined with enjoyment. Following this arrangement, the old pictures commence with some specimens of the Byzantine school, which served as models to the Italian painters of the thirteenth century. In order to obtain a right standard of the significance of the Italian painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we must first clearly ascertain what it is that guides the painter in every work of Art. This may be defined as the desire to embody the idea present to his mind in a form at once distinct and beautiful—a desire only to be accomplished by that exaltation of feeling which we term enthusiasm, and by a conscientious use of the mechanical means at his disposal. The degree of development of the artist's mechanical means may, indeed, as in the Italian painters of this epoch, be very imperfect. In drawing they do not surpass a simple indication of the principal forms; the heads have something typical; the colouring is at times dim, at times gaudy; whilst we never meet with any general keeping. Yet, notwithstanding such deficiencies, these works make a deep and forcible impression upon all who can appreciate the highest purposes of Art, from their possessing the above most important conditions in a high degree. On the other hand, works of Art which possess fully all those means of representation,—drawing, beauty of form, individual character in the heads, harmony of colouring, and accurate observance of the laws of perspective,—yet if wanting the first of these conditions, a true enthusiasm, do not fulfil the highest purpose of Art, and leave the mind of the spectator cold and unimpressed; as, for example, at an early period, the pictures of a Vasari; in modern times, of a Raphael Mengs. Unquestionably these demands in a work of Art will be found satisfied in a rare degree in pictures like those here collected, of Duccio (No. 12), Ugolino (Nos. 25, 25 f.), and Simon Martini (No. 37), all from Siena, or Taddeo Gaddi (No. 47), of Florence. The desire to give to their pictures a more true expression lead the Italian, Netherlandish, and German schools of the fifteenth century in every part—drawing, colour, perspective, &c.—to a close study of nature. The admirable works of Fiesole, Peselli Pesello, Cosimo Rosselli, Sandro Botticelli, Pietro Perugino, Francesco Francia, Giovanni Bellini, Andrea Mantegna, &c., here presented, exhibit proofs of this. The following epochs of the Italian schools, although not richly represented, are sufficiently so to afford an insight into each, but not to give an idea of the treasures in these schools which England possesses. In the absence of any work of some consequence of Leonardo da Vinci,—properly speaking the founder of the highest period of the art in Italy,—some works by his best pupils, the two by Beltraffio, and a St. Catherine with angels, by Bernardino Luini, serve to represent his style of Art. On the other hand, the exhibition has the rare advantage of containing a true picture by Michael Angelo, "The Virgin and Child, St. John, and Four Angels" (No. 107). Raphael's earliest period, in which he still adheres to the artistic forms and sentiments of his master, Pietro Perugino, is well represented by "The Crucifixion" (No. 123), and the "Christ on the Mount of Olives" (No. 134). The second, or Florentine, period, in which he attains a greater maturity in his knowledge of Art, is represented by the smaller Virgin and Child, from Panshanger (No. 136), the "Bemoaning of Our Saviour" (No. 138), the larger Madonna, from Panshanger (No. 141), and "The Legend of the Girdle" (No. 147). The third, or Roman period, is represented by the old copy of the picture called "The Pearl" (No. 148), together with some tapestries from the cartoons at Hampton Court. Raphael's rival, Sebastian del Piombo, is well represented by a Holy Family (No. 161), and a female portrait (No. 249). Here are likewise two excellent pictures of the Holy Family, by the two greatest Florentine painters of this period, Fra Bartholomeo (No. 118), and Andrea del Sarto (No. 26, Hertford Gallery). The head of the Lombard school, Correggio, is less favourably represented, although the extremely beautiful Angels' Heads (Nos. 166, 167), in the large style peculiar to his fresco paintings, and the Magdalen (No. 165), as a specimen of his wonderful perfection in cabinet pictures, are worthy representatives of this master. Of the two first masters of the Venetian school, Giorgione may be most favourably studied in his picture of "The Daughter of Herodias with the head of St. John" (No. 252), and Titian in his "Europa on the Bull" (No. 259), the Magdalen (No. 261), "The Rape of Proserpine" (No. 262), the so-called Portrait of Ariosto (No. 257), and "The Riposo" (No. 301). The principal picture of the epoch of the Carracci, toward the close of the sixteenth and in the first half of the seventeenth century, is the celebrated "Three (properly it should be called four) Marys weeping over Christ," from the collection of Lord Carlisle (No. 310). There are some good specimens of the two chief pupils, Domenichino and Guido, as also of Guercino, and the contemporary masters Carlo Dolci, Sasso Ferrato, and Salvator Rosa. There is, of course, no want of excellent works by Canaletto.

The exhibition of the old Flemish and old German schools, although not at all complete, contain specimens sufficient to give a knowledge of its character. In the first of these schools there is a genuine picture by Jan Van Eyck (No. 384), several by Hans Memling (Nos. 393, 397, 398, 399, 401, 402, 403), together with some of the younger Rogier Van der Weyden (Nos. 387, 388, 389, 407, 409, 412, and 450). The most important work of this school, however, is "The Adoration of the Kings," by Mabuse (No. 436). The old German school has a picture by the master of the renowned picture of "The Cathedral at Cologne," Stephen Lothener (No. 330), as well as a genuine one by Martin Schongauer (No. 437). Albert Durer is represented by a masterly portrait of his father (No. 462), and Holbein by several portraits, among which are pre-eminent those of Henry VIII. (No. 471), and Dr. Stokesly (No. 489).

The Flemish school, from Rubens and Rembrandt down to the first half of the eighteenth century, is the most completely represented in the exhibition; and this department is in good proportion to the incalculable treasures of this school scattered over England. As these masters are more generally known, and the number here exhibited is large, I cannot particularise individual pictures, but shall content myself with some general remarks. Rubens may be studied in all his various styles—as historical, portrait, and landscape-painter. In history, the most important picture is "The Holy Family" (22); in landscapes, "The Rainbow" (21), from the collection of the Marquis of Hertford. Rembrandt is, in like manner, presented in his various styles. Vandyck, who resided so long in England, is properly conspicuous, both in historical pictures, and especially as a portrait-painter, in his various epochs, Genoese, Flemish, and English. Among Rubens' other pupils, Frans Snyders and Jacob Jordaens are very well represented. Terburg, Gerard Dow, Metsu, and Frans Mieris the elder, among the great *genre*-painters, are somewhat scantily represented, although the exhibition has a *chef-d'œuvre* of each master. Jan Steen, on the contrary, the most spirited of all, appears in his full strength in ten pictures. There are several first-rate works by Teniers. Adrian Van Ostade is also well presented, and Isaac Van Ostade shines forth brilliantly. The same is the case with Nicholas Maas, Pieter de Hooge, and Gonzales Coques. The Dutch animal and landscape-painters occupy a peculiarly prominent place. Among six of the works here exhibited of Paul Potter, of extreme rarity, are two of his *chefs-d'œuvre* (Nos. 997 and 998): the seven pictures by Adrian Van de Velde are among his choice works. Dujardin and Berchem are less fully, although well, represented. On the other hand, the ten pictures by Cuyp show that no other country can vie with England in his works. There are eleven excellent pictures by Wouvermaus; but the eight pictures of Hobbema form one of the brightest features in the exhibition: the entire Continent cannot produce such *chefs-d'œuvre* by this master as are here brought together. Ruysdael is also represented by fifteen pictures, among which are many of his greatest works, together with some sea-pieces. On the other hand, Jan Wynants and Jan Both are feebly represented. The pictures of Philip de Koning and Artus Van der Neer are not numerous, but very good. Among the marine-painters, the favourite of the English, Willem Van de Velde, shines in all his greatness in ten pictures; while on the contrary, Backhuysen, and the admirable Van de Capella, are insufficiently represented. Of the great painters of flowers and fruits, Jan David de Heem and Jan Van Huysum, there are some very good pictures.

The Spanish school is richly illustrated in various ways, in a manner possible in no other country than England out of Spain. In the older school, there is a remarkable work by Morales (No. 508). The great rarity of the works of Velasquez out of Spain creates our astonishment at the large number of

genuine pictures by that master here presented: I would particularly notice the pictures, Nos. 727, 780, 789, 10, 11, 12 (the three last from the collection of the Marquis of Hertford): also the Venus (No. 787). The specimens of Murillo, twenty-six in number, give a very varied acquaintance with his works. Among the historical pictures are pre-eminent "The Virgin in Glory" (No. 641), "The Flight into Egypt" (No. 643), "The Holy Family" (No. 639), "The Virgin and Child" (No. 642), and "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (No. 1), "The Almsgiving Thomas of Villanueva" (No. 2), and "The Holy Family" (No. 5), the three last from the Hertford Gallery. Among the studies from nature, the most remarkable are "The Woman Drinking" (No. 629); and, in portraits, two of himself (Nos. 640 and 632). The exhibition is well furnished with specimens of the other masters of the Spanish school, as Zurbaran, De las Roelas, Ribalta, Carducho, El Mudo, &c.

The French school is very incompletely represented; works of prominent interest are the following:—"The Triumph of Bacchus" (No. 598), "The Landscape" (No. 600), and "The Four Seasons" (No. 35, Hertford Gallery), by Nicholas Poussin. Of the works of Claude Lorrain, we have, among others, "The Parnassus" (No. 649), "The Riposo" (No. 654), "The Poetical Landscape" (No. 650), and "The Seaport" (No. 655). We may also notice Watteau, Pater, Lancret, and especially Greuze. Notwithstanding some extraordinarily beautiful landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, this master is but insufficiently represented, considering the astonishing amount of treasures by him existing in England.

With regard to the exhibition of pictures of modern artists, the English school (in its most distinguished masters) is represented in a more complete and excellent manner, than was ever the case before. Although I have availed myself of every opportunity of seeing the works of this school, I have here enlarged my knowledge of it considerably, especially with the following masters:—Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Stothard, Constable, Turner, Sir D. Wilkie, Patrick Nasmyth, Sir Augustus Callcott, Collins, and Sir Edwin Landseer. It would, however, appear presumptuous in me, a foreigner, to enlarge on individual pictures, as most of the English amateurs who visit the exhibition are better acquainted with these works than I am. I will therefore restrict myself to the general remark, that this exhibition has only confirmed my conviction, that the English school, in all departments of painting, with the exception of the religious, has produced the most remarkable works.

The modern continental schools are, generally speaking, very insufficiently represented. By far the best, however, is the French school, which has admirable works by Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Descamp, Paul Delaroche, Granet, C. Troyon, Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur, Plassan, Fichel, and Chavet.

One of the most interesting portions of the exhibition is, unquestionably, the "British Portrait Gallery," containing 386 pictures, which has been collected by Peter Cunningham, who for several years has been engaged in these pursuits. This gallery comprises celebrated persons of every description, princes and princesses, statesmen, generals, poets, men of letters, musicians, artists, and *beaux esprits*. It may be safely asserted, that no other nation can produce so numerous a collection of the kind, and at the same time interesting as works of Art, of greater or less importance. The portraits of Henry IV. to Henry VIII., are indeed, as works of Art, of little value; but from the latter, downwards, we have here an almost uninterrupted series of distinguished artists. Hans Holbein worthily commences the series, and is followed by Zucchero, Lucas de Heere, Marc Gerard, Van Somer, Mytens, Jansen, Vandyck, Walker, Dobson, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and T. Phillips.

Closely allied to these is the remarkable collection of miniature portraits and enamel paintings. This series opens with two of the finest miniature portraits by Holbein—Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves—in the "glass case" which contains the "Ivories" belonging to Colonel Meyrick. The collection of the Duke of Portland comprises excellent works by Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac and Peter Oliver, Cooper, and Flaxman. That of the Duke of Buccleuch also contains celebrated specimens of the same artists' works, as well as others by Hoskins. Among the other contributions will be found many works dating down to the time of Sir William Ross.

The collection of water-colour drawings, containing 969 portraits, commences with some admirable works, in the manner of the old masters; among which are, prominent, one by Rembrandt (1 a.), and Adrian Van Ostade (No. 2); as well as several by Jan Van Huysum (Nos. 11—21). The works of the English artists, unquestionably the first in this class, may be seen here in their full excellence. Here are brought together the best specimens from many exhibitions and collections. Commencing with the inferior works of Paul Sandby, we trace the achievements of the art down to the masterly drawings of Frederick Tayler; and artists of whom even in the best private collections are seen only a few, are here exhibited in great numbers. Thus we have eighty-four drawings by Turner, twenty by Copley Fielding, thirty by Cattermole, and sixteen by David Cox, &c.

The department of original drawings and cartoons by the older masters is important more from their artistic value, than their number, which only amounts to 260. Of the last, are the Angels to the fresco-paintings of Correggio, in the cupola of the cathedral at Parma, a Virgin and Child, and two Angels by Gaudenzio Ferrari, and a Virgin and Child which I attribute to Luini, especially important. Among the drawings are several of the Italian school of the fifteenth century—Masaccio, Fra Filippo, Donatello, &c. There are specimens of rare beauty by Raphael—two portraits of his sister, St. Apollonia, and studies for different pictures; as "The Entombment," in the Borghese Palace; "The Madonna," in "the Green," at Vienna; the "Massacre of the Innocents," engraved by Marc Antonio. By Michael Angelo there is a most intellectual profile portrait of Vittoria Colonna, also the study for the Bartholomeus, and his "Day of Judgment." The drawings of Titian and Claude Lorrain are especially numerous and admirable. Fine specimens by Rubens, Vandyck, and other Flemish masters, are also here. The German School has some drawings by Albert Durer, including a remarkable one of a woman followed by Death.

The most perfect department of its kind in the whole exhibition is that of engravings, etchings, aquatint, and wood-engraving. It may be safely asserted, that never before has there been exhibited, *framed and glazed*, a collection of the kind comparable to this, which contains the rarest and most beautiful works in these various branches of printing down to the present day. A source of the richest enjoyment, and, at the same time, the rarest opportunity of instruction is here presented to the amateur. Some specimens are met with of the old Italian and German masters wholly unknown, even in the largest collections; such, for instance, in the Italian school, as "The Four Cupids playing on Musical Instruments," by Attobello, after Andrea Mantegna: in the German school we have a "Battle of De Hameel." The Italians are especially rich in specimens of Baldini, Andrea Mantegna, Robetta, Nicoletto da Modena, Benedetto Montagna, "the Master of the Caduceus," and, above all, Marc Antonio and next Julio Bonasone. The German and Netherlandish schools have excellent specimens of Martin Schongauer, Albert Durer, and Lucas van Leyden. The artist most feebly represented is the master of 1466, although what works there are by him are excellent. The etchings of the painters are peculiarly brilliant, and a series by Claude is of the highest rank. The same may be said of the works of Rembrandt, Adrian Van Ostade, Paul Potter, and others. The collection of mezzotint engravings is especially rich and interesting. Among the wood engravings, our attention is peculiarly attracted to the large and rare specimens of the Venetian school, in which is recognised the spirit of the great masters Giorgione and Titian.

The collection of photographs contains a very rich series of portraits of English and foreign persons of celebrity; also a series of very beautiful drawings by Raphael, together with remarkably successful specimens in landscape and architecture.

The number of large statues, groups, and busts, which adorn the nave and transept amount to 160; and, with few exceptions, they belong to the modern period. Among these are seen the works of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Sir F. Chantrey, Sir R. Westmacott, E. H. Baily, Gibson, R. J. Wyatt, W. Calder Marshall, J. Sherwood Westmacott, Von Byström, Rudolph Schadow, Schwanthaler, Hiram Powers, and other distinguished sculptors. The majority of these works, however, are so well known to amateurs, that it would be superfluous to particularise here single ones. Among the older works is that of the "Boy with the Dolphin:" this work, sent from Ireland to the exhibition by Sir H. K. Bruce, Bart., is generally regarded as a work by Raphael. Any acquaintance, however, with the sculpture of the sixteenth century in Italy suffices to disprove this assertion: the work belongs to a later period, and is clearly the production of an inferior artist; the forms are too soft and exaggerated, portions of the head very flat and ugly, and the ear very imperfect. There is a bust of Henry VIII. in terra-cotta, rightly attributed to Torregiano.

On the other hand, the exhibition presents a very complete study of sculpture on a small scale, in bronze, terra-cotta, and especially in ivory, from the times of Antique Art down to the present day. Beside the beautiful statuettes in bronze and terra-cotta, in the collection of B. Hertz (now the property of Joseph Mayer, Esq.), there are also from the same 1371 engraved stones, many of them remarkable. For the later period of Antique Art, there are here the diptych in ivory from the Fejervari Collection, which also contains some excellent specimens of the oldest period of Christian Art. In the period of Romanesque Art (about 900—1220), the collections of Douce and Lord Hastings are especially rich, as well as in monuments of the Gothic epoch (about 1200—1500), and of the period of the Renaissance (about 1500—1600). There are several rare works in ivory, which present a view of the life, the tournaments, and the romantic love of the period, in the form of caskets, covers of mirrors, and hunting-horns.

Of the period of the Renaissance, here are medallions in bronze,—one of the most important and attractive features in the exhibition, and very well supplied. Very complete is the collection of vessels and utensils for ecclesiastical and temporal uses, ornaments, &c., in metal, terra-cotta, porcelain, and earthenware of all kinds. In Antique Art we have again Mr. Hertz's collection. There is also an extraordinary selection of early British, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon remains, among which the "enamelled ornaments of the Anglo-Saxons," from the Fawsett (now Mayer) Collection, are nearly unrivalled. These remains afford a favourable representation not only of the degree of cultivation, but also of the taste of these people. The number of the relic-chests, censers, ciboriums, crosiers, &c., belonging both to the Romanesque and Gothic epochs is considerable. I may mention the crosier of William of Wykeham, contributed by New College, Oxford, as by far the most artistically ornamented. Among the works in metal, the oriental occupy an important place, from their size, as well as their tasteful artistic execution. There is a series of admirable specimens of enamels on metal, of the earlier periods, and the highest stage of this art, from the celebrated manufactory of Limoges. Three of the most beautiful are in the glass case which contains the ivories of the Meyrick Collection. A specimen of particular interest among them is the plate with three women bathing; a casket from the collection of Lord Hastings is also extremely beautiful. Enamels of the size of the large portraits, from the collection of Henry Danby Seymour, occur very rarely even in France. The department of majolica, overrated at the present day, is, if possible, still more richly supplied. There is here a large and choice collection of the vessels from the second half of the fifteenth century, which, from their probable Saracenic origin in Spain, are called "Hispano-Moorish,"—they are distinguished by their delicate patterns and beautiful metallic brilliancy, often closely resembling gold; of the celebrated manufacture which flourished under the protection of the Dukes of Urbino, especially in Urbania and Gubbio; nor is there any want of specimens of the later period, which are connected with the later forms of painting in Italy. The art,

closely allied to these, which was cultivated in France by the celebrated Bernard de Palissy, is well represented, especially by the specimens in the Soulages Collection. But the finest French works of this description are four specimens of the very beautiful and extremely rare vessels of pipeclay, hitherto only known of the time of Henry II., and therefore called "Henry the Second's Ware." A candlestick, contributed by Sir Anthony Rothschild, is one of the most considerable specimens of this kind I am acquainted with. The "Saltseller," contributed by George Field, Esq., is very remarkable, from having a painting of the salamander, the sign of Francis I., a circumstance which proves that this finest species of earthenware was made as early as his time, and throws a new light on the obscure history of this manufacture. There is also no lack of specimens of the beautiful earthen vessels which were made in Belgium and Germany. Lastly comes the exhibition of Staffordshire ware, produced in England since the year 1690; amongst this the celebrated Wedgwood ware is particularly admirable. Of porcelain, as well European as Oriental, the specimens are small in number, considering the quantity which exists in England; the exhibition, however, has choice specimens of both descriptions. The same remark applies to the collection of glasses, especially of the famous Venetian manufacture of Murano.

In modern goldsmiths' art we may particularly notice the shield of the goldsmith Hossauer, justly celebrated from the combination of the intellectual design of Cornelius with the admirable execution of the sculptor Fischer, and the engraver in precious stones Calandrelli, which the King of Prussia, as godfather, presented to the Prince of Wales, and several *chefs-d'œuvre* by the excellent artist Vechte. Among the most important weapons, in an artistic view, the celebrated shield of Benvenuto Cellini, preserved in Windsor Castle, occupies the first place. With this may be classed the "Targets" of Charles V. and Francis I, "the embossed and inlayed suit of armour of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara," together with other interesting specimens.

The small, but choice, collection of specimens of bookbinding, contains beautiful works by the celebrated French bookbinder Gascon, in the sixteenth century, specimens of oriental binding, and the famous modern bindings of London and Paris.

Lastly, the Museum of Oriental Art, arranged by Dr. Royle, forms a highly interesting department, and, both in number and selection of specimens, realises what might be expected in this department in England. The various works in silk, wool, and gold; the boxes, weapons, and ornaments, display a union of technical skill, splendour, beauty, yet peculiarity of taste, which excites our astonishment, and exhibits to the eye the fairy-tale marvels of the East.

Well aware as I am of the immense amount of inventive genius and labour required to produce all the objects which this building contains, I have never entered it without that feeling of reverence which the most extraordinary productions of elevated and refined minds excite. Nevertheless I am equally aware that the treasures of Art existing in this country are so great, that there can be no difficulty in accomplishing two other exhibitions of the kind, in some departments even richer, in others perhaps less so. But lest any one should regard this as an exaggeration, I will only remark, in relation to the pictures of the old masters, that in the present exhibition there are no contribution from the six first collections of pictures in England,—the Bridgewater Collection, those of Lord Ashburton, the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, Lord Radnor, at Longford Castle, of Mr. Miles, at Leigh Court, and Colonel Egremont Wyndham, at Petworth; and also that the case is the same with the following very important collections,—of Lord Lansdowne, the Dukes of Devonshire and Hamilton, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Tomline, Mr. Munro, Mr. Banks.

In conclusion I can only express an earnest hope, that the noble example set by the town of Manchester may soon be imitated in the south of England, most naturally in London; and that the possessors of these, and so many other collections, may feel induced to follow the example of those owners of works of Art who have enriched by their liberality the Exhibition at Manchester.

FLORA.

FROM THE STATUE BY TENERANI.

(IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN).

TENERANI, the sculptor of this figure, is little known in England, though he takes rank among the most renowned living artists in Europe. He is a native of Carrara, and occupies the position of Professor of Sculpture in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome; his studios, of which he has three or four large ones in and about the Piazza Barbarini, are filled with casts and models of his numerous beautiful works.

Tenerani's master was Thorwaldsen; but his productions show less affinity with the ancient style than do those of the great Danish sculptor; "his chief triumph," as one writes who has often visited his studio, "consists in a rare union of the sublimest and purest devotional feelings, constituting him, *par excellence*, *the* Christian sculptor, with the simple grandeur, the dignified repose, the cold and conventional—yet often touching—expression of the Greek school." * One of his finest examples of Christian Art is a "Descent from the Cross," erected in the *Torlonian* Chapel in the *basilica* of St. John Laterano: the figures in this work are larger than life, but the composition is very simple.

Another grand work from his chisel, is a bas-relief representing the martyrdom of two young Christians, Eudorus and Cymodocea, in the Flavian Amphitheatre. The two martyrs, husband and wife, stand in the centre of the arena, clasped in each other's arms; a slave, or athlete, is in the act of raising a pulley for the entrance into the arena of a tiger, ready to spring on his victims. There is remarkable dignity, combined with the heroism of a pure and exalted faith, in the attitude and expression of the two principal figures; to which a striking contrast is given by the stalwart form and unpitying features of the Roman slave. But unquestionably the most impressive, and altogether the noblest, work of scriptural origin produced by him, is the colossal statue of the "Angel of the Resurrection," a portion of the monument of the Duchess Lante, erected at Rome in the Church of the Minerva; there is a sublimity in this figure of which we know no parallel except it be in the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, though the grandeur of each differs essentially from that of the other. A large monumental group to the memory of the Marchese Costabile, at Ferrara, is also from the hand of Tenerani; some who have seen it pronounce it inferior to others he has executed, though possessing most distinguishing evidences of genius.

Of his mythological sculptures we may particularly mention "Psyche Swooning"—an exceedingly beautiful and delicate work in the modelling; "Cupid extracting a Thorn from the Foot of Venus," a commission from the late Emperor of Russia; and the "Flora," here engraved, a commission from our own Queen, which is poetically described by the writer whom we have before quoted as "a nymph of extreme youth charmingly beautiful, joyously advancing, like a 'returning diver, gleeful with his pearls;' her lap piled with flowers, which seem to drop around her, she lightly skims on the ambrosial gales, shedding forth 'streams of rich distilled perfume.'" This subject has so frequently engaged the labours of sculptors, that it would be strange indeed to find any novelty in the treatment of it; undoubtedly there is none here—no new reading, nothing but an elegant and poetical rendering of a theme ever pleasing to contemplate.

The portrait statues of this sculptor take high rank in this department of his art; two of these are especially worth pointing out,—a seated statue of the Princess Marie, daughter of, and executed for, the late Emperor of Russia; and another seated statue of the late Count Rossi, murdered by a Roman mob, a few years since, during an *emeute* of the populace. We have no space to enlarge on the characteristics of these and other great works of Tenerani; our readers who desire to know more concerning them will find ample comments in an article, "A Walk through the Studios of Rome," in the volume of the *Art-Journal* referred to below.

* *Art-Journal*, vol. 1854, p. 350.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

NOTWITHSTANDING certain statements which have appeared, in more quarters than one, the Commission which Lord Elcho was last year the means of obtaining for re-opening the question of site in the matter of the National Gallery, and determining some particulars affecting its constitution that were supposed to be already determined, has not at the moment of our now writing—the middle of the month of July—put its Report into the hands of Government. Matters, our readers will remember, had already proceeded so far in the direction of the definite when Lord Elcho succeeded in re-establishing the provisional, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had actually prepared a bill empowering the Lords of the Treasury to select a site on the ground purchased by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 at Kensington Gore, and to make that ample provision for present approaches and future contingencies which the space there at the national disposal rendered easy. All this, they will remember too, was simply in execution of foregone conclusions. The necessity of removal, for the pictures constituting the national collection, having been affirmed by successive Committees of the House of Commons, a variety of measures had been adopted which had direct relation to that proposition. Accepting the House at its word, the minister had taken progressive steps for giving effect to its expressed will. The logical method had been applied to the parliamentary suggestion; and the country at length touched by its means on a result respecting a subject, as to the delays connected with which it had grown not a little impatient. One step further in advance,—and the legislature would have executed its own avowed intentions; when just at this critical point Lord Elcho succeeded in returning the serpent's tail into its mouth. At his touch, the logical current flowed back, and sought its source. The tree, which had grown out of its own roots, and was their evidence, arrested its growth and consummation, and bent down towards the roots to see if they were really there. The whole series of measures which had been framed expressly to carry out the parliamentary proposition that the pictures *must* be removed, was suspended just as it tended towards its own accomplishment, in order that Parliament might go back to its starting-point, and inquire if there was any necessity for the removal at all!

To a non-synthetic process like this, our readers will at once see, there is not necessarily any end. Lord Elcho's Commission for inquiring into previous inquiries on the same subject, is a perfectly good argument for any future Commission that may be demanded to inquire into the subject-matter of his. Meantime, another year's delay has by its means been secured, as an appropriate answer to the public impatience which had urged that the delays in the matter should end. If rumour speak truly, *that* is not the whole of the gain. It is more than probable, that ere our day of publication for what we now write, the Report of Lord Elcho's Commission will be laid upon the table of the House; but, in the interval, the purport of that report is supposed to have transpired. This Commission has found, it is said, a black to the last Commission's white. Where a former Committee reported *plus*, this Committee writes *minus*. The "yea" of the last inquiry gives "nay" as the result of the present. As regards the leading question of removal or no removal, the new Commission reverses the fiat of the old; and all that has been done *because* a previous inquisition advised that the pictures should be removed, has been done in waste, and may now be undone, because



FLORA.

ENGRAVED BY E. A. ARTLETT. FROM THE STATUE, BY TENERANI, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN

the result of the present inquisition is, a recommendation that they shall stay where they are. —Our readers need not be informed that the algebraic effect of this *plus* and *minus*, the logical consequence of this yea and nay, is, to leave the case exactly where it was previous to either, and suggest the necessity of the whole matter being inquired into anew. For ourselves, however, we deprecate all further delay in the premises, under any circumstances whatever,—and ask for a gallery worthy of the nation anywhere rather than none at all. If the country, being already the owner of a site, is willing to pay for a new one (for in this case, the new is old and the old new,—since it is on the old site that we must purchase anew, and on the new our old purchase is already more than enough), then, let the opinions for and against the fitness of the latter be allowed finally to neutralise each other, and let us by all means unite in doing without further delay in Trafalgar Square what but for the delay interposed by Lord Elcho's Commission we should ere this time have been doing at Kensington Gore.

There is, of course, no difficulty in admitting, that so far as locality is singly concerned the existing site of the National Gallery combines more conditions of convenience and grandeur than any that could be elsewhere proposed. Of mere arbitrary removal, from such a location, of such an institution, even at the suggestions of a system which is nevertheless a sound one, it is probable that no one would ever have thought. If there be no reason why this collection should emigrate in search of better air for its life-blood, or larger space for its natural growth, the argument for a change of place is at once at an end, and need never have been raised. By what means the present Commission has arrived, on these heads, at conclusions the reverse of those affirmed by the Committees which preceded it, we cannot, of course, know till we shall have the Report of this last Commission before us. To that Report, when it comes, we will give a very careful consideration,—of which our readers shall have the result; but meantime, we would observe, that as regards the first question in the cause, that of unwholesome atmospheric conditions, it is one in which equality of testimony, in respect of numbers and authority, on the two sides, cannot be said to have the usual effect of striking an exact balance. Where the matter in dispute affects the life and death of the pictures, the evidence that threatens destruction takes a gravity which greatly swells that side of the equation. The *possibility* of deterioration must be accepted as on the one hand a figure equal to the *probability* of immunity on the other. Our fears must have more weight than our hopes where both are equally reasonable, and where the proportion between them has to determine a question of vital precaution. We should require a preponderating weight of opinion for the safety of the pictures to justify us in overlooking the warnings that proclaim their danger. The fact, for example, if it *be* a fact, as rumour avers, that Mr. Faraday has refused to put his name to the recommendations of this Commission, would demand, to satisfy us, a considerable amount of subscription on the other side. But there is no wisdom in speculating on mere rumours; and so far as the chemical question is concerned, we will, as we have said, reserve ourselves till we shall have the whole of the new evidence, or at least the report founded on it, before us.

As regards the question of possible space, however, which is the one other important element in the decision, and to which the Commission would of necessity have their attention especially directed, it seems to us that there are a few remarks which we may usefully make, even before their Report reaches our hands, and becomes, as we trust it will, the subject of discussion in Parliament.

That the present accommodation at the disposal of the national pictures is utterly inadequate to the arrangement and display of even the treasures which we possess, is a fact that has long been patent, and somewhat scandalous, to all the nation. It has been one virtue in the vicious nature of this inadequacy of accommodation,—if the nation can so console itself,—that it has been a check on its own unwholesome growth. Insufficient as the means now are which the gallery possesses, the insufficiency would have been greater still but for the corrective supplied by the original insufficiency itself. More than one collection which the nation might have possessed as gifts, or on easy terms, to swell the amount of its treasures, the Government of the day has had to reject for want of house-room. The Blue-books testify to this; and in their records the country may count the gain of its economy. But, it is well understood, besides, that other such gifts have been withheld from being offered, simply on the ground of this notorious want of national room for their reception. Such, nevertheless, is the amount of noble public spirit and generous devotion abroad in this very matter, that no amount of administrative coldness has been able to repel it altogether; and some measure of the wealth that might have accrued to the nation under a more liberal Art-government, may be found in the fact of the splendid collections that have fallen to her store in the face of all the discouragements which it has been her policy to advance. Of lost treasures, such as the Bourgeois, the Fitzwilliam, and the Standish Collections, it is idle now to speak, save in this warning connection:—but the Vernon, the Turner, and the Sheepshanks gifts are there to attest the determined zeal for the public service, in this matter of Art, which even overrides national apathy and legislative delay. The whole history of the growth of the National Gallery to its present dimensions is full of significance in this respect. From 1824 to 1833, as Lord Monteagle lately told the House of Commons, the pictures purchased by the nation for the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square amounted to forty-two in number, while the number presented to it by private individuals was sixty-eight. From 1834 to 1843, the number given by the State was fifteen, while the gifts from others numbered sixty-three. From 1844 to 1853, seventeen were bought by the State, and one hundred and eighty-eight presented by private persons. From 1854 to 1856, thirty-eight were added by the State, and one hundred and fourteen by individuals. In other words, from 1824 to 1856, one hundred and twelve pictures were placed in the National Gallery by the State, and four hundred and thirty-three were the gifts of private men. Then came the Turner bequest; comprehending one hundred finished pictures, one hundred and eighty-two more or less unfinished, and no less than eighteen thousand seven hundred and forty-nine drawings and sketches. Mr. Sheepshanks has given to the nation two hundred and thirty-three oil-paintings, the works of British artists, and one hundred and three drawings and sketches. Now, suppose a spirit like this fostered by administrative liberality, and fed by national appreciation, suppose the full and unimpeded action of that magnetic quality by which a great public institution attracts into the mass of its own magnificence the scattered element which is kindred to its own, then let the present unparalleled display at Manchester suggest some notion of the matchless wealth which under such conditions might one day make up the sum of the national treasure. Around a scheme so full and comprehensive as to extend its appeals into all the fields and families of Art, we believe that a collection would in time group itself which would throw every other Art-museum in Europe into shade.

The Commission for whose Report we are now waiting had, then, to consider whether on the present site which the National Gallery occupies, with the Royal Academy excluded from its walls,—as in such case it of necessity must be,—and with all such enlargements as the accidents that surround it render possible, an amount of space can be secured sufficient to provide for the due arrangement, favourable exhibition, and progressive growth of an institution like this,—measuring its positive demands by the defects of its present, and calculating its future possibilities by the history of its past. And this, be it observed, was the very narrowest formula under which they could consider the question of space, let them interpret their duties as commissioners in what spirit they would. Any attempt to compromise with this limited view of the necessities of the case, to repose on mere immediate adaptation and supply, to overlook in their decision the future fortunes of this great institution, for the purpose of shaping and compelling its present to the dimensions of a favourite scheme, would be simply to hand it over to future commissions, with a new disgrace on its head, and a heavy further cost incurred and thrown away. Whatever other advantages, of any kind, the site in Trafalgar Square may offer, these are worse than useless if that site will not provide for expansion and for system. Something more, however, *was* given to the Commission to consider, with reference to the question of room, than is formulated as above; and though the additional inquiry to which they were committed is less extensive and liberal than might have been desired, yet we hope that in the course of prosecuting it, they got sight of those larger views to which we are, for ourselves, desirous of drawing attention while yet the important questions connected with the constitution of this establishment are open. A few paragraphs will suffice to indicate those views.

The true method by which to determine the capacities of a building, of whatever kind, is, to determine beforehand, on a comprehensive scale, the purposes to which it will have to be applied. What should be the final character of a national gallery, when established on a scheme worthy of the greatness of the country, and fitted at once to satisfy and to assist the gradually-expanding Art-intelligence of the people, is an inquiry which must take precedence of any question of material accommodations, if it is hoped to make the latter commensurate to the ultimate demands of the former. Now, this logical method of proceeding has not hitherto been a favourite one in this country,—which, in matters of this kind, has acquired a bad habit of living on expedients. The habit, it is at last beginning to be known, has the double disadvantage of being at once costly and ineffectual, and a desire for better and more educated methods is springing up among the people. In this particular question of the true purposes and constitution of an Art-collection, the elements of a just decision have been more and more insinuating themselves amongst the masses who desire,—but sadly want reducing to order for their service by the authorities who can grant. Practically, the logic of the case has been reversed. It has been assumed, as the true position of the syllogism which refers to it, that we can neither make nor accept large additions to our National Gallery for want of sufficient spaces of wall on which to hang them, and that, therefore, we have first to get a building of ample extent, and then to arrange our gallery on its walls. Now, all the terms of the syllogism, as we have had occasion to show, are here only too truly stated,—but their order wants re-arranging. In this method of statement they will never work out to any satisfactory result. Instead of proposing, or per-

mitting, that the building shall determine the extent, or in any way modify or control the arrangement, of the collection, our plan should be, that the collection must prescribe all the conditions of the building. Before, then, proceeding to that fulfilment of the national will which cannot be much longer delayed, we hope the expected Report, when it reaches us, will prove that the Commissioners have well considered what is necessary to its *due* fulfilment. Upwards of thirty years have elapsed since the foundations of the National Gallery were first laid in the Augerstein Collection; and yet, the question which should have met its Trustees on the very threshold of their trust has not even now been decided. No authority has ever informed the public what it is conceived the National Collection ought to be, of what it should consist, how it is to advance towards completion, what is to be its purpose. Before finally determining the question of site, with reference to capacity, it were well that a careful and comprehensive inquiry should be instituted into the principles on which a national collection should be made. On these principles the extent and character of the accommodation must, we repeat, entirely depend; and unless they be thoroughly understood before the nation shall proceed to build, it runs the risk of not building in conformity with its own objects, and failing to carry out intelligently its own desires.

We apprehend, the directors of the public mind, and they who are likely to influence the coming settlement of this long-delayed matter, have all got so far in their appreciation of the questions here raised, as to consider that a national collection of mere pictures, even, should be, at any rate, such as will explain and illustrate the whole history of painting. Dr. Waagen's view is, that the true method of proceeding towards the formation of such a collection is, to lay the nucleus at the highest point of development, and gather round it on all sides:—to begin, that is, with the masters of the age of Raffaelle, and add to this centre in both directions,—tracing the history of the art upwards to the earliest times, and downwards through its declension during the last three hundred years. But, whatever the method employed, the result it will, we repeat, be doubtless conceded, should be, to produce a complete exemplification, as regards schools and their relations and their growth, of the story of Art in painting. We think, however, that very many of those who have got thus far will see that, of enlightened necessity, they must go further,—that the history of one art is not completely illustrated without the lights thrown on it from the others. Properly speaking, the history of Art is *one*, and the history of a single art cannot be made complete or intelligible without the annotation of the rest. The arts of design were developed together, and with the aid of each other. A national gallery which does not exhibit them in their union fails to exhibit them in their strength. Rich in examples as we are, and likely to be richer, painting, sculpture, architecture, with its subsidiary arts of decoration, antiquities, and engraving, with its varieties, should all, as on a former occasion we have said, be made to subsidise and throw light on each other in a great national institution devoted to Art. Here, as it should seem, the Art-question might stop; but at this point the field of view enlarges, and it is seen how Art has its interrelations with and dependence on Science, how the constructive part of Art involves certain branches of practical physics, and how convenient it must be to have in the near neighbourhood of the Art-family which we have thus brought together all the other families with which it is more or less remotely, but always inevitably, allied.—Of all the questions suggested by views like these, the only one formally submitted to the recent Commission is that which proposes to disencumber the British Museum of objects that *there* are in the way of its more especial purposes, while they will consort more fitly with the contents of a national gallery of Art:—but, as we have said, in the prosecution of this inquiry, they cannot have failed to come upon the track of those more extended views which we have ventured here to sketch.

For even the first and smallest of these objects, on the large scale, it may be doubtful whether on the site of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square there can be obtained sufficient space,—for the largest, were it even on a small scale, it seems to us quite certain that there can *not*. We wait for such correction of our opinions as the report of Lord Elcho's Commission may supply; but if we be right, to build in this place is to deprive ourselves for ever of the power to carry out these larger views should the lessons of experience and the progress of opinion hereafter enforce their value. Meantime, the nation is, on terms and under circumstances more than commonly fortunate, possessor of a site more than adequate to the complete realisation of them all, and of any possible expansion of them; and combining—as we believe we succeeded in showing a year ago, when Lord Elcho obtained his Commission (*Art-Journal* for August, 1856)—most of the conditions which in other respects make a site for such an institution eligible. The reasons are daily becoming more and more numerous and urgent why this question of a National Gallery should have a settlement of some kind or other;—and so, according to any view which we are as yet able to take of the matter, are the reasons why that settlement should locate the institution at Kensington Gore. Among reasons urging generally to a settlement of any kind, is, the fact, that, as regards the Turner pictures, the nation is positively guilty of a breach of faith at present, and has taken possession of a bequest without fulfilling the condition on which alone it was bequeathed. Amongst the reasons that point to Kensington Gore, are, the circumstances of the Sheepshanks gift. This gift is made to the nation, in express terms, as the foundation of "a collection of pictures and other works of Art, fully representing British Art," and "worthy of national support." It is not a little significant, that so careful a collector and public-spirited a donor—one who, in his earnestness for the Arts of the country, does not even "desire that his collection should be kept apart, or bear his name"—should select the national estate at Kensington as the fittest locality for its establishment. "Whereas I conceive," he says, in his deed of gift, "that such a collection should be placed in an open and airy situation, possessing the quiet necessary to the study and enjoyment of works of Art, and free from the inconveniences and dirt of the main thoroughfares of the metropolis; and whereas I consider that such a gallery might be usefully erected at Kensington, and be attached to the Schools of Art in connection with the Department of Science and Art now established there." It will scarcely be denied, we think, that a collection "fully representing British Art" is properly a constituent of a British National Gallery,—and that such an institution as the last located in Trafalgar Square will, under the circumstances, have one of its limbs at Kensington. Nor must it be overlooked, that on this Kensington estate are already growing up, one by one, those other establishments to which we have alluded as forming necessary parts of the great Art WHOLE,—and that the final location of the pictures elsewhere, while it will leave the latter collection imperfect for want of the illustrating and teaching elements supplied by the others, will leave the others imperfect for want of that collection itself which should be to them a great and crowning exhibition of results.

One reason more which we will urge as argument for an early and final settlement of this matter of a National Gallery, in whatever direction, is, that sore and angry feeling which seems now to preside over all questions connected with the institution,—and which owes some of its force and pungency to the provisional condition in which all these have so long been suffered to remain. In the matter of this institution the minister has not won the confidence of the country,—and a portion of the distrust which he inspires, because of the unsatisfactory state of the establishment itself, in the face of a general public interest and in spite of large individual patronage, attaches to all persons and things belonging to it. The consequence is, that he cannot propose a vote for the secretary's salary, or for a travelling agent's expenses, or for the purchase of a picture, without rousing an angry polemic in some quarter or another. Such a scene of cavil and bitterness as the House witnessed on the question of the estimates for the National Gallery, brought forward on the second of last month, advances nothing and lets down the figure of the nation, in its relations to Art, before the world. Above all things else we desire, that the means of reconciliation as regards the unsettled questions which affect this institution, and the elements of a better and nobler spirit in dealing with interests so noble, may be found in the forthcoming report of Lord Elcho's Commission.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

On the evening of Saturday, June 20th, the Queen visited the New National Museum at South Kensington, and minutely inspected the various collections which have been there brought together. The royal party included the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, the princes of Prussia and Austria, the Marchioness of Ely, Earl Granville, Lord Rosse, &c.; the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl de Grey, with other distinguished persons, and the gentlemen officially connected with the different departments of the establishment, were also present. Her Majesty was pleased to express her warm interest in this museum, and her entire satisfaction with the plan and arrangements which had been adopted for its formation. Private views of the museum, which were (in accordance with the custom of "Private Views" in London) very numerously attended, took place on the following Monday and on the Tuesday evening, and since that time the museum has been open, gratuitously during three days in each week, to the public. Thus, the career of this new agent in the great movement for national education has commenced in the most auspicious manner. The favourable opinion of the Sovereign has been promptly and decidedly confirmed by large assemblages of almost every class in the metropolitan community, and the museum is now at work in earnest in its various departments.

While from without, the progress of this museum, during its course of preparation, was assailed with much both of direct hostility and of not less obstructive ridicule, within the buildings a quiet, steady energy went on with systematic perseverance, and it now has brought about results that have fairly silenced every candid opponent. It is true, indeed, that this museum, as we now see it, is far from being complete, even in its own specialities; but then this museum has been designed only as a temporary provision for a present want, until careful consideration and mature experience shall have enabled the legislature to determine on some comprehensive and permanent scheme for the national museums of Art and Art-education. It is a necessity of the present condition of Art amongst us, as an educational agent, that our Art-museums should be divided, and divided in a manner far from satisfactory. But we have already made a rapid advance towards a complete and a completely satisfactory classification of the various elements which combine to form the Art-museums of a great nation; and

we may with confidence anticipate, at no distant time, a consistent and advantageous adjustment of the entire question. Meanwhile, we shall do well to endeavour to obtain the greatest possible amount of present good from the Art-museums which now exist, and at the same time we may be studying how their best qualities may be most efficiently strengthened, and their capabilities enhanced by general classification and by harmonious concentration. The South Kensington Museum is impressed, in a very striking manner, with the attribute of *practical reality*, as an educational establishment. That it should be so, was all important for the *status* which the museum would assume, and for the degree of value which would from the first attach to its operations. Had it proved merely a speculative affair, or only an exhibition in the ordinary acceptation of the term, however plausible it might have been in the one capacity, and however attractive in the other, as a national Art-museum it must have been at once declared to have been a failure. But it is a success because, having aimed at being real and practical, it has demonstrated the fact that it is both practical and real. We, of course, speak of the entire collections, of the system upon which they have been formed, of the method which has determined their grouping, and of the actual schools for instruction in Art as they now exist: when we analyse the several collections, we find some objects which, if not objectionable, certainly are useless, and which we hope speedily to see replaced by teachers worthy of that title. On the whole, however, we repeat that the contents of this museum command our respect and admiration, and we see in them conclusive evidences of the ability, the zeal, and the practical sentiment of those to whom the direction of the whole has been entrusted. The Prince Consort has evinced a deep interest in this museum, and we rejoice to recognise, with sincere gratitude, the presence of such exalted influence, so judiciously as well as so graciously exercised. Of Mr. Cole, Mr. Redgrave, and Dr. Lyon Playfair, we need only say that those gentlemen have done even more than we had expected from them; while they have found an able and accomplished ally in Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers.

The subjects, before they were open to the public, not of adverse criticism only, but also of keen sarcasm, the museum-buildings prove to be well suited to the requirements for which they were constructed. We have not a word to say upon their external aspect, nor do we desire to discuss the question as to whether they might not have possessed externally a more artistic (perhaps we ought to say a less unartistic) appearance, without any undue increase of expenditure: we content ourselves with the remembrance of their being temporary structures only, and then we dwell more fully on their internal qualities of capacity, light, and ventilation: and in these qualities we believe that these buildings may abide the test of the most rigidly critical investigation. The several compartments are spacious and well adjusted; the light is abundant without being excessive, and its distribution is excellent; and the ventilation has been severely tried without eliciting a complaint. The minor details of the schools, corridors, &c., are equally satisfactory: there is a very promising Art-library, and a lecture-theatre, which must prove equally agreeable to both lecturers and their audiences. Unlike the other portions of the museum-buildings, the gallery which contains the collection of pictures and drawings by British artists,—so munificently presented to the nation by Mr. Sheepshanks,—is a permanent structure, and designed permanently to contain these most delightful and most instructive productions. Such was a condition of the gift, that a gallery for the reception of the pictures and drawings should be built in this neighbourhood, and that here they should remain. This condition was stipulated solely with a view to the preservation of the collection from the apprehended injurious effects of the atmosphere in the more central parts of the metropolis: consequently, should it appear that such apprehensions are without foundation, while the concentration of the national collections of pictures in some permanent galleries must eventually be a matter of the very greatest importance, it may be reasonably hoped that Mr. Sheepshanks may consent to withdraw his restrictive condition as to the locality which his gift should occupy. Should it prove thus, the present building will not have been erected in vain, since it will, in this case, be regarded as a felicitous experiment in the art of constructing picture-galleries, and one of the utmost value in determining both the general plans and the subordinate details of the much more extensive edifices of the same class hereafter to be erected. We have not hitherto been famous for our picture-galleries, and therefore this gallery is the more welcome as an evidence of our having at length been able to produce precisely what was required. It has, we believe, been objected to this charming cabinet of cabinet-pictures, that its walls are not sufficiently solid to ensure safety from the vicissitudes of temperature, &c., incidental to our climate: possibly it may be so; but if so, it is the more plainly evident that an experiment on such a scale, and designed as a permanent gallery, was absolutely necessary before *the* permanent galleries were built. Certainly here are so many points of success that we may accept them with gratitude, and yet may learn that there remains something to be done before an absolutely perfect picture-gallery shall have been devised and constructed. The allegation to which we have referred is one of a grave character, and it will be necessary at once to adopt such steps as may secure the pictures, whatever alterations or additions may be demanded in the building.

Immediately adjoining the Sheepshanks picture-gallery is a gallery occupied by a series of excellent casts from works by British sculptors. These casts are designed to exemplify and illustrate the condition and also the progress of this great form of Art amongst us: and accordingly, the examples exhibited will be specially selected from their qualities as works of Art, and they will be periodically changed. Next succeeds the Architectural Museum, which will be speedily subjected to a very careful re-arrangement, with a view to its complete classification, and to such an artistic grouping of its contents as may be consistent with such a classification of them. It was found necessary to hang these collections of casts as they were brought from their former abode in Canon Row, or they might have been exposed to serious injuries: at the same time the great numbers of the casts themselves, and the impossibility of classifying them before, rendered their first arrangement necessarily imperfect. This museum tells well in its present location, and it has already attracted much attention from many persons by whom its existence was heretofore unknown. The other galleries are for the most part devoted to various collections illustrating the application of mineral and vegetable products to the purposes of manufacture and to the use and benefit of man. In one compartment the model for Sir Christopher Wren's first design for St. Paul's Cathedral has been placed, and the next—the central compartment at the end of the building opposite to the entrance—does not appear to have been yet definitively appropriated. Below, in the main area of the edifice, are the collections of the commissioners of patents, the miscellaneous educational collections (which include all school apparatus and appliances), and the Museum of Ornamental Art in its various departments, including casts from the antique drawings and models. Many of the more important components of the last-named collections are now at Manchester, where we trust they are doing good service to the cause of Art-education: we shall, on their return, give a specific description of these collections, as we have done in this present number in the case of the Sheepshanks pictures and drawings; and we propose also periodically to enter minutely into the composition, as well as to remark carefully upon the working of this entire museum. We now have desired simply to record the gratifying manner in which this museum has commenced what we both hope and believe will be a long career of honourable usefulness. Hereafter we also intend to conduct our readers through the schools for drawing, modelling, &c., and to introduce to them the details of the system there in practice. It remains for us at the present only to notice, in terms of strong commendation, the manner in which the various objects, and groups of objects in this museum, are made to *speak for themselves*: the pictures, and statues, and casts, as well as the manufactures and educational collections, bear labels, which give to the visitor the information which generally can only be obtained from perplexing catalogues; and, besides this, there are many descriptive notices, concise but expressive in their character, and printed in large type, of the general characteristics and the peculiar uses of the various collections. It is much to be desired that similar information, conveyed after the same manner, should also be adopted in the Art collections. Thus catalogues for reference become truly valuable, having ceased to be necessary nuisances as being the sole means of obtaining primary information. The lectures which will, without doubt, be soon organised here, will leave nothing to be desired in the manner of applying what the museum itself can teach.

The time is come, indeed, for all museums and all public exhibitions, whether of pictures, sculpture, &c., or of a scientific character, to adopt the system which has been introduced into the Kensington Museum, and to attach descriptive notices and labels to their various departments, with their subdivisions, and also to the several objects contained in each. Visitors ought not to be compelled to purchase catalogues except for the purpose of reference; and exhibitions ought to simplify their teaching as well as to convey all primary information respecting their contents, without entailing upon visitors the trouble of consulting catalogues. Most painful has the want of labels and brief descriptive notices been felt at Manchester, and without doubt the exhibition has failed, in no inconsiderable degree, from this very circumstance. We would hope that the suggestion we have now made may prove to have attracted the attention of those persons to whom the arrangements for next year's exhibitions may be entrusted, and particularly in the case of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION.

This collection, which by the munificence of the donor, has been some little time public property, is now transferred to rooms in the "New Kensington Museum," where the public may have an opportunity of seeing the pictures—certainly to greater advantage than in the house of Mr. Sheepshanks; where, in addition to the difficulty of light subdued and unequally distributed, the visitor was in some degree embarrassed by a sense of intrusion. But here he is reassured by certain notices placed conspicuously in the rooms, whereby he is pronounced a shareholder in the property, and called upon to protect his own, in the event of any attempt at injury on the part of evil-disposed persons. How flattering soever this may be to the vanity of a certain class of visitors, there is no reason for the expression of any apprehension of mischief, as tens of thousands of all grades of the public pass every year through open institutions containing our most precious Art-reliques. The light under which the public is introduced to these works is so favourable, that even had the artist to retouch certain of them he could not place them more advantageously; but it is to be hoped that they will not be long in the rooms which now contain them, for the building is too thin, and a high degree of artificial heat in winter will assuredly deaden the lustrous surfaces of the canvases. In this, as in the Vernon Collection, there are works not sufficiently important to be admitted into what a national collection ought to be: we know not whether the reserved discretional powers of commissioners and trustees extend to these large collective gifts as well as to minor donations; yet it is to be hoped that they have the power of weeding these collections, and will at some time, hereafter, exert that power judiciously. The works do not in dimension exceed the cabinet size, comprehending every class of subject save history and religion. Poetry, the drama, imaginative subject-matter, incident from our standard writers, landscape, marine and animal painting, are all most worthily represented; indeed many of these productions are gems, in which the principles of Art are carried to the highest degree of refinement. But our national collection will contain little else than small pictures; perhaps a relief will come hereafter. And how rapidly will it grow!

knowing as we do yet other first-class collections which will be added to these, containing also pictures on which our affections have long been settled —all well known to the public through engravings. But to speak more particularly of Mr. Sheepshanks' valuable public gift, the catalogue describes two hundred and thirty-two pictures in oil; and of drawings, sketches, and other interesting examples of Art, two hundred and eighty. As to date, the earliest works are by Stothard—he is the father of the contributors to this gallery; and from his time the instances are brought down to the freshest essays of our own day, by Mulready, Landseer, Turner, Linnell, Frith, Constable, Callcott, Danby, Cope, Leslie, Roberts, Stanfield, Webster, Redgrave, Wilkie, Herbert, Creswick, Eastlake, Holland, Lance, and many others; exhibiting the progress of composition from the slightest sketch to the most finished picture. Mr. Sheepshanks was fond of collecting hasty sketches and first ideas: there are many of these in the collection, the histories of which, as given by himself, are extremely interesting. In one of them Wilkie has jotted down a first conceit, on which his picture of "Duncan Gray" was founded; and in others we recognise sketchy outlines, which in finished composition have become prominent passages of Art.

Amid the bright colour by which the eye is tempted, and the improved drawing which challenges criticism, the works of Stothard are felt with less of appreciation than in days gone by. Whatever merit might have been conceded to Stothard as a creator without the life, or even the lay figure, in his earlier time, his works become monotonous, shadowy, and insubstantial, when side by side with compositions that have been most elaborately worked out from living models. His works are in number ten, of which one only is an important picture, that is 'Shakspere's Principal Characters,' whereof each impersonation speaks for him or herself; but this is not all we would desire in such a picture. The precisian looks at the composition and exclaims, "Alas, how little did Stothard know of the proprieties of costume!" These too were the high days of the asphaltum infatuation, and the picture is cracked down to the canvas. Then there are 'Tam O'Shanter,' 'John Gilpin,' 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'Brunetta and Phyllis,' 'Sancho and the Duchess,' with another or two, but all put in with the utmost license of touch.

There are not less than twenty-four pictures by Leslie, among which are some of this painter's most excellent works. Independently of every other quality, the unaffected balance of parts in that scene of the 'Taming of the Shrew,' in which Petruchio rates the tailor's men, would be a sufficient basis for a reputation; this picture must have been painted somewhat upwards of twenty years, and if we remember aright, there is a replica of it at Petworth, looking even fresher than this version. 'The Principal Characters in the Merry Wives of Windsor,' appears to have been impatiently studied, and this for such a theme were at once perdition. 'Les Femmes Savantes' is a picture in which is set forth the learning of a lifetime. It is a full composition, abounding with even, small forms, which would be insufferably impertinent in unskilful hands; but the appositions are so masterly, and the light so brilliantly and beautifully distributed, that we feel that the artist has been guilty of a misdemeanour in not having finished the work more perfectly. The sentiment of 'My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman' is less refined, and partakes little of the playful and sparkling manner which prevails in latter works. 'Queen Katherine and Patience' is one of the painter's quiet *chefs-d'œuvre*; the subject is sad, and therefore the treatment is without one pencil of the dusty sunshine which illumines other pictures. We wish the queen's cope had been blue; however, the grave dignity of the composition equals the earnestness of the very best masters of pictorial disposition. In 'Autolycus' and 'Florizel and Perdita,' the costumes are rather scenic than true; in these it is felt that the painter has yielded rather to stage impressions than endeavoured to originate.

It is here that Mulready is seen in his greatest force. 'The Wedding Gown,' with Dr. Primrose in his youth, and his future bride in her maiden bloom, is Mulready's greatest picture,—memorable as are all those of which the 'Wolf and the Lamb' of former days was the chief, and others in later days, in which the 'Controversy' takes the lead. Mulready is yet a student as fresh as he was fifty years ago; he sat down with Nature early in life, and she has not forsaken him in his old age. But we wish the future Mrs. Primrose had been a little taller, her personal brevity struck us from the very first time we saw the picture, and the impression becomes deeper with every interview; but the dazzling effulgence of the colour is unsurpassed by any essay in Art. Then there is 'The Butt—Shooting a Cherry'—a butcher's boy with his mouth open as a mark for his companion to shoot a cherry into; the subject is ludicrous, but the principles on which the picture is worked out are those of the great Italian masters. The art has all the gravity of Leonardo and Titian, and yet this does in nowise divert the spectator from joining in the fun of the incident. 'The Seven Ages' is a large picture, rather philosophical than poetical. 'The Fight interrupted' is another admirable production—clear, pure, and minutely circumstantial. 'Brother and Sister' is apparently the sketch from which the Vernon picture, exhibited this year, has been painted. The splendours of 'The Sonnet' are undiminished, but we have always thought the two figures too rustic to have any relish for immortal verse. Mulready's early studies about the by-ways of Kensington are gems, they are preferable to his last landscape, which is too metallic. But there are twenty-eight of these works, we must pass on to the works of Sir E. Landseer, which are not numerous, but celebrated. There is 'The Dog and the Shadow,' in which the landscape is hyper-pre-Raffaellite—valuable and curious as an early work, though much less powerful than those of Sir E. Landseer's matured style. The most popular of Landseer's works was his 'Jack in Office;' the picture is here as brilliant and pure as ever it was. We need not describe the composition, it is sufficiently well known; it is a gem of canine story—nothing in the way of dogs' tales has ever approached it. Then there is 'The Twa Dogs,' an earlier picture, in somewhat of the feeling of 'The Dog and the Shadow,' also famous through engraving, and besides these another, of a profoundly touching character—touching because while we look we believe, for there is no hypocrisy in canine expression—we allude to the 'Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' *Euge! Siri!* all honour to thee, great Dog-star, long mayest thou yet shine in the galaxy of Art; but when it shall be that thy fires are extinct, if thy surviving friends give thee any other design for a tomb than this, they do thy memory a nefarious injustice!

'The Village Choir,' the best of Webster's works, assists at this Art-festival. It is a striking and original idea, in which it must be believed that the artist has brought forward successfully nearly all that he proposed to realise. Certain of the figures have been painted from the same model, but yet each has been made an individuality. 'Contrary Winds,' as to the interior, and the old woman sitting at the fireside, is equal to the best of the Dutch masters; the children with their ship-launch in the washing-tub disturb the depth and tranquillity of the other parts of the picture. There are also 'Sickness and Health,' 'Going to the Fair,' and 'Returning from the Fair,' but in these the composition is noisy and scattered. The sketches and small pictures by Wilkie are rather allusive to other pictures than pictures themselves,—as 'The Broken Jar,' 'Sketch of a Head and two Hands,' 'Sketch of a Head, for "The Rabbit on the Wall,"' &c. The scene from "The Good-natured Man," by Frith—'Honeywood introducing the Bailiffs to Miss Richland as his Friends,' is a prominent picture. The bailiffs are slightly caricatured, and have, perhaps, too much of that of which Honeywood has too little—that is, spirit. By the President of the Royal Academy there are two pictures—'A peasant Woman bitten by a Snake,' and an 'Italian Contadina and Children,' both of which are distinguished by the light and colour which characterise all the Italian subjects painted by him. 'The Hawthorn Bush,' by Cope, is perhaps the best of his lighter poetical subjects. It presents to us that hawthorn-tree so celebrated in "The Deserted Village," and shows it as the trysting-place for village lovers, and the accustomed rendezvous for the garrulous senility of "sweet Auburn." 'Palpitation,' by the same artist, shows the agitation and suspense of a young lady, who stands behind the street-door while the postman delivers the letters for the family; and besides these there are also by Mr. Cope, 'The Young Mother,' 'Maiden Meditation,' 'Charity,' and others. 'The Governess,' by Redgrave, is very well known by the engraving; it is one of those sentimental subjects of which Mr. Redgrave has painted many. 'Cinderella' is a larger and more elaborate work. The story has arrived at that point at which Cinderella is about to try on the slipper, to the confusion of her sisters, who are retiring from the vain essay of compressing their feet into the unyielding crystal. Another very full composition is entitled 'Preparing to throw off her Weeds,' being the story of a young widow, whose term of mourning having expired, is about to try a new dress. The incident is everywhere fully sustained by appropriate circumstance, and the whole is rendered with the most conscientious elaboration. By Turner there are five pictures in various feeling: 'Line-fishing off Hastings;' 'Venice;' 'St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall;' 'Cowes,' and 'Blue Lights—Vessel in distress off Yarmouth.' The most striking of Stanfield's three works is entitled, 'Near Cologne, on the Rhine;' and as examples of Callcott's versatility, there are nine compositions,—now reminding us of Claude, now of Cuyp, together with figure pictures from Shakspere, in which Falstaff, Slender, and Ann Page, play conspicuous parts. Of the nine works by Collins, one is well known to the public, 'The Stray Kitten,' and the others will win their due meed of admiration. Among the works of E. W. Cooke, of which there are eleven, some evidence approaches to his present manner, although yet far from it. 'Portsmouth—the Hulks,' and 'Portsmouth Harbour—the Victory,' are works, we humbly submit, preferable to many he has recently painted. Creswick has but two pictures in this collection—'Scene on the Tummel,' and 'Summer's Afternoon.' By Danby there are three, entitled 'Disappointed Love,' 'Calypso's Island,' and 'Norwegian Scene,' and a small replica of Constable's famous 'Salisbury Cathedral,' of which the larger version is at Hyde, the property of Mr. Ashton. Hampstead Heath was Constable's great school, and the locality supplies two subjects, besides one in the vicinity of the famous 'Dedham Mill,' with 'Water-meadows near Salisbury,' and 'Boat-building.' We were surprised on first seeing this collection that it did not contain at least one good example of Etty: there is a 'Head of a Cardinal,' and but one composition, a small picture, 'Cupid and Psyche.' 'The Temptation of Andrew Marvel,' by C. Landseer, is one of that painter's best pictures, by whom there are also two others. Linnell also is insufficiently represented. To say that there should have been one of those gorgeous glowing works which Linnell has of late years painted, is not an expression of discontent at the collection as it is, but rather complimentary, as Mr. Linnell's pictures would have been here in better company than in many other places in which we have found them. The three pictures by Roberts are 'Entrance to the Crypt, Roslyn Chapel,' 'Old Buildings on the Darro,' and 'Gate of Cairo, called Bab-el-Matamellee.' By Uwins there are four pictures—'Suspicion,' 'Italian Mother teaching her Child the Tarantella,' 'Neapolitan Boy decorating his Inamorata,' and 'The Favourite Shepherd.' Of Bonington there is a small example; and two very finely painted pictures by Crome—'Near Yarmouth—Moonlight,' and 'Landscape.' Two by Hollaud—'Landscape, near Blackheath,' and 'Nimuegen, on the Rhine,'—one of his Venetian subjects would have been preferable. In addition to all that are already mentioned, the "inventory" contains the names of Cooper, R.A., Davis, Duncan, Ward, Witherington, Smirke, Nasmyth, Jackson, Geddes, Stark, and others, whose works we cannot even name.

The drawings and etchings are curious and instructive, and it is infinitely more advantageous that they should be framed and hung up, than hidden in portfolios. Thus, on the whole, the Sheepshanks pictures are a most valuable addition to the national collection; but we repeat an expression of our hope that the works are only temporarily lodged in their present abiding place.

What a gallery of British Art shall we possess when this collection, the Turner and the Vernon pictures, are all located under the same roof!

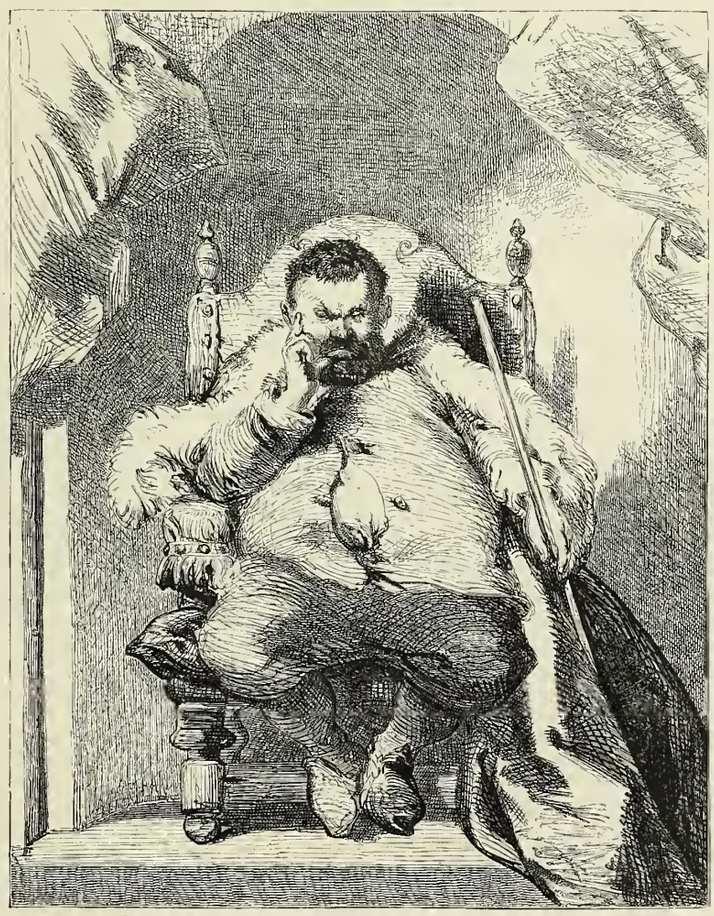
BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXVII.—JOHN GILBERT.

LOOKING at the numerous diversified and extended channels through which the works of Mr. Gilbert have gone forth to the public, there seems to be sufficient justification for speaking of him as the most widely-known artist in the world; this is saying much, but we have no doubt of our ability to prove its truth in the brief sketch we are about to give of his life and its fruits: of the latter the gathering has been most ample, when we consider their producer in his threefold character of an oil painter, a water-colour painter, and an "artist on wood." There are doubtless other men to whom academical rank and fashion have given a higher degree of popularity, but it is infinitely more limited than that which Mr. Gilbert can claim: if they have extorted the homage of their thousands, he has won the approbation of his tens of thousands. We purpose noticing this artist under each of the divisions into which we have classed his works.

John Gilbert was born at Blackheath, in the county of Kent, in 1817. His early love of Art, as well as his proficiency, was manifested when a boy at school, by his carrying off all the prizes for drawing, and, as we have heard him say, by his neglect of all other studies; for what interest could a lad, who was never happy if he had not a pencil in his hand, find in geography or grammar, or working out an arithmetical question or geometrical problem? The current of natural inclination will break through and overspread all the limits within which friends and schoolmasters may deem it desirable to confine the instruction of the young; Nature may be guided, trained, and in some degree controlled, but never can be successfully opposed altogether. It was just the same with him when school-days were over, and he was placed in the office of a "man of business" in the city,—his drawing propensities were a hindrance to advancement, while he not unfrequently got into trouble with his principals by employing his time in sketching all over the blotting and other papers in the office, thus giving to the place anything but a commercial aspect. Here, however, he remained two years, in a most uncongenial employment; at the expiration of this time, being pronounced "entirely unfit for the serious pursuits of business,"—a sentence there is little doubt he was well pleased to hear passed,—his friends withdrew him from the office-desk. Among the drawings he made, previously to his quitting, were some most elaborate sketches of the civic state carriages, which proved of signal service to him in after years.



Engraved by] SANCHO PANZA. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Having determined to become an artist, he made great exertions to enter the Academy Schools as a student, but, notwithstanding the encouragement he received from his kind friend, Sir W. Beechey, R.A., all efforts to gain admission were unsuccessful. We are at a loss to understand how this could be, for the necessary qualifications for admission, the chief of which is a tolerable proficiency in drawing, are by no means difficult of attainment, and there can be no reason to question Gilbert's art-capabilities even at this early period of his career. However, he failed, and therefore, as many other artists have done when unable to secure whatever benefit schools of Art have to offer, he set to work to teach himself. If self-education in Art has its disadvantages, as it undoubtedly has, it offers something to oppose to the evil —an opportunity for the manifestation of originality of style, as well as of ideas: the self-taught artist sits down to his work untrammelled by dogmas and traditions concerning what ought to be done and what omitted; and though he may, and does, not unfrequently fall into error, his productions, generally, show a freshness of thought and a vigour of executive power which one trained in schools rarely reaches: such qualities of Art constitute no inconsiderable portion of the interest and value of Gilbert's productions.

To aid him in the acquisition of some theoretical knowledge,—as, for example, the principles of Composition,—he studied eagerly and closely Reynolds's "Discourses," and Burnet's "Hints on Painting;" but feeling that colour required other instruction than what books, however excellent, were able to supply, he looked about for some artist whose experience might initiate him into its mysteries; such a guide he found in Mr. George Lance, the eminent fruit-painter, from whom he received most valuable instruction. These lessons from one of our greatest colourists, given at a time when the pupil was ripe to receive them, proved of the highest service to the student.

Mr. Gilbert must have been about eighteen or twenty years of age when he made his first appearance as an exhibitor by sending to the Suffolk Street Gallery a water-colour painting, the subject of which was "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, arresting Lord Hastings at the Council in the Tower." It met with a purchaser, and his good fortune—for it certainly must be considered fortunate when a young and unknown artist finds his primary essay in Art bought out of a public exhibition-room—animated him to future efforts. In 1838 he sent a "Portrait" to the Royal Academy, and in 1841, "Holbein painting the Portrait of Anne Boleyn;" but the picture which first attracted our attention was one hung at the British Institution in the same year, the subject, "Don Quixote giving Advice to Sancho Panza upon entering on his Government;" we published the following comments on this work:—"We are not familiar with the name of this artist; but that we shall be so hereafter is very certain. We should select it from out of the collection as one of the works of the greatest promise; if, indeed, we are so to limit our praise. It is conceived in a right spirit; the character of the Don is capitally preserved, and so is that of the exquisite Sancho. In no way is it overstrained; there is nothing bordering upon caricature; there is just enough of serious and comic humour in the countenances of each to realise the portraits of the great author without marring the effect, either by exaggeration or falling short of his design. The work, moreover, is very ably painted, and manifests a familiar acquaintance with the capabilities of the pencil." That well-known connoisseur, the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, gave substantial testimony to the merits of the picture by purchasing it for his collection.

Another subject from Don Quixote was exhibited at the British Institution in 1842, "The Duke promising Sancho the Government of an Island," which, with reference to priority of narrative, should have had precedence over the picture of 1841. The latter work quite equalled, if it did not surpass the former—evidencing boldness of execution, and a just perception of the characters pourtrayed. He exhibited at the same time a "Scene from Tristram Shandy,"—Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim conversing about the Siege of Dunkirk: in this picture there is little or nothing to call off the attention from the two figures, whose personifications are well sustained. The adventures of the heroic knight of La Mancha have, from the first, been a favourite theme with this artist as well as with many others; in the same year he sent to the Academy another subject from that story, "Don Quixote and Sancho's first Interview with the Duke and Duchess," concerning which we wrote:—"A capital picture, by an artist who might even now be a candidate for the distinction implied by the two mystical letters, R.A.:" if we were justified in pronouncing such an opinion at that remote period of his career, with how much greater propriety may we again record it, recollecting all he has done during the intervening years? Another Spanish scene, but from a different source, formed the subject of a picture sent to the British Institution in 1843, "The Education of Gil Blas,"—a composition of undoubted originality and power; it represents the youth playing idly with a dog, while his uncle, the Canon Gil Perez, intently studies a book that lies open before him. Gilbert did not exhibit at the Academy this year, but in the following season he sent to the Gallery "Don Quixote disputing with the Barber the merits of the great Knights Errant of Antiquity;" it was hung in the room appropriated to drawings and miniatures, but so high as to be beyond examination; what we could see only served to satisfy us that it deserved a far better place than the position to which the hangers assigned it. To the British Institution the same year he contributed, "The Lady in the Robber's Cave," the subject from Gil Blas.

In 1845 Gilbert quitted for a time the territory of Spanish romance, and

turned over the pages of English history as Shakspere has dramatised them. One of his two pictures in the British Institution was a wild and graphic sketch—little more—of "Gipsies," rendered with a remarkably dashing pencil, and an almost daring appropriation of red colours: the other was a "Scene from King Henry VIII.," where the Duke of Norfolk demands from Wolsey the Chancellor's seal: in this work, also, red is the ascendant colour, almost to a fault, but the incident is forcibly related in the grouping and expression of the figures. In the Academy we saw "King Henry IV.," a richly-coloured picture representing the monarch repeating the soliloquy—

> "Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?" &c.

"The Death of Cardinal Beaufort," in the British Institution in 1846, is a dramatic representation of a painful subject, into the terrors of which the artist entered with so great *animus*, as to make the picture far from agreeable to contemplate, though this circumstance is in itself an evidence of the skill of the painter. "Desdemona," and "The Emperor Charlemagne inspecting the Schools," are the respective titles of two pictures exhibited by him in the Academy this year; the latter a novel subject and treated originally, full of figures well drawn and grouped effectively. In 1847 he sent to the British Institution a graceful little figure called "Celia's Triumphs," suggested by a passage from Ben Jonson; a scene from remote French history, called "The Fronde Riots," describing Anne of Austria drawing a curtain aside to show the citizens that her son, who is asleep, has not been removed; the picture is exceedingly animated, rich in colour, but apparently painted in haste. To the Academy he contributed "Don Quixote at the Castle of the Duke;" it was unworthily hung, almost out of sight, in the architectural room.

The year 1848 passed over without any contribution from Mr. Gilbert to our picture galleries; but in the following season he sent to the British Institution "The Murder of Thomas-à-Becket,"—a composition of very considerable power, painted in a dark, low tone of colour, in keeping with the darkness of the tragedy; and to the Academy another "Don Quixote," and decidedly the best he had hitherto produced of this class of subject: in this picture the passage illustrated is that where the Don and his squire have alighted from their beasts, and seated themselves under a tree. In 1850 he contributed three pictures to the British Institution,—a large composition, wherein are introduced the principal characters of Shakspere, each so faithfully personified that we have no difficulty in recognising the character; another, "A Troop of Dragoons" on their march, in a storm of rain—a clever and most truthful sketch, which we have engraved; and a study of a negro's head, drawn in profile, to which the artist gave the fanciful title of "Aladdin's Present to the Sultan." In the Academy he had, half-hidden in the octagon-room, a very beautiful work, careful in detail and finish, "Touchstone and the Shepherd in the Forest of Arden."

"Don Sancho Panza, Governor of Barataria," exhibited at the British Institution in 1851, is another of the works of this artist selected by us as examples of his style,—it would have been a positive absurdity to think of "illustrating" a biography of John Gilbert without a specimen of his *Quixotic*



Engraved by] A TROOP OF DRAGOONS IN A STORM. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

inclinations; his Don Sancho is a capital picture, faithful to the humorous character given him by the novelist. Very different in subject and in feeling is "The Destruction of Job's Flock," in the Academy Exhibition of the same year,—a picture fully sustaining the reputation of the artist as an original and varied thinker, and quite as capable of treating powerfully and appropriately the narratives of Scripture as those of fiction or the dramatic historian.

As if for the purpose of showing his versatility of thought, he sent to the British Institution, in 1852, two paintings which might not unaptly pass, relatively to each other, as emblematic of "Peace" and "War;" one, the "Charge of Prince Rupert's Cavalry at the Battle of Naseby," so full of spirit and movement that we fancy we hear the trampling of the host of iron-heeled chargers as they rush up the high ground; the other, a small picture, graceful in arrangement and brilliant in display, of "Her Majesty the Queen holding a Drawing-room at St. James's Palace. By the way, if recent accounts of these august ceremonies be true, pictorial representations of them must be classed among "war-pictures" rather than "peace-pictures;" this, however, is not the case with Mr. Gilbert's; it is elegant, decorous, and court-like, in the true definition of the term; the artist, when he sketched it, must have had the Lord Chamberlain at his elbow to point out how these matters *ought* to be managed, and not how they *are*.

A picture entitled "A Spanish Landscape and Figures," which was exhibited at the British Institution in 1853, presents a rich combination of colours harmoniously disposed, and a masterly grouping of the figures,—a Spanish peasant, his wife and child, the two last mounted on an ass led by the man. This work, we believe, has been reproduced, in chromo-lithography, for the Art-Union of Glasgow. In the following year he sent to the same gallery "Sancho Panza informing his Wife of his coming Dignity, and of his intention to make his Daughter a Countess," a composition in which the assumed gravity of the expectant Governor of Barataria is so admirably represented, that we look upon him as one already in full possession of the sweets, the power, and the grave responsibilities of office; he has certainly not yet begun to sink under its weighty cares; he

> "Blossoms, and bears his blushing honours
> Thick upon him."

We should be well pleased to see an "illustrated edition" of "Don Quixote" from the hand of Gilbert, whose mind, through his pencil, enters so completely into the spirit of the story; the book could not fail of being popular: why has it never been undertaken?

We now take leave of Gilbert's oil-pictures, for since the dates already given he has exhibited nothing at the Academy or the Institution except his painting of "A Regiment of Royalist Cavalry at Edgehill," in the latter gallery the present year; all that we need say of a work, so fresh as it may be presumed to be in the recollection of a large number of our readers, is, that it was one of the great attractions of the exhibition.

The absence of Gilbert from the Academy since 1851, and his temporary withdrawal from the British Institution, may be accounted for by his appearance at the gallery of "Water-Colour Painters," of which society he was elected

associate exhibitor in 1852, and member in the year following; and none can doubt that it gained considerable accession of strength by his election, and especially in a department of art that required new and vigorous blood infused into it.

The identity of Gilbert's water-colour pictures with those he has executed in oil is manifest in the powerful expression of character, brilliant colouring, effective composition, and substantial execution, and in similarity of subject, but his style of execution differs; it is far more elaborated, and it seems to be the result of his constant occupation in drawing upon wood; his manipulation is characterised by what is known in wood-engraving as "cross-hatching," that is, by intersecting lines. There is, however, no evidence of feebleness of touch, nor of want of vigour in any way; the result is altogether satisfactory. The most important of his water-colour pictures are "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and his two murderers," (1852); "Richard II. resigning his Crown to Bolingbroke," (1853); "Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks," (1854); "Shylock entrusting his Keys to Jessica," and "An Alchymist," (1855); "The Standard Bearer," a noble figure, worthy of Velasquez, and "Her Majesty the Queen inspecting the Wounded Coldstream Guards in the Hall of Buckingham Palace," (1856); how many hundreds—nay thousands—of visitors to the gallery lingered long and almost reverently before this interesting picture, interesting as a work of Art as well as in the subject; and "The Duchess reading 'Don Quixote,'" (1857).



Engraved by] THE VIOLIN-PLAYER. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Having thus noticed the works of Mr. Gilbert in oil and water colour, it remains for us to speak of him as an "artist on wood," and it is in this character, chiefly, that reference was made to him at the commencement of this article, when we designated him as "the most popularly known artist in the world." It is necessary to go back several years of his life to acquaint the reader with Gilbert's first essay as "a wood-draftsman;" in fact to his earliest appearance as an exhibitor. A series of pen-and-ink sketches he had made for his amusement was shown by a mutual friend to Mr. Sheepshanks, to whom the nation is so largely indebted for his munificent gift of pictures, recently opened to the public, and who then resided at Blackheath, where the artist also lived. Mr. Sheepshanks suggested to Gilbert the desirableness of his turning his attention to drawing on wood designs for illustrating books. Acting upon the suggestion, he completed a set of drawings to illustrate "Nursery Rhymes;" but his style of pencilling differed so much from all preceding and contemporaneous drawings that the engravers were at first puzzled not a little to know how to render them; for we should tell the uninitiated of our readers that it is not every drawing which looks well on the wood, that will "cut well," to use a technical term. Gilbert's success in this work brought him into good repute with the book-publishers, and he was soon engaged on a variety of publications; he also undertook and carried through a long and elaborate series of chronological designs of English history, which were reproduced in lithography.

When the *Illustrated London News* was projected, in 1842, the proprietors applied to Gilbert for his aid; he commenced with the first number of that paper, by contributing a set of drawings to illustrate the Queen's *Bal Masque;* from that time to the present he has been, with very few intermissions, a regular weekly contributor to its columns. Now, when we consider that this pictorial record of passing events finds its way into almost every nook and corner of the habitable globe where an Englishman is domiciled, or his language is spoken, we feel fully justified in speaking of Gilbert as "the most popularly known artist in the world." Moreover, his name is associated with all the best "illustrated editions" of British authors, not strictly scientific, that have been published during the last sixteen years and more; how numerous these books have become, our own columns have testified year by year. We may remark, with



Engraved by] THE DISGRACE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

reference to these wood-drawings, that, notwithstanding his unwearied industry, he never could get through the prodigious amount of work placed in his hands, if he was not exceedingly rapid in his execution. He very rarely makes any previous sketch of his subject, but at once proceeds to draw it on the wood, as if it were a matter he had long thought over and studied; it is, perhaps, to this peculiar faculty of extemporising designs that one sees in them so much originality and freshness of idea—with less power he might become more of a copyist, or more commonplace.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

TEASING THE PET.

F. Mieris, Pinxt. R. C. Bell, Sculpt.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 11¼ in. by 1 ft. 6½ in.

Among the most famous Dutch artists who flourished between the years 1650 and 1750, were four of the name of Mieris, of one family; all of whom adopted a similar style of painting, yet not with equal success. The first of the four, in precedence and in merit, was Francis, whose picture of "Teasing the Pet" is here engraved; the next, John and William, his two sons; and the last, Francis (the younger, as he is called), son of William: they were all natives of Leyden.

Francis Mieris, the elder, was born in 1635: his father, a goldsmith and lapidary, with the view of cultivating the taste for Art which his son evinced, placed him under the care of Abraham Toorne Vliet, a glass-painter of considerable reputation; and having perfected himself in the knowledge of elementary design, young Mieris became the pupil of Gerard Douw, at that time in the zenith of his fame, and whose celebrity Mieris was ambitious of emulating. In a short time he had far surpassed all his fellow-students, and had won from his master the distinctive title of "Prince of his Disciples;"—there have been, and now are, many connoisseurs who consider Mieris superior to Gerard Douw. Having quitted the studio of the latter, he at once began to practise on his own account, and soon so established himself in the favour of his countrymen that it became difficult to obtain a picture from his hands; for painters in those days, unlike too many of our own time, thought more of the quality of what they produced than of the number of the pictures they could throw into the market. Perhaps, however, Mieris is not altogether to be absolved from a "love of lucre;" for he was accustomed to charge for his works—at least so his early biographers say—according to the time employed upon them, demanding at the rate of a ducat an hour, equal to eight shillings and ninepence of our money.

One of the earliest patrons of the artist was the Archduke of Austria, who commissioned him to paint a picture. Mieris selected as his subject the interior of a mercer's shop, in which a pretty young woman is exhibiting to a gentleman a variety of richly-coloured silks, while the customer, if he intends to be one, is evidently attracted more by the seller than her goods. The archduke was so charmed with the work that he invited Mieris to Vienna, offering him a strong temptation in the way of a munificent establishment; but the Dutchman was unwilling to quit his country, and pleaded, as his apology for the non-acceptance of the invitation, his numerous professional engagements. When the Grand-duke of Tuscany visited Leyden, he also gave the artist a commission for a picture, which, we believe, is still in the gallery at Florence, and is considered as one of the painter's best works. It represents a young lady, habited in a dress of white satin, playing on a lute; another female and a young man are seated on a couch; a servant is offering to the latter refreshments on a silver salver: the finish of this picture is not surpassed by any work of the Dutch school—a school eminent above all others for this quality. The grand-duke also sat to Mieris for his portrait, which is now in the Florentine Gallery—the most famous in Europe.

The works of this artist, who died in 1681, are small in dimensions, and principally of subjects similar in character to that introduced here: they exhibit the most minute accuracy, the highest finish, correct drawing, and the greatest purity of colour. But while each and all of these excellent qualities of painting are seen in the faces and extremities of his figures, they are pre-eminent in his imitations of textile fabrics; silks, velvets, stuffs, carpets, &c., are copied with extraordinary fidelity, and yet with unquestionable freedom of pencilling and design. We trace in his works nothing of the hardness and stiffness that usually characterise the modern Pre-Raffaellite school in their elaborations.

The picture of "Teasing the Pet," though an exquisitely finished performance, cannot be considered as one of the most valuable examples of the master: it is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
Hon. Sec. of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, and of the Architectural Museum, &c.

Part IV.—Egyptian and Assyrian Art.

It was in the early spring-time of the world that Art arose, and grew amongst men with a rapid and vigorous growth. The valley of the Nile was the earliest scene of her beneficent working: here, in the first-born of the empires, and beside the great river which, throughout all ages, should be the ever-eloquent though silent witness to her achievements, Art began to declare herself to be a powerful refiner of human life, and also a faithful historian of human sentiments and actions. The ancient Egyptian remains which time, having stamped with the seal of tens of centuries, has yet spared for us to study with wondering veneration, standing as they do at the threshold of the history of Art, are, from the very circumstance of their pre-eminent antiquity, invested with a peculiar interest; and this interest gathers strength from the consideration that amidst the works of the primeval artists of Egypt we learn what is the real and true character of all Art, and what are its genuine and distinctive attributes in every age and in all countries. Art in Egypt we see to have been strictly national, essentially historical, and graphically expressive; while it maintained an inseparable union between its various forms. It was the one expression of the Egyptian mind, speaking its deepest thoughts concerning Egypt. Such would be the natural, and, indeed, the inevitable character of Art in the days of its first youth. Egyptian Art demonstrates this fact; and it also does much more than this—for it shows that in whatever degree Art may be beguiled to fall away from its original standard of unity, of truthfulness, and consistency, in that degree it degenerates and becomes enfeebled. This lesson, so powerfully taught in the first instance in Egypt, received abundant corroboration in after-times and in other regions. In our own country, and at the present time, this same lesson may exercise an influence of special value. We are now, as a nation, votaries of Art. Art has become with us both the passion and the fashion of the day; yet we shall scarcely be prepared to boast of our present Art-achievements. Perchance the venerable teaching of far-off antiquity may accomplish, at least, something of advance and exaltation for us, if we will but search out and accept its lessons. Very much has recently been effected by equally enterprising and judicious exploration and research in ever-wonderful Egypt; and photography has joined its powers with those of the pencil in a strenuous effort to set before us faithful portraitures of every variety of Egyptian Art-work; and, besides, with the view to popularise the study of Egyptian Art, the Crystal Palace has produced its Egyptian Courts. It is my present purpose to point out in what manner these Courts discharge the office of teaching; and I shall hope to do this the more successfully if I first indicate the principal points in the history of Egyptian Art, which these Courts were designed to exemplify and illustrate: in other words, it appears to be most desirable for me to sketch out what we ought to be able to learn here, and then to consider how far such expectations may be realised.

Universal experience has shown that Art, however consistently true it may continue to its own peculiar character in any country, invariably passes through certain distinct phases, and appears under several determinate conditions; and it is highly remarkable that in almost every instance Art has marked out for itself three grand eras or periods in its career:—first there is the archaic period; next follows, generally with a rapid step, the great and most perfect period; and then, in its turn, the age of lingering decline succeeds, and points to a fall which sooner or later must be expected. In Egypt the three periods are very distinctly marked out, notwithstanding the marvellous rapidity with which Art here mounted to its zenith. Of the archaic period the great pyramids are the type; Thebes, in the plenitude of its power and grandeur, marks the culminating era; and under the Ptolemies comes the decline, which should close in the final catastrophe of Rome. We shall, accordingly, look for illustrative examples of these three great Art-eras in the Egyptian Courts, as also for such a sustained chain of minor illustration as may lead us on from one epoch to its successor.

Again, in Egypt Art never admitted any absolute disruption of its unity, whether of aim or of expression. The Egyptians did not practise painting as one art, and sculpture as another art, and architecture as a third; but architecture, and sculpture, and painting, were, both in the Egyptian mind and in the Egyptian practice, so intimately united, the one with the other, that they were actually inseparable. These three made one Art—the *Art*, not the *Arts*, of Egypt; hence the admirable truth of each great form of artistic working. From its union with the other forms it received fresh strength and increased effectiveness, while its own attributes were developed with more complete fulness and more absolute truth. Always obedient also to the laws which the national religion imposed upon it, Art in Egypt was ennobled by the religious solemnity which enhanced its intrinsic worthiness. Always limited in its direction by its religious associations, Art in Egypt is seen to have nevertheless combined the most exalted sublimity of conception with a delicate finish in execution which cannot be surpassed. This Egyptian Art thus was true Art, because it was original; also because it was at once truthful and suggestive, energetic and refined. We should expect to discover in our Egyptian Courts specimens of each of these qualities of Egyptian Art; and here we should also expect to learn how it was that the artists of Egypt maintained that unity in Art which it was their great glory that they did maintain; as it is the peculiar opprobrium of the present time that each form and expression of Art should have been compelled to stand alone, and should have been regarded as complete in itself and in its solitary isolation—a picture, or a statue, or an edifice, now being held to be three distinct works of three distinct arts, in place of the edifice being designed to comprehend the works of both sculptor and painter; while painter and sculptor alike designed and worked under the idea of attaining to real excellence only through their association with the architect. And, once again, the Egyptians were builders of temples and constructors of tombs on a scale both of magnitude and of magnificence unknown to other nations: it was their habit, too, to accumulate building upon building, and mass upon mass, each particular work being, when complete, the aggregate result of long-continued working; and they delighted in surface decoration, produced by means of shallow *quasi* relief carving, aided by a free use of colour; and they gloried in giving utterance to their loftiness of conception through forms of colossal magnitude: all these things, consequently, ought to be represented, graphically and after an impressive manner, in these Courts.

Before entering the Egyptian Courts, it must be called to remembrance that *models* only can be expected to be found—models which tell their tale truly indeed, but yet under much of disadvantage. They cannot emulate the vast scale of the originals; they cannot exhibit their imperishable materials; neither can they gather around themselves the associations and the local accessories of actual Egyptian temples or tombs. We have here to deal, I repeat, with models only, not even, as in the case of the sculpture, distinctively so designated, with casts. A model of a pyramid has not been attempted; perhaps the attempt, if restricted to a part only of one of these mighty piles, might have been eminently valuable. As it is, the Courts show nothing of the works of Suphis or Cheops, and his pyramid-building brethren; and, therefore, we have to commence here with the second era in Egyptian Art—the era of the Theban monarchy. In imagination we may gaze still deeper into the depths of the past, until we realise some image of the pyramids of Memphis—that most ancient group of monuments in Egypt, and, as it would seem, in the world—themselves "examples of a style absolutely independent of all previous efforts of human Art either in Egypt itself or in any contemporary nation." And when we seek, higher up the river-valley, for the remains of royal Thebes, we shall go thither impressed profoundly with the conviction that the works of the pyramid builders abound with evidence of their having at-



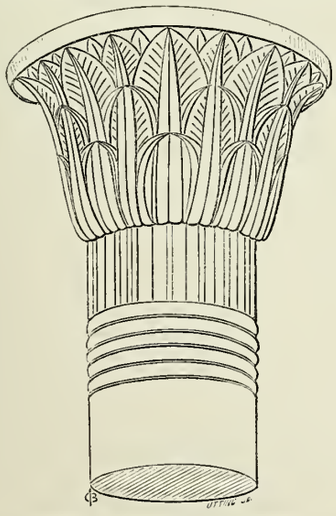
T. MIERIS PINXT.

TEASING THE PET

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

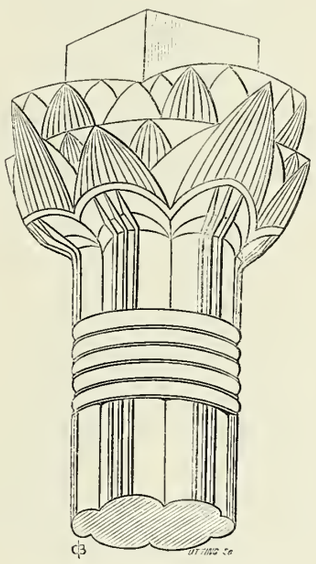
LONDON PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR

tained to a degree of excellence in Art which Karnac itself could only rival—so wonderful was the elastic energy with which Art reached maturity in this congenial region. Leaving, then, the pyramids on the western side of the Nile, and ascending the stream till we have entered the Thebaid, or Upper Egypt, we come upon the obelisks and temple groups of the eastern bank of the river. Columnar architecture now appears to prevail, and on every side there are evidences of powerful kings and flourishing cities. The columns here are sometimes seen to have been set not merely in ranges, but in a dense array over the greater part of the entire area of the halls of the temple-palaces. The Crystal Palace Court illustrates this most remarkable system of arrangement effectively and well—as well and as effectively as it could possibly be done on a greatly reduced scale, and with such different materials, and without the river, and the sun, and the valley of Egypt. Of the original hypostyle Hall of Manepthah, at Karnac, perhaps the most sublime of man's works, an idea may be imagined from the Sydenham Hall of Columns. I know not how to award a higher praise to the model. The Great Temple, of which this wonderful hall became the crowning glory, was commenced by Osortasen, one of the mightiest of the Pharaohs; and many of his successors sustained the series of structures which combined to form the whole. On the opposite side of the Nile arose the scarcely inferior work of Ramses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greeks. A part of this structure has been reproduced in the Egyptian Courts. The great Temple of Mediuet-Habou, the work of Ramses III., contributes one of the most remarkable of the scenes which are rendered, with exact truthfulness to the Egyptian style, on the walls. The original forms one of the grand group of Thebes, though it shadows forth tokens of the then approaching decline in Egyptian Art. The façade of the outer Court exemplifies another striking feature in the works of the great era: this is the column as it appears in the rock-cut temples of Nubia and elsewhere of the age of Ramses II., and which exhibits the evident prototype of the Greek Doric order of a later age. Various details and decorative accessories from works of the great period are also represented in these Courts, which carry onwards to the succeeding age their graphic history. Abou-Simbel, Dendera, and other well-known names, contribute from their varied stores; and the whole collection of examples is enriched with groups of casts from works in sculpture, including a cast of the celebrated Rosetta Stone. The exceeding beauty and the essential truthfulness of the Egyptian style are eminently apparent in the columns which were so freely used. The models of these claim attentive study. I have here introduced sketches after two of the most cha-



EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS CAPITAL, THEBES.

racteristic forms. It will be observed from these capitals that the ancient Egyptian artists derived their inspiration from that great authority in Art—Nature. The luxuriant vegetation of their country furnished the types for their fairest and their most effective designs. Skilfully, and with most beautiful appropriateness, they adapted the lineaments of the natural objects to the requirements of their art, and at the same time their art became indelibly impressed by them with both the beauty and the truth of Nature. Examine one of their papyrus-capitals; it is not a block of stone, about which the rich foliage of the plant has been entwined in sculpture; the foliage, or perhaps the flower, *is* the capital. Other capitals, designed in a questionable taste, are ornamented with, or formed of, heads or figures of personages famous in Egyptian story. The Egyptians also employed colossal figures in situations which rendered them almost *quasi* columns or caryatides; a close examination, however, will show that such statues are in reality additions to the true architecture, and not adaptations of the expressions of one form of Art to the requirements and uses of another.



EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS CAPITAL, PHILÆ.

The teaching of the Egyptian Courts cannot fail to combine for the careful student much of gratification, with more of valuable instruction. He will see in them true Egyptian forms and characteristic Egyptian grouping and combination. The system of surface-decoration is also admirably shown, with its quaint yet truly artistic delineation of Egyptian history. The very colossi are realised in the enormous figures which now sit and gaze, with Egyptian calmness, upon a natural giant from a new world, and which bears the name of a hero greater than Sesostris. The sphinx-avenues also are reproduced, and the Duke of Northumberland's famous lions bear them company. An obelisk, like a pyramid, is wanting; neither is there such a vivid realisation of a rock-tomb as Belzoni gave us more than thirty years ago. Another want is a model which does not look quite new, fresh, and perfect—a model which would show the touch of time and the rougher grasp of violence. Such models or casts, with all the devastations which the originals have had to endure visibly portrayed upon them, are needed throughout these Fine-Art Courts. We require thus to see the originals as they are, no less than to have them again invested with the perfectness of their first condition. I have already noticed this want, which in the Egyptian Courts is felt with peculiar keenness; and I have also invoked the aid of photographs to supply, in the Courts themselves, what they can tell us so powerfully of the actual present state of the Art-productions of the past. These, with some clear and precise indication of the historical order of the model-works, would render the Egyptian Courts worthy of the highest admiration.

In close association with Egypt ASSYRIA now holds its proper place in the history of Art. A few years have sufficed to clear away from this marvellous region the deep obscurity which, during long centuries, had settled heavily upon it. The great valley-plain of the Tigris and the Euphrates has become as visibly and vividly historical, through the magic agency of its Art, as the Nile valley itself. Nineveh is no longer a mystery, and Assyrian history no longer remains a void. An Assyrian Court at the commencement of the reign of our most gracious Sovereign would have been an impossibility, or rather it could not even have been contemplated. And now we have become familiar with most wonderful collections of the original works of the Assyrian artists, and in the Assyrian Court of the Crystal Palace we can study reproductions of those works, grouped with singular skill, and associated with an architectural structure which may be supposed to realise the actual edifices of Nineveh. The possession by this country of so many of the actual Assyrian works, and their concentration in the national museum, are facts which greatly enhance the value of this Assyrian Court, and impart a peculiarly impressive character to its teaching. The fidelity of the model is thus brought to the severest test, while the work of the restorer is distinctly specified and rigidly defined. It will be found that this Court is worthy of much more attention than is usually bestowed upon it. Its very additions to what may be seen in the British Museum constitute its special claims upon the student. Without doubt the student will require positive authority; such authority the casts from the slabs and sculptures possess in themselves, while their grouping and the accessories, which long and careful study has associated with them, lead on, with scarcely less sure accuracy, along the path of Art-written history.

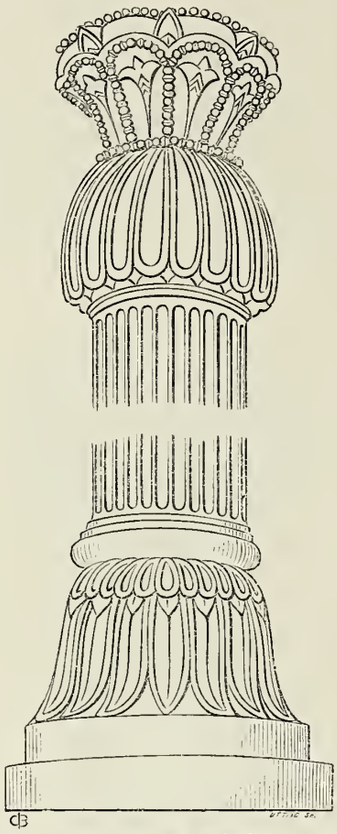
The three epochs of Art are clearly developed in the recovered "Art-treasures" of Assyria. The first commences after the restoration of native Assyrian dynasties, and the departure of the Egyptian conquerors—that is, the period, according to the Greeks, of Ninus and his successors, in the fourteenth century before Christ, and which coincides with the first decline of the Egyptian power in Egypt itself, and also with the Israelitish Exodus. This period may be considered to close with the revolt of Arbaces, B.C. 821. The second era ranges to the destruction of Nineveh, about B.C. 600. And the third era, extending to the Macedonian conquest, comprehends the revived splendours of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar, and the great works of Cyrus and Cambyses at Passargadæ, with the still more magnificent productions of Darius and Xerxes, which rendered Persepolis so illustrious in antiquity, and have left it so dignified in its existing ruins. This third Assyrian period, after the usual manner, may be considered to extend itself beyond any definite limit, until Art ceased to live in Mesopotamia.

Egypt is the land of temples, temple-palaces, and tombs: in Assyria the palace has the pre-eminence, and the tomb has yet to be discovered; while the temple has hitherto been able to establish but a questionable title to distinct and certain recognition. The Assyrians most surely built and worked for the living; and whatsoever they transmitted for those who should live in after generations, through the agency of Art, had evidently a primary reference to the artists themselves and to their own age. This very self-love, however, in them for us has its advantages. They were scrupulously careful to delineate the living kings and princes and warriors, the living tributaries also and captives; they depicted events as they took place, and personages as they lived and acted; and thus we have Art-records which speak in a yet living language. The men have passed away, and with them has their self-love perished; but their memorial, with its voice of deep and solemn admonition, has been preserved, and thus they will not cease to occupy their own place in the great volume of human history.

Assyrian Art is no less national, no less characteristic, and no less consistent than Egyptian: accordingly it repeats the lesson for us, that these are qualities in Art which we shall do well to acquire. Distinguished by the peculiar feeling of the Assyrians themselves, Art in Assyria is essentially oriental: it also shows its different forms of expression in the most intimate association. The conditions under which the remains of Assyrian Art have been preserved, have restricted those remains within a somewhat narrow range. Fire was the destroying agent which swept away so much, and yet in its very devastation formed the nucleus for the preserving accumulations which should shelter what had not been consumed. Hence works in stone and alabaster and marble have been preserved

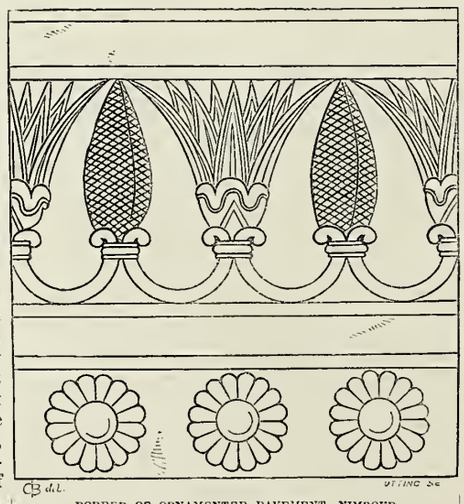
in profusion, while whatsoever had been formed of a perishable material has long ceased to exist: and hence also, in consequence of the evident abundant use of wood in their construction by the Assyrians, large portions of their edifices have been destroyed without leaving any clear vestiges of their original character. The existing remains prove that these remains did not constitute the entire edifices in their original forms; and the practice so fortunately prevalent in early times (I cannot apply the same epithet to its prevalence amongst ourselves) of imitating works designed and usually constructed in one material, in other materials, has supplied what otherwise would have been an evident but also a hopeless loss in Assyrian Art. There still exist at Persepolis many remains executed in stone, which are evidently repetitions in that material of what the earlier Assyrian artists constructed of wood. Hence the restorations in the Assyrian Court have been obtained, and their judicious adjustment cannot fail to produce a suitable impression upon the Art-student. Let such a student cherish that impression; but, at the same time, let him not regard restorations and actual reproductions as possessing the very same claims upon him. He will distinguish the one from the other as positive authorities, while he observes how much may be done by thoughtful care to supply what time and circumstances have rendered no longer directly accessible. It will be observed that the Assyrian Court is remarkable for the completeness of its illustration of the arts of Assyria, with the sole exception of the Art-manufactures and the minor carvings and sculptures in ivory in which the Assyrians attained to such high excellence. There is, however, in this Court the imperfection so much to be lamented in these generally admirable structures—the absence, that is, of such an exact classification and arrangement as will clearly distinguish the great Art-eras, and assign to each its own peculiar teaching. This is *the* Assyrian Court, as it is usually seen and contemplated: it ought to have been, evidently and unmistakeably, a court exhibiting three successive periods in Assyrian Art. As before, again I may repeat, that photographs may do much to effect what thus remains to be done; they may be made to demonstrate the eras, and also to show the character of those objects of Assyrian Art of which facsimiles cannot otherwise be obtained.

Without attempting to introduce here even a descriptive sketch of the works of Assyrian Art which have so recently become known to us, I may observe that the most ancient of the buildings at present disclosed from the mounds is the north-west palace at Nimroud, built by Asshur-akh-pal, one of the several Sardanapali, who is believed to have reigned about B.C. 900. The other principal discoveries are Khorsabad, to the north-east of Nineveh, the work of Shalmaneser or Sargon; Koyunjik, the splendid palace of Sennacherib, on the Tigris; and the palace of Esarhaddon, with several other groups of chambers, complete the series. To these the discoveries in Babylonia must be added; and with them the ruins of Persepolis must be closely associated. These most valuable historical remains lead us on to the still more interesting edifices of the Israelites in the great days of their glory. Not, indeed, that the Persepolitan remains form a directly connecting link with what Jerusalem once was, but that the transition from the platform and the rock sculptures of the Persians to the works of the wise king who reigned on the shores of the Mediterranean, is the most readily effected. As Persepolis is invaluable to us as an exponent and illustrator of Nineveh and Babylon, so do the three possess a special source of interest from the light which they combine to throw upon the arts of Israel. The temple and the royal house of Solomon, as we gather from Holy Writ and from the pages of Josephus, were evidently built and decorated in the styles of Assyria; there were the sculptured and painted wall-slabs, the cedar roof and pillars, the mystic figures, the elaborate yet peculiar enrichments which Nineveh has still, with the aid of Persepolis, preserved for us to contemplate. Whatever additional illustrations from Assyria and Babylonia may eventually be associated with the Assyrian Court, as it now exists, it will be of the utmost importance that Persepolis should also be fully illustrated, and its value as a commentator upon the earlier arts of the Assyrians clearly made known. I have here introduced sketches of a capital and base from Persepolis, both of them modelled to the full size of the originals in the Assyrian Court, and both of them



CAPITAL AND BASE, PERSEPOLIS.

works of great beauty. The capital, if crested with a nobler upper member, would take a place amongst the best productions of its class, and the base, unaltered, might be adopted with signal advantage.



BORDER OF ORNAMENTED PAVEMENT, NIMROUD.
(The original in the British Museum.)

Part V.—Gothic Art: *Section* 1.

As is the case with their Romanesque neighbour, the Gothic Art Courts in the Crystal Palace suffer from possessing the title which has very infelicitously been applied to them. They are styled "Mediæval"—a term devoid altogether of any definite application to a style or period of Art; and which, in the case of Gothic Art, is calculated not only not to satisfy, but actually to mislead the student. The Gothic was indeed the great Art of the middle ages; but it was not the only form under which, during the middle ages, Art flourished in Europe. The term mediæval, as an Art epithet, would include the Romanesque forms on the one side, and what have been not inaptly designated after-Gothics on the other side. It is well to restrict the term "Gothic" to its own age, and to apply it to its own style, and, at the same time, to exclude from it as well what preceded and what followed it. I shall accordingly, as in the instance of the Romanesque Court, reject the word "Mediæval," and substitute for it the word "Gothic," while treating of the courts which really are devoted to Gothic Art. These courts will demand a careful investigation; they come close to us, and their teaching ought to abound in lessons as well of present practical value as of historical interest. Should it appear that more might have been done for Gothic Art in these Courts than they have actually accomplished, it will also be evident that their teaching will readily admit such aid and support as will render it of the very highest importance. Reversing my previous order of treatment, I propose first to give a general description of these Courts, and subsequently to compare them with what we should both desire and expect to find them. The group comprises three distinct Courts, with the adjoining corridor, and along the entire façade next to the great central avenue of the palace various works in sculpture (chiefly monumental) are arranged. First there is a small court devoted to the Gothic of Germany; the much more spacious court which succeeds is formed of casts from English works in the same style; a second small court contains examples of French Gothic, and the corridor is occupied by miscellaneous specimens; in addition to which there is a second large and very important miscellaneous collection in the extensive open space which corresponds with the present music-hall. Thus the entire style, in all its more important forms of expression, is illustrated; the Lombard and Italian form having received the least share of attention. The student will note this bringing together of Gothic works from different countries, at the outset of his inquiry; it is a matter most seriously affecting his final success, and one which these Courts will do much to represent to him in its true importance. Until very lately the study of the Gothic of England had received but little of illustration from what other countries had to teach respecting the style; but now we have at last begun to recognise the style as one great style, and we have commenced searching out its workings wherever it worked, that thus we may attain to something more closely resembling a full comprehension of the style itself, in the fulness of its deep meaning and its comprehensive power. So long as the Gothic was studied under one form and aspect only, by those who desired to revive it in extended operation, so long they restricted their aim to the mere reproduction of early examples: and mere reproduction will neither make an artist nor revive an art. But when a wider and loftier spirit of inquiry began to exert its influence, and the students and lovers of Gothic Art were led to seek out, not the material forms, but the animating spirit of the style; when they aspired to a fellowship with the feeling and the mind of the Gothic masters, with the view to their own working under kindred impulses, yet without any idea of doing precisely the same work once again, then there began to be such beings as Gothic artists, and Gothic Art began to revive. Thus this great Art may work after a manner consistent with its own essential attribute of applicability to existing requirements, and its versatile powers may be consistently exemplified in availing themselves of every fresh discovery in science, and every addition of a new material or a novel method of applying an old one. The extension of the range of study beyond the Gothic of England, together with the maintenance of the unity of the style throughout its eras, have already done great things towards placing this great art on its proper basis amongst us; and the Crystal Palace Gothic Courts have performed their own parts in this good work, though certainly they have not at present accomplished so much as they may be yet made to accomplish.

The German Court is entered through a cast from the celebrated doorway at Nuremberg, and on either side of this there are grouped various objects from different German churches, including four fine monuments all from Mayence Cathedral; and above is a characteristic and beautiful arcade, made

up of miscellaneous details chiefly from Cologne. At hand are sculptures from Munich, Cologne, and Nuremberg, and other places. Amongst these are the masterpieces of Adam Krafft, with two works ascribed to Albert Durer, and others which carry on the German series as late as the commencement of the sixteenth century. The cloister, which forms one side of the English Court, is, for the most part, a reproduction from Guisborough Abbey, Yorkshire; but, unhappily, this fine work of the noblest Gothic age is mixed up with details of the succeeding era. The open Court itself has been constructed with a direct and evident disregard of all classification,—the several Gothic eras are indiscriminately associated, and an incongruous whole has been the necessary result. But the component parts, when reduced to their own proper independence, are of great value; these are taken from the Cathedrals of Ely, Lincoln, Wells, Rochester, Winchester, Hereford, Salisbury, Lichfield, Westminster Abbey, the great churches of Southwell and Beverley, &c. The Court itself must be visited by those who would examine in detail into its composition: here are niches, canopies, bosses, corbels, spandrels, windows, tombs, a noble late font, and almost every possible variety of Gothic work. Amongst so much that is admirable, and with all these excellent casts ready to form the Court, it certainly is a matter of surprise that the triforium arches of Lincoln should have been made to act as doorways, and that many objects should be made up of parts brought together from various originals. The triforium arches were purposely designed to be seen at a considerable elevation; they cannot be fairly estimated when converted into doorways, and set on a level with the student. There are many examples of sculpture in this Court; and here the same remark is applicable in many instances—the originals are placed at a great height, while the casts are raised but a few feet. A considerable amount of colour has been introduced here, but without producing any satisfactory results. Within the Court are four great casts from celebrated monuments with effigies, which will be fully described hereafter. In the adjoining corridor are other monuments, with various specimens of windows, vaulting, shafts, and niche-work. Some few Italian examples are to be found in the French Gothic Court, together with a more numerous series of works from France itself: here are fine arches from the choir of Notre Dame, Paris, surmounted by canopies from Chartres; and a variety of other celebrated churches have also contributed their treasures of architecture and sculpture. The entire series is very excellent, and its teaching will repay attentive and prolonged study. It is the same with the Gothic works, which at present stand in such singular disorder in the great compartment of the Palace which adjoins the central transept. The student may here contemplate many of the noblest isolated examples of Gothic Art; each has for him its own teaching, but each example would derive fresh powers of instruction from association. The relative bearing of these fine works upon each other, and their respective contribution to the history of Gothic Art has still to be realised through classification. While they are regarded as parts of a great whole, their teaching cannot fail to produce important effects, however they may be placed: and now Art-students have been taught to consider every great Gothic example as, in fact, associated with every other, the whole forming the one volume which that noble art completed in the middle ages, and handed down (sealed, indeed, but with a seal which would admit of being dissolved) for us to study. That same volume needs not to be issued again, or to be simply translated: the spirit of the original survives, and, unexhausted, it seeks at our hands a fresh work, that may bear the same distinctive lineaments with its predecessor,—that may be as true as the former volume to the style and title which it should bear, but which will be characterised throughout by a freshness and energy of its own, and which, on every page, will vindicate at once the fame of the former workers, and the worthiness of their living successors. In these Courts we may recognise collections of valuable authorities from which the new volume may derive some of its materials, and upon which, as upon a solid foundation, it may repose in confident security.

THE APPLICATION OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 8.—THE ECONOMY OF SOME METALLURGICAL PROCESSES CONNECTED WITH GOLD AND SILVER.

From the most remote historic times, the islands of Britain have been celebrated for their metalliferous treasures. Tradition, from a yet earlier period, brings us strange legends of the wealth of the early British tribes. It is certain that the ancient monarchies were indebted to those "far islands of the west" for the tin with which they manufactured their bronzes. We have evidences, traditionary and historical, that the merchants of Tyre and Sidon sent their commercial navies round the coasts of Spain, and to the far-famed "Cassiterides," for the tin with which they supplied the great nations of the eastern world.

In connection with this early commerce and ancient navigation, we have the curious and instructive account given by Diodorus. He says,—"We will now give an account of the tin which is produced in Britain. The inhabitants of that extremity of Britain which is called Bolerion both excel in hospitality, and also, by reason of their *intercourse with foreign merchants, are civilised in their modes of life*. These prepare the tin, working very skilfully the earth which produces it. The ground is rocky, but it has in it earthy veins, the produce of which is brought down and melted and purified. Then, when they have cast it into the form of cubes, they carry it to a certain island adjoining to Britain, and called *Ictis*. During the recess of the tide the intervening space is left dry, and they carry over abundance of tin to this place in their carts; and it is something peculiar that happens to the islands in these parts lying between Europe and Britain, for, at full tide, the intervening passage being overflowed, they appear islands; but when the sea retires a large space is left dry, and they are seen as peninsulas. From hence, then, the traders purchase the tin of the natives, and transport it into Gaul, and finally, travelling through Gaul on foot, in about thirty days they bring their burdens on horses to the mouth of the river Rhone."

Cæsar, in his Commentaries, distinctly states that one reason of his invading the Britons was, because they assisted the Gauls with their treasures, with which their country abounded. Thus we have the evidence of two historians to show that these islands have been from the earliest date regarded as rich in mineral treasures. Traditionary evidence is abundant. One of the Welsh Triads informs us that three of the great princes of Wales—Caswallan, Manawydan, and Llew Llaugyfes—were distinguished for their possession of golden cars. The "hoarded treasure" of the prophet Merlin, of which we have strange tales in our ancient British poetry, may also be regarded as indicating, in remote antiquity, the search for the precious metals in this country. The Romans certainly worked some mines for gold; that of Ogofau, in Carmarthenshire, is a remarkable example. In considering this question, the fact must not be allowed to escape us of the discovery of ring-money of gold in the bogs of Ireland, many very interesting examples of which are preserved in the cabinets of the curious.

Although the special purpose of this paper is to direct attention to some interesting modern processes, by which a large amount of valuable metal, which was formerly wasted, is now preserved; it cannot but be interesting to sketch something of the history of the search for gold and silver in the British Isles. Confining our attention, then, entirely to gold and silver, it is curious to discover that our Henry IV. commands Walter Fitz Walter—upon information of a concealed *gold mine* in Essex—to apprehend all such persons as he in his judgment thinks fit, that do conceal the said mine, and to bring them before the king and council, there to receive what shall be thought fit to be ordered. This strange warrant of the king had reference to a tradition "that Cimboline, prince of the Trinobantes—who lived much at Rome in Augustus his time—did at Walden, in Essex, coin according to the Roman way, money instead of rings." There appears to have existed from the earliest times a vague belief that the much-valued precious metal, gold, was to be found in Britain; and this idea has from time to time been encouraged by the actual discovery of some gold in various places. The Romans, for example, actually worked a gold mine at Ogofau; the remains of their smelting establishment has been discovered, and a gold necklace found, which, for the style and workmanship, would have been no discredit to a modern goldsmith. In the time of James I. it was stated that much gold had been found, and that by careful search much more would be discovered in the Lead Hills, and some other parts of Scotland. One Atkinson wrote on the subject, and after comparing his majesty to David and Solomon for wisdom, he earnestly persuades the king to embark in the gold search, and he promises him riches far beyond the wealth of the Hebrew monarch. It does not appear that any considerable quantity of gold was ever discovered in any part of Scotland, but some has been found in the Lead Hills and elsewhere. Certain it is that more money has been expended in the search for the royal metal than could be coined from what has been discovered.

Several similar manias have from time to time taken possession of the people, and all of them have ended in ruinous loss to those who had yielded to the seductions of the gold fever. One of the most successful of the searches for gold was that in 1795, prosecuted in Wicklow. It transpired that lumps of pure gold had been picked up in a valley on the flank of the mountain called Croghan Kinshela, in the southern part of the county of Wicklow. The discovery, which was purely accidental, was kept a secret for some months; but no sooner was it made known, than crowds of the country people, throwing aside their ordinary occupations, rushed to the spot to secure a share in so promising a harvest. Some hundreds of gold diggers were soon employed about the stream, and during about six weeks appropriated to themselves a considerable amount of pickings. After that time the government, fortified by a special act of parliament, established a more systematic system of streaming, under the direction of special commissioners; and up to the outbreak of the rebellion in 1798 these works were remunerative. During that unfortunate period, however, they were destroyed, and were not resumed until 1801. Attempts were then made to discover the source of the alluvial gold, by mining into the mountain. An adit was driven a considerable distance into the hill, with the hope of cutting the lodes from which it was supposed the gold of the valleys had been derived. After a large expenditure of money and considerable labour—not a particle of gold having been discovered—the mining works were abandoned. The government were advised to this by Mr. Weaver, after some years of this useless search. From the stream, however, they had raised 944 ounces of gold, the total value of which at the time was £3675. The Wicklow gold occurred disseminated throughout an irregular bed, composed of clay and fragments of rock more or less rounded; the particles were generally minute scales; but large solid lumps were found from time to time, the heaviest of which weighed 22 ounces.* Gold has, at all times, been found in small quantities in the tin streams of Cornwall, but never has it been regarded as of sufficient importance to be made an object of special search. The "tin streamers," as these men are called, usually carry with them a small quill, in which they preserve the particles of gold they may discover in washing for tin. These quills of gold are usually sold as curiosities.

It is not many years since the valleys of North Devon were said to be rich in gold; Pactolean streams were fabled to be flowing over golden sands, and the fable of Colchis was to be realised in England. At enormous cost new machines for amalgamating and grinding the auriferous quartz were

* It is only within a few years that the Wicklow gold mines have been entirely abandoned; indeed, it is not improbable that they are at this moment partially at work. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their book "Ireland: its Scenery and Character," describe a visit to these mines in the year 1840; they found about fifty men and women busily employed in sifting the gravel of the current of a dried-up river, washing it, and obtaining pieces of pure gold—generally very minute, but frequently of the size and about the thickness of a sixpence. Several such pieces they saw taken from the washing sieves; and the inspector showed them also two or three of larger size. Still the produce was not sufficient to pay for the labour.

fixed; and they rest rotting and rusting on the mines, no gold having been found upon which to test their powers.

It cannot be too much regretted that the education of the people of England is such that they are unable to protect themselves against the bold assertions of pretenders. A machine, in every respect,—regarded merely as a mechanical contrivance,—of the worst possible construction—a return, indeed, to the old ball and basin with which the Saxon wife ground her corn, with the defect of moving the basin instead of the ball—took our public by surprise, and thousands of pounds were spent upon an implement in which the waste of mechanical force was a constant source of loss, and which would not perform the work for which it was constructed and sold. A very slight knowledge of the laws of mechanics would have prevented the impudent projector from returning rich to his native home, and have saved many from ruin.

More recently the hills of Merionethshire have been discovered to be rich in gold, and numerous works have been, within the last few years, established for separating the gold from the quartz, none of which have been remunerative. That gold exists in the quartz lodes of those rocks is certain; but it is so irregularly distributed, that it is exceedingly problematical if it will ever, even under the most economical system, be worth working.

Although—as we have endeavoured to show—gold mining, or washing, has failed to be remunerative in this country, we have, in our improved chemical manufactures, succeeded in saving many valuable products which were formerly entirely lost. In no case is this more remarkably shown than in the recovery from the iron pyrites of Ireland of the copper, the silver, and the gold which they contain in almost infinitessimal quantities. For the purpose of rendering intelligible to the reader, who may not be possessed of much chemical knowledge, the peculiarities which are connected with the manufacturing economy we are about to describe, it will be necessary to explain, though briefly and popularly, the methods adopted in the manufacture of the well-known acid, the sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. This acid is the result of a combination of oxygen with sulphur. It must be familiar to every one, that when sulphur is burnt a peculiar and suffocating smell is produced. When we ignite a brimstone match, a combination of the sulphur and the oxygen of the air immediately takes place; a vapour escapes, which is this compound, and we call it sulphurous acid. If, by any means, we combine the sulphur with another dose of oxygen, we then obtain the sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol of commerce. To effect this on a large scale, properly constructed furnaces are prepared, and the sulphur to be ignited is mixed in certain proportions with nitre—nitrate of potash. The sulphur is converted into sulphurous acid, and the nitre into nitrous acid. These gases pass into large leaden chambers, having some water upon their floors, and by a somewhat complicated series of reactions, an additional equivalent of oxygen enters into combination, and sulphuric acid is dissolved in the water. This is continued until the water is strongly charged with this acid; it is then run out into leaden vessels, in which, by the action of heat, it is concentrated; a still greater degree of concentration being effected by subsequently heating the acid in platinum vessels.

Sicilian sulphur is ordinarily employed in this manufacture; but it has been found economical to employ some of the sulphur ores—iron pyrites—of this country, especially the ores of Wicklow and of Cornwall, the former more especially. The analysis of these ores, which are sometimes called *mundic*, shows them to contain iron 46·7, and sulphur 63·5. It is this large quantity of sulphur which renders them valuable. The quantity of these ores shipped from Wicklow and Arklow in 1855 was as follows:

	TONS.
From Ballymurtagh	17,185
,, Ballygahan	12,222
,, Conorre	3,426
In the same year there was produced—	
From Llanrwst, North Wales	200
,, Devon and Cornwall	19,840
,, Cumberland, &c.	2,000
,, the coal formations of Durham and Northumberland	1,780
Making a total of	56,653

Beyond these quantities a considerable amount of pyrites were raised, of which no account can be obtained. This ore, when submitted to the action of fire, gives out its sulphur, and the process of conversion into sulphuric acid is that already described. For a long period the sulphur being separated from the ore, the residue was regarded as valueless, and the ashes were thrown to the waste heaps. An accumulation of this sort was sold by a manufacturing chemist for a trifling sum, and he was glad to get rid of the useless matter, as it then appeared to him. In a short time an application was made for another pile of refuse; a larger price was asked, and it was readily given. The demand from the same party for this "sulphur ash," as it was called, increasing, the manufacturing chemist began to suspect that it contained something more valuable than the trace of copper, which they knew existed, but which, it was thought, it would not pay to separate. A careful examination of the ashes was made, and it was then discovered that the waste of the vitriol works, where the Irish pyrites were used, contained copper, and silver, and gold. These "wastes" were now sold at something like their real value. They pass from the hands of the vitriol-maker, and are treated as follows:—The ashes are mixed with common salt, and subjected to a roasting process at a regulated temperature. When they have been exposed sufficiently long to the proper temperature, the roasted mass is thrown into water, and in a short time all the copper is dissolved out of it. The fluid, when it has become clear, is drawn off into another tank, and old iron being thrown into it, the copper is precipitated in the form of metallic copper. A strong brine is now poured upon the residual ashes. The silver which the pyrites contained has, by being roasted with common salt, combined with the chlorine, and become chloride of silver, a salt which is soluble in lime. The liquor, now holding in solution all the silver which was contained in the ashes, is drawn off, and the silver is precipitated, usually by means of copper or zinc, and melted into a cake. This silver cake is sent to London, and instead of its being sold at the usual price of five shillings the ounce, prices varying from six to ten shillings the ounce are given for it, according to the quantity of gold which it contains. The gold is separated by a process known by the name of "parting," which depends upon the insolubility of the gold in a perfect solvent of the silver. In this way large quantities of silver and gold are recovered which for a very long period were thrown away. Advantage is now being taken of the fact that gold is soluble in chlorine to separate it from many ores which are known to contain it in small quantities. Works were very recently established in Cheshire for the extraction of gold from quartz; the experiment is too recent to enable any one to express an opinion on the probabilities of its success.

The diffusion of gold is somewhat remarkable; experiments have been made in the metallurgical laboratory of the Museum of Practical Geology, with the view of examining the metals supposed to contain some of this more valuable one. Numerous samples of metallic lead, of white-lead, of acetate or sugar of lead, &c., were analysed, and all of them gave a trace of gold. It was not in sufficient quantities to pay for its separation, but, as establishing the fact of the general diffusibility of gold, the inquiry was of the highest interest.

Some time since Malaguti, Durocher, and Sarzeand, communicated the extraordinary fact of their having detected silver, in very appreciable quantities, in sea-water. The authors of that communication suspected the existence of the metal from the extensive diffusion of silver in the mineral kingdom; the conversion of its sulphide into chloride by the prolonged action of soluble bodies containing chlorine; and the solubility of chloride of silver in chloride of sodium, which exists so largely in sea-water. An English chemist, Mr. Frederick Field, has lately published a most ingenious method for detecting the silver of the ocean. His own words are so interesting, that we quote the abstract of his communication to the Royal Society:—

"As a solution of chloride of silver in chloride of sodium is instantly decomposed by metallic copper, chloride of copper being formed, and silver precipitated, it appeared to me highly probable that the copper and the yellow metal used in sheathing the hulls of vessels must, after long exposure to sea-water, contain more silver than they did before having been exposed to its action, by decomposing chloride of silver in their passage through the sea, and depositing the metal on their surfaces. A large vessel, the *Ana Guimaraens*, now under the Chilian flag, was hauled down in the Bay of Herradura, near Coquimbo, for the purpose of being repaired, and the captain obligingly furnished me with a few ounces of the yellow metal from the bottom of the vessel. The investigation was interesting, as the metal had been on for more than seven years (an unusually long period), and the ship had been trading up and down the Pacific Ocean all the time. The metal, upon examination, was found to be exceedingly brittle, and could be broken between the fingers with great ease. Five thousand grains were dissolved in pure nitric acid, and the solution diluted; a few drops of hydrochloric acid were added, and the precipitate allowed to subside for three days. A large quantity of white insoluble matter had collected by that time at the bottom of the beaker. This was filtered off, dried, and fused with a hundred grains of pure litharge, and suitable proportions of bitartrate of potash and carbonate of soda, the ashes of the filter also being used. The resulting button of lead was subsequently cupelled, and yielded 2·01 grains of silver, or *one pound one ounce two pennyweights and fifteen grains* troy to the ton. This very large quantity could hardly be supposed to have existed in the original metal, as the value of the silver would be well worth the extraction. It is to be regretted that the captain had none of the original on board. A piece of yellow metal with which he was repairing the vessel yielded only eighteen pennyweights to the ton. I was enabled, by the courtesy of the captain of the *Nina*, a brig which had just arrived in the Pacific from England, to obtain more satisfactory information. He gave me a piece of Muntz's yellow metal from his cabin, from the same lot with which the brig was sheathed, but which had never been in contact with salt water, and also a small portion from the hull of the ship after it had been on nearly three years. The experiments were performed as before, and the results were very striking:—

1700 grs. from the cabin gave ·051 grs. = ·003 per cent., or = 19 dwts. 14 grs. per ton.
1700 grs. from the hull gave ·4 grs. = ·023 per cent., or = 7 oz. 13 dwts. 1 gr. per ton."

Mr. Field is continuing his examination; and he has instituted a series of experiments which will determine with great exactness the rate at which silver is accumulated on the copper by precipitation from the sea.

Many years since a chemist at Plymouth was engaged in an inquiry on the condition of the copper sheathing of many of our men-of-war, and he discovered considerable quantities of silver in the sheathing of some ships which had been long upon the western coast of Africa. This was then thought to have been in the copper from the time of its manufacture, many of the copper ores being known to contain silver. It is, however, more probable that the silver was derived, as Mr. Field has shown, from the waters of the ocean.

It will be curious to find eventually, that our ships traverse the ocean, carrying the elements of industry, and spreading our civilisation to all lands, and that they slowly and silently collect some of the more precious metals for our use. It is now profitable to separate the silver from the baser metal when it does not exist in proportions larger than three or four ounces to the ton. We send our ships upon their voyages sheathed with copper containing less than this, and, as Mr. Field has shown, in the course of a few years that copper may contain a pound or more to the ton. The separation of this silver will become a source of profit, and we may look forward to the time when the supply of that metal will be increased from a source which had not hitherto been thought of by our chemists.

There are many more remarkable instances of manufacturing economy now developing themselves, to which we shall take the opportunity of returning from time to time. Some of our improvements in the separation of silver from lead will form the subject of an article at a very early date.

ROBERT HUNT.

BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

PART V.

HAVING now briefly glanced at the origin of the plant, we proceed to notice the parts of the mature structure, and shall commence this series of observations by an examination of the root or lower portion of the organism: after which we shall gradually ascend the structure, and take cognizance of the bud as an appendage to the axis, although we have classed it with the seed as a generator of the individual.

We have already noticed the origin of the root, and have followed it through its rudimentary development; but, after this, many changes are induced in this organ, a few only of which we can notice, especially as it is one of those parts which is seldom used by the ornamentist; though why this should be the case we know not. The first changes which take place in roots are the result of the branching of the original descending axis which was developed by the embryo plant, by which operation the simple or undivided root becomes to an extent compound, or composed of a number of parts. But the laws which regulate the dispositions of the ramifications or divisions of the root, or the principle of the arrangement of the various members of this organ, it is difficult to detect, as the normal positions of these members are always disturbed, they being developed in a resisting medium. However, it is almost certain that the principle of their development is similar to that of the leaves, and hence of branches; but as the subject has not yet been duly investigated, we must leave it for individual research.

The next changes which are brought about are owing to accumulations of matter, which the organism has the power of aggregating in various parts of this organ. Masses thus formed assume various forms. Thus, in the well-known root of the carrot, the entire central descending axis is thickened by such aggregations; its ramifications, however, remain in their fibrous, unaltered state: also, the root of the Turnip (*Brassica napus*) is enlarged by a similar addition of matter, but here it only takes place at the upper portion of the root, the lower preserving its normal condition (Fig. 34). In these examples, however, this deposition only occurs in the primary descending axis; but it often happens that the growth of this primary axis is interrupted. Thus the principal root of the common Scabious

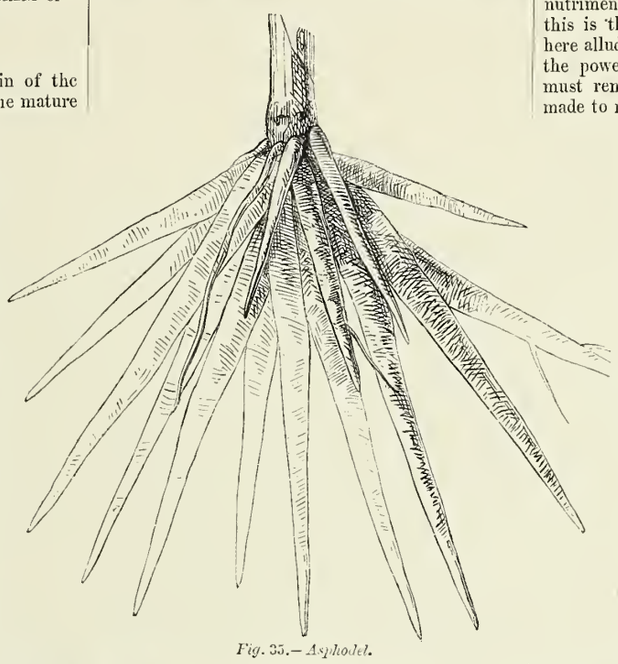


Fig. 35.—Asphodel.

(*Scabiosa succisa*) appears to be bitten off, for which reason it is commonly called the Devil's bit Scabious; and it was formerly reported that the cause of this was, that the Devil, out of envy, bit off the extremity of this root, because it was so valuable to mankind. In whatever manner the central axis may be terminated, whether abruptly, or not, if its growth is interrupted, the result is the development of a number of fibres, which surround it, into roots of high importance, and usually of equal, if not greater, value than itself. In these secondary members, these deposits often take place; as in the Asphodel (Fig. 35), where we have a series of fibres which are thickened by these deposits, and in the Dahlia (Fig. 36), where they are more distended.



Fig. 36.—DAHLIA.

Sometimes these deposits, instead of occurring singly on the fibre, as in the examples already given, or occupying its entire length, are numerous. Thus the fibres of the root of the Common Dropwort (*Spiræa filipendula*) (Fig. 37) have several swellings on the one thread. Now, although these deposits are common in roots, they almost invariably occur in those plants only which are destined to endure for two or more years (are biennial, or perennial), and the above-ground portion of which dies down annually, the reason for which will be obvious when their use is explained. Before, however, we notice this part of our subject, it is necessary to state that all roots are furnished with small fibres which appear, almost exclusively, to have the power of absorbing nutriment, which fibres often perish annually. As this is the case with these members of the roots here alluded to, it is obvious that, as they alone have the power of procuring nutriment, the structure must remain dormant, or some provision must be made to meet this emergency. To accomplish this, when the activity of the root is at its maximum, a quantity of organizable matter is reserved, and stored up in the imperishable portion of the organism: thus, when external circumstances excite the dormant vitality of the root, new fibres are again protruded, which are formed of, and feed on, this stored up food; then, when these fibres are generated, they absorb nutriment from without, and thus return what they have borrowed; also upon the nutriment thus procured is that part of the organism fed which is developed into the air and light. The tuberous swellings, however, which are formed on some roots, are not permanent, but are annual. Thus the roots of many members of the Orchis family are furnished with two of these distensions, one of which dies annually. This, in these instances, gives rise to a curious phenomenon, which has often been noticed with interest—viz., the locomotion of some members of this race of plants. This is brought about by the tuberous swelling, which is destroyed, being always at the same side of the axis, and the new one always being generated at the opposite side; the fibres surround both, and the new axis, which is also annual, always rising between the two bulbs: thus each tubercle exists two years, and then perishes. By this law of generation and existence the diminutive structure moves in a given direction, and when planted in a garden, near the edge of a bed, will, in some instances, walk off.

Nothing now remains to be said relative to the root for our present purpose, save that the fibrous root, in its various modifications, is much more common than the fleshy; and that all roots, the objects of which are not only to feed the structures, but also to support them in their given positions, are furnished with branches of some description, save those possessed by plants of the most diminutive character; and this provision is necessitated on account of their last ascribed purpose.

Having now briefly noticed the root, we proceed to examine the stem, or ascending axis. The stem, like the root, becomes branched, but the means by which this is accomplished we cannot now notice;

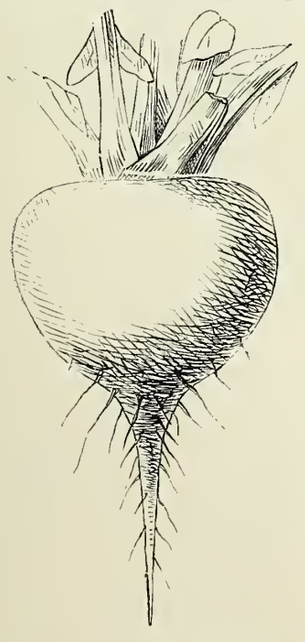


Fig. 34.—TURNIP.—Brassica napus.

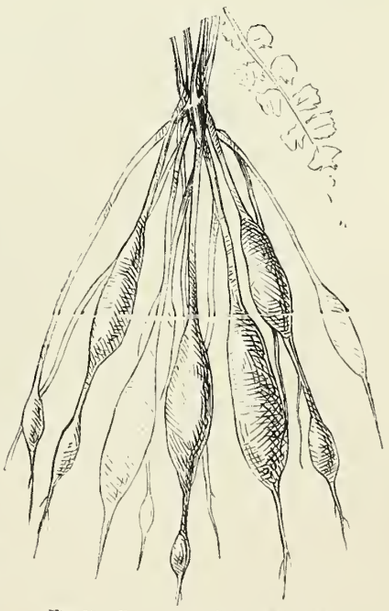


Fig. 37.—DROPWORT.—Spiræa filipendula.

but we shall hereafter examine that operation: the part which we have now to consider is the stem as already formed. It is needless to notice that the stem presents diverse characters—that it is sometimes large and rough, and then it is named a *trunk;* at other times small, and either smooth or furnished with a variable and more delicate texture, when it is called a *stem*.

Stems are divisible into three great divisions, the characters of which are to be found in the internal structure of this organ, and the manner of its formation: but as this internal difference influences the external appearance, we must here just notice it. If a trunk of any of our common trees is observed, as that of the Oak or Beech, it will be seen that in its entire length it is conical, gradually tapering from the base to the apex; that in its section a centre of pith is observable, around which the wood is arranged in regular concentric circles, and the wood is covered with a bark which is separable from it: these then furnish us with the characters of one great division, which has been termed that of *exogens*, from the fact that the new wood found in such stems is always added to the exterior of the old, consequently just within the bark. If, on the contrary, we examine the stem of a Palm-tree, we observe that it is of a cylindrical form, and that its section presents no centre of pith, but that its entire mass is composed of a similar substance, through which bundles of woody matter pass indiscriminately, and that the entire stem is not covered with a separable bark. This division is called that of *endogens*, on account of the new wood of these stems being produced in their centre. The external appearance of the third and minor group is, like that of the latter, cylindrical; but its section exhibits a large central mass of pith-like matter, and a series of woody bundles, which, however, are not numerous, and assume given zigzag forms, the whole being covered by a somewhat barky matter. This latter group is that of *acrogens*, in which division the stem is formed by the union of the bases of the leaf-stalks around the original axis; therefore the perfect stem can be produced only at the summit of the organism, as the leaves alone occupy this extremity of the axis.

Now these stems not only vary in internal organisation, but also in external appearance, as is obvious from the preceding; but besides these distinctive characters, there are others which will be observed when we consider the general effect of the varied vegetable structures. There is one point, however, which it behoves us now to mention, viz., that exogenous stems are usually much branched, whereas the stems of endogens are usually little branched, and acrogens very rarely branched at all. Now these varied formations are not only found in the larger structures, but in the more diminutive also, but in these it is necessarily less obvious; for example, if we take the stem of an annual which is an exogen, we find that there is but one circle of wood, and that scarcely separable from the bark; as only one circle of wood is formed in the year, it is obvious that in the larger developments only the structure can be well seen.

We have noticed that the embryo of the seed is sometimes furnished with one, at other times with two or many seed-lobes; now those which have two or many, produce an exogenous stem, while those which have one yield an endogenous stem. The acrogenous structure produces no regular seeds, but bodies which represent them, which are of a very rudimentary nature.

The cause of exogenous stems being conical, while those of endogens and acrogens are cylindrical, though fully understood, is almost beyond the scope of our present papers, therefore we pass on to notice the variation of the form of this organ as exhibited by transverse sections. We may here remark that it is common for the stems of small structures only to widely deviate from the circular form.

If we observe the transverse section of the stem of the *Carex riparia*, we perceive that it is a modification of a triangle, while that of the White Dead-nettle (*Lamium album*) is founded on the square, the Hop (*Humulus*) on the hexagon; and not only have we these pleasing variations, but each one is modified in various ways: thus we have a series which may be regarded as a play upon the triangle, another upon the square, and so on. Thus the stems of the White Dead-nettle (*Lamium album*), the Stinging-nettle (*Urtica*), the *Scrophularia nodosa*, and the *Salvia pratensis*, are all founded upon the square, yet differ from each other in general detail (Fig. 38).

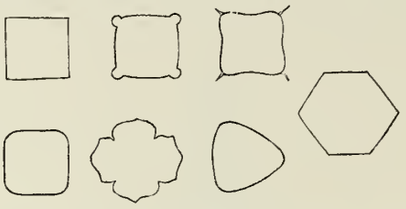


Fig. 38.

We next notice that the stem is influenced in certain particulars by the disposition of the organs with which it is furnished. Thus, if the leaves (which are usually to be found on young stems) are alternate, one at one side of the stem and one at the other, the axis will be more or less angular, the leaf always being situated on the convex summit of the angle; if, however, the leaves assume a rather more complex spiral arrangement, the stem will still be bent slightly from one leaf to the other; but if they are opposite or verticillate, the stem will be slightly distended immediately below the attachment of the leaves with the stem. This does not, of course, interfere with the stem being conical in its entire length, though it, to an extent, makes each portion of the stem situated between each consecutive pair, or ring of leaves, assume the form of an inverted cone.

Having now noticed the chief peculiarities of the stem, it only remains for us to remark that, if a young stem is examined when it is not clothed with foliage, it will be noticed to possess buds, and under each bud a kind of nail-shaped mark, which is the scar left by the fallen leaf. These scars vary in form, but as they are dependent upon the form of the leaf-stalk, we shall notice them when considering that organ; we shall also notice the union of stems, and leaves with stems, after having considered the foliaceous appendages of the axis; and although curious modifications of the stem often exist below ground, we do not deem it expedient to dwell upon them, as our space is limited. We must, however, notice that the object of the stem is to convey fluids, &c., from the root to every part of the organism, and to separate the leaves, so as to expose them all to light and air, as well as being the general above-ground supporting structure of the plant.

If we examine a stem of any tree during the winter months, we perceive that it is furnished with buds, which are its only appendages (evergreens excepted); now we have before said that buds are generators of the individual, and here we learn, from their position, that they are appendages of the axis; their forms, habits, and object, we will now briefly investigate.

Buds present many forms, which are of an interesting character; but as this can be most perfectly observed by individual research, we proceed to notice those points which are to us of higher importance. Before proceeding, however, it is necessary for us to understand that a bud is merely a shortened axis, a shortened branch; by bearing which in mind, our future observations will be readily understood.

Buds are usually clothed with scale-like bodies, which are very simple forms of leaves, the dispositions of which are various; this circumstance, however, is only in accordance with reason, as leaves are diversely arranged, and these are leaves in a metamorphosed condition, or in a simple state. Already light dawns upon our proposition, viz., that buds are merely shortened branches, for we observe that these exterior scale-like leaves are situated very closely together; this would be the result of a branch which produces foliaceous organs at intervals becoming much shortened. Now, as we have just intimated, if the leaves are opposite, the scales of the buds are opposite, and so on, although they may be so closely set as to overlap each other: thus, if we examine the bud of the Horse-chestnut tree (Fig. 39), we find that there is a pair of these scale-like leaves, one of which is at the back, the other at the front; then a pair, one of which is at the right, the other at the left, and so on, from the base to the apex of the structure, each successive pair being at right angles to the pairs both immediately below and above it, as will be at once seen from our horizontal views of the



Fig. 39.—Horse-chestnut.

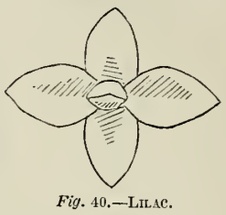


Fig. 40.—Lilac.



Fig. 41.—Lilac.

Lilac bud (Figs. 40 and 41), the structure of which is precisely similar to that of the Horse-chestnut: this fact being so extremely obvious, needs no further comments.



Fig. 42.—Lilac.

We now proceed to notice the evolution of the bud and its development. As a bud is a mere shortened axis, it necessarily is a branch in embryo possessed of leaves, &c.; now its evolution may be compared to the drawing out of a telescope, the embryonic axis thus becoming an elongated mature branch. In observing the evolution of buds, we are forcibly struck with the grace and beauty of the curves of the scale-like leaves as one and another bend back, the curve of each



Fig. 43.—Lilac.—*Syringa.*

forming a beautiful contrast with the others; but as this, with the beauty of the whole aggrega-

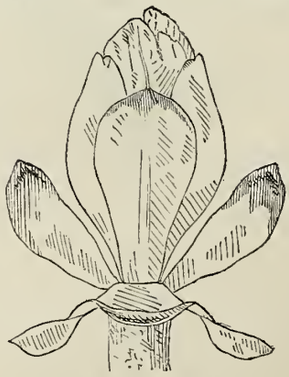


Fig. 44.—Horse-chestnut.

tion, will be fully appreciated from observation, and as our sketches will convey some idea of them,

we proceed to notice one point which must forcibly impress the eye of the ornamentist, namely, a similar

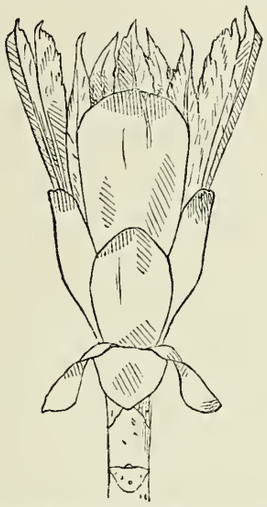


Fig. 45.—Horse-chestnut.—*Æsculus hippocastanum.*

gradual and sudden transition to that which was observable in the germinating seed. Thus, if we

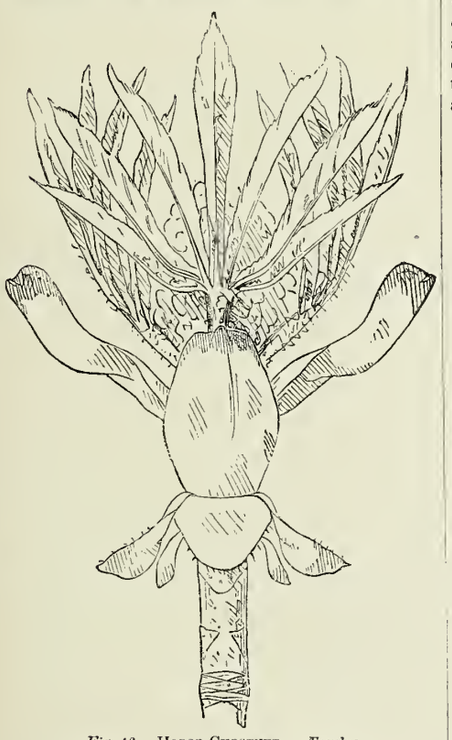


Fig. 46.—Horse-Chestnut.—*Æsculus.*

examine the evolution of the Lilac bud (Figs. 42 and 43), we observe that there is a gradual transition



Fig. 47.—*Lonicera.*



Fig. 48.—*Lonicera.*

from the scale to the ultimate leaf, each successive development assuming more of the form of the leaf proper, and less of the simple character of the scale. On the contrary, if we observe the bud of the Horse-chestnut, we perceive that there is



Fig. 49.—Common Honeysuckle.—*Lonicera*

a sudden contrast between the ultimate leaf and the scale, the leaf being of a decidedly compound nature, and its margins toothed, while the scales are entire or undivided. We here figure the progressive development of the Horse-chestnut bud (Figs. 39, 44, 45, and 46), as well as the buds of two species of the Honeysuckle (Figs. 47, 48, and 49), believing this to be the best way of calling attention to these beautiful objects. Sometimes branches are abortive, when a spine is the result, a compound form of which we here figure (Fig. 50).



Fig. 50.

Relative to the arrangement of buds, and consequently their aggregation, it is only necessary to repeat, that as all regular buds are found situated in the angle formed by the union of the leaf-stalk with the stem, that whatever is the arrangement of leaves, such is the arraugement of buds, which will at once be seen from the accompanying sketch of the Lilac (Fig. 43), the buds of which are opposite, and consequently the leaves on the developed branches are also opposite.



Fig. 51.—Elder.—*Sambucus.*

There is one other circumstance which should not be lost sight of, namely, that two or more buds sometimes exist at one point of the stem, which may either develop simultaneously, or follow each other

at a somewhat distant period; this, though it seldom occurs, exists in the Elder, the second bud developing the year after the first, and is situated below it, a sketch of which we here give (Fig. 51); it is not, however, always present.

Having now considered the bud, we have noticed the origin of the branch. Each bud gives rise to one branch, which is necessarily a repetition of the original structure. As we have noticed that the embryonic axis of the organism found in the seed is furnished with only one bud, and each bud on a structure must produce a similar development, this is obvious. Were we treating on the principle of adaptation to purpose, we could not fail to call attention to the object of the scales of the bud, which is to protect the germ of life within; in fact, the bud, intrusted with a vital point, has to be protected during the cold winter months, and therefore we often find not merely leathery scales closely laid together, but inside these we find embryonic foliage surrounding the growing point, and these are carefully wrapped in a cottony substance resembling cotton wool, and then to protect them more securely from the frost, rain, and damp, the scales are cemented together, and overlaid with a resinous secretion; thus, beautifully, can we trace adaptation to purpose in all the parts of the vegetable structure. We cannot now stay to trace out the principle of unity in variety as here manifested, but can merely direct attention to the striking resemblance between the seed and the bud; almost the only difference between these two developments being, that the one has the power of developing a root, therefore of procuring its own nourishment, whereas the other receives it from a parent stem; however, even this distinction vanishes when we remember that new wood, which is formed by young buds and leaves, is transmitted down the stem and goes to form the root of the entire organism; but the full extent of this analogy we must individually trace out. Respecting the sections of buds, we can only figure one or two representations, for which purpose



Fig. 52.—Ash.



Fig. 53.—Ash.

we have chosen the Ash bud (Fig. 52), four sections of which we give at various planes (Fig. 53).

OBITUARY.

MORITZ RETZSCH.

This veteran German artist, so well known in this country by his numerous outline illustrations of the writings of Shakspere, Göthe, Schiller, &c., died on the 11th of June, at his residence, Hoflössnitz, near Dresden, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

In the *Art-Journal* of January, 1851, is an article from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, entitled "A Morning with Moritz Retzsch," to which we would ask those of our readers to refer who desire a personal introduction to the man and his home. From that paper, and from a short biographical sketch of Retzsch in the "Men of the Time," we gather the following particulars of his artistic life.

He was born at Dresden, December 9, 1779, and although the term of his life extended nearly to fourscore years, he had never travelled far from the limits of his native city; of schools of Art, both ancient and modern, he knew nothing but what the public and private galleries of Dresden showed him. Although he manifested as a child unusual talent for drawing and modelling, his early ambition extended no higher than to attain the post of a royal forester; a little consideration, and a few speaking facts, taught him, however, that this position would not secure him that personal freedom he coveted so much, for as a youth he dearly loved adventure and liberty. Having at length formed the determination to devote himself to Art, he entered, in 1798, the schools of the Berlin Academy, where he made rapid progress: in 1816 he was elected member of that institution, and in 1828 Professor of Painting. Though at the commencement of his career he had chosen historical painting as the branch of Art to which he desired to give his attention, we never remember to have heard of his attaining much celebrity in it: his portraits are held, however, in great estimation for their fidelity and delicate execution.

The reputation of Retzsch was founded, and will always rest, on his outline illustrations of the works of the great poets, especially those to Göthe's "Faust," consisting of twenty-six sheets of etchings, first published in 1812, and again, in an enlarged edition, in 1834. In 1822 he undertook for Cotta, of Stuttgart, a series of outlines from the poems of Schiller, comprising "Fredolin," the "Fight with the Dragon," "Pegasus in Harness," and the "Song of the Bell." His next series was from Shakspere's dramas, of which series eight parts were published between the years 1827 and 1846; they comprised illustrations of six plays. To this list may be added illustrations of Burger's ballads, two series of "Phantasies," "The Contrast between Light and Darkness," and several others, chiefly single subjects.

Of these works, so well known and so deservedly appreciated wherever Art is admired and loved, it is scarcely necessary for us now to speak: notwithstanding their German origin, they have a freshness and richness of conception, a freedom of execution united with a delicacy, and a feeling of pure, natural poetry, that one rarely sees in works of this kind by German artists; but then Retzsch was not a "schoolman," except as a genuine pupil of nature. "The allegories of Moritz Retzsch," says Mrs. Hall, referring to a portfolio of his drawings she had looked over in his studio, "are not of the 'hieroglyphic caste,' such as roused the indignation of Horace Walpole; there were no sentimental Hopes supported by anchors; no fat-cheeked Fames puffing noiseless trumpets; no commonplaced Deaths with dilapidated trumpets. They were triumphs of pure Art, conveying a poetical idea—a moral or religious truth—a brilliant satire, brilliant and sharp as a cutting diamond, by 'graphical representation;' each subject was a bit of the choicest lyric poetry, or an epigram, in which a single idea or sentiment had been illustrated and embodied, giving 'a local habitation'—a name, a history—in the smallest compass, and in the most intelligible and attractive form."

An excellent portrait of Retzsch precedes the paper written by Mrs. Hall; the head and face are fine, and wonderfully expressive of intellectual power, deep, earnest thought, and kindliness of heart. "The mingling of simplicity and wisdom was one of the strongest phases in his character; so gigantic and yet so delicate in Art; so full of the rarest knowledge; animated by an unsurpassable imagination; proud of the distinction his talents command, and yet of a noble and heroic independence which secured universal respect." "His soul," says his friend and brother artist, Professor Vogel, "was animated by the grand conceptions of Göthe and Schiller; his ears drank in the beauty and sublimity of their poetry; and he lived in the mingled communion of great men, and the lovely and softened beauty of Saxon fatherland." The memory of Moritz Retzsch will not soon fade in the recollection of his countrymen, or of any who ever made his acquaintance, if only during a few brief hours.

In the article to which we have made reference, a description is given of the artist's home and garden, both of which were full of interesting objects, most of them associated with some event in the painter's history. It was peculiarly pleasant and instructive to walk and talk with him in this home of his affections.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

REST AT EVE.

J. Tennant, Pinxt. C. Cousen, Sculpt.

Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 4¾ in. by 2 ft. 0¾ in.

How is it that Art has so frequently the power of producing pleasant sensations in the mind, when a similar power is withheld from Nature herself? Why is it we call that beautiful which the painter has placed on his canvas, when we should repudiate the term if applied to the reality? Here, for example, in Mr. Tennant's picture is an instance of the artist's power over Nature. Not ten, perhaps, out of a hundred persons who might chance to see the scene he has represented—a few cows resting quietly on the banks of a brook running through an extensive marshy level—would give it the least attention, much less be attracted by it as "a thing of beauty:" and yet, we venture to affirm, not one of the hundred looking at the picture, however their tastes might differ upon works of Art generally, would deny to it the admiration it deserves. Strange it seems that the gifts with which man is endowed enable him to exercise a power that the glorious works of his Creator are insufficient in themselves to effect. We can only account for the fact on the assumption that the great mass of mankind is either ignorant of, or wilfully blind to—we rather suspect the latter—the loveliness of the world around us:—

> "For we half shut up our senses,
> And we hear no music sweet,
> Nor smell the fragrant incense
> That rises at our feet:
> And we close our eyes to beauty,
> Nor taste the good we can,
> And are careless of the blessings
> Which heaven spreads out for man."

It is the enviable mission of the painter to bring before the eyes of his fellow-creatures these "blessings" of the world of nature,—to show them, whether it be in a leaf or a flower, a combination of the most ordinary and apparently uninviting subject-matter, or the representation of the grandest and most sublime features of landscape, that all is excellent, perfect, designed for, and adapted to, our happiness.

Mr. Tennant's landscapes are among the most attractive pictures of their class exhibited at the "Society of British Artists," in Suffolk Street, of which institution he has long been a member and a strong "support." His works are much in request, and deservedly so; for if they do not rank with those of our most distinguished landscape-painters, they are infinitely superior to the great majority. His "strength" lies in river-scenery; his subjects are always well-selected as regards picturesque character, and are treated in a manner at once artistic and natural,—terms that ought to be of similar import; and yet they cannot be called so, when applied to the productions of some painters, where Art and Nature are very far from meaning the same thing.

The picture of "Rest at Eve" was purchased by Prince Albert, in 1852, and is the second work by Mr. Tennant which has been so honoured by his Royal Highness. The scene was sketched on the banks of Dagenham Gulf, in Essex, looking over the Thames to the Kentish side of the river between Woolwich and Erith;—the Thames is seen in the distance, and beyond it is the high ground of Plumstead and Lessness Heaths,—one of the most picturesque localities within twenty miles of London, presenting a combination of richly-wooded upland, verdant pastures, and extensive cornfields, with the noble Thames winding through the low country, almost as far as the eye can reach; the Kentish side of the river offers a most striking contrast to the opposite banks.

It is scarcely giving to the picture here engraved too high a compliment to say it is worthy of Cuyp; the subject is, perhaps, as simple as an artist could select—a quality never to be condemned or slighted when allied with such excellences as are here to be seen,—rich, luminous colouring, effective arrangement of the materials, and most careful execution.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.



J. TENNANT. PINX.t

C. COUSEN SCULP.t

THE REST AT EVE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

The models which are the answer to Sir Benjamin Hall's summons to a competition in the matter of this most important national work, stand now on their pedestals in Westminster Hall; and on the 20th of the past month the collection was thrown open to the inspection of the public. As it is many years since a sculpture commission of such magnitude has been given in this country, the exhibition is one of more than common interest; and Sir Benjamin having chosen, in the exercise of his discretion, to extend the chances of the competition to the foreign sculptor, it behoves our readers and others to see that this interest does not sleep. By this exhibition of the designs, the minister invites the public to be his assessors in the matter of the adjudication; and it will, therefore, be that public's fault if the decision should be suffered to pass quite out of their own hands. The appeal to general opinion is in itself, and as far as it goes, a pledge of ministerial good faith; but it should be observed, that were anything like the contrary intended, the neglect of this appeal would have the precise effect of enabling the wrong to be done under the forms of fairness. The apathy of the invited censors would permit the private bias to cover itself under the alleged sanction of the public voice.

Our readers well know, that in the matter of the government commissions, there have been too many jobs already perpetrated to give to the above hypothesis the character of offence. It need not be concealed, that in the profession itself there is a very uneasy feeling abroad in reference to this competition. In the first place, the invitation to the foreign sculptor to be a candidate for this commission, the British sculptor has looked on as a stigma to himself; and under the influence of this impression, more than one name has been withheld from the list of native contributors which the lovers of Art will certainly have hoped to find there. Artists of eminent rank amongst us have refused to be venturers in a lottery which has so many blanks to a single prize. In each such case, the foreign model is obtained by the sacrifice of the English one. To that extent, the effect of the ministerial policy has been, not to enlarge the competition, but only to transfer it to the stranger; and supposing the sense of injury felt to have manifested itself generally—as there has been some danger that it would—in the same form, its effect would then have been, to leave the field to the foreigner altogether. The fact is, the principle that looks to the foreign artist at all for the execution of our national works, however sound it may have been in the days of Charles I., is a false one now, let Sir Benjamin Hall say what he will. To rest it on the footing on which it stood in Charles's time, would be precisely the wrong to the English artists which they resent,—and, through them, to the British public. If Government has charge of the national monuments,—so has it of the native arts. If one of its duties be, to raise and refine the public taste,—another is, to foster the national schools. The people that prides itself in its works of Art, should pride itself in producing them. It were wise policy in a country to encourage the growth of its own artists, were it even at some sacrifice of its Art:—but *that* is a necessity which in the matter of sculpture does not arise in England. We are under no just temptation, even were it fitting, to ask a Russian architect to build our War Office, or a French sculptor to illustrate the victor of Waterloo. For a monument to the national hero in the metropolitan cathedral, Sir Benjamin Hall might very properly have trusted to the resources of British Art.

To the uneasy feeling from the first entertained by the profession at large, no small addition has been made by rumours that have had their origin no one knows how, industriously circulated by it is difficult to say whom, and confirmed by newspaper paragraphs supplied it may be guessed how. These rumours, in their intrinsic improbability, would have little significance were they not interpreted by previous proceedings, to a repetition of which they directly point. For ourselves, we dismiss them at once. Assuming, as it is only fair to do, that the course pursued by Sir Benjamin Hall in relation to the competition for the new Government Offices indicates that which he purposes to follow in this matter of the Wellington competition, we can honestly say that it raises every reasonable inference of fair play. We hold it far more just to the Chief Commissioner of Public Works to accept his dealing in the one case as a pledge of his probable dealing in the other, than to admit any rumours whatever which contradict such testimony, and question the directness of his intentions. If, for instance, he shall be as successful in the composition of the tribunal which is to try the sculpture models as he has been in the constitution of that which sat on the architectural designs,(for we are writing before the names of the judges have been made known, though they will have been published, no doubt, before this number is in the hands of our readers), this fact alone should go far towards silencing suspicions which probably would not have taken shape at all in presence of such guarantee sooner given. Why, indeed, in either case the names should have been so long withheld, and why the artists should not have been permitted to work under the feeling of security which a well-chosen body of judges suggest, we yet fail to see; but such a court in this latter case even now would of itself negative the presumption of a job. The architectural commission, for instance, had a representative of the House of Lords, in the person of the Duke of Buccleuch, well known for his judgment in architecture,—and one of the House of Commons, similarly qualified, in the person of Mr. Stirling, the member for Perthshire. Lord Eversley, the late Speaker, was chosen because his long official knowledge made him conversant with the features of accommodation needed in edifices constructed for the offices of administration. Lord Stanhope came into the commission as President of the Society of Antiquaries. Mr. David Roberts, the Royal Academician, on the strength of his grand architectural drawings, furnished the picturesque element to the court; Mr. Burn, an architect of high standing in Scotland, supplied the practical; and the place of Mr. Brunel, the eminent civil engineer, in such a commission proclaims itself. Here, then, was a court constituted, seemingly, with considerable ingenuity as to qualification, and as to character above suspicion. Offices were engaged for its business apart from all the government buildings,—and every means was taken to give to its decisions the appearance of a free and unbiassed verdict.—So far as things have yet gone in the matter of the Wellington Monument, there are similar appearances of a free competition and suggestions of an upright award. The artists who chose to avail themselves of the permission, had the arrangement of their own models on the spaces which they severally occupy; and to prevent all suggestion of favouritism in the assignment of such spaces, the works are ranged down the hall in the order in which they arrived there. One most important principle Sir Benjamin Hall has adopted,—as establishing what we have so strongly urged, the inviolability of the laws of a competition. He has had all the models measured on the spaces which they occupy, and every one that exceeds the scale prescribed, is understood to be excluded from the competition. All, we repeat, is satisfactory so far,—and contrasts favourably with some previous doings in matters of a like nature. Sir Benjamin Hall has a great opportunity now before him,—and the qualities for seizing it. A body of judges known to be independent, impartial, and qualified, and the public with him as a jury, will enable him to set at defiance all professional complaints which, by the law of professional human nature, must follow competitions like this, let him conduct and organise them as he will.

The models sent in to Westminster Hall are about ninety in number:—fifty, or thereabouts, being the product of the British chisel, and some forty contributions from abroad. Amongst them are some very fine things, as might have been anticipated; and in the mass—which makes a truly magnificent appearance to a spectator standing on the dais, and looking down the grand old hall—there is an amount of talent lamentable to think of in contemplation of the small amount of it that can be here remunerated. This is one of the evils inseparable from competition on the large scale. As might also have been anticipated, the confectioner will find his account in a visit to Westminster Hall,—and the effects of this exhibition will long be seen at the dessert tables of the rich. We shall give our readers a full account of the works here exhibited in our next number.

THE GOVERNMENT-OFFICES COMPETITION.

THE AWARD OF THE JUDGES.

As it had been anticipated, the close of the month of June brought with it the award of the commissioners appointed to adjudicate the prizes in this important competition; but the middle of the mouth of July has arrived without the publication of the promised "Report" of the judges upon their own award, and also without the fulfilment of the promise that the prize plans and designs should be exhibited to the public. We had hoped that this award would have explained itself, and vindicated the principles upon which it was made, and consequently we had thought but little of what the judges might have to say in their detailed report; unhappily, however, until this report is in our hands, we are compelled to hesitate before attempting any explanation of the decision of the judges, as we must delay our critical comparison of the selected plans and designs until we shall again have been enabled to examine and study them. The prizes have been awarded after the following manner:—

Design No. 1—Block Plan.

	No.	Premium.
1. M. Cressinet, Paris	12	£500
2. Mr. Hastings, Belfast	189	200
3. Messrs. Morgan and Phipson, London	128	100

Design No. 2—Foreign Department.

1. Messrs. Coe and Hofland, London	94	£300
2. Messrs. Banks and Barry, London	58	500
3. Mr. G. G. Scott, London	116A	300
4. Messrs. Dean and Woodward, Dublin	35	200
5. Mr. T. Bellamy, London	17	100
6. Messrs. Buxton and Habershon, London.	54	100
7. Mr. G. E. Street, London	129	100

Design No. 3—War Office.

1. Mr. H. B. Garling, London	77	£800
2. M. d'Hazeville, Paris	75	500
3. Mr. T. E. Rochead, Glasgow	61	300
4. Messrs. Pritchard and Seddon, Llandaff.	140	200
5. Mr. C. Brodrick, Leeds	20	100
6. Messrs. Habershon, London	54A	100
7. Mr. J. Dwyer, London	126	100

The mottoes are of course given with their respective designs in the official statement, which also contains the following rather curious sentence:—The names, it is stated, "are arranged in the order of merit, as decided by the judges, with the motto and amount of premium which was inscribed on the designs." We are willing to accept the opinion which has been put forth by a contemporary devoted especially to architectural matters, and to express it as our own conviction, that this award has given universal dissatisfaction; that by the profession, by amateurs, and by the public, it is equally regarded with surprise, regret, and no little indignation. We question, indeed, if even the "lucky" recipients of the first and second prizes would not share in the prevailing sentiment, had they to show good cause for their occupying their present positions, and more particularly had it been determined that upon them should rest the *onus* of proving both the general and the specific superiority of their designs over those of prizemen Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7.

The award itself may be considered conclusive upon this point,—that the judges altogether left out of the question before them such considerations as would bear directly upon the erection of the proposed new buildings. The premiums have evidently been awarded simply for certain designs, because those designs appeared to the judges to be better than the others which, in common with these, had been submitted to them; consequently, after all, it is more than probable that this considerable sum of the public money will prove to have been expended without obtaining any practical result whatever, or even any satisfactory data from which a practical result may be eventually determined; indeed, *as the award stands*, the only thing to be done is to leave the judges to elucidate their own proceedings, and for the public to look forward to the real competition for the actual buildings as being yet to be begun, otherwise most "lame and impotent" indeed would be the "conclusion" in this *grande certamen*.

While we leave for future consideration all the more detailed notices which it may appear to be desirable for us to make upon the prize designs, we may now briefly remark in general terms upon the course which has been adopted by the judges with

reference to the four Gothic designs, respecting which we have already expressed our sentiments freely and at some length. The four appear in the prize lists, three of them having the third, fourth, and seventh premiums in one list, and the fourth having the fourth premium in another list. The excellence of these designs thus compelled a recognition from the judges; but are we wrong in surmising that, being Gothic, the judges were determined not to admit the absolute superiority of these four designs over all their fellow-competitors? To admit the claims of the four (we prefer to deal with them as a noble fraternity) at all is virtually to admit their supremacy in the competition, as we shall show when we come to deal with them in comparison with the designs which have been pronounced their superiors. The adversaries of Gothic Art affect to consider the position occupied in the award by the "Gothic four" as equivalent to a triumph for their own favourite, the Classic Renaissance; we believe that, in reality, they feel the deepest mortification at the presence of the Gothic designs in the prize lists in any positions whatever; while, on the other hand, the friends of the Gothic can afford to smile at the manner in which the judges have hoped to extricate themselves from the difficulty occasioned by the superiority of the Gothic designs, being quite satisfied at having obtained a decision as to what that kind of architectural composition is to which the Gothic is expected to yield the palm. Now that we know to what style of architecture and to what class of designs first and second premiums are awarded, we know also the precise and definite conditions under which the Gothic now has to carry on the contest. The "Gothic four" also know the *leaders* of the hostile array, and we do not suppose that they feel much disheartened at this discovery. But will the Classicists and the Renaissance faction recognise Messrs. Coe and Hofland and Mr. Garling as *their* leaders? It would have been well had Gothic Art been placed in its proper position at once in this competition; yet we are satisfied that it will prove much better for that great art that in the first act of this competition it should have been dealt with as it has. The opponents of the Gothic have put forth their strength, and in so doing they have both unmasked their resources and declared their standard of excellence; as the contest proceeds they will learn the nature and the capacity of the Gothic *reserve*, which has not yet been brought into action.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The present *Salon* here has been compared by the press generally to a large picture-dealer's shop; and this is not an undeserved comparison: 3474 numbers are in the catalogue, of which 2715 refer to paintings and drawings; but a total absence of celebrated names, with the exception of Meissonier, Winterhalter, and H. Vernet, makes it a laborious and difficult task to select from such an immense mass of artistic productions what are really worth noticing; yet even these are almost all of a minor degree in the scale of Art. We miss from the exhibition the great supporters of the French school—Ingres, Delacroix, Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, Jules Dupré, Diaz, Decamps, Brascassat, Lehmann, Aligny, Gudin, Coignet, &c. &c. Moreover, there is almost a total absence of large historic pictures, the contributions being principally small cabinet works, manifesting more of manual facility than depth of thought: indeed, this facility of execution seems the principal aim of the present French school. Of the few painters whose works arrested attention, and inspired a desire to see them often, we may point out those of a young painter who has already attained a high reputation, M. L. Knaus, a native of Wiesbaden: he exhibits two of the best works. The Belgian painters are also strong in talent and number. Among the French, H. Vernet has displayed his usual talent; Meissonier's eight small paintings are very exquisite in execution, but, like most of his, and of the school he has created, the subjects have little interest, being simply figures standing upright, looking at the spectator, smokers, &c. Benouville and Cabanel, historical painters, exhibit some very interesting subjects, cleverly treated; the pictures by Jerome, Courbet, L. Boulanger, Ph. Rousseau, Flandin, and Dubufe, must not be overlooked. Notwithstanding the severity with which the jury exercised its powers of rejection, there are at least 1500 paintings too many. The sculpture, which is not remarkable, is distributed in the main portion of the *Palais*, on the ground-floor, which is left as it was prepared for the flower-show, and produces a beautiful effect; the small river, swans, green trees, and flowers, make it a beautiful retreat.—The sale of Delaroche's pictures closed the season. The sum of 240,500 fr. was realised by their sale; and a further sum of 65,000 fr. by their exhibition: of this latter amount 20,000 fr. will be presented to the *Caisse de la Société des Artistes*.—Two immense statuary groups, twenty feet in height, are now being executed by M. Préault for the Old Louvre; the subjects are 'Peace' and 'War.'—M. E. Robert is at work upon a statue of Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, and M. A. Barre upon one of Mlle Rachel.—On the last visit of the Queen and Prince Consort to Paris, her Majesty presented to the city of Paris the marble busts of herself and the Prince: since that period the Kings of Sardinia, Portugal, and Bavaria, respectively, having visited Paris, the Council has decided that their busts be placed in the *Hôtel de Ville*.—Four statues are to be placed at the corners of the *Pont de l'Alma*, and will represent a Zouave and a soldier of the line, by M. Diebolt; an artillery soldier and a chasseur on foot, by M. Arnaud.—The Chapel of the Virgin, at *S. Philippe du Roule*, is to be decorated by M. Claudius Jacquand.—The large painting by the late M. Chassériau, representing the 'Defence of Gaul,' has been purchased by Government.

Milan.—The Marchese Spinola has presented to the Royal Academy of Arts in this city a Madonna by Raffaelle, for which he has paid £400. It is of great richness and beauty, and may have been painted about the same time as the Madonna di Foligno. A few years ago it was sold for 16 francs, together with the clearings of a house which had just been vacated, and was then in four pieces. It is now in the Academy, and is the admiration of all who see it. The Madonna is represented standing, and removing from the child the veil under which he has been sleeping.—It has been reported that Da Vinci's 'Last Supper' has been repainted and restored; but this is not true, the picture remains undisturbed, and just as it was after its restoration by Baressi. The report may have originated in the proposal to clean and repaint the refectory, which was in an extremely dirty state.

Cologne.—A subscription is in course of signature for a statue of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, intended to be placed in Cologne; at the head of the subscription list are the names of the Prince of Solms-Braunfels, the Prince of Wied, the Baron Waldbott-Bassenheim, Count Fürstenburg, &c. &c.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Edinburgh.—Probably it will be in the recollection of many of our readers that, about the middle of last year, we directed attention to an institution then in progress of formation in Edinburgh; the object of which was to encourage Art-Manufactures by means similar to those employed by the various Art-union societies to encourage the Fine Arts. The project has been so favourably received by the public, that, on the 21st of last June, the members of, and subscribers to, the "Art-Manufactures Association," as the society is called, held their first annual meeting in Edinburgh, to receive the report of the committee, and to distribute the prizes. The chairman of the meeting, Sir John Macneil, G.C.B., who was among the earliest supporters of the association, and is one of its vice-presidents, stated that thus far its success had exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. He alluded in terms of especial satisfaction to the number of persons, the majority of whom were of the working classes, who had attended the evening exhibition of the manufactured works which had been collected from all parts of the country, and from many places on the Continent. "Perseverance in this course," he said, "must tend to produce an important elevation in the taste, and also in the character as well as the taste, of the working classes." During the six weeks when the exhibition was open, the number of ordinary admissions in the daytime was 17,457, and in the evening 17,806. The number of season tickets was 1767: to these must be added those admitted to the dress promenades, and to the several lectures on the subject of Industrial Art, delivered respectively by Dr. Wilson, F.R.S.E., A. A. Wellwood, Esq., C. H. Wilson, Esq., A.R.S.A., and A. Christie, Esq., A.R.S.A., honorary secretary to the association. The number of subscribers on the past year's list was 5333, the amount of their subscriptions £5489: the receipts derived from the exhibition, including those realised by the sale of tickets for the lectures, amounted to the sum of £1445 19*s.* 9*d.* The committee expended £3000 in the purchase of objects of Art-Manufactures for distribution among the subscribers; the preliminary expenses attending the organisation of the association, the establishment of upwards of three hundred agencies throughout the kingdom, the cost of providing larger show-cases, fitted with plate-glass, for the exhibition of works lent and purchased, must be set against the balance that remains: of course these expenses will not have to be incurred a second time, so that a much larger proportionate amount will in future be invested for the benefit of the subscribers. The objects selected as prizes may be divided into the following classes:—1. Gold and Silver work, Jewellery. 2. Works in Electro-plate. 3. Works in Crystal and Metal. 4. Crystal and Glass, white, engraved, cut, and coloured. 5. Pottery, including China, Parian, &c. 6. Carved work in Wood, Horn, and Marble. 7. Textile Fabrics, as shown in Shawls. These productions were purchased from manufacturers in London, Paris, Vienna, Frankfort, Birmingham, the Potteries, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. The "Art-Manufactures Association," though but one year old, must be considered as an established society; it must grow and increase when a knowledge of its existence becomes more widely circulated: at present such knowledge seems to be almost limited to Scotland, judging from the names and residences of those to whom the chief prizes, 180 in number, were allotted; very few of the prizes came south of the Tweed, obviously for the reason that very few of the subscribers lived on this side. It is expected that next year the committee will feel themselves justified in having an exhibition in London of the works purchased for distribution. In conclusion, we may remark, that the plan of this society, like that of the Art-unions, is to give every subscriber of one guinea annually some good example of ornamental Art-manufacture, and to those who are so fortunate as to have prizes allotted to them, a work of greater value in silver, gold, parian, glass, &c.: some of those distributed at the "drawing" in June were very costly. There is one object the association has in view which must not be lost sight of, as it is this which principally forms its claim as an "encourager" of Art-manufactures: prizes are awarded to competitors in design and manufacture.

The prizes for competition drawings, paintings, and models of the students attending the Edinburgh School of Art, were delivered at the National Gallery in Edinburgh, on the 29th of June. In the ornamental and architectural department, Mr. Christie reported that the number of students who attended the classes in this department last year was 411: the number this year is 225, showing a decrease of 186. But as there were no day-classes last year, the number attending these must be deducted as follows:—male class, 11; female ditto, 50—total, 61, making the actual decrease 247. This decrease appears to be entirely owing to the adoption of the system of charging fees, but is not more than was anticipated. Twelve students have been transferred during the session from this department to the Antique, being three more than the amount of last year. The class of Practical Architecture has increased from 11 to 16, while the class of Composition has maintained its numbers, so that the falling off has not taken place in the advanced classes. The result of the trial of the Geometry shows the necessity of extending the education of the students in this direction. In the Antique Life and Colour Department, Mr. R. S. Lauder reports that, in consequence of the system of students paying fees being adopted, the number has decreased more than one half during the last sessional year. This is an unfavourable omen; it seems that there are numerous individuals willing to receive instruction, provided it costs them nothing.

Salford.—The subscribers to the memorial of Mr. J. Brotherton, late M.P. for this borough, have decided upon erecting a monument over his grave in the Salford Cemetery, and a bronze statue of the deceased, on a granite pedestal, in Peel Park. Mr. Noble has received the commission to execute the latter work, for which, we hear, he is to be paid 1000 guineas: this sculptor appears to be in high favour at Salford; recently we noticed his statue of the Queen, lately erected in Peel Park.

Montrose.—The inhabitants of this town—the birthplace of another active member of the House of Commons who has "rested from his labours," the late Joseph Hume—are raising subscriptions for a monument to his memory, to be erected in Montrose: the sum of £500 has already been collected, and two or three artists have been applied to for designs.

Dunfermline.—The School of Art in this town is about to be closed, if it is not so already; the cause, we believe, being the entire want of support and interest manifested by the inhabitants. Mr. Baker, the master, will transfer his services to the High School of Scotland.

RUSKIN ON DRAWING.*

WHATEVER may have been thought, said, and written about Mr. Ruskin's teachings and theories, no one will, or ought to, question his enthusiasm with regard to Art, and his earnest desire to see a love of it, and a knowledge, take deep and wide-spread root among all classes of the community. To this end he has laboured ardently and perseveringly in spite of the indifference of artists and the hard words of the critic: all the faculties of a reflective, studious, original, and deep-thinking mind—all the powers of a subtle and poetical imagination united with eloquence of expression, he has employed for what he seems to have made the great business of his life. One may dissent from his opinion, may deny his orthodoxy, regret the tone of arrogance he too often assumes, and laugh at his apparent puerilities as an Art-teacher; but he who can read his writings without becoming better and wiser, either as a man or an artist, must be as dull of perception as he is insensible to the power of language. Mr. Ruskin has not always proved, and even now does not altogether prove, himself to be a safe guide through the realms of Art; but his very waywardness is not without instruction, and he is always one whom it is pleasant to follow, even through his discursive wanderings; all that he writes leaves something for the mind to ponder over and meditate upon: there never, to this day, has been an original thinker who did not make himself amenable to the charge of indulging in peculiarities that many could not, or would not, understand.

From his endeavours to lead the trained and practised artist from the path he has long followed into another—from criticising "Modern Painters," and writing eloquent dissertations upon the architecture of past ages—from diving into the almost impenetrable recesses of Art, as exhibited in the days of Cimabue, Giotto, and Giovanni da Fiesole,—Mr. Ruskin has undertaken the self-imposed task of becoming the instructor of those who may hereafter shine as lights in the British School of Painting: he has written a small volume on "The Elements of Drawing," intended not for children, but for young persons old enough to think and reflect. "The manuals at present published on the subject of drawing are," he says, "as far as I know, all directed to one or other of two objects. Either they propose to give the student a power of dextrous sketching with pencil or water-colour, so as to emulate (at considerable distance) the slighter work of our second-rate artists, or they propose to give him such accurate command of mathematical forms as may afterwards enable him to design rapidly and cheaply for manufactures. When drawing is taught as an accomplishment, the first is the aim usually proposed, while the second is the object kept chiefly in view at Marlborough House, and in the branch Government Schools of Design."

"The chief aim and bent" of Mr. Ruskin's "system is to obtain, first, a perfectly patient, and, to the utmost of the pupil's power, a delicate method of work, such as may ensure his seeing truly. For I am nearly convinced, that when once we see keenly enough, there is very little difficulty in drawing what we see; but even supposing that this difficulty be still great, I believe that the sight is a more important thing than the drawing; and I would rather teach drawing that my pupil may learn to love Nature, than teach the looking at Nature that they may learn to draw. It is surely also a more important thing, for young people and unprofessional students, to know how to appreciate the art of others than to gain much power in art themselves." The feelings expressed in these latter passages, the whole of which are taken from the preface, form the keystone to the system developed in this volume, and from them may be gathered an accurate idea of the entire superstructure the author has raised up.

The treatise is divided into three parts, or letters, as Mr. Ruskin terms them; the subjects of each respectively are,—"First Practice," "Sketching from Nature," "Colour and Composition." Every one acquainted with the views and principles promulgated by the author, will naturally expect that the system of instruction advocated by him must differ from that of every other teacher; and it is so in his manual. Arguing from his own premises, that all great and good Art is *delicate* Art, and, on the contrary, coarse Art is bad Art, he recommends his pupils to take a finely pointed steel pen, a piece of cream-laid, smooth note-paper, and "some ink that has stood already some time in the inkstand, so as to be quite black, and as thick as it can be without clogging the pen." With these materials the scholar is to go to work to cover in a square inch of his paper "with crossed lines, so completely and evenly, that it shall look like a square patch of grey silk or cloth," the object being to produce an even tint. Now we have instanced this first lesson on no account for the purpose of casting a sneer at the exercise, trivial as it would seem to be, but to show how Mr. Ruskin goes to work to teach his pupils, and as an example of the instruction carried through the whole of his book.

Perhaps, therefore, many will be induced to say it is not worth studying: this would be a great mistake. We certainly might not care to be among the number of his disciples, if forced to follow his system, but we are equally certain that no one can carefully study his work without learning much he ought to know, and without deriving a far more elevated perception of Art than most publications of similar character give. We object to his practice rather than to his principles, for he is an uncompromising student of nature, loving her so ardently and religiously that he will not allow the smallest fragment of her manifold beauties to pass unheeded or to be misrepresented. Who, then, that also loves Nature and Art would quarrel with Mr. Ruskin for his enthusiasm? even though it causes him, as it does, to adopt extreme views.

There are, of course, many opinions expressed from which we dissent; we have neither space nor inclination to point them out, being only too glad to meet such a writer as he still exerting himself in the cause of Art; he has not, and will not, labour in vain: another generation will, we are assured, reap a harvest of greatness from his teachings, when the world has learned to accept the good and reject the pernicious.

* THE ELEMENTS OF DRAWING; in Three Letters to Beginners. By John Ruskin, M.A. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. Published by Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

THE TEMPEST, & KING RICHARD II.,

AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

SINCE last we gave our readers any detailed account of that extraordinary succession of performances at the Princess's Theatre which constitute to themselves, as we have said, a separate and emphatic chapter in the history of dramatic representation in this country, two others have been added to the series; and it is increasingly incumbent on an Art journal like ours to keep some formal record of doings which are becoming more and more an established and familiar topic in the world for which we labour. Mr. Kean's version of "Richard II." we mentioned at the time of its appearance,—promising to return to it for more particular appreciation at a later time; and on the first of the past month Shakspere's play of "The Tempest" was produced at the same house. In each of these two pieces the manager has one more triumphant argument to show for the value of the purposes to which he is devoting his stage.

When, in January last, our readers followed us into the scene which this manager peoples with successive marvels, his stage was in full possession of the fairies, and we spent with them the hours of a winter's night in watching the moonlight revels of these "beings of the mind," and seeing, as it were, through the mists of elf-land the strange bewildering human accidents of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Then, the fantastic and factitious troubles and entanglements which Puck's blundering created and Oberon's benificence could cure, gave place to the passionate and cureless sorrow of the deposed Richard, and the ground which the fairies had haunted, and the moon watched, was swept, instead, by the pageantries of mediæval chivalry, and kept by the man-at-arms. Now, we have once more exchanged from historic to haunted ground,—from the stern realities of tragic story to "such stuff as dreams are made of." Mr. Kean's art has recovered the buried book and broken wand of Prospero; and just as Shakspere knew her, Ariel, that most delicate of all the spirits that poetry has baptised, is submissive to his call. In each one of these latter two highly coloured and strongly contrasted pieces in its kind, Mr. Kean has surpassed everything that even *he* had achieved before. The realities of English life in the fourteenth century, and the realities of dream-land, so to speak, are alike produced in them with a force, a splendour, and a charm, for which his own previous marvels in this kind afford insufficient parallels.

Never before, we repeat, was archæology so elaborated for dramatic purpose as in the Princess's version of "King Richard II.," and never before out of elaboration came such actual graphic and emphatic life. If archæology be, as has been said, the dry bones of history, in Mr. Kean's hands "these dry bones" do verily and undeniably *live*,—live with their own glowing, peculiar, and many-coloured life. So completely, in this piece, was the attention absorbed by the striking character of the general truth, that it failed, even after repeated attempts, to apprehend the countless minute truths of which *that* was composed. The gorgeous nature of the whole result is a necessary inference in the presentment of a life in whose external modes and manners splendour is itself a truth; and from the glittering spectacle and the picturesque grouping it was difficult at the time of representation so to detach the mind, as to enable it to perceive how every accessory, no matter how small and seemingly insignificant, was an historic note. Scenes, manners, and costumes were alike annotated, as if a whole college of antiquaries had set about the task. The student had never before such an illustrated book of the times in question. Not a badge on a banner, or a bearing on a shield, but had the herald's sanction. Not a property, from the kneeling harts and broom-pods of the unhappy Plantagenet and the ostrich feathers of old John of Gaunt, to the party-coloured garments of the pages, but was a document. Not an act of motion even, or a point of bearing, but had its distinct authority. He who witnessed the performance of "King Richard II." at the Princess's Theatre was for a night bodily amongst the barons. All these details sound, as we state them, prosaic enough: but it must be remembered that, collected by the archæologist, they were handed over to the artist. The dust was shaken away from the dry facts of antiquity, and these were arranged into pictures. The care that hunted up even the prosaisms of the past, compelled them all to the service of a poetry of its own. The lists on Gosford Green, near Coventry, with the old chivalry brought back to life for the occasion,—the Wilds in Gloucestershire, filling first, and swarming finally, with the army of Bolingbroke,—and the room in Ely House, where old John of Gaunt, amid all the pomps and cognizances of his princely rank, lay face to face with that great Shadow whose presence proclaimed their vanity, were all such scenic presentments as are seen only at this house:—presentments in which, if truth had collected the materials for the service of beauty, beauty more than paid back all her debt to truth.—But there is one particular effect in this piece which, for the sense of reality that breathed out of its material picturesque, and informed it back again, transcended everything of the kind that the stage has yet had to show. That well-known passage in which the Duke of York so touchingly describes to his duchess the entry into London of the unhappy Richard, in the train of Bolingbroke, Mr. Kean had, by a daring and wonderfully successful licence, borrowed for interpolation into its place in the action, for the purpose of embodying it as an episode between the third and fourth acts. The passage has been illustrated again and again,—by all the arts,—but never has it had an interpreter like this. The stage actually heaved and palpitated in this scene with the life of the middle ages. In one of its ancient streets, yielding long vistas up others, the mob—the real living mob—of four hundred and fifty years ago were gathered together to await the coming of the captive king. From ancient house to ancient house the street was hung with garlands, as was the manner of that ancient time. Window, and roof, and balcony, and temporary platform, and every point of vantage, and points that offered none, were all crowded with spectators and alive with the movement which they made. The swarming crowd below were swayed to and fro at once by the passions and by the pastimes of the day. The sports and the street temptations of the age had taken their accustomed advantage of the opportunity. The juggler plied his trade among the holiday people, and the morris-dancers, under its more ancient form of the "Dance of Fools," enacted their mystery. The sense of multitude and the sense of space were wonderfully awakened and kept alive. The roar of the popular heart swelled up and floated on the air; and high over all rang out the clamour of the bells—real old

bells—just as they might have rung through old London five centuries ago. No words can describe this marvellous resuscitation:—but into this human storm, on "his hot and fiery steed," rides Bolingbroke, "bareheaded," and bending to the popular welcome "lower than his proud steed's neck;" and into this storm rides Richard, bearing on his brow "the badges of his grief and patience," and taking from his people no other welcome than the "dust" that "was thrown upon his sacred head." The scene and its passions—its craft, and its cruelty, and its sorrow—all were here before us.

From this most graphic and picturesque revival of the stormy scenes and passions of our own old historic time, "The Tempest," as we have said, brings us back into the region of the haunted and the ideal. The two pieces lie at the opposite poles of dramatic purpose, and Mr. Kean is an equally successful explorer of both. We said, when Mr. Kean announced the "Midsummer Night's Dream," that, with the high standard which he had set up for himself in his reproduction of facts, we feared he might be rash to venture on ground so purely imaginative and spiritual; and in the present case what was to be feared was, that having on that occasion found a way into dream-land, he should, by too close a repetition of himself, now betray the limited character and amount of the material resources at a manager's disposal for breaking into that haunted land. It is, on the contrary, the peculiar triumph of the present piece, that it does not bring us under the identical spell that summoned the shadows of that immortal midsummer's night. The physiognomy, so to speak, of spirit-land, is as distinct in Mr. Kean's versions of these two several pieces as Shakspere made it. In Shakspere's dream-land there are many kingdoms,—and Ariel and Titania are of different race; and a result of Mr. Kean's contrivance is, to mark as sensibly all the differences between them as the one point of supernaturalism which they have in common is marked. Under the moonlights of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," at his theatre, we met our old English fairies—the fairies that left their rings in the meadows of our childhood, and round its heart,—translated by Shakspere, for his purpose, to the court of Theseus, as he had a right to translate them, because he had power over the fairies, and might do with them what he would,—and somewhat classicalised, it may be, by the new atmosphere in which for the time they had to move. "The Tempest" introduces us to a race of spirit-creatures discovered by Shakspere himself on a lonely island of the Mediterranean,—lost since, and for ever to its charts, like the land of the Fata Morgana, but of which a wondrous representation may be seen at the Princess's Theatre. The curtain rises on a stage converted into a sea, with the ship that bears the Italian princes tossing, at the footlights, in the storm, and Ariel doing his mission of fire from spar to spar. This is made a sort of Prologue to the piece:—preceding even the overture, and introducing the human element, by the seeming wreck of the good ship that cuts it off from the world, into the strange wild spirit-accidents of the scene. From the moment when the curtain rises again on the lulling waters, we are wandering through a maze of enchantments. Invisible beings are around us everywhere. The air "is full of noises and sweet sounds, that give delight;" the caves and the cliffs are haunted. Spirits moan in the storm or wail through the basalts. The features of the island transfigure themselves before our eyes. And over all, there is the one sense of a *magical* compulsion, clearly made out and emphatically pronounced, and strongly distinguishing the supernatural action of this piece from the spontaneous supernatural of the fairies in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But the pervading charm of this piece is Ariel:—and here we have a good instance of the manner in which Mr. Kean secures his effects by an intelligent use of his materials. The Ariel of Shakspere has both to fly and to sing:—incidents common enough to a spirit, but very difficult to get in combination from a full-grown lady. To secure the one attribute, managers have generally been content to accept an amount of bone and muscle quite incompatible with the more characteristic presentment of so elemental a creation. Mr. Kean resolves the difficulty very simply. The musical part of the spiriting he procures to be done by a competent angel, in that respect, out of sight; and Ariel, disencumbered of his burden of song,—which out of dream-land has a physical and ponderable relation,—is left free to use his wings. And so, we have him everywhere,—on the earth and in the air,—from the moment when he falls out of the latter a meteor of fire, and springs up on the former a winged spirit, to the moment when he hangs in sunshine over the sea, and waves his farewell to the disenchanted ship sailing back to Naples. On every side, at the call of Prospero, he comes like a sudden revelation. The aloe expands its leaves and lets him out. The tree bows down its branches, and he is there as the spirit of its homage. He floats to earth like a dream, and rushes skyward like a thought. Everywhere, too, when he appears, he is revealed in an atmosphere of light, which seems an emanation of his own inner nature. By this restoration to the piece of Ariel in something like his transcendental integrity, were there nothing else, we feel, at the Princess's, that we are under the spell of Prospero, and of a magician more powerful than Prospero, and are walking in the body on that actual enchanted island which Shakspere drew.

Such is the spirit of this reproduction: but of the separate scenes that make it up we can give no adequate account in words. A scene of Nereids sporting in their own element—dancing, with naked feet, down the waters of a cascade—may match as a marvel of beauty with that of the fairies dancing with their own shadows, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The manner in which the beauties of this matchless scene grow before the spectator's eyes out of a sterile landscape is a marvel in itself:—and at this point of the piece the enchantments are crowded. The formation of the banquet offered to the weary princes is a triumph of pictorial beauty and mechanical arrangement; and its disappearance, untasted, at the touch of the harpy, is succeeded by an interpolated dance of spirits. Mr. Kean, who seeks to elevate his pieces by all the influences that are within his power, omits no point of classical illustration that comes within his reach. In this piece, besides the dance of the Nereids, already mentioned, we have a vision of Iris, in a view of Eleusis and its temple; a revelation of Ceres and her attendants; and a descent of Juno in her car, drawn by peacocks, with the Graces and the Seasons around her. This is the Masque which Prospero conjures in the fourth act; and the vision of Juno and her accompanying deities hanging in mid air, while it rivals in respect of grouping the similarly produced effects in "Faust and Marguerite," and in "Henry VIII.," in brilliancy of colouring exceeds them all. One effect in particular there is in this succession of effects which is charming. Iris herself is not clad in the colours of the rainbow. She is not the rainbow in its effects, but the rainbow in its essence:—not the rainbow proper, but the Spirit of the rainbow. Iris is here an angel clad in white garments, with wings that in the sunlight look golden:—and she flings the rainbow *behind her*. Here is philosophy made poetry by the property-man. The rays prismatically resolved upon the cloud, are re-collected into the *white* light which is their essence in the angel herself. This is the transcendentalism of scene-painting; and, altogether, stage mechanism has probably never been employed to such fine effects as in this act of this piece.—The last effect of all in this marvellous reproduction seems to us, to embody a finer essential poetry than ever before was rendered by mere scenic art, and leaves us, at the close, under the full power of the Shakspere spell. The air of the island has been ringing with the exulting song—

> "Merrily, merrily shall we live now,
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough—"

of the emancipated spirits,—freed from their service by the departure of Prospero and his spell. But, as the ship sails away, Ariel, clad in his own essential light, as in a garment, but with a touch on his face of human regret for the master whom he has learned to love, and is losing for ever, hangs, as we have said, over the sea, waving his farewells to Prospero as he stands upon the deck looking fondly back to the spirit that has done him such faithful service. The curtain leaves the spirit there, hovering over the waters in the track of the receding vessel, as if loth to return to his freedom on the island, thus again for ever cut off from the world of living men.

Before bringing our remarks on these two revivals to a close, we must offer a few words of comment on a question which has been raised as to the propriety of this large amount of Art-illustration applied to the works of the dramatic poet in general, and of Shakspere in particular. The objection proceeds on an intimation that the poetry of the scene-painter is by it substituted for the poetry of the poet; and that he who undertakes thus to illustrate Shakspere assumes to supplement him. Without insisting here on the not very flattering want of faith in Shakspere on the part of the objector himself, when he hints at the possibility of the mechanist thus putting out the poet, we confess we do not see how he is to maintain his argument, unless he forbids the use of scenic illusion altogether. What the manager does in this respect constitutes the exact difference between stage representation and closet reading; and if he may assist the illusion of his text at all by material realisation of the times and places at which the text hints, why may he not do so on a sufficient scale? Where will the objector divide the principle, or draw the line of its application? Let us take Mr. Kean's version of "King Richard II.;" to which, as we have said, there has been applied an unparalleled amount of that archæologic illustration to which the argument on the other side objects. Now, surely, the passionate and peculiar sorrow of King Richard, as Shakspere has uttered it by his verse, is strongly emphasized as being relieved against its own especial background of the middle age, thus carefully reproduced. If Mr. Kean has succeeded so completely as we have described in placing us amid the realities of time and place in which the action is laid, surely the mind is by that very actuality harmonised and attuned to the mood necessary for the full enjoyment of the immortal text. In the closet the mind itself can do all; but where the appeal is also to the eye and the ear, whatever is discordant with the written theme will mar its effect, and whatever is deficient is itself a discord. Shakspere's own habit of minute painting by incident, as well as by passions, seems itself to furnish so many points of appeal to those who have charge of the visible part of the presentment,—and furnishes at any rate so many points of opportunity. It is true, Mr. Kean, by his mode of getting up this piece, sinks a portion of his own personality:—not commonly a fault with actors. If he is content to let the impression made on his audiences be composed of the sum of a variety of influences employed, without marking prominently and distinctly how large a contribution is made to the whole by his own fine acting, he makes a sacrifice of himself to his worship of the poet, which demands a large return of public appreciation. But he has subjected his own acting, at the same time, to the most stringent tests. So completely has he prepared his audience, for instance, in the Episode scene of Bolingbroke's entry into London, by his vivid presentment of its living features, and of the minor passions moving therein,—that if when he himself rides into the midst of them, the impersonation of the one great and master sorrow of the piece, he were a single shade below the demands of the poetry, it would be instantly felt by his audience as a discord. The immortal verse triumphs, of course, through all, when duly rendered: and we can truly say, as the result of Mr. Kean's acting, and of the frame in which he set it, that never before did we so completely feel the passionate pathos of the part as at that moment, or fall more completely into the fitting tone for the after moralisings of the broken-hearted monarch. They who witnessed, too, the passion of Mrs. Kean's parting-scene from Richard,—the manner in which her strong agony brought out the tragic element, and of a little part made a great one,—should not say that, in the care for all things bestowed on this piece, care for the poetry of Shakspere has not been, as it should, greatest of all.

Once more we say, that, while the stage of our day and country is for the most part given up to frivolities, there is a purpose in all this which renders the management of Mr. Kean remarkable in the story of its vicissitudes; and his success in the present phase of that management will give us confidence to follow him into any new one to which the change of manners or the progress of mind may invite him.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VIII.

As we have said, the villages of WHITCHURCH and PANGBOURNE—the former in Oxfordshire, the latter in Berkshire—are twin villages, united by a long, narrow, ungainly, yet picturesque wooden bridge, from which pleasant views are obtained of the river, both above and below. There are, indeed, few prettier localities on the Thames: both have their venerable churches, their homely inns, of which the more "ambitious" is at Pangbourne; but here the angler may seek and find comforts in the little way-side "public" introduced into our sketch, which pictures also the weir-fall, the foreground timber-yard, and the cottage of the fisherman, John Champ, whose "punts" are always ready, and who is in high favour with the "brethren of the angle," being

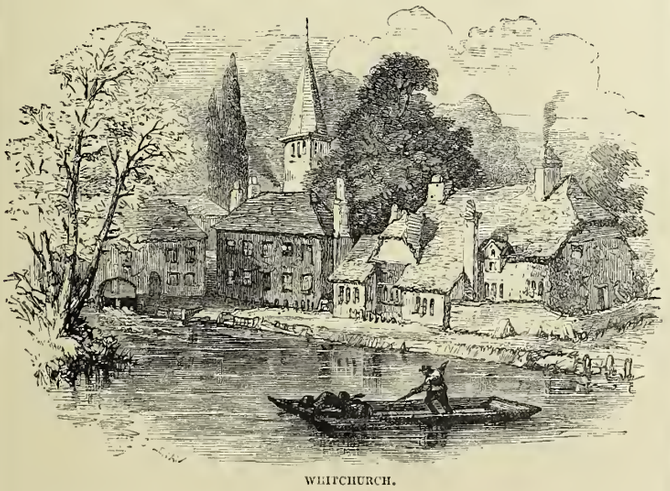
"Himself as skilful in that art as any."

As a residence for a time, Pangbourne has many attractions: the scenery in the neighbourhood is very beautiful; the hills are high and healthful, and command extensive views; the place is sufficiently retired, for although the Great Western Railway runs "right through it," visitors are few, except those who take the shortest cut to the river-side, and make the most of a morning "pitch" beside the water-plants, which here grow in rich luxuriance, and where the perch abound.



PANGBOURNE.

Pangbourne was held, according to Domesday-book, by Miles Crispin of William the Conqueror. Its manor and church were afterwards granted to the Abbey of Reading, as appears from the confirmations of the charters of Henry II., its founder, by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert,



WHITCHURCH.

Bishop of Sarum. Pangbourne afterwards formed a part of the possessions of Edward, Duke of Somerset, who was executed in the year 1553, in the last year of Edward VI. It was then granted to Sir Francis Englefield by Queen Mary; and he, becoming a fugitive, it reverted to the crown, "as appears from an explification of the Inquisition for the finding of him." The reversion of the mansion and manor of Pangbourne was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Thomas Weldon, cofferer of her majesty's household. The house is mentioned by Leland as a fair manor-place, that had belonged to the Abbot of Reading. The village, however, has preserved few or none of its antiquities; the visitor will seek in vain for traces of its earlier renown, although he may pleasantly muse and dream of its former greatness, while lulled to repose by the murmur of the "fall" that now gently, and now angrily, gives voice to the waters as they make their way through the weir.

The floral enrichments of the water-side, which have afforded us so much interest and pleasure during the whole of our river voyage, still maintain their luxuriance. A glow of rich purple greets our eyes even from a considerable distance, wherever the Purple Loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*) predominates. The tall spikes of handsome flowers are so large and conspicuous, as to form a prominent feature for the artist to introduce into the foreground of a river-scene, its warm colour rendering it particularly valuable for that purpose. We may not be weary of repeating advice to the artist whose task it is to design for manufacturers, to resort for models to this rich store-house of natural graces and beauties. The weeds of the field, the lane, and the hedge-row are, indeed, fertile of suggestions; but they are far better known than those of the water-side, which are truly but "flowers out of place:" not only in form, but in colour will they be found practically useful—in bud, in blossom, and especially in leaves; and inasmuch as many of them are climbing or creeping, they may be applied to a hundred purposes of which the ornamentist has hitherto little thought.



PURPLE LOOSESTRIFE.

"Not a leaf, a flower, but contains a folio volume;
We may read, and read, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct."

The Yellow Loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris*), which we meet with so abundantly on the banks of the Thames, is interesting for the beauty of its yellow flowers, which have a fine effect when contrasted with its usual companion the Purple Loosestrife, and also on account of the singular property attributed to it by the ancients of taming ferocious, and reconciling discordant, animals, whence they derived its name of *Lysimachia*, of which the English "Loosestrife" is a literal translation. A quotation on this subject from Parkins, the old herbalist, may be amusing to our readers: describing the plant, he speaks of its "taking away strife or debate between beasts, not only those that are yoked together, but even those that are wild also, by making them tame and quiet, which, as they say, this herb will do, if it be either put about their yokes or their necks, which, how true, I leave to them who shall try and find it so." Whether the operation of this invaluable specific be or be not extended to the human race the author does not state; amid the calm and tranquillising solitudes of the upper Thames it may not be required, but of a surety its application is very often desirable somewhat lower down.



THE YELLOW LOOSESTRIFE.

Continuing our voyage from Pangbourne—a line of undulating chalk hills on the immediate left, and an uninterrupted tract of flat meadow-land stretching for two or three miles along the opposite bank—we soon arrive opposite Hardwicke House, seated on the slope of a wooded height above the river. It is a large gabled structure of red brick, situated on a terrace of earth raised considerably above the river, upon which are many shady bowers of old yews cut into fanciful arcades. It is so little altered from the time of its erection, that it seems to carry back the spectator to the era of our great civil war. Here Charles I. spent much of his time during the troublous period that preceded his fall, "amusing himself with bowls" and other sports.* On the fine

* No nobleman's mansion was considered complete, at this period, if it were not provided with a bowling-green. Our little cut exhibits the game as played in the time of Charles I., and is copied from an Italian print, by Rossi, dated 1647. The sport is said to have originated in England; and the earliest traces of it are to be found in manuscripts of the 13th century. Covered alleys were afterwards invented for the enjoyment of the game in winter; and it was looked upon as a gentlemanly



lawn between the house and the river are some noble specimens of cedar, oak, and elm-trees, that, judging from their great age, must have been witnesses of the alternate sports and apprehensions of the sovereign. A little further, and we arrive at an assemblage of choice picturesque objects, such as are not often met with even singly, and are very rarely encountered grouped together into one rich picture as we here find them. At one view we have MAPLE DURHAM ferry, lock, and weir—the mossy old mill embosomed in rich foliage, from which again rises the grey church tower, behind which, though almost hidden by lofty trees, we see the turreted outline of Maple Durham House, forming altogether a painter's paradise.* The river here becomes broad and studded with numerous islets, between which extends a series of weirs, over which the water tumbles and foams, adding life and variety to the general calmness of the scene. To obtain a good view of the house, the tourist should



MAPLE DURHAM CHURCH AND MILL.

land on the right bank, just below the lock, when, looking across the river, he will see, between the two tall elms that frame the picture, a matchless pile of gables, dormers, ornamental chimneys, and all the other elements of "the Elizabethan style." From the river we have no good view of the principal front of the house, which is towards the east, looking down a magnificent avenue of elm-trees nearly a mile in length. There are in the house, it is said, several secret rooms and passages used in the time of the Commonwealth by the Royalist party for the concealment of troops or priests, as the case might be. Maple Durham has long been the property of the ancient family of the Blounts. "The church is of singular design, having a nave of irregular form, with a south aisle only."

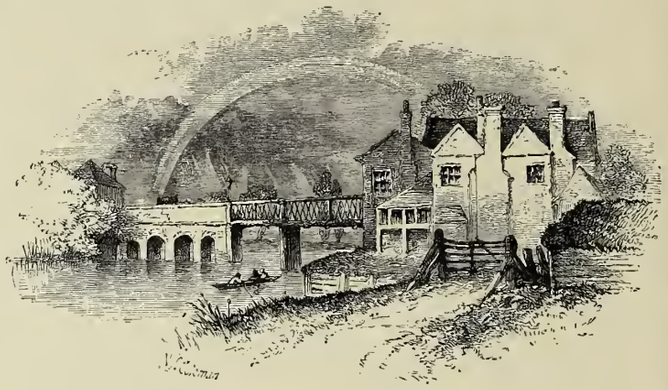
On the opposite side of the river is the village of Purley, the small church of which stands close to the bank, buried in a grove of towering trees. Purley Hall, on the right, on high ground, is a plain, square, modern villa. The



MAPLE DURHAM HOUSE.

towing-path is closed where the grounds of Purley reach the Thames, but is continued on the opposite bank of the stream, so that men and horses have to be ferried across, and continue their journey for about a quarter of a mile, when they reach Purley Ferry, and are again carried across to the right bank, where the ferryman's house is situated, from whence the path continues to Caversham Bridge.

The line of the Great Western Railway is in sight almost all the way between Pangbourne and Reading, and, for the most part, in close proximity to the river. About Purley the tall wooded banks approach each other, and forming now and then close umbrageous scenes of exquisite beauty. Continuing our journey, no object of particular interest meets us for some distance, until coming to a turn of the river where the country opens out, we obtain a sight of Caversham, with its old bridge and church, and the large town of Reading. The ground on the right has now sunk to a level; but on the left, chalk-hills, with steep declivities, approach and almost overhang the stream. From these hills beautiful prospects are obtained of the river and surrounding scenery; and, for half a mile before reaching Caversham, the northern bank is adorned by a fine hanging wood of fir-trees, passing which we arrive at CAVERSHAM BRIDGE and village.



CAVERSHAM BRIDGE.

Caversham Bridge is an ugly structure, partly of wood and partly of stone; at its foot is a small cottage, where boats are hired, and where the curious may trace some ancient remains—probably of a monastic cell. The lock—Caversham Lock—is distant half a mile from the bridge; and a small island, containing about four acres, divides the current. A view of the town of Reading would be hence obtained but for the intervening railway. The steeple of St. Lawrence's Church is, however, seen high above surrounding houses; and so is the red-brick ruin of the Abbey gateway, closely adjoining the modern jail, beside which the ruins of the old abbey have been laid out in shady public walks; they exhibit little remains of distinctive architectural features, inasmuch as the walls have been denuded of the outer squared stone for building purposes, leaving the core of the walls only. A very pretty public garden is in front of this, and a mound, with a fine group of trees, commands a beautiful view of the winding of the Thames, from Purley on the left to Shiplake on the right of the spectator.

The Kennet, which runs through the town, joins the Thames between Caversham Bridge and Sonning. This river rises near the village of East Kennet, on the eastern side of Wiltshire, in the vicinity of Abury, and "after a sequestered course" of about four miles, reaches Marlborough, afterwards waters the ancient village of Ramsbury, thence visits and refreshes Hungerford, proceeding thence to Newbury, where it becomes navigable; and during a course of nearly forty miles ministers to the wants and industry of man—aiding the operations of the Thames in producing and distributing wealth.

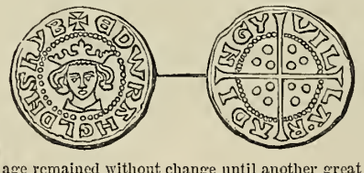
Reading is the venerable capital of Berkshire. "This little city" was called by the Saxons, Rheadyne, from *rhea*, a river; or the British word *redin*, signifying fern, which Leland mentions as "growing hereabouts in great plenty." A strong castle existed here until the time of Henry II., by whom it was destroyed, as "affording a place of refuge to the adherents of King Stephen." Its site has long been matter of speculation. Its Abbey was one of the most considerable in England, "both for the magnitude of its building and the state of its endowments;" its abbots being mitred, and enjoying the honour of a seat in Parliament. The structure was commenced by Henry I., "on the site of a small nunnery, said to have been founded by Elfrida, mother-in-law of Edward the Martyr, in order to expiate the murder of that king at Corfe Castle." The active and honourable part which Reading sustained during the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, occupies a prominent page in the history of the period; but Reading, from its proximity to the Thames, being on the high road to London, and from its strength, "though not a walled town, as may be supposed," shared largely in many of the leading events of the country in all ages.* Of the castle, as we have intimated, even the site is unknown; Leland conjectures that "a piece of the abbey was built of the ruins of it;" while of the famous abbey itself there are but few remains, the county gaol now occupying its place. At the dissolution it was "extremely wealthy," and contained many

recreation, of value for the exercise the players attained in its practice. The reader will remember Pope's line:—

"Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away."

* It was built in 1581 by Sir Michael Blount, then Lieutenant of the Tower of London. In the church are many interesting memorials of the Blount family.

* The town of Reading had the privilege of coining from the early days of the Saxons, and it was continued until the local coinage of England was merged into the metropolitan mint. The penny of Edward I., here engraved, was struck at this town, which is termed "Villa Radingy" on this piece, in accordance with the Latinized form so constantly adopted in mediæval currency. The great improvement in the coinage at this time is due to the long and prosperous reign of Edward I., who restored the currency to beauty, from a state of barbarism worse than that of the Saxon era, into which it had sunk after the reign of John, and during the troublous times in England. The coinage remained without change until another great monarch had arisen to give peace after intestine wars—Henry VII., who first gave portraiture on our national money; for from the time of Edward III. until his period, one head only was used for the series, like that upon this little coin; and it is not easy to distinguish the particular coins of some sovereigns from others of the series, except by minute peculiarities known to the students of Numismatics, but which would escape the eye of the general observer.



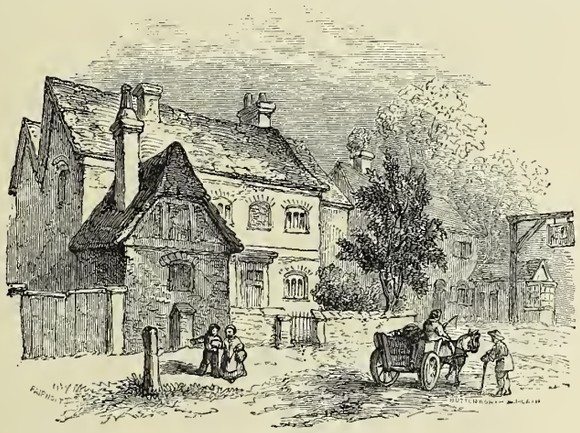
"valuables." It was peculiarly rich in relics, possessing, among other treasures, "a hand of the Apostle James," and "the principell relik of idolytrie within thys realme, an aungel with oon wyng that brought to Caversham the spere hedde that pereyd our Saviour is side upon the erosse."* The town is active and prosperous, although of its once famous woollen manufactories there is but the tradition. The only important manufactory it now possesses is one for the production of "biscuits;" and, strange as it may appear, this is so extensive as to employ several hundred men, aided by large machine power. It is foreign to our purpose, or a very agreeable and interesting paper might be written concerning the several processes in use to create this minor accessory of the table, which is exported—not by thousands, but by millions—and sent to every part of the globe. They have and deserve a universal reputation; obtained and sustained by using only the best materials of all descriptions—flour, milk, eggs, sugar, and so forth; and it must be recorded as a gratifying fact that the manufacturers, while making their own fortunes, have contributed very largely to the prosperity of the town.

Reading was the birthplace of Archbishop Laud, and among honourable and happy memories associated with this town, or rather with its vicinity, is that of "Three Mile Cross," long the residence of Mary Russell Mitford. Three Mile Cross is "Our Village."

We ask the reader to leave the Thames for awhile, and make with us a pilgrimage to the grave of this admirable woman, whose writings have found their way over the whole civilised world, rendering familiar to all the peculiar traits of English village character, and the graces, so essentially our own, which decorate the lanes, the homesteads, and the cottages of rural England.

Reading is a credit to the beautiful river that sweeps through its valley; neat, active, bustling—a sort of miniature city, with a sprinkling of pretty villas in pleasant suburbs, some more than half-concealed at this season by the foliage of close shrubberies, and surrounded by borders and parterres of flowers that would joy Miss Mitford's heart, were she moving among them, instead of resting beneath the granite cross erected to her memory in the homely yet solemn church-yard of Swallowfield.

Our first object was to visit the humble dwellings, in one of which she lived for more than a quarter of a century, in the other of which she died. To "Three Mile Cross," the "Our Village" of her stories and sketches, we wended our way. It was a day "brimful" of air and sunshine; no dust, no rain; every leaf at maturity, every bird in song; every streamlet musical; the shadows calm, distinct, and still, as if waiting to be painted; our driver intelligent but unobtrusive; our carriage comfortable and not noisy; the "sunny lanes" showing themselves worthy the reputation SHE has given them, and the steady dignified trees proving, if proof were needed, "England before the world" for beauty of upland and lowland, of park and pleasaunce, of wood and water, of cottage and croft, of corn-field and meadow, of all things—everything that can render life enjoyable, and plenteous, and happy. We were in Mary Russell Mitford's own county, "the sunny Berkshire," made famous in so many of her bright pages. We fancied we knew the roads and the trees she wrote about or talked of; the rough-coated elms, standing boldly and bluntly out from velvet hedge-rows—a slim stick of sprouting foliage springing here and there from the rugged bark, reminding one of an old man's child, while the great robust tree-tops were telling of vigorous old age! The signs of the over-many public-houses, so quaint and "un-London-like"—the "Four Horse Shoes," "The Fox and Horn," "The Swan," "The George and Dragon," "The Star," were so many landmarks. There were herds of sheep on the uplands and lowlands, and lowing cattle under trees; there were children "clapping their hands, and blooming like roses;" the jobbing gardener, with his rake, his garland of "bass," and his bundle of "shreds—blue, black, and red;" the bronzed and muscular village blacksmith; the pale-faced shoemaker; the ragged, rosy, saucy boys; the fair, delicate "lily-of-the-valley-like" maidens—the descendants of those who were boys and girls when "Our Village" was written,—we saw them all, and identified them all with the painter of "Three Mile Cross." And then we arrived, after delicious loiterings, at "3 Mile ✕" itself, as it is described, by itself, on the first wall to the right: it is a long, lean, straggling hamlet of twenty houses and a half (we counted them conscientiously), the "half" being the shoemaker's shop, from whence, in Miss Mitford's time, "an earthquake would hardly have stirred the souter."



THREE MILE CROSS.

The village shop is there still,—"Bromley's shop,"—just as it was in her day, except that the master and mistress are "elderly," and the children not exactly *young*; but children flourish round *them*, keeping the picture "fresh." The master of the village shop (a handsome old man) was pleased to talk of Miss Mitford and "the doctor," and of her good-nature and oddity. "Yes," he said, "that was her house, the very next door; we might call it, as every one did, ugly, and small, and inconvenient; but she liked it. She made herself, and everybody else, happy in it: he didn't know what visitors expected the house to be; he could repeat every word she had written on't. 'A cottage—no, a miniature house, with many additions—little odds and ends of places—pantries and what not; a little bricked court before one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot-tree.'"

"But where are they?"

"Ah, the hollyhocks, the roses, honeysuckles, and great apricot-tree, are destroyed and dead; but there is the window into which the doctor used to fling apricots to my children."

Yes, the flowers are all gone, and every tree in the garden is gone—all except the old bay and a fairy rose!

The house, so far as the bare walls are concerned, is much as she left it; an assemblage of closets ("our landlord," she says, "has the assurance to call them rooms"), full of contrivances and corner-cupboards. "That house," to quote her own words, "was built on purpose to show in what an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed."

Yet when we entered the tiny, low-ceilinged rooms, almost without light or ventilation, and ascended the narrow stairs—where crinoline could not come—and saw around us ample evidence of the impossibility to impart to the dwelling anything approaching the picturesque of cottage life, we felt—what?—the most intense admiration and respect for the well-born and once wealthy lady who brought within these "old and weather-stained walls" an atmosphere of happiness, an appreciation of all that is true and beautiful in nature; and sent from out those leaden casements, and that narrow door, such floods of light and sunshine as have brightened the uttermost parts of the earth! Who ever heard her murmur at changed fortunes—when obliged to leave the home, "stately though simple," the home of eighteen years, "surrounded by fine oaks and elms, and tall, massy plantations, shaded down into a beautiful lawn by wild overgrown shrubs!" She confesses, indeed, in her sweet playful way, that at the time it nearly broke her heart to leave it:—"What a tearing up by the root it was! I have pitied cabbage plants, and celery, and all transplantable things ever since; though, in common with them and other vegetables, the first agony of transportation being over, I have taken such firm and tenacious hold of my new soil, that I would not for the world be pulled up again, even to be restored to the beloved ground." What was this? philosophy or heroism? or the perfection of that sweet plastic nature which receives, and retains, and fructifies all happy impressions—which opens to, and cherishes, all natural enjoyments, and adapts itself to circumstances with the true spirit of that practical piety which bends to the blast, and sees sunshine, bright and enduring, beyond the blackest cloud: let the darkness be ever so dense without, the lamp burns calmly and purely within!*

* A curious story is told in Fuller's Church History, which records a memorable visit of "bluff King Hal" to Reading Abbey:—"As King Henry VIII. was hunting in Windsor Forest, he either casually lost, or more probably wilfully losing himself, struck down, about dinner time, to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard,—a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this Henry), on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken. 'Well fare thy heart (quoth the abbot), and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so lustily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeezie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken.' The king pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after which he departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner, and fed for a short time with bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food, as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself, when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord (quoth the king), presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the daies of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your squeezie stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.' The abbot down with his dust, and, glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading, as somewhat lighter in purse, so much more merry in heart, than when he came thence."

* Mary Russell Mitford was born on the 16th of December, in the year 1786, at the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire. Her father was George Mitford, M.D., the son of a younger branch of the Mitfords of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and Jane Graham, of Old Wall, Westmoreland, a branch of the Netherby clan. Her mother was Mary Russell, only surviving child and heiress of Richard Russell, D.D., Rector of Ashe and Tadley, and Vicar of Overton, in Hampshire, above sixty years. He died at the age of eighty-eight, before his daughter's marriage; and remembered having seen Pope when at Westminster School. He was intimate with Fielding, and many of the wits of that period; and Miss Mitford had a portrait of him, with a wig, not unlike a judge's wig, hanging over it.

Three or four years after, Dr. Mitford removed from Alresford to Reading; and three or four years after that, again, when his daughter was in her ninth year, he went to reside at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, in a fine old house, previously occupied by the great Lord Chatham, where his two sons frequently spent their holidays. By this time Dr. Mitford had spent between £30,000 and £40,000, and went to London to retrench and determine his future course of life. His daughter, then ten years of age, was his favourite companion; and, lounging about, he one morning strayed into a dingy house, which proved to be a lottery-office, and for what follows we are indebted to Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," vol. ii. p. 124:—

"'Choose what number you like best,' said dear papa, 'and that shall be your birthday present.'

"I immediately selected and put into his hand No. 2224.

"'Ah!' said my father, examining it, 'you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket, and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet.'

"'No, dear papa—I like this one best.'

"'There is the next number,' interposed the lottery-office keeper, 'No. 2223.'

"'Aye,' said my father, 'that will do just as well. Will it not, Mary? We'll take that.'

"'No,' returned I, obstinately, 'that wont do. This is my birthday, you know, papa,

Those only who had known the extent and luxury of her former home, and afterwards had the privilege of enjoying her society, in that "scrappy" cupboarded dwelling at "Three Mile Cross," can sufficiently appreciate the fulness, the warmth, the geniality, the strength of her sunshine, which, without effort or exaggeration, made all within and without happy in her happiness. What the worthy shopkeeper, Mr. Bromley said, was quite true—there was nothing exaggerated in her description of that miniature home; if strangers expected the relics of a cottage *ornée*, that was their fault, *not* Miss Mitford's. She had described it as it was, literally; if touched by the *couleur de rose* of her happy mind, *that* she could not help. She could no more avoid enjoying the beauties of nature, than the sun could decline to give heat; and if all people have not the same happy gift, *that* is not the fault of Mary Russell Mitford. Despite the dilapidated condition of the cottage at Three Mile Cross, we fancied much of her genial spirit there; and could, from her descriptions, identify the present race of children with the children of past times. Those villages which yet continue far away from the contamination of railway stations, are "Old England;" and as her sketches are from nature, they remain true to nature still.

The gentle and kindly young woman, the daughter of "Bromley's shop," who had memories for a hundred gracious and thoughtful words and acts, ran after our carriage with a branch of yellow *japonica*—"There," she said, "that is from Miss Mitford's garden;" we had previously obtained a sprig of bay and a fairy rose from the sanctuary, but her kindness made the yellow branch the sweetest of the three.

The drive to Swallowfield, about two miles farther from Reading, was a repetition of the scenery from Reading to "Three Mile Cross," with the exception of the common, which Miss Mitford immortalised by the "cricketing"—a sport she enjoyed as much as any youth in the county. One of her great powers was certainly her large sympathy; she threw herself into the joys, sorrows, pastimes, and feelings of young and old. Her extensive poetic, and even classic, reading—the glare and glitter, and town-bred celebrity of her dramas, did not lessen her appreciation of the *true*, and practical, and beautiful, in rural life: if the worldly carry the world within them, so did she bear the joyousness of nature within her heart of hearts. We watched to see a graceful greyhound—"Mayflower"—spring out of the hollow beyond the common, but, alas! in vain; that day there were no cricketers, no sheep—only a few boys, and they were too quiet by half; while a winding flock of sober goslings, with their attendant parents, eyed us without a single hiss! We chatted over the peculiarity which had often amused us in our old favourite and friend; the habit—which had increased with her increasing years, and particularly after her father's death—of seldom rising until long past noon, and walking miles by moonlight, or light of lantern—she did not seem to care which, so long as it was night. In the afternoons she was busied with her flowers, and after sunset she would sally forth with her maid, her lantern, and a long stick, almost, if not quite, as long again as herself, and trot merrily off, rarely returning until late at night: her next door neighbour assured us that more than once, when driving home, he found "the dear little lady" breasting a snow drift, and this was confirmed by the kindly and benevolent clergyman who now resides at Swallowfield. She loved the stars as well as the sunshine, but it is singular that she has given no record of these wanderings in the dark.

Swallowfield, to which she removed some four years before her death, and where she died, is a delicious wayside cottage, standing on a triangular plot of



SWALLOWFIELD.

ground, skirted by roads overarched by magnificent trees; it is the *beau-ideal* of a residence for one who loves the country. She could chat over the fence with the passing peasant, and see all who drove up either road; but lovely as it is, we think she must have missed the *village*—missed the children—missed the hourly life-interests that clung round her heart at "Three Mile Cross." The aged tree had been transplanted; and, superior as this lovely cottage is in extent, in beauty, in the richness of its close scenery to her first humble dwelling, we believe "the roots" never struck far below the surface. Swallowfield was lovely, but her father had never been there; old familiar faces could not be brought there, as to "Three Mile Cross," by a simple effort of memory; they did not *belong* to Swallowfield; it was lovely, but the well-known voices of village children did not bound in through the open window; it was more beautiful, more commodious, but "pretty May" never "stretched" before that fire; "the dear father" never sate under the shadow of that mantelshelf: to the old, these delicious home-memories are more "life" than the actual life in which others exist; the eye may be closed, and the lip silent, but the *past*—the PAST—is, with the old, fresh and young as a "blind man's bride."

The family at Swallowfield respect Miss Mitford's garden, and have not altered the position of a single tree, nor turned a path, nor done aught to disturb that which her hand has "hallowed." The clergyman showed us her favourite rose-tree, and permitted us to visit the room from which her spirit passed from life's pilgrimage;—no! she never felt life to be a "pilgrimage;" it was rather a ramble through the pleasant paths of a flowering world; and though thorns would now and then show their sharp points among the flowers, even to her, yet, despite the sufferings of her latter days, it was with her

"Life to the last enjoyed."

To the last she was as fond of green trees and lanes, and the songs of bird and bee, and the "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," as if she had been born a gipsey queen; and she herself would sometimes laugh and say, that, at best she was but a gipsey lady.

She corresponded more or less with the *literati* of her time, and when she was—as she but rarely was—a "star" in London, her society was much courted; but she was out of place in the metropolis—the heat and "celebrities," the noise and tramp, the perpetual movement fatigued her. She loved best to be where the affections and sympathies had time to take root, and grow, and fructify; she was no fine lady, to put out of the sphere of those sympathies and affections such as were not born with a passport to "good society." All were her neighbours, and her poor neighbours knew the value of her regard. It is somewhat singular that, alive as she was to political movements, alive to rural sports, to society, friendships, and affections, she took no interest in education; had no desire that the Lucys and Tommys, the Janes and Jacks, should be educated: her mind was, perhaps, too poetic to embrace the business of education, or to grasp its advantages—she believed more in *inspiration* than in *training*. The dame-school only interested her because it was picturesque; like many others of high blood, she believed herself a liberal, when she was strongly conservative in her opinions and—her prejudices; she had no love for schools or railroads. Miss Mitford's letters were charming; her handwriting, stiff and sturdy; quite unlike the graceful penmanship of Mrs. Hemans, the crabbed strokes of poor L. E. L., or the style systematic of good Maria Edgeworth.

In her introduction to her Dramas, dedicated to her long-loved friend, Mr. Bennoch, she expressed a wish to be buried in the church-yard of Swallowfield:



THE TOMB OF MISS MITFORD.

and this excited the surprise, and somewhat of the loving jealousy, of the dwellers at "Three Mile Cross," who imagined she would have rested with her beloved parents, in *their* church-yard.

A cross of Aberdeen granite marks her grave in "the beautiful church-yard of Swallowfield." It may be about a mile from the cottage from which the spirit of Mary Russell Mitford passed to a world, even more beautiful than hers—to "fresh fields and pastures new"—and joins the park of one of her latest and truest friends: the breeze sweeps through the noble trees, and the sunbeams penetrate the foliage, so as to chequer the sward with light; the shadow of the fine old church falls gently over the graves of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," and the ploughman's whistle mingles with the whistle of the blackbird and the bleating of the sheep: it is an exquisite spot, a fit resting-place for the author of "OUR VILLAGE." *

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and I am ten years old. Cast up the figures forming my number, and you will find they make ten—the other is only nine.'"

The father, like all speculators, was superstitious. The argument was irresistible. The ticket was purchased, and a few months afterwards intelligence arrived that No. 2224 had been drawn a prize of £20,000.

"Ah me!" (reflects Miss Mitford) "in less than twenty years what was left of the produce of that ticket, so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner-service, that my father had made to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other. That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money."

Miss Mitford died at Swallowfield on the 10th of January, 1855; and was buried in the grave-yard of the village church, on the 18th of the month of that year

* A series of interesting and excellent stereoscopic views of "Our Village," and nearly all its remarkable localities, has been taken by Mr. S. Poulton, photographic artist, of Reading, by whom they are published. To the readers of Miss Mitford's stories, and to the many admirers of her ever-enduring sketches of English character and scenery, they are very valuable acquisitions.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The 1851 "Testimonial."—It cannot be forgotten that a sum of money, amounting to about £6000, subscribed for this testimonial, is in the hands of the treasurer, Mr. Alderman Challis, during whose office as chief magistrate of London, the project was promulgated and the monies collected. Mr. Alderman Challis is, as he has always been, desirous to rid himself of all responsibility, and to apply the fund to its original and declared purpose. Its application, however, has unaccountably lingered, but the money has been judiciously placed at interest; and at length serious steps have been taken to carry into effect the design of the subscribers, by erecting on the site of the building in Hyde Park a work of Art that shall perpetuate the memory of the great gathering of nations there during the year 1851. A committee was formed some months ago; two honorary secretaries were appointed—Dr. Booth, of the Society of Arts, and Mr. George Godwin: and after another long delay, these gentlemen have issued an advertisement inviting "sculptors, architects, and others," to furnish designs for the intended memorial; so far so good; better late than never. Six thousand pounds, although not a large sum, may suffice, if judiciously expended, to place in Hyde Park some work that shall be not unworthy the great event it is to commemorate; and the subscribers may ultimately see a wise and effective application of the funds they have contributed. Whether a selection will be made from the designs sent in is more than we can say, for the advertisement pledges the committee to nothing but an award of £100 to the work that shall seem most meritorious to the adjudicators. There is no doubt, however, that an earnest desire will exist to bring this "elongated" affair to an issue; and we feel assured that if a work, suited to the purpose be contributed, its producer will have the honour and advantage of its erection: at all events, we have no dread of any other result than that of rational and equitable treatment of all competitors; and we hope the invitation will be so responded to as to uphold the credit of the country.

The Turner Medal.—The Royal Academy having called on the most distinguished sculptor of its body, Mr. Baily, to furnish a design for the medal founded by the Academicians, in the name of the late Mr. Turner, as a prize for landscape-painting, we have had the opportunity of seeing the model in the sculptor's studio. The arrangement is of great simplicity—as that of a medal should be; but the figures are charmingly modelled,—and, whether in respect of its mere beauty as picture or in regard to the poetical appropriateness, to the purpose in view, of the thought embodied, the work will do honour to the academy which has to offer it as a testimonial. The design is described in a few words here,—and describes itself when seen. The winged Iris, as the goddess of colour, directs the view of young Genius, by her side, to the rainbow overhead.

The Royal Academy.—Last month, in announcing the election of Mr. Frederick Richard Pickersgill to the full honours of a Royal Academician, we took occasion to lament that a result to which he had long since made his title good, should have been of necessity delayed, for years after that title had occurred, by the narrow scheme of the institution itself. On the same text we had a yet less satisfactory comment as regards Mr. Foley; whose unquestionable claim to the same place of honour is still postponed, and must continue to be so, if the present constitutions, with all the wrong they inflict and all the rancour they engender, are persevered in, until death shall step in to his aid. To say nothing of the practical insufficiencies of the academic scheme,—it should be no very pleasant consideration, that the footstool to each academic chair is a coffin, and a necessary part of the academic costume a dead man's shoes. It happens, too, sometimes, that death takes the wrong man; and, weary of seeing an associate wait so long at the Academicians' door, carries him off, instead of entering to make room for him within. A mistake of this kind occurred in the case of the sculptor Wyatt. With his credentials perfect, he was yet left too long standing at the Academy door,—and death found him there. The Academy has one illustrious name less on its rolls, therefore; but that wrong to themselves does not balance the account, and make the wrong to him right. All that we and others can do, so long as things remain as they are, is, to point the moral of such cases; and we are, therefore, glad to know, that at the recent election there were still some half dozen members found to repeat the long protest which, year by year, keeps alive within the academic mind the memory of the elder Danby. The secret of the continued exclusion of an artist, of whom it is no disparagement to others to say, that his claim rests on grounds at the least as sufficient as those offered by some which have carried the prize, is one into which it would be curious—but scarcely, we apprehend, convenient—to inquire.—Others there are who have been long knocking at the outer door; to whom also the Academicians appear to have forgotten it is not yet opened.

The "Gedenk Halle," or Hall of Commemoration.—The approaching family alliance between the royal houses of England and Prussia has given occasion, on a somewhat imposing scale, to a display of that sentimentality which is apt to mix itself up a good deal with most of the acts of German life,—and which, though found at times, in Prussia especially, in combination with spirits that consort with it very ill, and greatly disturb its effect, takes, nevertheless, many pleasing forms and dictates many graceful acts. The instance before us is both pleasing and graceful in a high degree,—though the fancy of the thing be somewhat formal and the sentiment somewhat systematic. The German heart is in the matter,—and so is the German type. It is quite in the spirit of a royal offering in the city of King Frederick William the Fourth, that Art should have a sentimental office, and sentiment an Art expositor:—and both these conditions are fulfilled in the tribute which awaits the daughter of our royal line on her arrival in the future home of her adoption.—Thus grew the *Gedenk Halle*. Some time since, the men of Berlin most eminent in Literature, Art, and Science, put their heads together to devise some worthy and appropriate expression of the congratulations of the capital, on the union, in the persons of the young Prussian prince and his English bride, of the houses of Hanover and Brandenburg. The course of their deliberations led them to see, that there was necessary to any such successful embodiment another element, not necessarily included in either of their categories,—that, in fact, the substantialities of wealth would be needed to give form and consistency to their own spiritualities. Accordingly, the monied interest of the metropolis was invited to join the alliance;—and answered the invitation with a zeal sufficient to secure any result that might be desired. A committee was constituted, embracing all the great interests of the capital,—the Fine Arts, literature, science, and wealth, representatives of the old nobility and the new, of the governments, State and municipal, of the army, the law, commerce, and manufactures, of the two Confessions, Catholic and Protestant; and the design on which this comprehensive committee finally determined was, that of an octagonal hall, on the walls and cupola of which the arts should combine in illustrating, as their leading themes, such passages of history as exhibit the powers of England and Prussia in united action on the destinies of Europe, and such events of a domestic nature as testify to the personal relations between the two royal families. Subordinate to these especial texts, it was proposed to illustrate the triumphs of Science and of the Industrial Arts. Then came the question of a site for this temple into which the national heart had brought its bridal offering:—and that question was solved by a very happy inspiration. With the king's consent, it was determined, that the architect Strack should embody this *Gedenk Halle* in the plan of the new palace which he is building for Prince Friederich Wilhelm and his bride; so that, this tribute, to the young couple, of the arts and the affections of the Prussian capital, becomes at once a portion and an embellishment of their home.

The Nightingale Fund.—About twenty months have elapsed since we announced an intention to collect by public subscription a sum of money to present to Miss Nightingale, as "an expression of national gratitude," and in order "to enable her to found an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." That which was then in uncertain infancy is now "a great fact." The honorary secretaries (the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert and Mr. S. C. Hall) have issued a report, by which the public are informed that the subscriptions have exceeded £45,000, a much larger sum than was contemplated by its projectors, and which has, therefore, entirely satisfied all parties who have been concerned in this useful and honourable task. The accounts were audited by one of the accountants of the Bank of England; it was gratifying to the honorary secretaries to know that every guinea was accounted for, that all the subscriptions had been paid up to within a very few pounds, and that by a gradual investment of the monies a considerable sum in interest was added to the fund.

Testimonial to M. and Madame Goldschmidt.—Among the most interesting incidents connected with the Nightingale Fund is this:—A commission, which originated in the city committee, was given to Mr. Joseph Durham to execute in marble a bust of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, to be presented to M. and Madame Goldschmidt, in acknowledgment of their graceful liberality to the fund. Their subscription exceeded £1850; but, independent of this munificent gift, they themselves defrayed all the attendant expenses, which amounted to more than £500. It was, therefore, considered right that the committee and supporters of the fund should mark their sense of this unparalleled liberality; consequently, they entered into a private subscription to effect this most desirable object, and the bust, undoubtedly one of the most admirable achievements of British Art, will be presented in due course to these generous and estimable persons.

The Krüger Collection.—Mr. Wilson stated in the House of Commons that the purchase was made under the immediate advice of Mr. Dyce. Previously to such advice being given, there had been reports published of the quality and value of the collection.

Mr. J. A. Hammersley, the excellent master of the Government School at Manchester, has received a commission from His Royal Highness the Prince Consort under circumstances of peculiar grace. It appears that during the visit of the Prince to the Exhibition of Manchester Artists, in Peel Park, he made purchases of some works, and intimated to Mr. Hammersley his desire to possess a production of his pencil, stipulating only that he should choose his own subject. This was a marked compliment; for Mr. Hammersley, having to act as the Prince's conductor on occasion of his visit to the exhibition, was necessarily precluded, by a proper feeling of delicacy, from directing the Prince's attention in any other than a cursory manner to the works exhibited by himself; and it only illustrates the Prince's discernment, and the more than passing interest he takes in Art, as well as the judicious manner in which he patronises artists, that the commission should be given under the circumstances detailed. Mr. Hammersley, on being informed of the Prince's wishes, transmitted a list of subjects of which he had sketches, for the Prince to make his selection, and, in reply, he was informed, through Colonel Phipps, that the Prince selected "The Drachenfels, from Bonn." We may observe that, although Mr. Hammersley possesses sketches of the subject selected by the Prince, he has resolved, in order to do justice to himself, to proceed at once to Bonn, and execute his commission on the spot.

The Statue of Richard Cœur de Lion.—It appears that this mystery is to be solved after all, and that the statue is really to be placed somewhere, having no doubt been paid for long ago by the monies liberally subscribed for its purchase. Sir Benjamin Hall has informed the House of Commons that "no decision had been arrived at as to the exact spot where the statue should be placed, but Carlton Gardens had been suggested." Seeing that six years have elapsed since the year 1851, the interest of the subscriptions must amount to a pretty sum. We marvel it did not occur to some honourable member to ask if the statue be as yet really in bronze or only in clay?

Old historic Pictures.—An old house in Sandwich, Kent, formerly belonging to one of the mayors of the town, but recently occupied as a crockery warehouse, had one of the rooms richly decorated with a series of portraits and historical pictures painted on the panels of the wainscoting.

They were executed in the reign of Charles II., when the house belonged to Tobias Cleere, who was mayor in 1649 and again in 1670, in which latter year he had the honour to receive and entertain Katherine of Braganza on her way to London. This was on the 4th of May, and it is recorded that her majesty would not alight from her carriage, so the banquet was brought to the mayor's door as she passed it. One of these pictures represents the queen at the town gates received by the mayor and corporation; it occupies four large panels, and is a faithful and curious record, not only of the event, but of the aspect of this famed old sea-port at her era. On the opposite side of the room, in the same number of panels, was a spirited picture of the Victory of Opdam, in the Texel, where the Dutch were vanquished. Another panel represented the English conquering vessels refitting in Sandwich harbour. Half-length portraits of the mayor, the queen, and others filled the other panels, which have now all been removed within the last month, and ceded to Lady Ashburnham.

The Falls of Niagara.—There is now exhibiting at Messrs. Lloyd's, in Gracechurch Street, one of the most striking and interesting pictures the hand of the artist has ever produced; it represents the most wonderful waterfall of the world—that of Niagara—and is the production of a distinguished American painter, Frederick Edward Church, of New York. The work would do honour to any school of Art; and we are certainly not surprised to learn that it has excited much enthusiasm in the States, where it has been received, universally, as in all respects an achievement of the highest importance. We have been enabled—and so may any of our readers—to ascertain the value of the fervid criticisms which have come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, where, however, the truth of this ambitious copy of a marvellous scene must have been subjected to the severest test; for no doubt many of its critics are familiar with the original. One of our correspondents writes to us thus:—"Years have elapsed since we sailed over the lakes of Northern United States; stopped awhile at Niagara; passed through the 'Thousand Islands,' over the fearful rapids; looked from the heights of Montreal, the uplifted bastions of Quebec, and took our leave of the St. Lawrence at the charming falls of Montmorency. Since that time we have seen Vesuvius, the Alps, and the Rhine; but no constant scene in nature, that we have ever beheld, so overwhelms one as does the majestic Falls of Niagara. We studied this great scene for days, and from almost every point of view. From Victoria Point, the best view, we studied it as a whole, and listened for many hours to the deep fearful notes of its great anthem; the rising mist with its gorgeous colour appearing like an eternal incense, offered from this great altar of nature up to nature's God. On the deck of the adventurous little steamer we passed along the shore of the seething rapids below—mostly by means of return eddy—near the bank; until from the very midst of this terrific scene, we looked up through the mist and the spray, and almost felt the green plunging ocean was crushing us in its way: we could not breathe; the trembling boat pushed along—it touched the current—in a moment we were a mile below." The writer proceeds to praise the picture as the most meritorious attempt that has yet been made to convey to the eye the several grand peculiarities of this wonderful scene. We are fully and entirely with him in his enthusiasm; although we can but fancy that which he has seen—the awful grandeur of the mighty whirl of waters—it seems to us that no work of its class has ever been more eminently successful: it is truth, obviously and certainly. Considered as a painting, it is a production of rare merit: while admirable as a whole, its parts have been all carefully considered and studied; broadly and effectively wrought, yet elaborately finished. We have seldom examined a picture that so nobly illustrates the power of Art.

Roman Antiquities in Rhineland.—A correspondent of our contemporary, the *Times*, writing from Berlin, has furnished to that journal some curious particulars, by way of warning to antiquarian tourists on the Rhine,—which now, in this season of amateur vagrancy, it seems expedient that we should reproduce for the benefit of travelling readers of the *Art-Journal*. Many of these are well aware, that, of late years, the region round about the Rhine has been much resorted to for Roman terra-cotta remains; a place called Rheinzabern, in the Bavarian Palatinate, having been amongst the sites most eagerly sought in this respect. The various continental museums of antiquities have been enriched by treasures collected at this spot, and the money of English collectors has been sown freely in this undoubted soil of ancient Roman settlements. The effect has been such as money freely scattered has produced on many another field of archæology,—that, namely, of nourishing the growth of a spurious crop. The legitimate produce being limited and exhaustible by the law of the case, modern ingenuity has stepped in here, as elsewhere, to restore the economic equation between demand and supply. The search after the antique has suggested the manufacture of antiquity,—and the skill of the young world has been summoned to answer the run upon the old. Now, they who conduct this process of artificial supplement are too apt, in the excitement of their success, to forget that the credulity on which they draw is—like the antiques for which it craves—an exhaustible fund. It would appear that the unfailing fecundity of Rheinzabern in archæologic remains had gradually introduced and nourished a suspicion as to the true Roman character of its progeny, which was sure to terminate in ultimate disgrace. Accordingly, a vase, valued at 1000 francs, which came recently under the notice of the President of the Society of Antiquaries of the Rheinland, Professor Braun, was looked on by him with great distrust,—and this distrust set him upon further inquiries. These inquiries led him to the conviction that, not only was this particular relic a forgery, but the greater part of the terra-cotta remains derived from the same neighbourhood by the museums of Paris, Munich, and Luxemburg were spurious too. Professor Becker, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, followed up these investigations, with a like result:—and then the King of Bavaria sent Professor Von Hefner, a member of his academy and a skilled antiquary, to visit Rheinzabern, and look into the matter. The end is, that the professor has established the fact of a regular manufacture of Roman antiquities existing in this interesting locality; and the stamp of illegitimacy will henceforth attach, as a consequence, to articles hitherto highly esteemed in most of the great public, and many private, collections of Europe.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy.—Some time since, as our readers will remember, in recording the meeting held at Bombay to promote the erection, by way of public monument, of a statue of this good and munificent Parsee, we expressed our hearty wish for the success of an application which had just then been made to the Crown, by a powerful body at home of persons influentially connected with the affairs of India, that the knighthood which had some years previously been conferred on the Indian prince-merchant might be converted into a baronetcy. We must not leave that pleasant record incomplete by omitting now to state, that the application has been effectual and the wish fulfilled. The *London Gazette* has announced the creation in favour of Sir Jamsetjee of the first baronetcy that has struck root in the soil of Hindustan.

The Collection of Engravings at the South Kensington Museum.—We have observed with very sincere gratification the commencement of a collection of engravings, as a distinct department, in this institution. A long-felt want in our Art-collections will, we trust, be here made good, so that students may be able to derive from this peculiar department of Art, the valuable lessons which it is so well able to communicate. The print collections in the British Museum are indeed treasuries for instruction; but their constitution precludes their being regarded as popular teachers. The "want" to which we have referred, must be met by collections of framed examples of engraving in its various branches, which will really exemplify the Art, and will always be accessible for examination and study. We hope the directors of the Kensington Museum will take up this matter in earnest, and that we shall speedily see, not the commencement merely of collections of woodcuts, engravings on plates of metal, etchings, and lithographs, but a rapid advance made with such collections. Provided they are really well selected, and consistent with the object in view, and are so arranged that they will readily admit of study, without doubt many persons will be glad to contribute to the formation of these collections either by loan or actual donation.

Meeting of the Surrey Archæological Society.—The yearly meeting of this agreeable and useful member of the archæological fraternity, this summer, was held at Dorking, when Mr. Hope and Mr. Evelyn threw open their mansions at the Deepdene and at Wotton for the inspection of the members of the society and their friends. The day was brilliant, and a numerous assemblage availed themselves of the opportunity for visiting this beautiful neighbourhood and the deservedly famed places we have specified. At Wotton, the descendant and representative of the Evelyns himself received his visitors, and described the many historical and artistic relics with which his house abounds; and Mr. Hope, with similar courtesy and liberality, conducted the party over the Deepdene. Here the magnificent collection of Etruscan vases, with the fine antique statue of Minerva, and the Venus of Canova, attracted great attention, and elicited strong expressions of admiration. It is much to be desired that a descriptive and illustrated catalogue of the Hope Etruscan collections should be prepared by their accomplished and liberal owner.

The Picture of "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, now exhibiting in Bond Street.—Rosa Bonheur's great picture has again been submitted to the London public, and again have its extraordinary merits attracted crowds of admiring visitors. Not the least gratifying, or the least significant circumstance attending the present exhibition of this remarkable work is the fact, that those persons who were most familiar with it before have been amongst the foremost to visit it now. There is a freshness in this picture, and a living power, and a deep, yet simple sympathy with nature, which cause it to grow upon the spectator, so that repeated examination leads rather to a desire again and again to renew so pleasing an association than to any feeling of satiety or of weariness. The original work is now accompanied by the reduced copy (the property of Mr. Jacob Bell), which was painted by the artist herself for the special use of the engraver, together with impressions from Mr. T. Landseer's plate in an early stage. In the smaller picture Mademoiselle Bonheur has deviated from the original in some slight matters of detail, which it is to be hoped in the engraving will be rendered in exact accordance with the artist's first ideas, as they have been expressed in the original itself. The plate promises to be worthy as well of the subject as of the eminent engraver; but it certainly will lose in value should it not in every particular be a true translation from the picture, respecting which we entertain but a single sentiment of regret, and this is that it will not find an honoured permanent resting-place in our own National Gallery. In America, however, it will meet a worthy welcome, and, doubtless, it there will accomplish worthily its work as an Art-teacher. We shall but convey the sentiments of our readers when we express our obligation to Mr. Gambart for having enabled us to renew our acquaintance with this admirable production, and we also feel assured that the engraving from it, which they have almost in a state of completeness, will prove truly acceptable to all lovers of both Art and Nature.

Hayter's Picture of "The Coronation" is, it appears, for sale; and Viscount Dungannon, in his place in the House of Lords, asked the Government if it was intended to purchase it for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament; which his lordship considered the most suitable place for a work of such historical interest, chiefly on account of the numerous portraits of illustrious personages, many of whom are now dead, which the painting contains. Earl Granville replied, on behalf of the Government, that it had nothing to do with the decorations of the Houses of Parliament, which were referred to a Royal Commission, whereof he was not a member; he could not, therefore, give the noble Viscount any information. He thought, at the same time, it was undesirable that the Commissioners should be called upon to explain the reasons why they did not purchase any particular pictures that might happen to be in the market.

Alton Towers.—The sale of this magnificent mansion and its rich and gorgeous contents has created a great sensation in Art-circles especially;

the collections of objects of *vertu*, of armour, and of pictures, have always been held in much estimation. We have not space to take note of anything—except the paintings—which has passed under the hammer of Messrs. Christie and Manson, to whom was intrusted the disposal of the valuable property. The principal pictures were the following:—"Belisarius," David, 120 gs.; "Head of the Virgin," Murillo, £100; "Philip IV. of Spain," Velasquez, £129; "Morning," A. Cuyp, 565 gs.; "The Virgin and Infant," Murillo, 206 gs.; "Flowers in a Vase," R. Ruysch, 145 gs.; "Virgin and Infant," Sasso Ferrato, 131 gs.; "Peasants with Cattle and Sheep," Ommeganck, 99 gs.; "Church of St. Redemptori," Pannini, 150 gs.; "St. Catherine," Carlo Dolce, 121 gs.; "The Magdalen," Carlo Dolce, 64 gs.; "The Circumcision," J. Bellini, 120 gs.; "The Virgin, Infant, and St. John," A. Del Sarto, 162 gs.; "The Virgin in a red dress and blue cloak, kneeling in a landscape and holding a book," Raffaelle, 210 gs.; "The Virgin in a crimson dress and blue cloak, holding the Infant," who stands on a table covered with a red carpet, on which is a glass of wild roses, the heads of two angels seen beneath in front, Raffaelle del Garbo, 275 gs.; "The Virgin seated in a landscape, the Infant on a cushion on her lap," Perugino, 200 gs.; "Poultry," Hondikoeter, 107 gs.; "Italian Landscape," Both, 120 gs.; "Landscape, intersected by a River," Wynants, 130 gs.; "The Stag Hunt," Wouvermans, 175 gs.; "A Gentleman and Lady, with three Children and Servant, seated in a Garden before a Chateau," Gonzales, 165 gs.; "March of an Army, with Ladies and numerous figures," Pater, 181 gs. The sale of the pictures occupied six days; the amount realised exceeded £13,500.

The Noviomagians, a club of gentlemen, all members of the Society of Antiquaries, held their twenty-ninth anniversary at Leeds Castle, Kent, on the 1st of July, by the polite invitation of its proprietor, Wykeham Martin, Esq., M.P. This curious residence is less known than it deserves to be; it is situated in the heart of Kent, five miles from the railway at Maidstone,—but they are miles that deserve to be travelled by all who love the picturesque. Bearsted and Hollingbourne are near the road, both possessing old churches of much interest, either architecturally or for the monuments they possess. Leeds Castle is one of the few moated buildings left in England; it is approached by towered gates as old as the time of Edward III., and there are vestiges of earlier date within the building, which has been admirably adapted to the uses of modern life by the present proprietor, without destroying the time-honoured character of the venerable fortress-home. Among the curiosities preserved here is the buff-coat of General Fairfax, the renowned commander in the great civil wars of England; it is in excellent preservation, with the silver tags, or "points," still appended, by which it was fastened across the breast, as well as his waistcoat and high-heeled shoes, also of buff leather.

Roman London is seldom exposed to the light, in however fragmentary a condition, in the present day. A few years ago some fine tessellated pavements were exhumed in digging the foundations for the Hall of Commerce, in Threadneedle Street, and the buildings of the Excise Office in Broad Street. Within the last month similar excavations for building purposes, near Aldermanbury Postern, have exposed about 8 feet in height of the Roman Wall of Loudon, which here exhibits the curious peculiarity of three rows of arches, where, probably, a postern-gate led into Finsbury Fields. Outside the wall several oaken piles were found driven into the black soil; they may have been placed there as the foundation of a roadway into the marsh, which for centuries occupied this spot.

The Night-Guard.—The most ambitious picture ever painted by Rembrandt, and the gem of the Amsterdam Gallery, may now be studied in our own National Gallery, by means of an admirable copy, recently bequeathed to the collection. In the original picture the figures are nearly life-size, but our copy is a small cabinet-picture; it however possesses more brilliancy than the original, and by its concentration, helps us better to comprehend the wonderful play of light and shade in the far-famed original. It was once reported to be a *replica* by Rembrandt himself, but it is now believed to have been painted by one of his scholars, probably Gerard Douw, whose careful style it greatly resembles: Rembrandt never painted with such enamel-like care. Nothing can be more brilliant than the condition of this little gem; it is at once admirable as a copy, and above praise for its manipulative excellence; both qualities declare it the work of a master. It rivals the original.

The New Reading-room in the British Museum.—The frequenters of the British Museum have this year had an unusual subject for admiring examination in the new Reading-room, which has been very judiciously opened for public inspection before it is finally devoted to its own definite application. The magnitude of this unique apartment, and the skill with which its arrangements have been carried out in all their details, have elicited warm expressions of approbation. Art alone is needed to throw a suffusion of warmth and animation over the spaces, which the architect appears very properly to have left unoccupied, expressly for the painter and the sculptor to claim them as their own. When the students—for whose use this grand laboratory of the mind has been raised—shall have assembled beneath its lofty dome, they will enter upon their labours with the consciousness that their countrymen, who have gazed approvingly upon their Reading-room, will expect from them results commensurate with what has been done for their accommodation.

Pictures in Venice.—In the capital of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom a measure has been attempted by the Austrian Government, in the service of Art, which would in all probability have been successful in any city where the petty interests assailed did not gain strength and advocacy from the sentiments of suspicion and ill-will subsisting between a sensitive nationality and a foreign rule. Of the valuable paintings, the masterpieces of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, which adorn the churches of that city, few are so placed as to favour the inspection which they merit; and even of those which *are*, long years of ignorance and avarice on the part of the priestly custodians are ensuring the gradual decay. In many instances the damp of the walls has all but obliterated the traces of what should have been an Art immortality; while, as a pleasing and efficient variety of destructive agency, others are subjected to the process of blistering and smoking from the continued action of the tapers that burn perennially before the shrines beneath them. The subject has been one of great anxiety and regret among the Italians themselves; and the Austrian Government has only adopted these native anxieties when it sought to apply a remedy. The municipal council of Venice has been directed to address a circular to the parish priest of each church in that city, informing him that Government, for the purpose of preserving the paintings therein from the injuries which they are sustaining from mildew and other causes, will remove them to the Royal and Imperial Academy:—in each case filling the place thus vacated by a copy of the picture removed, executed by some skilful artist. In Venice, however, it would seem that the paintings on the altar-pieces contribute to the revenue of those who minister at the altar. The inferior ecclesiastics derive a pecuniary subsidy from the donations of strangers who flock to the churches to see the works of Art, through the hands of the *ciceroni* whom the former appoint to show them; and the preservation of the pictures themselves is not motive sufficient in their eyes for an invasion of the flesh-pots. It has not been difficult to get up a cry from the whole body of the clergy against their churches being stripped, and an echo of the cry out of doors:—and, in consequence of the sensation created, the order, it is said, will not be enforced. Titian, and Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto must pay the penalty of a people's want of sympathy with their rulers, and a priesthood's want of sympathy with the Arts.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy closed on the 25th ultimo; on which day the usual "evening" reception was given to the exhibitors and to invited guests.

The other Exhibitions.—The Societies of Painters in Water Colours, the Society of British Artists, the National Institution, and the Exhibition of Works by Female Artists, are either closed or on the eve of closing; so also is the Exhibition of Pictures by French Artists. In fact, the Art "season" may be considered as terminated.

REVIEWS.

The Sunbeam, a Photographic Magazine. Nos. I. & II. Edited by P. H. Delamotte, F.S.A. Published by Chapman & Hall, London.

Mr. Delamotte has given a most appropriate title to his published sun-pictures, when he calls his work the "Sunbeam;" but to speak of it as a "Magazine," is surely a misnomer, according to the ordinary acceptation of the meaning of the word, which we believe is generally understood as a miscellaneous pamphlet containing original contributions in prose and verse, with or without illustrations of the text. But here the text is, in several instances, quotations selected to suit the pictures. However, we will not run a tilt with the editor upon a point not of any great importance in itself, and certainly of no value at all as regards the "Art" of his publication.

Each part contains four subjects. The first number commences with "The Woods at Penllergare," photographed by J. D. Llewelyn—a close, umbrageous scene, so thick that the "sunbeams" seem scarcely able to penetrate into its recesses; but they fall forcibly on the trunk of a large tree to the left of the picture, and on a rustic bridge that intersects it in the foreground; all else is in comparatively indistinct masses. "The Tournament Court, in the Castle of Heidelberg," photographed by Sir Jocelyn Coghill, Bart., is very beautiful; the architecture of the old edifice comes out sharp and clear in its details; trees, ivy, and long grasses, are defined in all the delicacy of their sprays, leaves, and long tender blades. "Magdalen College, Oxford, from the Cherwell," by P. H. Delamotte, is a very brilliant picture; it makes one feel hot to look at it: marvellous are the lights and shadows that stand opposed to each other. "The Baptistry, Canterbury Cathedral," photographed by F. Bedford, is less vivid, but very striking: the dark trees and shrubs in the foreground contrast effectively with the light thrown on the buildings, which retain all the indications of venerable years, except weakness: the only sign of decay is on their wrinkled fronts.

The first subject in Part II. is "The Old Bridge at Fountain's Abbey," by Dr. Holden: this is an extraordinary sun-picture, taken, it may be presumed, at a late season of the year, for the branches of some of the trees are denuded of their coverings, leaving the minutest spray in clear and sharp relief against the sky. How admirably the whole scene composes itself into a picture! what adjustment and balance of parts to each other! There is throughout not an object too much or too little; nothing that the most skilful artist would omit, and nothing that he would introduce to supply a vacuum, or to aid the effect: had it been possible to lower the shadows on the bridge, it would have made the work a little less heavy, without lessening its powerful *chiar'-oscuro*. "Sunshine and Shade," photographed by F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A., is the title given to two figures, a lady and a gentleman, the former standing, the latter in the act of reading, in the open air under a hedge: the photographer has evidently placed his figures in position, and very pictorially they are arranged, and with wonderful truth are they made to appear. We know not whether Mr. Pickersgill's title has a meaning beyond the mere expression of the sunshine and shade of nature, but certainly the face of the lady is not lighted up with sunny smiles: this is the only "shadow" that casts a real gloom over this exquisite picture. "Cottages at Aberglaslyn," by F. Bedford, is not a well-chosen subject: parts of it are rendered with undoubted fidelity, but, as a whole, it does not come well together, to speak artistically. "The young Audubon," by H. Taylor, is a fanciful title given to a wood scene—the idea suggested by a young rustic, who is standing by a stile, contemplating, it may be presumed, some birds in the trees over his head; this is a beautiful photograph, delicate in colour, in gradation of tints, and in the expression of the minutest object that enters into the subject.

Among the multitude of photographic works now coming before the public, the "Sunbeam," if continued as it has been commenced, must take a foremost place: the subjects, generally, are as well selected as they are varied, and certainly the camera of the photographer has never produced more satisfactory nor more exquisite results.

The Lord's Prayer, with Illustrations after Ludwig Richter. Engraved on Wood by A. Gaber. Published by Gaber & Richter, Dresden; Dulau & Co., London.

Under the title of "The Lord's Prayer" we have eight pretty little woodcuts, each one printed on a

separate sheet of card-board, and ornamented with a chastely designed border of gold; this expensive style of "getting up" the work is scarcely warranted by the character of the illustrations, which are by no means of the highest order, though far above mediocrity. Moreover, the artist has felt himself compelled to bring to his aid other scriptural passages to assist him in illustrating those which are presumed to form the subjects of his pencil; so that title and contents are not strictly in accordance with each other. Thus, "Our Father which art in heaven," is represented by a family sitting outside the door of their cottage contemplating the sky at evening; underneath the print appears, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork." "Hallowed be thy name" is represented by groups of villagers wending their way to the rustic church, and below the engraving is another verse from the Psalms, "We will go into his tabernacles, we will worship at his footstool;" and so throughout the series the pictures are more significantly interpreted by the addended verses than by the passages in "The Prayer." The designs are expressive of the subjects, free and graceful in drawing, but not very delicately pencilled, or if they were carefully drawn on the wood, they have been engraved somewhat coarsely, except two or three.

Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. With Four Hundred and Eighty Original Designs by William Harvey. Published by Routledge & Co., London.

The Common Objects of the Sea-shore. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. Published by Routledge & Co., London.

We have placed these two useful and interesting volumes together, because they are compiled and written by the same author, and published by the same enterprising publisher. The "Illustrated Natural History" has already had a sale of upwards of five thousand copies; and in this, the second edition, one third more original matter has been introduced, and between thirty and forty new illustrations will be found in its pages. We know of no more instructive or attractive volume for the young. Mr. Wood's love of his subject has animated his pen, and his tenderness and affection for the living world influence his descriptions, so as to render them particularly valuable for educational purposes. He combats prejudices with great earnestness, and is ever ready with a word of sympathy and kindness for an ill-used animal. If at times we feel his style to be somewhat abrupt, we are called upon to remember that the author has been obliged to put much information into the smallest possible space, and to consider matter rather than manner, and every page is so full of information, that it would be hypercriticism to stumble over straws.

The little one-shilling volume on the popular subject of "Common Objects of the Sea-shore, including Hints for an Aquarium," is restricted to those objects which visitors to the sea-side are sure to find, and is, or ought to be, certain of an extensive sale. It is an unaffected little book, treating of sea-birds, and sea-eggs, and fish, and of creatures of all kinds which give interest to every-day life at the sea-side. We, however, strongly object to Mr. Wood's abbreviations, which deduct much from the dignity of our salt-water science. Only fancy our almost domestic "*Mesembryanthemum*" being abbreviated into "*Mes.*," and that most troublesome, though beautiful, *Crassicornis* being called "*Crass.*" We differ from Mr. Wood on one point. We never could "finger" a crassicornis with impunity, and have suffered from sharp "tingling" in the hand and arm for nearly an hour after endeavouring to place him in an advantageous position in our aquarium; but a day or two in captivity lessens this power, and he may then be safely handled. Those who desire to deal in "marine stores" cannot have a cheaper guide than Mr. Wood's, which, we had almost forgotten to state, has the advantage of Mr. Sowerby's illustrations.

Popular Music of the Olden Time; a Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. Vol. I. By W. Chappell, F.S.A. Published by Cramer, Beale, & Chappell, Regent Street, London.

It is now nearly fifteen years ago since Mr. Chappell printed "A Collection of National English Airs," which met with great success, was speedily out of print, and has laid the foundation of the present greatly enlarged collection. In quantity it is nearly double the former work; the words of many old scraps have been recovered—sometimes better versions of both words and music. The music is printed by movable types in the body of the page, which is a great convenience to the student, and the whole of the airs have been harmonised by G. A. Macfarren, than whom a more able musician could not have been found. Certainly Mr. Chappell has well bestowed the research of years; and we envy him the pleasure of his investigation, for we "love a ballad" as enthusiastically as the country girls in the "Winter's Tale;" and any Autolycus might pick our pocket in exchange for one. It is pleasant to read over the list that is given of good old tunes and earnest old English songs in this first volume:—"Robin Hood," "Sir Lancelot du Lake," and "Sir Eglamore," call up memories of romantic eras in our country's history; "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," of the joviality between prince and people; "The Spanish Pavan" and "Greensleeves," of the courtly dances of Elizabeth and James; "The Carman's Whistle" and "Maypole Songs," of the joys of the peasantry, and their innocent life in "The Merry Milkmaids." The solemn strains of "Death and the Lady," or the tales of ill-fated love, like that narrated in "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," did duty on winter nights to pass time profitably; while the one enthusiastically described in its title as

> "The rarest ballad that ever was seen,
> Of the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnall Green,"

was the Pamela story which enchanted the lowly damsels of the seventeenth century, and may have occasioned many day-dreams of "the husband and coach and six," so liberally promised by fortune-tellers. It is pleasant to look back to the old days in England; there was much good in the simple people who loved the good old lays of the redoubtable Martin Parker and other ballad-writers, and we are glad to welcome them all in the excellent work before us.

The Fall of Sebastopol. Printed in Chromolithography by Day & Son, from the Picture by W. Simpson. Published by P. & D. Colnaghi, London.

Such is the peculiar aspect of the present times, so much is the public mind ever concentrated on things that are, rather than on those which have been, that men have already ceased to talk—almost to think—about a war which less than two years ago was the subject of universal colloquy and excitement. Other political events have since sprung up to occupy the thoughts and create anxiety,—the Crimea has given place to India and China, and we seem to have concluded one great contest only to leave us free to commence others.

The large coloured lithographic print now before us represents the last scene in the fearful drama enacted at Sebastopol; in the foreground of the picture the retreating Russians are escaping over their bridge of boats from the doomed city, that looks like a huge fiery furnace, the flames from which shoot far and wide into the darkness of night with a grandeur that is appalling to contemplate, and with a brightness that brings every object distinctly before the eye; the scene, as the artist shows it, could only, in the history of modern warfare, have had its parallel of fiery magnificence in the destruction of another Russian city, Moscow; here, however, we have a large expanse of water reflecting back the lurid flames, and aiding, thus, the sublimity, horrors, and vividness of the catastrophe. The print is not alone an excellent specimen of the lithographic art, and a faithful copy of the original picture, which we have seen, but it appears as a suitable termination to the long series of Crimean views we have been called upon to notice since the outbreak of the war with Russia. *Requiescat in pace!*

The Practical Angler; or, The Art of Trout-Fishing, more particularly applied to clear Water. By W. C. Stewart. Published by A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

This little book reached us so late in the trout-angler's year, that we apprehend any commendation of ours will be of little avail to him this season. By the time August has arrived, the best time for fly-fishing is over; trout are getting "off their feed," though they will take the fly, wind and weather permitting, till the end of October; but they decline in condition during the autumn months, get languid, and afford little sport, comparatively, and are scarcely worth capture; we have, however, occasionally been gratified with a good day's "take" in some of the southern streams of England very late in the autumn.

Mr. Stewart's treatise on "The Art of Trout-fishing" is strictly practical and instructive,—just the right kind of work to put into the hands of a youngster who has not yet "fleshed his hook:" his experience has been gathered, we presume, on the lochs and rivers of Scotland, waters of which we admit to know nothing; but we have had a few years' practice with the rod in the lakes and streams of Wales, and the trout-rivers in the south, and can therefore bear testimony to the accuracy of the information which the author gives his readers on the art of capturing trout, either with the artificial fly or the live-bait. Some of his theories are new to us, but they appear so truthful that we have no hesitation in accepting them as facts, nor in recommending his book to every angler, whether experienced or not, for there is something in it for even an old hand to learn.

Portrait of the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G. Engraved by J. R. Jackson, from the Picture by F. Grant, R.A. Published by Fores & Co., London.

Few, if any, of the political leaders of the last thirty or forty years, have secured and maintained so large a portion of respect and esteem from men of all parties as the venerable Marquis of Lansdowne, whose intellectual, mild, and benevolent countenance the pencil of Mr. Grant has most faithfully recorded, and Mr. Jackson's graver has as faithfully reproduced. This is just the kind of print we like to see of such a subject—bold, vigorous, and manly; the representation of one who has laid aside the trappings of office, and appears solely as the enlightened and high-minded British nobleman. The original picture is the property of his lordship's *quondam* colleague, Lord John Russell, and was exhibited this year at the Academy.

Helen Faucit. Drawn on Stone by R. J. Lane, A.E.R.A., from a drawing by F. W. Burton, R.H.A. Published by E. Gambart & Co., London.

A full-length portrait of this popular actress and most esteemed lady, in the character of Ion, as she appears with her right hand resting on a tripod, and a leafy wreath in her left. It is a beautiful *statuesque* figure, easy, graceful, and dignified; the countenance expressively sweet, soft, and intellectual. Mr. Lane's lithographic rendering of the subject is very delicate, yet firm in manipulation. As a whole, it is one of the most charming dramatic portraits we have ever seen.

Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home. Edited by the Rev. S. A. Pears, B.D. Published by T. Hatchard, London; Rowbottom, Derby.

We do not suppose these letters were originally written with a view to publication; but there is no reason why other young folk than those to whom they were addressed should not get such an insight into India and Indian life as the writer has given to his children. The scenery and the descriptions lie far in the interior generally, and, therefore, afford to the young reader more of novelty than is usually brought under the notice of children. The officer writes as a father who values the religious growth of his offspring equally with their intellectual progress: while inculcating the knowledge of this world, he does not lose sight of what is necessary to qualify them for an entrance into another.

The Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water Colours. By George Barnard. Parts I. & II. Published by Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

We are relieved from the necessity of entering into a particular notice of this work, by the comments we made upon it about two years since, when it first appeared. The first edition being exhausted, another is now commenced, in which the author has used his opportunity for the insertion of more specific information, by the addition of several new illustrative plates, and enlarged instructions on the mode of working. The book is also printed in larger type, so that in every way its value is enhanced to the Art-student.

A Woman's Story. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Published by Hurst & Blackett, London.

It is foreign to our purpose generally to notice works of fiction; but we feel assured that our readers will permit us to announce this work as published. Many years have passed since a novel by this lady has been issued; consequently, in this work will be found much of the result of experience, combined with much that cannot fail to interest in character, incident, and story. The author has established a reputation, and has laboured to uphold it.

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TINTORETTO AT VENICE, AND MR. RUSKIN.*

DURING a recent sojourn at Venice, it very soon became one of the prime objects of our gondoliering rambles to find out the more important pictures by Tintoretto, and several obscure out-of-the-way churches, but rarely visited, did we penetrate for that purpose. Mr. Ruskin was, of course, our principal guide, and, indeed, partly our moving power in these little urban voyages of discovery. With much admiration and profit had we read more than once his eloquent elucidations of the marvellously varied and profound observation and exquisite truthfulness of our own Turner; and now we exceedingly wished to avail ourselves of the present opportunity of testing the value of that which may be called his second grand favourite discovery (whether real or imaginary), namely, the unrivalled depth of imagination and peerless general power of Tintoretto. We were keenly desirous of verifying with our own eyes those astonishing descriptions of his by comparing them face to face with the pictures described; and, especially, we wished to satisfy ourselves of the clear, unmistakeable existence and pictorial value of those singular conceptions of incidents, or motives, which he regards as supreme masterpieces of imaginative art: and so, with many extracts from his chapter on "Imagination Penetrative," and appendix to "The Stones of Venice," neatly written out in the very van and front of our note-book, we proceeded through the inquiry, the results of which may perhaps be not uninteresting at the present time, or wholly useless in aiding to determine the question thus raised with regard to Tintoretto's proper rank among the great sons of Art. In such topics much that is advanced is, no doubt, to be received as mere matter of individual taste or opinion, which does not prove or settle anything; but in this case it especially happens that Mr. Ruskin's admiration is chiefly founded on certain ideas or incidents in Tintoretto's works, the existence and the merit of which, *on the grounds set forth by him*, are susceptible of distinct affirmation or denial, and decisive controversy; and it is solely from accuracy with regard to these demonstrable points that what we are about to put forward will derive any value, so far as Mr. Ruskin's opinions are concerned. However, it is by no means our intention to limit ourselves within his footsteps; and we are not without hope of making the subject additionally attractive by such an account of our own unbiassed impressions of this extraordinary painter, as may—without, we trust, passing the bounds of accuracy and due moderation—tend in some degree to interest the imagination of those who have not visited Venice, and rekindle in a pleasant and welcome manner the memory of those who have. With this latter object in view, it may be as well to set out with a few very brief observations on the early career and peculiar characteristics of the painter himself.

Tintoretto has usually been styled a pupil of Titian's, but improperly, since he attended that painter's studio during ten days only. At the end of this brief initiatory term, Titian observing some very spirited drawings displayed in the working room, inquired whose they were, and on being answered the young Robusti's, the "little dyer's," without assigning any cause for so sweeping a measure, he told one of his scholars to take the boy home. Tintoretto, nowise disheartened, but rather nobly fired by what he interpreted as a high honour, thenceforth remained without any personal instructor. Confined, as we are told, by poverty to a mean and inconvenient lodging, but burning with ambition not only to rival all that Venetian Art was then accomplishing, but to add to it an infinity of things which it seemed to him to want, he commenced those indefatigable, those strenuous studies, which are so abundantly characteristic of the energy of the man. Over the door of his room he then inscribed that spirited though anomalous precept, "Michael Angelo's design and Titian's colouring;" and to the study by daylight of every picture he could meet with by the latter, was added far into the night laborious drawing from casts of the great Florentine's sculptures and from the antique. These casts he would swing by cords from his ceiling, and draw from every conceivable, and indeed inconceivable point of view, so as to acquire a mastery of the most difficult foreshortenings. Anatomy he studied with equally devoted earnestness, and having (it is said) first drawn from the best Art-models to acquire a fine style, he then copied the life, remedying its defects by the knowledge they had afforded him. With regard to light and shade, he had recourse to some rather whimsical contrivances of his own. He made little figures, which on occasion he clothed carefully, and placed within a pasteboard house, having windows everywhere, which he could open and shut, so as, by the aid of a lamp, to illumine the puppets within in any way that was needful. All this industry was rewarded by a power and mastery over the various technical resources of his art never surpassed or equalled, except by Rubens; and as to this high proficiency he added a fertile and daring imagination, and a professional zeal which impelled him eagerly to grasp at every worthy undertaking, with little or no regard for emolument, he gained, whilst yet a young man, a position which justified him in considering himself the acknowledged rival of the great painter who had driven him away from his studio so unworthily. Tintoretto's besetting defect, on the other hand, was a frequent want of patience and judgment commensurate with his other high powers; and, above all, a rage for producing too much—for rapidly covering immense spaces of canvas with bold, vigorous, and animated conceptions—for painting houses literally from top to bottom, which he is said to have once eagerly proposed doing for the mere cost of his materials. Sebastian del Poimbo once said of him, "Why, the man will dash off in a couple of days what would take me as many years;" and Paul Veronese, his ardent admirer, would remonstrate with him for injuring the credit of the different artists by taking up and shining in their respective styles or manners one after the other,—a mode of proceeding which went far, he soberly added, with a shake of the head, to destroy the reputation of the profession. His own credit Tintoretto certainly injured by these habits of swift and sweeping production and ambitious versatility; for the Venetians, in commenting on the inevitable inequality which resulted from them, were wont to repeat a current saying, that he had three pencils, one of gold, one of silver, and the third of iron—a saying so well known, it perhaps might better have been here omitted, only that it may be convenient hereafter sometimes to classify the painter's productions according to these three fabled instruments.

Neither was Tintoretto's spirited character displayed in purely artistic matters only. His self-command in painting after her death the portrait of his beloved daughter, Marietta, who, as an accomplished portrait-painter, had inherited some portion of her father's talents, is well known; as also his manly hint to Aretino, when he found himself becoming the butt of that writer's scurrility. The "Censor of the World," or the "Fifth Evangelist," as he was variously styled, having taken his gossip Titian's part against Tintoretto, began to besmear the latter with his ink freely. The artist at the time made no reply, but took an early opportunity of inviting him to sit for his portrait. Aretino complied without suspicion, and most probably with a pleased vanity; but he had not long taken his place before he was somewhat disconcerted and alarmed by seeing Tintoretto carefully take his measure at different distances and angles. "Eh, Jacopo, what are you about?" he inquired, anxiously. "Nothing important," replied Robusti, with a significant smile; "but I now fully perceive that you measure just two pistols and a half high,"—and Aretino did not venture to lampoon Tintoretto any more; these ominous words had the desired effect. With this firmness and decision of character the painter combined many most amiable and companionable qualities, to which Vasari especially bears lively testimony, dwelling with much emphasis on his remarkable powers of conversation and skill in music.

Until recently the opinions current amongst us about Tintoretto as a painter, were, we believe, that he was a man of extraordinary power in many of the more superficial things in Art (if we may so call them),—such as bold drawing, colour, bodily action, effect, and also possessed of a fine, vigorous, and daring invention; but unless we widely err, few ever thought of looking for profound and lofty thought as among his leading characteristics, or of ascribing to him a poetic imagination of the highest order. It was reserved for Mr. Ruskin to claim this distinction for him; to discover, or fancy he had discovered, his greatness and his glory bound to the wall (Prometheus-like) amidst the obscurity, the neglect, the damps, and the decay of La Madonna del' Orto and San Rocco; to determine to free them forth, and, scating them between the wings of his aspiring eloquence, endeavour to mount them all at once on the highest peak of the Italian Parnassus, above all but Dante and Michael Angelo—Tintoretto being in his opinion the greatest man but those that Italy has produced.* The very name of Tintoretto seems

* 1. "Modern Painters," by John Ruskin.
2. "The Stones of Venice," by John Ruskin.
3. Ridolfi, "Le maraviglie dell' arte; ovvero le vite degli illustri pittori Veneti e dello stato."
4. Vasari, "Le Vite del più eccellenti pittori, scultori, ed architettori."

* "I think that the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante. The two other greatest men whom Italy has produced are Michael Angelo and Tintoret."—*Stones of Venice*. With regard to Dante, it may be observed, by the way, that many will think his moral faculties (under whatever palliating circumstances) rather light in the supposed balance, from his fierce hatred and bigotry; and his intellectual much too heavy with the scholastic theology and imperialism. With regard to Tintoretto, it may be as well to

to excite and swell his style to its highest tone, and make it resemble the firmest and most imperial brattlings of the trumpet of Fame itself, for which he is evidently somewhat too apt to mistake it. He proclaims him, to our astonishment, as one whose high-reaching intellect and "imagination penetrative" leave those faculties in all other painters far behind; as one who alone has seized the inmost spirit of the most awful and stupendous themes; who alone "has grappled with them in their verity," not contenting himself with the occurrences of the moment merely, but introducing strange occult typical allusions in his details, and dashing in also dim visionary retrospections and anticipations, disregarding time and place even, like the freest and most untrammeled poet, so that he may tell in a solemn, mystical manner the whole of the great story or sequence of events at once. Such thoughts, however, it immediately occurs to us, are far better suited to the poet of the pen than to the poet of the brush, who has another and a distinct function, in which the bard can by no means rival him; and some of these conceptions attributed to Tintoretto are *self-evidently* the exaggerations of his eulogist, being indeed of that class which painting cannot possibly express: others, again, stripped of the amplifications and colourings of the critic's fervid, torrent-like eloquence, seem to us to grow wonderfully small and poor and dry, and to dwindle into fantastical subtleties, curiosities, and trifles, of which he singularly magnifies the interest and value, as well as the power of invention required to produce them. And, finally, some of these illustrations of Holy Writ, though ushered to our notice with praises of their wonderful insight and profundity, uttered in that authoritative, high-priestly, or hierophantic tone which Mr. Ruskin is fond of assuming, are, as we believe we shall have little difficulty in proving, exceedingly bad theology, and altogether at variance with the true spirit of the event recorded. But notwithstanding all these obvious drawbacks and objections,—though, when we can take breath and look a little steadily into these dazzling and accumulative periods, dissent or doubts of the above kind must needs intrude themselves,—still a writer so observant, contemplative, and ingenious, so abundantly eloquent, and of such undoubted literary power, must ever excite considerable curiosity and interest with regard to the objects of his praise; and so, after reading those passages in which the great discovery of Tintoretto is first fully announced, one of our most frequent Venetian anticipations was the forming, under his local guidance, some clear and satisfactory acquaintance with the works of that powerful painter.

say here that we have just found in Moore's Diary a tribute of admiration paid to Tintoretto by two eminent men whose opinion is entitled to high consideration. "Reminded by Chantrey," says Moore, "of my having asked him, when we were on our way from Italy together, which of all the great painters, whose works he had there seen, he would most wish to have been, and his answering 'Tintoretto,' he himself, as he now mentioned, put the same question to Turner after *his* return from Italy, and his answer, curiously enough, was exactly the same. Chantrey, in relating the above, seemed to think that if he himself could have given the matter a little more consideration at the time when I put the question to him his answer would have been 'Titian.'" With regard to both Chantrey's and Turner's opinions, in order that some little instruction might have been obtained from them, it is a pity the *why* was not asked. Certainly Tintoretto possessed—and perhaps pre-eminently amongst the Italians—those very powers which Turner most needed, that *power* of *drawing* and muscular strength, wanting which our great landscape-painter's forms are so often poor, and stiff, and tame. Mr. Ruskin is perpetually mistaking Turner's keen perception of the principles of structure, and neat, precise, though frequently tame particularising of them, for fine drawing. In fact, his drawing (examine especially his own etchings in the "Liber Studiorum," or compare any of his foregrounds with that of "Rubens's Chateau") is weak for so great a man. One can easily understand, therefore, that he might most have coveted Tintoretto's powers *in addition to his own*; but it is not so easy to comprehend an absolute preference for them on his part, without some such qualification.

The life-like force and brilliancy of his talents, we remember, first fairly dawned on us on the way to Venice, from his portraiture in the Belvidere Gallery at Vienna, the first two halls of which glow all over with such a magnificent display of Venetian colour, and calm dignity, and intelligence, and sunny beauty, that we should think, though no doubt it is very much to say, even Austrian emperors, even Francis Joseph, even Austrian diplomatists and military leaders, could scarcely pace them without feeling something of mournful compunction and shame for what Venice now is under imperial domination. Here are no less than twenty-three portraits by Tintoretto, inferior, it must be admitted, to Titian's best in *refinement* of expression and also of painting, yet of the true Venetian serene stateliness, and consummate for force both of living character and execution. Their vigour and animation are rarely equalled by anything we ever saw. In portraiture, where he was restrained from besetting extravagances by the necessity of a close and pure rendering of nature, Tintoretto seems to have been almost unfailingly admirable—ever with his golden pencil in hand.

The "Miracolo del Schiavo" in the Academy, the first of his pictures we saw at Venice, and to which we shall return presently, Mr. Ruskin has not expressly alluded to in his published volumes, perhaps considering it sufficiently well known and appreciated already; but the two small Tintoretto's opposite to it, "The Temptation of Adam" and "The Death of Abel," he refers to as "among the most noble works of this or any other master, whether for preciousness of colour or energy of thought." Here at once commenced our difficulties, and we were at a loss to conceive by what particular topics such an opinion can be maintained. The colour of the Adam and Eve can hardly be called *colour* in a full sense of the term, the flesh tints being a warmish stone-colour, and the landscape all a yellowish-brown of monotonous hue—the whole picture, in short, of a decidedly artificial, umbery tone. Now Mr. Ruskin, as all his readers well know, is apt to inveigh copiously and exceedingly against brown tones in the later schools of painters, which he abhors so vehemently; and yet here, at once, we find this most unquestionably and very decidedly brown picture by his favourite praised as one of the noblest in the world for preciousness of colour! With regard to his second item of praise, the only "thought" of the slightest importance we could discover is a certain expression of mingled reluctance and fascination in the attitude of Adam, who sits with his back towards you. The Eve, who, seated beside him, presses forward the apple, has an absurd, loosely-sketched face, with nothing that can be called a physiognomy about it; and her limbs, as well as those of Adam, are very badly drawn; and the execution is sketchy indeed, but most disagreeably heavy and coarse,—for Tintoretto, whatever may be said of his general powers as a painter, had often a bad, clumsy touch. In the companion picture, "The Death of Abel," all you can see is a meagre, ill-shaped man sprawling under the murderous gripe of a desperate ruffian of the same ordinary character, with nothing about either of them to distinguish this, the first murder, from any homicide ensuing, except the calf's head, which, with the glazed eye of death, lies beside them, to signify the interrupted sacrifice. In colouring and execution this picture precisely matches the other.

Oh that riddling "energy of thought!" It was *then* (we dimly remember) humiliating to us to stand ever so long before those pictures with the best and most patient intentions in the world, and not be able to find it out, or even make a guess where it lies, except such a one as we were forced immediately to cheek for its far-fetched triviality. In order to relieve our perplexity, let us hasten at once, we said, without more ado, to La Madonna del' Orto, where is one of Tintoretto's "mightiest works," "The Last Judgment," some of the thoughts in which Mr. Ruskin *has* pointed out and expatiated upon: there surely we *may* be able to follow him now and then, if only at a humble and halting distance.*

So to La Madonna del' Orto we went, a pseudo-Gothic church of but slight architectural merit: there is no *church* in Venice, except St. Mark's, worth going far out of your way to see. It is situated at the north end of the city, where the canals are thinly peopled and very retired, and you meet with few but the poorer and the idler of the aborigines—old women sitting within their doorways, and children loitering vacantly about the tiny slender bridges, which are here often ruinous, and grass-grown, and solitary, and decrepid, like the fine and truly amiable old mansions they lead to; or like this church of "Our Lady of the Garden" itself, which is in so rickety a condition as to require within the support of a whole forest of scaffolding. Beside the high altar we found the Tintoretto we came to see, his "Last Judgment," an immense work, at least sixty feet high. Truly it is extremely unprepossessing in all that relates to *pictorial* beauty and effect. In general tone it is a heavy greenish brown, with lights but dim, and broad masses of the dingiest obscurity, out of which mysterious crowds of figures and limbs peer forth at the bottom of the picture in a confusion not easily unravelled. It seems as if the earth were everywhere yielding forth substance which once bore the human form, and restoring it to its original shape. It is taking the form of arms and legs, and still slumbering or bewildered faces; and creatures scarcely yet refashioned, with grassy sproutings about them, lie thicker in the dim shade than graves in some old *campo santo*. Behind them, and somewhat aloof, the waters also seem (so far as we could

* Mr. Ruskin's opinions given without his reasons are really sometimes very puzzling. He is quite tantalizing in his mysteriousness. To take a home instance from a picture familiar to us all, Millais's "Autumn Leaves," of last year's Academy, without one word of explanation, he pronounces to be the most poetical work of the master. What, more poetical than the "Lorenzo and Isabella," and "The Huguenot," those mawkishly sentimental schoolgirls, piling up very ill-painted leaves in a manner in which no girls ever did pile them, unless their minds were thoroughly diseased by morbid and maudlin literature and culture in all their various shapes! In what the poetry consists we ourselves never could so much as guess, or learn of any of our equally solicitous friends. Is it, we inquired of each other, intended as a *satire* on the vanities of the present picked age, in which young ladies (thanks to Mrs. Ellis and others) are far too intellectually trained to do such things in the old rollicking way; no longer pushing one another into the heap as they pile it with screams of mischievous merriment, or any other ungraceful impropriety? But this (and we could think of nothing else) would be satire and not poetry. Besides, in that case, the purpose of the painter would surely have been more fully indicated. The refined culture and general habits would have been pointed out by the "Proverbial Philosophy," &c. &c., being laid on the grass beside the mediæval embroidery; and the tall lean gouvernante introduced behind as pervading the scene with even more imposing evidences of solemn seriousness in her immense uplifted evening-star-gazing eyes. At least we should think so in our simplicity. With regard to the tone and general effect of this picture, Mr. Ruskin's observations are equally remarkable. Twilight, he says, had never been represented before. Giorgione had given the glow, but not the mist rising from the valley. Now the twilight tone is not by any means preserved throughout the picture in a satisfactory manner; certain gaudy colours here and there flaming or flushing far beyond its influence. However, we concluded at once, on perusing the last clause of Mr. Ruskin's verdict, that something must have been made of the mist rising from the valley, at all events. We expected, on a second visit, to find that this beautiful and interesting effect had been brought forward prominently, with much fulness and delicacy of treatment; but what was our surprise to discover nothing, absolutely nothing, more than a little scumbling or glazing of white in front of a black hill; so small in extent, so slight, and so destitute of any particular feature or character, as scarcely to be worth a moment's notice. Thus does the ever quick fancy of this writer frequently run away with him in expatiating on the pictures of his favourites for the time being. But might not, we ask, equally liberal and ingenious interpretation make something out of even the detested Domenichino, Salvator, and the other "later men?"

see) yielding up their dead; and a boat—a barque of accursed souls—is urged down a swift, pale cataract. Above, and nearer than this, the upper half of the huge tower of a picture is taken up by a coarse unworthy representation of the heavenly hosts, angels and saints, ranged somewhat tier above tier on the most substantial dark blots of clouds with a faint light between them, and our Saviour quite afar at the top, in the point of the Gothic arch which bounds the picture.

Such, vigorously conceived, certainly, within a limited point, but most coarse and ungainly in expression, colour, light and shade, and execution, is the painting which Mr. Ruskin says is the only one in which "this unimaginable event has been grappled with in its verity." Is not this an Irishism (by the way) to say that the event is "unimaginable," and then add in the next words that "it has been grappled with in its verity." However this may be, it certainly seems, as if, stimulated by the delight and pride of a discoverer, and by a consequent overwhelming predilection for Tintoretto, his imagination had altogether run away with him when he penned his highly-wrought and brilliant descriptive passage on the subject. All its more novel and impressive parts are, self-evidently, arbitrary interpretations—imaginary superstructures of his own. They are not borne out by the picture, and, indeed, could not be by any picture. For instance, a spirited waterfall enough in the background (about on a par, we should think, with Colwith Force, in Westmoreland), he has thunderingly magnified into the "oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament, gathered into one white ghastly cataract, the river of the wrath of God, roaring down where the world has melted with its fervent heat." In this uncontrovertibly exceedingly dingy work the awakening crowds are represented as "blinded by the white light of the new heaven;" and the firmament is described "as full of a very dust of human souls," currents of atom life in the arteries of heaven, "soaring up till the eye and thought can follow no further, borne up by their inward faith and by *the angel powers invisible.*" These fine things, and particularly those which are expressly admitted to be *invisible,* are, it is scarcely needful to add, not in the picture: they are not susceptible of pictorial representation; and they prove the imaginativeness not of Jacopo Robusti, but of Mr. Ruskin. The painter has given him a starting-point, and he has soared quite far away from it, without, perhaps, being altogether aware of the exceeding length of his excursion. And heaven forbid that we should snub the poetic mind. Let Art as well as Nature be its food, and afford it the fullest and freest inspiration. All we contend for is that the result should be carefully distinguished as original poetry, not sober criticism. Let it be recorded in verse, or if not in verse, in some autobiographical work, or sentimental tour, or memoirs of your own imagination and feelings in prose; as thus:—I, the present author, being of an active, readily excited fancy, and looking at this picture, was fired by such and such excursive thoughts:—and thankfully we should receive them, *as the writer's own.* If beautiful, it were a thousand pities to lose them. But what we seriously object to is that such arbitrary assumptions of the fancy should be introduced into passages *written for the express purpose of enabling us to estimate the imagination of another.* And moreover, together with the extravagant praises with which they are put forth by their author, they of course tend, quite inevitably, to disappoint and disgust the independent mind with the painter whose works give occasion to them; and in that weaker fry of followers who accept implicitly all that is thus eloquently taught, they create a blind admiration, such as entails much weakening of whatsoever powers of imagination they may possess, much confusion of mind, much waste of feeling, thought, and precious time. Besides, their docile veneration for their gifted teacher deserves a better return than that he should lead them about on a false scent, and with his revered eloquence keep on evermore throwing quantities of gold-dust into their eyes. The British public, we protest, should not be treated in this manner; in short, these extremely exaggerated descriptions lead to an utter confusion of ideas upon a most important part of the subject, which it was one of the primary duties to make clear.

Opposite is another sixty feet of unpleasant canvas, "The Worship of the Golden Calf," in which uninteresting figures, harsh colouring, heavy light and shade, and coarse execution, are, it seems, as a veil to other "mighty thoughts," worthy of being *vis-à-vis* to those in the picture of the "Final Resurrection;" but we did not attempt to decipher them, being attracted in another direction by an altar-piece in one of the side chapels of "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes," also by Tintoretto. Here are attractive thoughts indeed; thoughts such as a picture, and a picture alone, can express; thoughts of magnificent colour and beautiful light and shade, of personal character, and of bodily expression. The saint, in white drapery, with her white lamb beside her, is kneeling on the ground, awaiting her death, amidst a most splendid crowd of figures—nobles in the armour of Tintoretto's times, and priestly and civic dignitaries, all painted with a richness and completeness of effect that vie with Paul Veronese, to say the least of them; the colouring being noticeably more yellow and more deep than his, and the effect more round, solid, and forcible. In all these respects, and in many others, though with a somewhat drier manner, the work reminds one at once of Rubens, the heir of much of Tintoretto's genius, and his only worthy successor, who visited Venice six years after his death, and, no doubt, derived much inspiration and deep and delightful instruction from this picture. It is painted in the magnificent and attractive manner of the master, and so far is to be classed with the "Miracolo del Schiavo" in the Academy, that immense picture produced in his thirty-sixth year, which is so often the first in Venice to impress visitors with a kind of wondering respect for the colossal vigour and brilliancy of Tintoretto. The subject may be thus described:—A certain pious slave of a Provençal knight persists in visiting the relics of St. Mark, in defiance of his master's commands, and on his return the enraged knight has him put to the torture. But behold, before they can carry their purpose into effect, the cords and instruments are miraculously shivered by St. Mark, who descends through the air, unseen, to baffle them. In the picture the naked slave lies senseless on the ground, and St. Mark hovers above, foreshortened, his face away from you. His most boldly represented action, the fine sanguine but sombre glow of his flying drapery, and the mysterious shadowings of the rest of the figure, are magnificent, but ominously so. The glory round his head flames, one may conceive, all angrily, as if it shot forth sharp burning terrors into the hearts of the torturers beneath; and under one arm he bears the volume of his Gospel, as if it were still, in the realms of blessedness, his chief glory and delight. But already his mandate has shattered the cords and instruments of persecution. Small fragments of rope are scattered around, and the iron head of a hammer has been stricken clean in half in its massiest and strongest part—a decidedly vigorous touch, significant of the amazing power that has been thus exercised. In the middle of the picture, a fine picturesque turbaned Saracenic figure holds up before his enthroned Lord another broken hammer, to demonstrate to him the more emphatically the reality of the astounding visitation; whilst the bystanders crowd forward and bend over the senseless victim with emotions of curiosity, awe, and newly-awakened reverence. He lies calm in a swoon before them. Perhaps the miraculous power of the saint, which has thus frustrated his torturers, has, even at the same time, benignly steeped him in a childlike, soft-breathing, balmy slumber, to nurse and guard a life worn by much suffering. But this is, of course, a mystery.

Altogether it is an imposingly powerful work, much to be admired for the forcible and animated general conception of the *scene* or incident; for the colossal vigour of the execution, most simple, broad, and energetically straightforward; and for the strength, glow, and transparency of the colouring, which is yet finely pervaded by a general yellow-greenish tone, as by a kind of faint and transitory eclipse; as if the miraculous interposition of the saint had cast an ominous shadow and wanness through the air. The hues at first reminded us of a bed of dahlias, glowing and fresh indeed, but influenced by the shadows of passing thunder-clouds.

The fulness and depth of the foreground hues are relieved by aerial architecture, like ivory in yellow sunshine; and here, perhaps, we see the original of an arrangement which became almost habitual with Paul Veronese, and not unfrequent with Rubens. The colours, few in number, are repeated in unvaried masses in the Venetian manner, without the never-ceasing variety and modulation characteristic of Rubens. They are deep, luminous, highly transparent, and perfectly harmonious; but (like every other painter's) they are inferior to the great Fleming's in that which represents the very bloom, freshness, and pulses of life; nor is the execution comparable to his for the union of exquisite lightness, softness, and roundness, with marvellous fire and force; and, therefore, Tintoretto, notwithstanding his extraordinary merit, we, with all due deference to Mr. Ruskin, take to be the far inferior *painter,* in the proper sense of the term. We also take him to be equally inferior in poetic vigour of imagination, and in that exhaustless fertility of the true pictorial invention in which (with much *grace* and beauty of many kinds, veiled by his unfortunate coarseness of *form*) Rubens is perhaps rivalled by Raphael alone.

These last two pictures were limned with Tintoretto's "golden pencil," no less surely than those we are about to refer to were delineated with his "pencil of iron," or rather his leaden one—we do not not mean that highly respectable medium *black*-lead—so heavy and dull are they. In the following instance amongst these, the thoughts praised by Mr. Ruskin are undoubtedly to be made out in the picture; but then they are really thoughts so poor, trivial, and valueless, as to render it marvellous that admiration should have been firmly and confidently bestowed on them. In a "Stoning of St. Stephen," in San Giorgio Maggiore, the future St. Paul is distinguished from the others about him by being clothed in the same colours as the figure of the Almighty above. "It is almost impossible," observes Mr Ruskin, "to praise too highly the refinement of the conception which marked the dignity to which St. Paul was afterwards to be raised, by investing him with the colours, which occur nowhere else in the picture, except in the dress which veils the form of the Godhead." Marvellous praise! Surely, this is the thinnest and weakest of all conceits that ever were conceited. Raphael, in that noble dramatic manner which characterized his "thoughts," would, if bent on a similar object, surely have pointed out Saul as the one afterwards chosen, by marking in

him a consciousness of zeal, an uprightness—a something, at any rate, in his *mind* and *character*, exquisitely distinguishing him from the others, not by so trivial and extraneous a thing as the colour of his garment. Well, we hoped, however, that Tintoretto's picture might have something to recommend it besides these two flimsy streaks of a "little dyer's" fancy, and a certain other most dry conceit of a similar order ascribed to it. Absolutely, it has nothing. It is a *marvellously* rude, coarse daub, with figures absurdly, grotesquely devoid of character and expression; and most weak pelting, moreover, for, notwithstanding a whole cart-load of stones scattered about him, the proto-martyr seems as yet but slightly injured. There are several paintings of this class, in which the apostles are rude coarse men, *rolling* and *tumbling* about on their seats, in difficult postures, in rooms (like a modern Italian inn) set out with difficult perspectives, and in which the cold ashy and black colour and daubing, as well as everything else in them, are most ungainly and repulsive; but some fantastical incident or "motive," ambushed in the shade, is frequently found out by the indefatigable, ever active-thoughted critic, and adduced as raising them into interest and importance; or the merit of some very coarse attempt at an effect in them, or of the paintiug of some single piece of detail, is singularly exaggerated by him. We almost wonder, indeed, that he should give up "The Last Supper," at San Trovaso, to the tender mercies of Dr. Kugler, since it is, really, but little or not at all worse than some of the pictures that please him. The doctor, after remarking on the burlesque gestures of the apostles, adds, that one of them "does not perceive the cat who is eating from his dish; and that to judge from an overthrown chair, the revel seems to have been of the lowest description." Gently, Dr. Kugler, gently; have, we pray you, more reverence for the sublime mysteriousness of "Imagination Penetrative," and for a mode of treatment which is, perhaps, purely typical. Do you not perceive that those two last circumstances are, in all probability, symbolical, and of the deepest import. That fallen rush-bottomed chair, which forms one of the most conspicuous objects in the picture, let us not rashly find fault with it. May it not be intended to fill us with solemn thoughts of the fallen Judas who has just relinquished it? Is it not a sufficiently significant type of him? and the cat so slyly filching from the platter, is not that one of the most pregnant and "suggestive" images of deceit and domestic treachery that could possibly have been hit upon?

But, by-and-bye, the painter of these repulsive daubs, having fairly succeeded in putting you out of humour with him, all on a sudden lays down his leaden pencil and takes up his golden one, and makes his friend Paul Veronese a *little* unquiet, but charms every one else by painting the beautiful and every way pleasing "Marriage of Cana," in the sacristy of Santa Maria della Salute—a work which may almost console Venice for the loss of Caliari's vast picture of the same subject, so long since removed to Paris. Mr. Ruskin well describes its leading features. "You look all up the table; the marriage-guests," he says, "on each side of it; on one side men, on the other women. The light falls in full length along the line of young Venetian women, who thus fill the whole centre of the picture with one broad sunbeam, made up of fair faces and golden hair. One, who wears a white head-dress of lace and rich chains of pearls in her hair, may be well accepted for the bride. There are beautiful profiles and bendings of breasts and necks along the whole line. The men are subordinate, though there are interesting portraits among them." This perspective of ladies, lovingly, gallantly singled out and distinguished by a soft, warm sunbeam, is truly a delightful idea. The picture is one of the painter's most charming works, very decidedly a golden pencilled one, and one of those which we should certainly insist on dragging our most hurried friend to look at. If he had more time, we should take him to that dim chapel of La Madonna del Rosario, at Santi Giovanni e Paolo, that he might see on the ceiling melancholy obscurity enveloping a graud jubilant display of the celestial beings—a court day in heaven!—which looks as if it vied with Veronese in magnificence, and were something beyond him in life and vigour. And if he had plenty of leisure, it were perhaps as well to visit the Carmine, to note in an altar-piece of the Circumcision how closely Tintoretto would sometimes emulate the softer, deep rich colour and manner especially characteristic of Titian. But assuredly, under any circumstances, the visitor must not deny himself a few hours in the Scuola di San Rocco, since there alone can Tintoretto's peculiar style of conception, and huge swift dashing manner of painting be seen in full congenial play and energy. The three halls of the building are covered throughout with pictures by his hand, in number sixty-two, and most of them very large, the figures being all the size of life. The fraternity of the Scuola, an association chiefly of laymen, established for charitable purposes, became, in 1560, the patron of this painter, and here he continued to work during eighteen years. The badness of the light, according to Mr. Ruskiu, accounts for the coarseness of the execution of most of the pictures. "They are all," he says, "painted for their places in the dark, and are for the most part nothing more than vast sketches, made to produce under a certain degree of shadow the effect of finished pictures. No other series of his works exhibits powers so exalted." "The Scuola di San Rocco," he writes, in another place, "as regards the pictures which it contains, is one of the three most precious buildings in Italy—buildings, I mean, consistently decorated with a series of paintings at the time of their erection, and still exhibiting that series in its original order. I suppose there can be little question but that the three most important edifices of this kind in Italy are the Sistine Chapel, the Campo Santo of Pisa, aud the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice; the first painted by Michael Angelo, the second by Orcagua, Benozzo Gozzoli, Pietro Laurati, and several other men, whose works are as rare as they are precious, and the third by Tintoret." There is a fourth building, the Vatican, containing the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, which will immediately occur to most readers as an involuntary omission here; but, remembering Mr. Ruskin's intense dislike of Raphael, as the imagined chief corrupter of art from religious purity to mere pride and heathenish sensuality, we have no doubt it may be safely assumed that the omission was actually intended, and that he really means "there can be little question" these things of Tintoretto's are of superior importance to the Disputa del Sacramento, the School of Atheus, the Heliodorus, the Iuceudio del Borgo, the Bible Series, and all the other larger frescoes, the Sistiue tapestries, and the lovely ceilings and lunettes with which the marvellous invention of the young man of Urbino decorated the halls and galleries of the popes. Yet it was a little too cool and disrespectful to general opinion to dispose of the matter with so brief and off-hand a phrase. To enter upon any discussion of it here would detain us too long, so we must content ourselves at present with summarily but mildly expressing our amazement that the strange faucies and dry conceits scattered through these pictures by Tintoretto, their inappropriate, inexpressive, and wholly unimaginative *figures* and coarse painting, should be preferred to the pictorially-delightful thoughts of Raphael, to his profound and clear dramatic expressiveness, his lovely and sublime poetry of iuvention, his truly noble majesty, his peerless beauty and grace.

The first picture that seizes attention is the "Annunciation," respecting which Mr. Ruskin says some profound-sounding thiugs in his chapter on "Imagination Penetrative." He has discovered for our edification that the Virgin sits before a ruined building, typical of the Jewish dispensation, the corner-stone of which has beeu made the headstone of a mass of brickwork newly-risen in the foreground, an emblem of the Christian dispensatiou. Stripped of the imposing luxuriance of Mr. Ruskin's favourite poetico-theological phraseology it is difficult, we conceive, to imagine a duller or dryer notion, or one less fitted for the true purposes of Art than this. Still, we thought it not altogether improbable that there was something in the picture to atone for it, but never were we more disappointed than by the repulsive rudeness and hideousness that presented themselves. The Virgin is a very coarse, ugly woman ("Why, a washerwoman! a washerwoman!" exclaimed our discriminative friend, as we approached her, declaiming the high-flown Ruskinian commentaries), sitting in staring affright before a square pillar of brick and plaster, of the most common aud vulgar description, with an ordinary rush-bottomed chair aud a crib beside it; and these objects, with other rubbishy ruins behind, and a jet, or stream of very strange, heavy, aud gloomy cherubs rushing towards the Madonna, are all that you can make out in this large picture, in which the figure is at least of the life-size; the rest is mere blotch and shade. Mr. Ruskin himself, however, it should be candidly admitted, highly as he admires the incident above referred to, in some degree apologises for the coarseness and painful turbulence of this picture; but, unfortunately, many of the other works are characterised by the same defect; though few, perhaps, in the same degree, except a Resurrection iu the hall up stairs, where, with a singular refinement of conception, Tintoretto has represented the angels as sprawling most distressfully under the weight of the gravestone which they are endeavouring with strenuous muscular efforts to uplift.

The next of these pictures on which Mr. Ruskin expatiates is a Baptism of Christ, which he pronounces the only expressive representation of the subject he is acquainted with. He then proceeds to describe what may be called a strange phantasmal conception, a wild and gloomy one, in which the figure of St. John is indistinct; but a harpy-shaped fiend appears "waitiug his time," and a mysterious hand holds a typical net, and angels stand on a typical cloud, shaped like the head of a fish, the well-known emblem of the baptismal sacrament, &c.; and the landscape background is partly cut away to afford a wild, melancholy prospect of the immediately-ensuing Temptation. These morbid, night-marish notions, and dry emblematical conceits, where the main subject is shirked, and half merged iu another event, which, though it succeeded in point of time, has no affinity or harmony with it in *character*, are, in the usual style, proclaimed to be the only iutensely imaginative and impressive treatment of the subject, and the attempts of all other painters on the same theme are (by a rhetorical sacrifice frequent with Mr. Ruskin) pronounced but feeble aud uninteresting. "The event," he says, "is iueffable on the features." Without stopping to inquire why it should be considered so, more than any of the other leading events of Scripture, we would simply content ourselves with asking whether Mr. Ruskiu has overlooked the "Baptism," by Francia, at Hampton Court? It is

weak enough in drawing, certainly, as might be expected from Francia, but the reverential tenderness in the features of St. John, and the meek submissiveness in those of Christ, are surely anything but feeble and uninteresting; and a touching spirit of peace and love is everywhere—first and chiefly in the affectionate eyes of men and angels, and secondarily in the serene purity of the attendant sky, on the resting trees, and the rocks (tender and gentle in feeling, however feeble in design), and in the water, the stillness of which, supporting the Saviour like a floor of glass, shines with the azure and gold of the heavens, and with the dove-like form of the Holy Spirit mirrored from above with at least its own brightness. This last image, vividly pictured in the baptismal water, is not altogether amiss as a "thought;" but it derives its value principally from its pictorial beauty, as an intense expression of purity and bright repose, such as is always pleasing in itself, and here especially, in harmony with the subject; but where the Holy Spirit is already apparent, enthroned in the countenances of angels and men, we scarcely want it signified by a conceit in things inanimate. Nevertheless, the object here is in itself beautiful and interesting, which is more than can be said of Tintoretto's cross-shaped net and fish-shaped cloud. And can it be maintained that Tintoretto's general conception of this subject is truly characteristic and imaginative? was the moment when the heavens opened, and the Holy Spirit descended as a dove, and the voice said, "Thou art my beloved Son, *in whom I am well pleased*," a moment of gloom, and wildness, and melancholy portent? Would it not have been far better to paint it in colours drawn altogether from some cloudless roseate morning; as the emergence of the Sun of righteousness, as the event of all others most auspicious of joy, and peace, and happiness to man? It is, indeed (let it be said once for all), quite absurd to say that Tintoretto avoided the usual modes of conception because of *their* weakness and unimaginativeness. He avoided them because of *his own* weakness and unimaginativeness. It was utterly beyond him to see the faces of John the Baptist and the angels with the far-upward piercing gaze of gentleness and love as Francia has done. He had none of the "fair humanities of old religion" in his powers of Art, and very little, if any notion, generally speaking, of the expressiveness and power of the human countenance, in which thought and feeling, tenderness, pathos, and grandeur, have their chief seat; and so he was driven to have recourse to the poor substitution of strange and trivial fantasies in things secondary. Yes, from Francia's humble, serene, tender-hearted rendering of the entire subject in its own true spirit, one turns with tart disrelish to Tintoretto's shirking of its so-styled ineffable features, and avoidance of their sweetness and heavenliness in coarse *diablerie* and dry emblematical enigmas, as described by Mr. Ruskin; and, from Mr. Ruskin's description, let us now add, one turns to the picture itself, though not with disappointment, at least with surprise. We will not take upon ourselves to say positively that most of the imagery and incidents he enlarges upon are not there; we only assert that we could not see them on a close inspection in the early morning of a brilliant day, and that, at all events, the picture is so dark and confused, so utterly wanting in ordinary perspicuity, that it must entirely baffle all but the most painful scrutiny, and the most ingenious interpreter. Nor, according to Mr. Ruskin's view, will the darkness of the room account for the mystery, since he expressly tells us that the pictures were painted for their places in the dark, so as to produce under a certain degree of shadow the effect of finished works. It is just *possible* these vaunted thoughts may be there; one can only say that they produce no effect at all, and that in themselves, *on Mr. Ruskin's own grounds*, they are of no value, and not worth any laborious investigation.

The same unredeemed coarseness, disagreeableness, and want of perspicuity characterise the "Massacre of the Innocents," a few vague and obscure hints in which Mr. Ruskin has worked up and embellished with his ever-active fancy into a very definite and highly-wrought picture of rushing, writhing, murderous horror, and maternal frenzy. Raphael's treatment of this subject is pronounced too painful, and yet Tintoretto's, though so much lauded, would, if Mr. Ruskin's description were correct, be incomparably more so. For, "on looking at it," he says, "our eyes seem to become bloodshot, and strained with strange horror and deadly vision. Here is a heap of the mothers entangled in one mortal writhe with each other, and the swords, *one sword being caught by the blade and dragged at by the woman's naked hand*. The youngest and fairest of the women falls backward right on the sword points. Their shrieks ring in our ears till the marble seems rending around us," &c. A refined and elevating substitute, truly, for Raphael's "degradation of the features," and too painful hardening mode of treatment! But, on turning from this furiously exaggerated description to Tintoretto's picture, one is at once set quite at ease; little or no horror is felt at the coarse and shapeless caricature; and one simply sees how excitable a faculty is Mr. Ruskin's fancy, and, where his predilections urge him forward, how slight a cause will elicit its wildest luxuriance. A confused heap, or medley of rolling and tumbling women and children, inanimate, inexpressive, vague indistinct creatures there is in the foreground, and also in the background, but it was some time before we could make out an executioner. All the rest is obscurity and dark blotchy shade, of a coarseness and heaviness perhaps peculiar to Tintoretto.

One more instance of this kind it may be as well to mention, as the subject is a landscape, and the illusion, therefore (landscape being Mr. Ruskin's true *forte*, his intellectual home, where one is often tempted to wish him to remain altogether), perhaps even more extraordinary. He has described the landscape in Tintoretto's picture here of the "Journey into Egypt" with fair and delicate colours—faint crimson, and blue, and rosy, and silver, and white, and fanciful similes which, until one begins to think for a moment, remind one of some passage in one of Shelley's ethereal morning-cloud-like poems, but which, when looked into a little, are found to be wholly inconsistent with each other, and in the combination unimaginable—a pretty variegated puzzle for the fancy, nothing more.* Yet, when we compare the description with the picture, we cannot help being captivated with at least its *antithetical* appositeness. Rarely have we seen so rude and ugly a landscape as this, which Mr. Ruskin pronounces one of the finest in the world. Of the lovely colours with which he has heightened his description, we could find no trace. The foliage, especially, is most straggling, ill-composed and ill-shaped, and most pouderously daubed in, moreover, with all the repulsive coarseness of common scene-painting. This opinion will, we believe, derive some support from an engraving of a background of Tintoretto's in Mr. Ruskin's third volume, in which the foliage and general treatment are similar, though far better. Are not the background trees in that print very poor in shape, and the leaves and colossal grasses projecting from the dark rock, or trunk, in front (one can hardly make out which it is) a monstrous and very feeble exaggeration? But now, in this picture of "The Journey in Egypt," we come at length to something pleasing; though here (as usual in discoursing on Tintoretto) Mr. Ruskin chills us with his exaggerations, and Raphael-depreciating comparisons. "The Virgin's head, in expression," he says, "is as sweet and intense as any of Raphael's; its reality far greater." Meekly, but confidently, we protest against this. The head—*notwithstanding* this praise, we manage to sustain our admiration for it—is beautiful, certainly; but the features, being much obscured by shadow and a downward look, it cannot be said to have any "intensity" at all, or much individual character. Neither form nor expression is sufficiently developed, and none but a rooted hater of the sweet, divinely-human Raphael would have dreamt of such a comparison as Mr. Ruskin puts forth here.

Similar deductions must be made from his praise of the high priest in the picture of "The Circumcision," of which he says that he knows "no existing old man's head so exquisitely tender, or so noble in its lines." A nice old venerable head enough, one exclaims; but, from slightness and obscuring shadows, nothing more. It is of this picture the eulogist adds, in his own style, that it is "unquestionably the highest existing type of the sublimity which can be thrown into the treatment of accessories of dress and decoration; the whole picture is like a golden charger to receive the child—a picture of the moral power of gold and colour." Here again how poorly does Tintoretto prop these choice flowers of the Ruskinian rhetoric! The whole picture is made up everywhere of black, brickdust colour, grey, and white, with only a very slight indication of some richer hue in the high priest's cope. Not but that this is a pleasing and interesting picture. The high priest is a dignified figure, and the manner in which his ample cope is held up, where he sits, with his attendants on each side, has an imposing effect. The most attractive of these pictures in the lower hall is, however, "The Adoration of the Magi," a work of a similarly deep, but richer and more varied tone.

We could dwell upon it with pleasure for awhile, but it is now high time to ascend the stairs. The light, however, is fading away from these dusky chambers; besides, the space allotted to us for the present is filled up, so we must postpone to another opportunity some notice of those famous works by Tintoretto in the upper halls of this building and the Palace of the Doges, in which we hope to find new matter with regard both to the painter and his critic, such as may be not without interest to the reader, after inditing which it is our purpose to close with a few reflections on certain other subjects naturally branching out from these investigations. But, for to-day, let us content ourselves with issuing from these shady precincts to refresh our eyes in the open air with the living Venetian light, and with the beauty it bathes and glorifies, our weary minds. The gondolier awaits us at the *traghetto*, and what a splendour breathes around, as the lively black swan of a boat swims with us up the Canal Grande! the eyes of that most prying yet liberal connoisseur, the Sun, finding out on the walls beside us every curious and minute beauty, every wreathing curve in those graceful window-arcades, every leafy crown of their delicate shafts, and setting them off with all the eloquence of vivid, ardent light, and the most emphatic strokes of deepest shadow. Descending cloudless opposite, he has restored for a few moments the forgotten gilding of the Casa

* We had better subjoin it:—"I would fain join awhile in that solemn pause of 'The Journey into Egypt,' where the silver boughs of the shadowy trees lace with their tremulous lines the alternate folds of fair cloud flushed by faint crimson light, and lie across the streams of blue between those rosy islands, like the white wakes of wandering ships." Nothing can surpass this for inexplicable confusion of images and hues, but the marvel of the thing is that it should be introduced as a description of a picture (and such a picture!) written for the purpose of making us acquainted with the imaginative powers of the painter.

d'Oro (the Casa Taglioni, in other words), that most lightly fanciful and ornate gem of fifteenth-century Gothic in Venice, which is so minutely delicate in its embellishments that the imagination is prone to liken it to some palace worked in filigree by fairies. Now its diadem of light pinnacles shines like the lances of paladins in a line, or rather like the quaint javelins of their opposing turbaned paynimry. Tipped with trefoils, in the full blaze of sunset, its reflections beneath flash downwards long shafts or arrows of vivid gold deep into the tremulous green waters along which we float. Oh, it is pleasant—what can be more so?—to glide at such an hour along this broad sea-street, when evening seems scattering rose leaves on those verdurous wavelets; and the acclamations of vesper-bells come softened over them, and the palaces—so many stately monuments of different ages, illustrious families and deeds—sink in long vista from the utmost splendour of sunset to a solemn obscurity, which, concealing their decay, and all that pertains to the present age of sadness and unexampled humiliation for fair Italy, seems to bring back the glorious olden time to them. We are tempted to turn, and turn again, till night deepens around, and all is so lonely that the single lamp on the Rialto looks as if some solitary anchorite had lighted it, and there held melancholy vigil, praying for the departed dead, whose ruinous and deserted, or desecrated, mansions yet rise around him.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTRESS.

FROM THE GROUP BY R. J. WYATT,

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN.

This group was exhibited in 1849, at the Royal Academy, under the title of "A Nymph of Diana taking a Thorn from a Greyhound's Foot." Within a year from that time the sculptor's career was brought to a premature close, so that the work may be regarded as one of the last on which his hand was engaged, as it may also be considered one of his best. The last piece of sculpture exhibited by him was very similar in subject to this, a marble group of "A Huntress with a Leveret and Greyhound." Subjects of this class are scarcely calculated to draw forth the highest powers of the sculptor, nor the highest embodiments which the art is capable of producing: they belong to the realistic, rather than to the poetical and ideal school; they afford ample scope for accurate modelling of forms, but little opportunity for the superior attributes of graceful action and intellectual expression. As a consequence, we see in the group here engraved a natural realisation of the incident represented, without much poetical feeling or allusion: the figure of the nymph is well modelled, the limbs boldly, rather than delicately, formed, as suited to one whose home is in the forest, and her chief occupation is—

"With bended bow to follow the deer."

The attitude into which the lower limbs are thrown is not the most elegant that could be adopted; but if viewed relatively to the position of the dog, it would seem a necessary position, to preserve harmony of lines throughout the whole of this part of the composition; the extension of the nymph's right leg would have separated—to the eye—the entire figure from its companion: by bending it—in a contrary direction, however, to the body of the dog—the lines meet, and harmonise together in a manner that satisfies the eye while it connects the figures; the two now become parts of a whole: the bow resting against the trunk of the tree in which the huntress is assumed to be sitting is skilfully introduced thus, as it aids in giving solidity to the base, and in effecting a necessary balance to the *weight* of subject on the opposite side. It is quite evident that the work was well and carefully studied.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

EXHIBITION OF PRIZES.

This is the twenty-first year of the existence of the London Art-Union, which arrives at its majority having distributed directly to artists, and immediately in the production of Art-prizes, not less than 184,000*l.* When, in 1837, the subscriptions amounted only to 489*l.* 6*s.*, it seems incredible that they should rise to nearly 18,000*l.* in one year; but so it was, to the confusion of many who had eagerly prophesied that such an institution, regarded with disfavour by the magnates of the profession, could not be successful. The amount of the subscriptions for 1857 is 13,218*l.*, of which 6423*l.* has been paid directly to artists for pictures, and 3547*l.* expended in the production of engravings and other prizes. The highest prize this year is 'The Child's Grave,' by J. H. S. Mann, of the value of 200*l.*, selected from the Royal Academy. The next in importance is, 'The Return from Jack-Fishing in Llangorse Lake, near Brecon,' 150*l.*, by Tennant, selected from the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. The next is a prize of 120*l.*, 'Shades of Evening on the Glaslyn, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington; and there are two of 100*l.* each—'Falstaff promising to Marry Dame Quickly,' D. W. Deane; and a water-colour drawing by T. L. Rowbotham—'Pallanza, Lago Maggiore, Northern Italy—Hazy Morning.' The entire number of prizes is 152, of which 29 have been selected from the water-colour exhibitions; and the prints of the year are 'The Clemency of Cœur de Lion,' and 'The Piper'—the former from the picture by Cross, and the latter from an exquisite small work by F. Goodall; and for 1858, the plate will be after Turner's picture, 'The Conveyance of Bellini's Pictures to the Church of the Redentore,' engraved by Willmore. Of other works that have been selected by the prize-holders there are, 'Winter—Sunset,' G. A. Williams, 75*l.*; 'Leith Hill, Surrey, looking towards Ewhurst, Hascombe, and Hindhead,' G. Cole, 60*l.*; 'Scarborough from the Sea,' J. Danby; 'The Harvester's Repast,' F. Underhill; 'A Family Group,' a small company of goats, a prominent picture in the National Institution, painted by Willis; 'Lausanne—Evening,' H. Moore; 'A Farm in Sussex,' J. Stark; 'Lane Scene—October,' F. J. Soper; 'The Druids' Circle, St. John's Vale, Cumberland;' 'The Stepping Stones,' F. Underhill; 'An English Interior,' D. W. Deane; 'The Vale of Bettws,' F. W. Hulme; 'Crossing the Brook,' J. Henzell; 'Returning from Labour,' A. J. Stark; 'Fishermen's Children on the Sea-Shore,' Bell Smith; 'Cottage Pets,' C. H. Weigall; 'The Stag Rocks, Lizard Point, Cornwall,' James G. Philp; 'Ecclesbourne Glen, near Hastings,' W. Bennett; 'Sorrento, Italy,' T. L. Rowbotham; 'Prawn Fishers,' J. H. Mole; 'Margate Roads—a dirty day,' T. S. Robins; 'The First of October,' Edmund G. Warren; 'At Rotterdam,' J. Burgess, jun.; 'Artist's Life—the Mawd-dack, North Wales,' J. Absolon; 'Interior, North Wales,' A. Provis; 'A Devonshire Fishing Village at Evening,' H. Jutsum; 'The Little Market Woman,' E. J. Cobbett, &c., &c. The interest of the exhibition is augmented by the addition of other pictures, which from time to time have become the property of the Art-Union of London. These are a reduced copy by F. G. Duvall, of 'The Burial of Harold,' from the picture for which the painter, F. B. Pickersgill, R.A., received the government premium of 500*l.*; 'The Surrender of Calais,' painted by H. E. Selous; 'The Crucifixion,' a reduced copy by A. Solomon, from the original picture by Hilton. There are also Frost's 'Sabrina,' and 'The Piper,' by F. Goodall, charming in texture, colour, and depth; 'The Castle of Ischia,' a reduced copy by Denning, from the picture by Stanfield; 'The Convalescent,' a reduced copy of the picture by Mulready; 'Raffaelle and the Fornarina,' a reduced copy by Denning of Callcott's picture; and 'St. Cecilia,' a copy of the fresco in the Houses of Parliament, by Tenniel;—although there is among these works a great proportion of copies, yet there are a few pictures which the visitor will see with pleasure. For the next distribution there will be 'The Queen, as her Majesty appeared at Chobham in 1853,' and 'The Stepping Stones,' executed for the society, by Messrs. Copeland, from the original by E. W. Wyon.

THE ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF PRIZES.

The exhibition of the prizes of the Art-Union of Glasgow was opened on the 10th of August, in the gallery of the Society of Painters, in Pall Mall East. The catalogue numbers 145 pictures, purchased at the cost of 6504*l.*; one marble bust and two casts, of the value of 126*l.*; fifteen Parian groups, 180*l.*; and 1200 portfolios, each containing twelve photographs. The great feature in the rules of this institution is the selection of the prizes by the committee, whereby works of great excellence and value are secured to the prizeholders. Many of the prizes have been transferred from the studio of the painter to this exhibition; they have, therefore, never been seen before, and there are a few which are not yet finished. No. 1 is 'Palanda de la Pava, or Lovers at a Window,' by J. Philip, 420*l.*, a work of rare merit, in which are seen two figures—a Spanish girl, standing within a grated window, whispering to her lover, who stands on the outside. The picture has two lights—a lamp inside, and the moon outside, and the two effects are managed with exquisite delicacy. 'Asses Drinking, Seville,' R. Ansdell, 315*l.*, another Spanish subject; but the animals are mules, not asses, and the muleteer is the same hard-featured old man with whom we have already made acquaintance in another picture by this artist. The next in the catalogue is 'Little Children brought unto Christ,' by F. W. Pickersgill, R.A., 300*l.*, not yet exhibited. 'Venice,' by Louis Haghe, 250*l.*, was seen a year or two ago. 'A Sabbath in Winter,' by J. Ritchie, 250*l.*; 'Sportsmen regaling,' by Louis Haghe, 200*l.*, a picture in oil; 'Flora,' J. Sant, 180*l.*, a large picture of much delicacy, but, we think, a misconception of the subject; 'Lago Laguna,' G. E. Hering, 170*l.*; 'The Auction,' W. Macduff, 170*l.*; 'Hinda,' F. Wyburd, 160*l.*, already exhibited; 'Landing in the Lacon River, County Westmeath,' E. Nicol, 160*l.*; 'A Salmon Trap,' J. W. Oakes, 150*l.*; 'The Auld Stile,' T. Faed, 110*l.*; 'Haymaking,' A. W. Williams, 120*l.*; 'The Covey,' by Wolfe, 105*l.*; 'Morning after a Storm off the Corbière Rocks, Jersey,' J. Wilson, 150*l.*; 'The Tardy Bridegroom,' Thomas Roberts, 100*l.*; 'The Close of an Autumnal Evening,' H. J. Boddington, 90*l.*; 'A Mountain Mirror,' G. Pettit, 90*l.*; 'Caught by the Tide,' E. J. Cobbett, 84*l.*; 'Ludlow Castle,' Niemann, 70*l.*; 'Lara,' E. W. Cope, R.A., 60*l.*; 'Scene from the "Tempest,"' J. G. Naish; a Study, by Baxter, the cost of this is 52*l.* 10*s.*, and it is followed in the catalogue by a lengthened succession of titles, descending in the scale of value to very moderate prices. Of the higher prizes, it must be said that they are of a degree of excellence much beyond that class that are usually left on the walls of Exhibitions for Art-Union prizeholders; and those of the lower graduating scale are selected with much judgment. There are among these works productions which would do honour to any exhibition; and it cannot be doubted that selection by the authorities of the institution is the better means of securing value for the amount of the prize. But there is a rule of the society which operates seriously to the inconvenience of those artists whose resources are not ample; we allude to the suspension of the payment for the selected pictures until December. There are in the catalogue names of painters to whom it were of little moment if the return for their picture were not made for even twelve months beyond the assigned period; but there are others to whom a prompt return for their labour is, as rising men, their only hope of being able to sustain themselves in the competitive struggle that is now necessary to the establishment of reputation. We do not profess to know the rules by which the authorities of the institution govern themselves; and it may be that even the temporary interest of the purchase money may be auxiliary towards the heavy expenses. The Art-Union of Glasgow place themselves in a position to command the attention of the public and of the profession. We find here works hitherto unexhibited, but of great excellence, by Philip, Ansdell, Haghe, Sant, Faed, Baxter, H. Johnson, F. W. Pickersgill, R.A., P. MacDowell, R.A., &c. &c. The engraving for the current year is from Maclise's picture, 'Noah's Sacrifice.'



THE HUNTRESS.

ENGRAVED BY [illegible] ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY [illegible] WYATT,

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN

AN ARTIST'S NOTES.

THE FAMILY OF FIVE.

How much character there is in the hand! How individual it is! It has its physiognomy and phrenology as well as the head. It is peculiar to man, and is the direct agent of his mind: no wonder then it should be so impressed with his character. Our greatest portrait-painters have been the most careful with their hands. Sir Joshua with their *pose*, and Vandyke and Sir Thomas Lawrence with their *pose* and drawing. We instinctively recognise the appearance of the hand as a part of individual character. We see the hand of Cromwell broad, somewhat coarse, with swollen veins; somewhat flat too, but instinct with vigour, grasp, and decision: that of Newton definite and precise, but more delicate; motive, but attenuated by study. As there is great individual character shown in the handwriting, so I see it also in the hand.

Actions and positions of the hand become habitual to individuals. From its structure it is capable of a great variety of these. It is also affected by employment, and when ground and hardened by physical labour, is less delicate, sensitive, and expressive of thought; as indeed is the mind itself. Both are apt to get, as it were, deadened and case-hardened by physical daily labour. So, doubtless, one sees in a man's hand a token of his condition. Without palmistry, it in some degree tells his fortune.

The hand is a family of fingers, with an united interest and common object: a family of five, with each characteristic and individual in itself. Children in their nursery legend associate them in one litter, and run them over from the thumb to the little finger, singing, "This pig went to market—this pig stayed at home; this pig had some roast beef—and this pig had none; and this pig cried, 'wee, wee,' for a bit." In this is seen a common object—the obtaining of the family beef, and also a diversity in the parties concerned; for as with a family, so with the fingers—a strong likeness runs throughout, but the individuals are different in character, tendency, height, width, size, and office.

Thus the first, or forefinger, is the most active and intellectual. The index finger, as it is called, as being used to point with and indicate, and from its assisting more in gesture than any other. It well has its name, too, of "first" and "fore," for it is first and foremost in almost everything that the hand does, especially in its finer and more delicate offices. Thus, in conjunction with the thumb, it chiefly holds the pen and pencil, while it is the whole hand that grasps the sword, the hammer, or the plough. In nothing, that I recollect, that the hand does is the forefinger left out, but with its close assistant, the thumb, is always a-doing when anything is to be done. These two are quite *d'accord*, and it is fortunate they are so, as one without the other would be comparatively useless. As it is, they transact the principal business of the family; the others following their lead, and doing all they can to assist them. Thus, in holding the pen or the pencil, they are the chief agents, yet the middle finger is a very substantial assistant, and follows all their movements, while the fourth finger also gives her support, and even the wee wee little finger comes in now and then to steady the whole hand on the paper.

The hand, indeed, is an example to family circles, all its members so thoroughly pulling together. Without weakening this, however, there are little predilections and pet friendships among them, such as exists between the middle and fourth finger. It is common to see these with their tips whispering as it were, close together like two sisters in a family who are nearest the same age. The two are especially affected to each other's society, and in almost every action they are found of the same mind. Such sociability is not so much the character of the little finger, which, perhaps, being the small one of the family, fancies he has none of his own standing to play with, and so amuses himself after his own fashion. The young gentleman is apt to have a strong will of his own, and is indeed somewhat eccentric and independent; and this the more inasmuch as he really has a muscle all to himself, the *extensor minimi digiti*, which occasionally sticks him out all by himself. He is a good little boy in the main, however, and is generally very happy to help his brother and sisters, as we have seen, in the affair of the pen and pencil.

But to return to the elder branches: I always fancy the thumb to be the sturdy boy of the family, somewhat short of his age, perhaps, but making up for this in strength, and regarding with great deference and affection his elder sister, the first finger, and always prompt to assist her. This eldest sister appears the most *spirituelle* of the family; also much the most a woman of business and of the world, although in stature, to be sure, her next and nearest sister has somewhat outgrown her. The middle and fourth fingers are, as I have said before, the two who keep closest together, being very seldom separated at any time. Yet, for all this, they are ever ready to assist in what has to be done, setting thus an excellent example to all younger sisters.

These diversities of character are more strongly developed in the right hand than in the left, although in both a greater readiness in action distinguishes the first finger and thumb from the rest. The powers of the members of either hand, however, are capable of being assimilated to a greater degree than might be at first thought, as may be seen in instrumental playing, where all are brought into constant action on pretty nearly an equality.

But to quit this fanciful personification of the fingers, I would add two or three purely artistic remarks on their form, and on that of the hand. In cases where grace and beauty are the principal objects, it is desirable, I think, to make the middle finger markedly predominate over the first and fourth, and that the little finger and thumb should be rather small; presenting thus a pleasing taper form, and combining sufficient length with delicacy. In this case, however, it might be said that beauty would err from the scholastic, but not very tenable rule, that utility and beauty are identical; for a hand is perhaps more useful and strong when it is in some respects like that of a monkey, with its thumb and fingers all more of a length, and is more suitable for playing on musical instruments. Such a hand could not, however, in my idea, be as beautiful as one possessing the former proportions.

In a man's hand I would, however, keep utility and strength more in view, and not venture to vary the lengths to the degree I would in a woman's hand; but in this respect character is the guide. In a Hercules or a Samson the fingers might be of a slightly more even length than in an Apollo. In the left hand of the Belvidere Apollo the little finger is small.

Of all the fingers only one is truly straight, having its two sides alike, viz., the middle finger; the other fingers incline at their points towards the middle finger, forming, either with or without the thumb, a tapering group. This is to be noticed not only when the hand is open and straight, but in all degrees of bending and being closed. The thumb also can hardly be said to be straight, as its two sides, where it joins the hand, are not alike.

Beauty in the hand is also connected with the gradual lessening of the lengths of the parts from the wrist towards the end of the fingers, which gradation is best observed in a bent hand, beginning with the space from the wrist to the knuckles as the first and largest measurement; from the knuckles to the first joint of the fingers as second, and as less than this in the proportion of about two-thirds, which proportion holds also in the decrease of the next spaces, viz., from the second to the first joint, and from the second joint to the end. Thus the length from the tip to the second joint is two-thirds of that from the second joint to the first, which is two-thirds of that from the first joint to the knuckle, which in turn bears the same proportion to the first bend of the wrist. There are small diversities in this respect in the different fingers, but a gradation closely approximating to this holds with all. A false idea of grace has led to making the tips, or end joints, of the fingers too long, as if by an afterthought; but faithful delicacy and beauty does not admit of a true balance being destroyed, but requires the parts to be duly and naturally tapered in length as well as width.

The Greeks, in their statues, frequently cut the nails rather straight across; that is to say, they did not make them follow the line of the tips of the fingers, nor that of their own growth from out the finger. I venture not to be convinced of this being either most reasonable or most graceful. The nail is Nature's protection to the end of the finger; in some handwork it wears away conformably with the shape of the tip. I confess I like the nails as close, or closer, at the angles as in the centre, by which means an even curve is obtained, repeating very nearly that of the tip of the finger, and beautiful as well as convenient, affording a double line—a kind of little rainbow arch—as the finial to the finger.

There is a due medium in length of nails, in which beauty and utility coincide. The nail is wanted just a little protruding, so that it may pick up things, but not too long, for fear it should tear. I have seen some fingers in statues look as if they had been bitten to the quick: whereas, on the other side, the only defect in Vandyke's hands is that the nails are often too long, projecting beyond the ends of the fingers: but this may have been the fault of the fashion of the day and the sitter, and not of the painter. I like best the line of the tops of the nails to be round, and close at the corners; the whole nail thus having a filbert, oval shape, with the little white moon at the base peeping up from below into an ellipse of a pink-tinted sky.

There is something to me very uncomfortable, as well as unbeautiful, in a projecting edge of nail; it becomes a danger instead of a protection. The Chinese—that strange people who do everything that other folks do not—cultivate them into long talons, that is, many of the so-called upper classes do, to show they do not work; a practice resulting in a very bird or wild-beast-like appearance—fierce but useless, and on a par with the hideous faces they paint on their war-junks to frighten the barbarians. The infatuated devotees of India, who dedicate a limb to their Creator by rendering it useless, and with this object keep a joint in one position till it becomes stiff and grown together, have a favourite position for an arm, which they will hold and tie in an upright position till nature fixes it there, with the hand and fingers clenched, which become equally fixed and immovable. In this position the nails continue to grow, which they do quite through the hand, and issue forth at the back, hanging in long strips. Fortunately we do not do such things here, the strongest manifestation in the way of nail growing being the schoolboy trick, that cherishes some pet nail till it grows so long as to be made into a pen, and written with.

Each joint of the hand has a different character: the knuckle has a sort of petella shape, with a tendon running over it, as at the knee; the next has a somewhat heart-shape, with the point downwards; and the last is like a double bean. These are most seen when they are bent; when straight they are not so apparent, and in women and children they sink into dimples, either simple or complex.

Among the many points to be observed in hands, it may be noticed that in those that are most graceful the sweep of surface across the back of the hand is not one round, but sinks in somewhat along the metacarpel bone of the fourth finger. In perfectly beautiful female form, the hand is also so proportioned to the wrist, and so pliable and capable of being compressed into a long hollow, like a rolled leaf or a pholas shell, as to be easily drawn through the bracelet. Everybody, mothers especially, acknowledge the great beauty of little babies' hands, although they do call them "puds,"—being an abbreviation, I suppose, for puddings,—alluding to their fatness. But there is nothing merely puddingy in a beautiful infant's hand, although the roundness of the form is carried to the extreme consistent with beauty, which, however, is again harmonised by the smallness of the scale. On the contrary, there are a vast variety of little sweeps and deviations of line in it not coinciding with segments of circles, but of various characters that in their aggregate produce the most agreeable flourishes of form all over it imaginable, and result in a most varied, beautiful, and graceful image. A dear little child's hand, in all the simplicity and *abandon* of repose lying on the white coverlet, is a perfect little nest of love to a mother's heart: and, with a true sense of the bathos of the addition, I may say also a perfect study to the artist, both in form and colour, pink as a shell, and soft and graceful as a flower.

I hope I shall not, however, lose with mothers by saying, that, artistically, a beautiful woman's

hand is a still more perfect object. The curves that draw this are of a character more truly productive of beauty than those which describe the former. They are less of circles and more of ellipses, and the more lengthened conic sections are more graceful in the outline of objects than the shorter ones. I may be perhaps allowed, *en passant*, to make the observation that the varieties of the perfect sweeps of the conic sections might well, in artistic views of form, accompany, if they did not supersede, Hogarth's line of beauty. For my part, I invariably see elliptic or parabolic curves in every beautiful form of nature I meet with, and in none more than in a beautiful female hand.

There is "in the trade," as the plastermen call it,—that is to say, sold generally in the plaster cast shops, and more or less good according to the mould in which it has been made,—a beautiful female hand, well known by the name of the "Italian lady's" hand. It also has been said to be the hand of the Marchioness Brinvilliers,—a celebrated criminal mentioned in the "*Causes Celèbres*," who committed so many dreadful murders by poison that she seems to have been possessed by the fiend indeed. One would have been sorry to think that so exquisite a hand could have done such evil deeds, and mixed the potion for so many deaths, and one is glad to know that there is no real foundation for this pedigree. The true origin of the cast seems, indeed, to be lost, further than that it came at first from Italy. It bears on it intrinsic evidence to the artist's eye, in the individuality of its parts, that it is not wholly a work of Art, but moulded from life: yet the texture and minor marks of common nature are not on it. What seems most probable is, that the original cast was moulded from an exquisite example in nature, which was afterwards somewhat touched on by an experienced artist. It is in the highest degree delicate and refined, though pulpy, and reposed, though vital and motive; and we are at liberty, I hope, to believe, in spite of dreadful stories, that it originally belonged to a good, amiable, and refined woman, in all respects an ornament to her sex.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM BRADLEY.

The career of this distinguished artist has been so much connected with Manchester, and the features of so many of our "notabilities" have been portrayed by his pencil, that a short notice of his life and works may not be unacceptable. Mr. Bradley was born in Manchester on the 16th of January, 1801. He had the misfortune to lose his father (an ingenious and inventive man, who resided at Garratt Hall) when only three years of age, and commenced life as an errand-boy in a warehouse, at the small wages of three shillings weekly. Art draws her votaries rather from the field and the workshop than the mansion and the palace, and so she took William Bradley from the packing-room of Messrs. Weight, Armitage, and Co., and at the early age of sixteen we find him practising entirely as an artist. His beginning was humble enough; he took black profiles at one shilling each, and advertised himself as "portrait, miniature, and animal painter, and teacher of drawing." He had a limited number of lessons from Mather Brown, then in high favour with the Mancunians, in whose mind, it is said, Bradley excited strong feelings of jealousy. At the age of twenty-one he went to London, where his friend Mr. Leveson treated him with great kindness. He first took lodgings in Hatton Garden, but subsequently removed to Gerrard Street: he obtained an introduction to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who took great interest in his works, and allowed him to bring them at all times for inspection. Mr. Bradley now became established in the metropolis, but occasionally paid a flying visit to his native town. In 1833 he paid a longer visit than usual to Manchester, accompanied by his friend, Mr. R. B. Faulkner; they worked together in the studio of Mr. Charles Calvert, the landscape-painter, in Princes Street; and in the same year Mr. Bradley married Mr. Calvert's eldest daughter, and, after the lapse of a few months, again returned to town. In the year 1847 Mr. Bradley removed entirely to his native town, where he continued to labour at his profession with devoted ardour; it was, however, obvious to all that his health was shattered, and his brain more or less affected. He lived a sort of misanthropic life, frequently never stirring from his studio for months together. He died at his rooms, at Newall's Buildings, on the 4th of July, of typhoid fever. In his illness he received the devoted attentions of his wife and daughter up to the last hours of his existence. As an artist, Mr. Bradley undoubtedly possessed high talent; and though showing but little of the creative faculty, and chiefly confining his attention to portraits and fancy heads, what he professed to do he certainly did admirably, ever giving the most elevated and exalted character to the subject that came under treatment of his pencil. His heads are remarkable for skilful drawing, and he was not second to any man of the day in producing a striking and intellectual likeness. He excelled in colouring, and wrought on purely philosophical principles, deduced from earnest study of the works of the great masters. His knowledge of light and shade was profound; and his proficiency in this most difficult branch of artistic study contributed in a large degree to the success of his works. His fancy pictures are numerous, consisting mostly of beautiful female heads. Bradley's practice was chiefly based on the works of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Raphael, and on the principles deduced and exemplified by their followers in our early English school—viz., Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence; "trying," as he said on his only visit paid to the Art-Treasures Exhibition, "to do something which should have resemblance to their work, putting touches which would puzzle the many to tell the meaning of, and which, when the work was done, would please people in spite of themselves." His perceptive powers were very extraordinary, enabling him at once to detect that which constituted the success or failure of a picture. Although in the receipt of a large income for many years of his life, such were, we regret to learn, his improvident and heedless habits, that his widow and four surviving children are left in very unfavourable circumstances. The following are the names of some of Mr. Bradley's sitters:—Lords Beresford, Sandon, Denbigh, Bagot, and Ellesmere; Sirs E. Kerrison, John Gladstone, Benjamin Heywood, Robert Jeppings, and Thomas Potter; Colonel Cureton, C.B.; Colonel Anderton; W. E. Gladstone, Esq., M.P.; Sir James Emerson Tennant; Sheridan Knowles, W. C. Macready, Dr. Dalton, Charles Swain, Liverseege, John Isherwood, John Brooks; Joseph Brotherton, Esq., M.P.; Pudsey Dawson, Esq., Hornby Castle; Rev. Canon Stowell; Rev. H. W. M'Grath, &c. We have only to add that the youngest son of Mr. Bradley displays a remarkable talent for drawing, and, with due cultivation and training, promises to add another name to our list of local artists. This training, it is understood, the necessitous circumstances of his widowed mother preclude, and it has been suggested that an appeal should be made to the public, and especially to those whose portraits have been painted by the late Mr. Bradley, to assist Mrs. Bradley in maintaining and educating her family, and especially the son referred to (now about fifteen years of age), in placing him to pursue the study of Art under proper circumstances and discipline.

MR. C. TURNER, A.R.A.

This eminent mezzo-tinto engraver died on the 1st of August, at his residence, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Turner was a native of Woodstock. He came up to London with his family when a youth, and was introduced into the establishment of the late Alderman Boydell, where he acquired his taste for the Arts. Among the plates he engraved were several of his namesake's—"Liber Studiorum" and his "Wreck;" many of Lawrence's portraits of distinguished personages were also engraved by him. In the Academy exhibition of last year he exhibited some "Academy Figures," sketched by him in the year 1794, when he was about twenty years old, so that it is presumed he was a pupil of the Academy about that time, and doubtless must have known Reynolds, or at least have seen him, when Sir Joshua, who died, in 1792, was engaged for Boydell in painting pictures for the alderman's magnificent edition of Shakspere. By the death of Mr. Charles Turner another of the few remaining links that bind the English school of Art as it now exists with its earliest foundation is lost to us. It is probable that, in a future number, we may be able to give some particulars of the career of one whose long and intimate acquaintance with the artists of this and the preceding generation cannot but have produced much that would be interesting to know.

MR. JOHN BIRCH.

Mr. John Birch died at South Hackney, near London, on the 29th of May. Although but little known in the "Great Metropolis," the chief portion of his life having been spent in Sheffield, he achieved an enduring reputation in that town as a portrait and landscape-painter. He was born at Norton, Derbyshire (the birthplace of Chantrey), on the 18th of April, 1807, and, as a boy, gave early indication of his love of Art, his leisure hours being absorbed in sketching the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood, notwithstanding he had never seen a print nor drawing of any description. For some time he assisted his father as a file-cutter, a business he relinquished for a situation at Mr. George Eadon's, carver and gilder, Sheffield, with whom he remained seven years, and then determined to commence the arduous profession of a portrait-painter. To perfect himself in the art he went to London, and studied under H. P. Briggs, R.A. Here he received many commissions to paint the portrait of the late Mr. Cocker, of Sheffield, from the original by Briggs, and was so successful, that it was difficult to distinguish the copies from the original. Mr. Birch lost no opportunity that presented itself of studying the great masters of his loved art, and accordingly became a devoted student of the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Cuyp, Murillo, Wilkie, Constable, and many others. In consideration of his ability, he was elected a life-student of the British Institution. Several of his landscapes consist of views of the magnificent scenery in Derbyshire: "Dovedale," "Miller's Dale," "Matlock High Tor," and the "Entrance to the Peak Cavern," were favourite subjects of the artist's pencil. He was an intimate friend of the late Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymer, of whom he painted many portraits—in fact, Mr. Birch was the only artist to whom the poet sat. The half-length portrait of Elliott among the rocks of Rivilin attracted very great attention at the exhibition in aid of the funds of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution, which took place at the Music Hall in 1839. The origin of the picture was as follows:—The poet and painter walked from Sheffield one summer's morning to the valley of the Rivilin, and lighting upon a most romantic spot, Elliott suggested that the rocks and the gushing stream would make a glorious background for a portrait. The artist soon "rubbed in" a portrait of Ebenezer Elliott, with the rocks, as suggested, for a background; and while the artist was busy with his pencil, the poet took out his pen, and the lines called "Ribbledin, or the Christening," were composed on the spot.

John Birch was a man of enlarged and liberal views, and of great conversational powers. For some years past he resided in London, making occasional visits to Sheffield; during his last visit he painted about forty portraits in nine months. He then returned home, and in little more than two months died from disease of the chest, after protracted and severe sufferings. Within a few days of his decease he talked of his friend Ebenezer Elliott, and he was so unconscious of the near approach of death, that he determined upon going to Manchester to see the Art-Treasures Exhibition. He has left a widow and son to mourn the loss of an upright and honest relative.

M. LASSUS.

The French papers of last month announced the death, in Paris, of M. Lassus, one of the best of the architects of France. His principal works are the restoration of the Sainte Chapelle, a beautiful edifice, and of the Cathedral of Notre Dame; the last is still unfinished. M. Lassus possessed very considerable talent, and was much esteemed; he died at the age of fifty.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXVIII.—JOHN GIBSON, R.A.

THE name of one sculptor only, that of Flaxman, has hitherto been brought before the notice of our readers in this series of biographical sketches. Two reasons may be assigned for such inequality of numbers: the first, and most obvious, being the limited list of sculptors of the British school, in comparison with the long catalogue of painters; the second, that sculpture in general cannot, from its essential nature, supply such varied and popular materials for illustration as painting supplies. But when, as in the case of Flaxman, and now in that of Gibson, we meet with works that are the glory of the country in which we live, and the admiration of Europe, it would be unjust towards such men and their productions to exclude them from our pages.

More than eight years ago we published, with a portrait of Gibson, a memoir of his life, from the pen of a lady whose writings upon Art hold a very high position amid the best literature of our day. Presuming, from the lapse of time since the appearance of the article, that the majority of our readers will have forgotten the incidents therein related, we shall refer to it for such information as may answer our present purpose.

John Gibson was born at Conway, Carnarvonshire, in 1791. His father, a native of Llanidan, in the Isle of Anglesea, was a landscape-gardener; he went over to Conway to lay out the grounds of a gentleman, and continued his residence there for several years. The son's taste for Art early developed itself by drawing animals, chiefly, on his father's slate; but there was little in the small Welsh town to foster the child's progress, nor did his father pay much attention to what seemed an innate faculty of the boy. When the latter was about nine years old, the family, whose circumstances were by no means prosperous, removed to Liverpool, with the intention of emigrating to America, but their plan was never realised. In Liverpool, young Gibson saw much that increased his earnest desire after Art. "On his way to and from school he lingered, spell-bound and enchanted, before the prints in the shop-windows, struck with a new sense of beauty, filled with vain longings to possess, to imitate. Hopeless of obtaining what he so admired and coveted, he hit upon a singular plan of study. He would stand for a long time before some particular print, dwelling on a single figure till it was impressed on his memory, then he would run home quickly and imitate on paper the action or attitude, then return to the window again and again, and correct and recorrect his drawing till it was completed. This habit of drawing from recollection stimulated his perception and strengthened his memory for form; and he has been heard to say that the advantages thus oddly obtained were of incalculable importance to him in after-life. It was interesting and amusing too that, even thus early, with the study of Art as a taste, grew the practice of Art as a profession. He used to dispose of his drawings to the school-boys, and was thus enabled to obtain what the poverty of his parents denied to him—a little pocket-money. One of his school-fellows having received from his mother the gift of a new prayer-book, wished to honour the gift by an 'illustration' on the blank page. He applied to Gibson. The subject selected—from what notion of the fitness of things it would now be difficult to guess—was 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' from the print after David's picture, which they had seen at a shop-window. The drawing was made, the boy gladly paid sixpence for it, and stuck it as a frontispiece in his prayer-book." At the age of fourteen, Gibson's school-days were over, and he was asked to choose his profession. He tried to prevail on his parents to article him to a painter, but the requisite premium was beyond their limited means, and he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. The business, however, was of too mechanical a nature for his taste, and, after serving a short time, he induced his master to cancel his indentures, and bind him over again as a wood-carver. In this employment, carving scrolls and ornaments for furniture, he



"HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE CONCERNING THEE."

passed two years, when, chancing to visit with a young companion the marble-works of Messrs. Francis, new thoughts and ideas, arising from what he saw there, filled his mind with surprise and disquietude. Sideboards, glass-frames, table-legs, and all the various decorations of "household-furniture" weighed as nothing in the balance against cupids, monumental urns, marble and stone works of every kind. Returning to his old workshop, he threw down his tools, and told his masters, who highly respected him, and treated him with invariable kindness, that he "would never work for them any more—he *would* be a sculptor."—"Not work!" said they; "we will have you up before the magistrate, and you shall serve the rest of your time in jail." He remained immovable. "They had been most kind to me," said Gibson, once, in relating his part in this transaction, and speaking with deep and simple-hearted feeling, "and I was, as I now think, horridly ungrateful; but there was something working too strong for me or any one to control—I felt it must be, there was no help for it." Mr. Francis, hearing of the circumstance, went to the cabinet-maker, and generously paid him the sum of £70 to redeem the lad from his servitude, and for the third time Gibson signed articles of apprenticeship. He was now in the workshops of his new masters, on the high-road to the point at

which all his desires aimed, and his industry and talent very soon rendered his services of the highest value to his employers.

But even the marble-works were not, after a little time, a field wide enough for the aspirations of the young sculptor—he panted to be released from such comparatively mechanical labours; and one day, through the kindness of his master, he was introduced to the late Mr. Roscoe, then rich, prosperous, and highly respected for his intellectual qualities as much as for his wealth. Mr. Roscoe invited him to his residence at Allerton Hall, lent him prints and drawings to copy, introduced him to friends and relatives, especially Mrs. Lawrence and her sister Mrs. Robinson, two ladies whose taste, accomplishments, and patronage proved of the utmost service to their *protégé*—in a word, to Mr. Roscoe and his family is due all the honour of extricating Gibson from obscurity, and placing him in a position to work out his high destiny. His generous and kind patron had intended to send him to Rome at his own expense, but the misfortunes which overtook Mr. Roscoe, and which elicited the strongest sympathy of the thousands who knew him personally or through his writings, frustrated the plan; yet, though his own purse was too scanty to furnish the requisite sum for such a purpose, some munificent gentlemen of Liverpool, influenced by the representations of himself and Mrs. Lawrence, entered into a subscription to send the young sculptor to Rome, and maintain him there for two years. From that time to this, a period of forty years, Gibson has resided in that city of Art, though paying frequent visits to his native country, generally about the period of our Art-seasons; but he was, we believe, twenty-eight years in Rome without once coming over to England, so unwilling was he to forego, even for a few months, those labours which were all his delight.



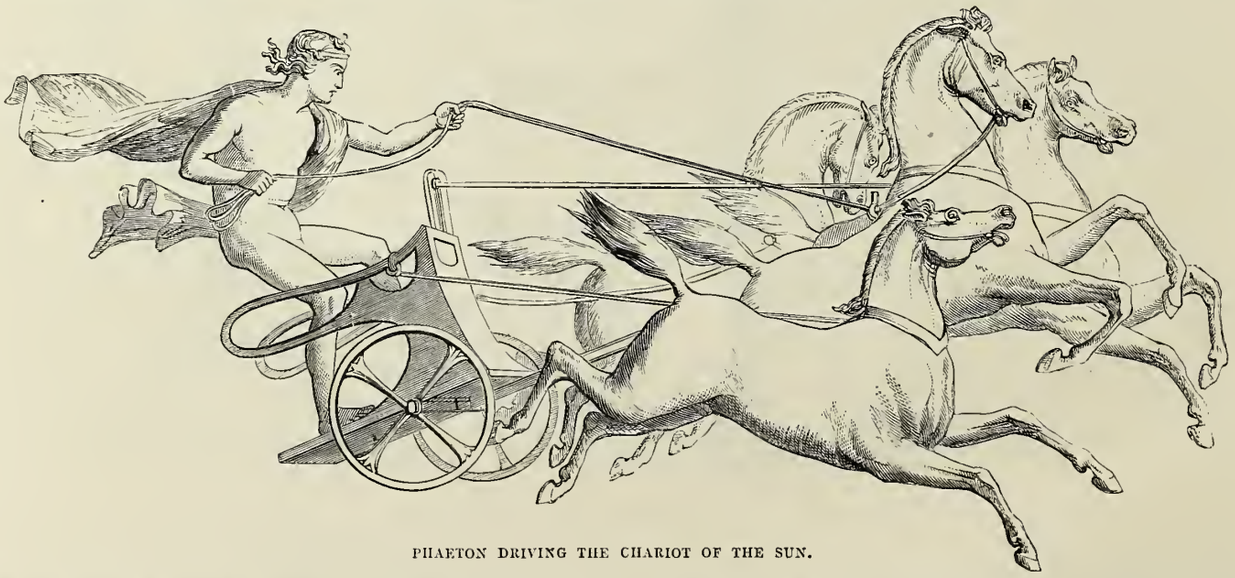
LOVE PURSUING THE SOUL.

On his way to Italy, he stopped for a few days in London, where he was introduced to Lord Brougham and Mr. Watson Taylor, a well-known patron of Art. The former gave him a letter of introduction to Canova; he had, before leaving Liverpool, been furnished with one by General d'Aguilar, brother of Mrs. Lawrence; and Mr. Taylor gave him several commissions for busts of himself and his family, together with a cheque for the sum to be paid for them, so that Gibson's purse was far from indifferently filled. In London, also, he made the acquaintance of Flaxman, who offered him much friendly counsel and advice, of which Gibson was not slow to avail himself.

Towards the end of the summer of 1817, the young Englishman presented himself, with his letters of introduction and his sketches in his hand, to Canova. His reception was all he could desire, and, at a second interview, this generous-minded Italian artist addressed him thus:—"I have been thinking much about you; with steady industry you will become a great artist. I know that many men of great talent come to Rome to pursue their studies with very little money in their purses; now, the want of means must be no obstacle to your progress. I am rich; you must allow me to pay all the expenses of your sojourn here till your own talent and industry have rendered you, as they certainly will render you in time, independent of everybody." Gibson, with strong expressions of gratitude, declined the liberal offer of Canova, alleging that he had ample funds to maintain himself with economy during the two years he — then — proposed remaining in Rome.

In the studio of Canova Gibson worked assiduously for three years: at the expiration of this time he left it, and opened one for himself in the Via della Fontenella. "Here," says the author of the article on Gibson previously published, "I found him at work in the year 1821, on his beautiful group of 'Psyche borne by the Zephyrs.'" In the self-same studio he was found twenty-six years afterwards, modelling the exquisite bas-relief of the "Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun."

On the death of Canova, whom Gibson always calls his "noble master," he "placed himself under the directions of Thorwaldsen, and, aided by the instructions of this admirable artist, and by his own manly and moral sense, he has shown



PHAETON DRIVING THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN.

that he could emulate the grace and elegance, without being led into the faults, of his first instructor." Several years, however, passed away before the English public had the opportunity of judging of the works of one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, or even of knowing that in the solitude of a Roman studio a young sculptor was industriously and enthusiastically working his way to imperishable renown. The first contribution sent by Gibson to the Royal Academy was in 1827; the subject, "Psyche borne by the Zephyrs," a group commissioned by the late Sir George Beaumont. In 1829, he exhibited a "Cupid;" in 1831, a "Nymph untying her Sandal;" in 1833, "Venus and Cupid." The exhibition of these four works was considered by the Academicians quite sufficient to justify them in electing the sculptor an associate: in 1836 he was elected a full member of the Academy.

The first commission Gibson received in Rome was from the Duke of Devonshire. One day, while he was at work upon a model of "Mars and Cupid," a

tall young man entered his studio. "Are you Mr. Gibson?"—"Yes, Sir." The stranger modestly announced himself—"The Duke of Devonshire. Canova has sent me to see what you are modelling." The duke looked at and admired the work on which the sculptor was engaged, and ordered it to be executed in marble for him, as well as another bas-relief—"Hero and Leander," which he had modelled at the request of Canova, from a drawing made for Mrs. Robinson. Both these works are now at Chatsworth; *replicas* of the former were executed for the late Emperor of Russia and Prince Torlonia. Many of Gibson's sculptures have found such favour with amateurs that he has frequently been called upon to reproduce them.

Among the most famous poetical statues of Gibson we would point out, besides those just mentioned, "Aurora," a winged figure bearing two ewers, engraved in the *Art-Journal* for September, 1849; a "Greek Hunter and his Dog,"—these two beautiful works were executed for the late Mrs. Henry Sandbach, of Liverpool, daughter of his early patron, Mr. Roscoe: a duplicate of the "Hunter" was subsequently made for Lord Yarborough; the "Sleeping Shepherd," executed for Lord George Cavendish, and repeated for the Duke of Northumberland; "Sappho," in the possession of Mr. Ellams, of Liverpool; "Proserpine," executed for Dwarkanath Tagore, of Calcutta; "Hylas and the Nymphs," in the Vernon Collection, and engraved in the *Art-Journal* for January, 1854; and a "Venus," which has been completed some time, and is destined ultimately for the public hall of Liverpool, but the sculptor, hitherto, has been unwilling to release it from his studio in Rome.



PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRUS.

To the bas-reliefs already referred to may be added as among the most striking and important—"Amalthea feeding the Infant Jupiter," in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle; "Cupid and Psyche," in the collection of the Queen, and engraved in the *Art-Journal*, January, 1856; "The Angel of Hope," a beautiful figure, also engraved in our publication, July, 1855; a "Wounded Amazon leading her Horse;" the "Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun," executed for Earl Fitzwilliam; and "Hebe pouring out Nectar for Psyche."

Of Gibson's portrait-statues the first place must be assigned to the statue of the Queen, engraved in the *Art-Journal* for May, 1849; this noble example of sculpture is placed in the vestibule at the top of the grand staircase in Buckingham Palace; a duplicate is at Osborne. Another statue of Her Majesty the Queen, demi-colossal, represented sitting on her throne, with Justice standing on her right hand and Clemency on her left, is erected in the Prince's Chamber of the House of Lords. Next in artistic value to the statue of Her Majesty, though antecedent to it in date, is that of Huskisson, a commission from the mercantile community of Liverpool; it is placed in the cemetery of that town, under a small Greek temple; a second statue, in bronze, presented by the widow of this distinguished statesman, stands in front of the Custom-house of Liverpool—it differs a little from the other; and a third, in marble, similar to the second, executed for Mrs. Huskisson, was presented by that lady to the committee of the London Royal Exchange, and now stands in the great room at Lloyd's. The statue of Sir Robert Peel, erected in Westminster Abbey, is another fine example of portrait-sculpture from the chisel of Gibson.

Gibson is the first of our sculptors who has had the daring to introduce colour into his works. In the statue of the Queen he has run a very delicate tint of pale rose and pale blue round the edge of the drapery, the wreath and the bracelet being also tinted with gold colour. But, in the "Venus," of which we have spoken, this innovation—it is such in modern Art—has been carried still further,—the statue is entirely coloured of a pale flesh tint, which gives it the appearance of wax; the eyes are blue, with the pupils marked, and the hair faint flaxen; the only part of the marble left white is the drapery thrown over the left arm, but the edge of the drapery has a border of pink and blue.

All Gibson's ideal sculptures are founded on purely classic models: the reverence for Greek Art, which he acknowledges to possess, is seen in all that he does; his works are eminently distinguished by the utmost refinement of feeling, exceeding gracefulness of form and expression, and by almost unrivalled delicacy of execution: in his bas-reliefs especially, from which all our illustrations on these pages are taken, as being, if the term may be allowed, the most picturesque for our present purpose, he shows himself to be an artist of the highest poetical imagination; while in his personal character he is, like most men of real genius, unaffected, simple-minded, kind, and invariably courteous to all who come in contact with him, whether of high or low degree. Gibson has never married—his art is all the world to him.



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

PROGRESS OF ART-MANUFACTURE.

THE PATENT SILICEOUS STONE, INVENTED BY MR. FRED. RANSOME, OF IPSWICH.

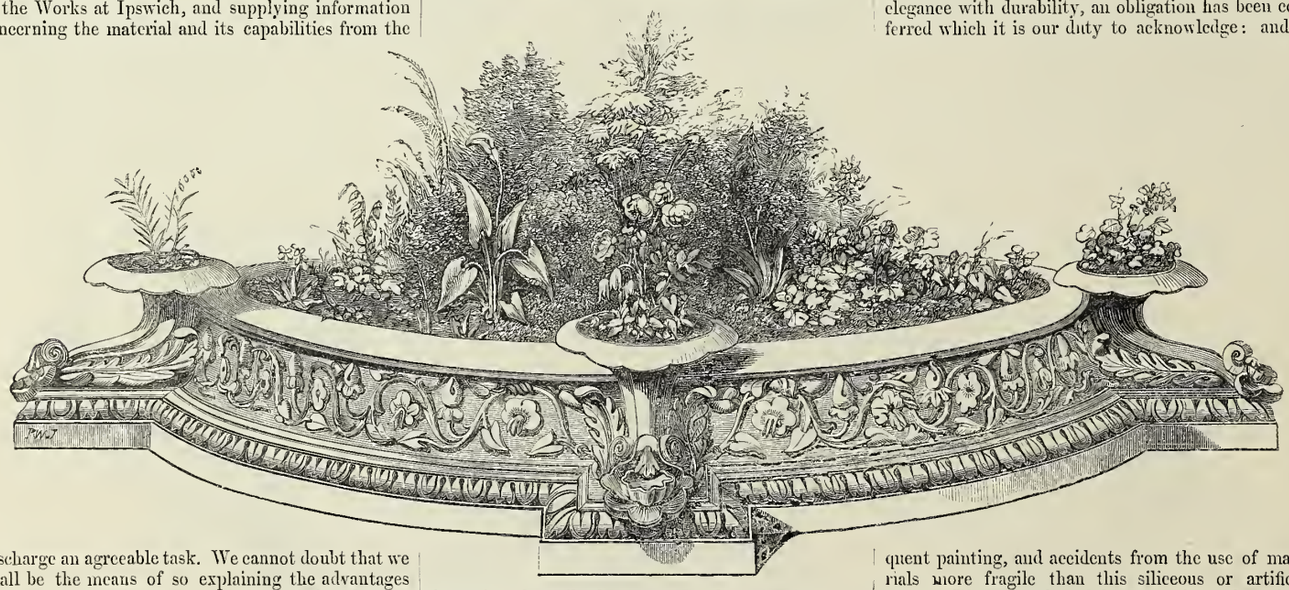
It is with no ordinary satisfaction we introduce this subject to our readers; illustrating this page by engravings from some of the more recent productions of the Works at Ipswich, and supplying information concerning the material and its capabilities from the pen of Professor Hunt. It will be at once seen that, however great may be the advantages of this so-



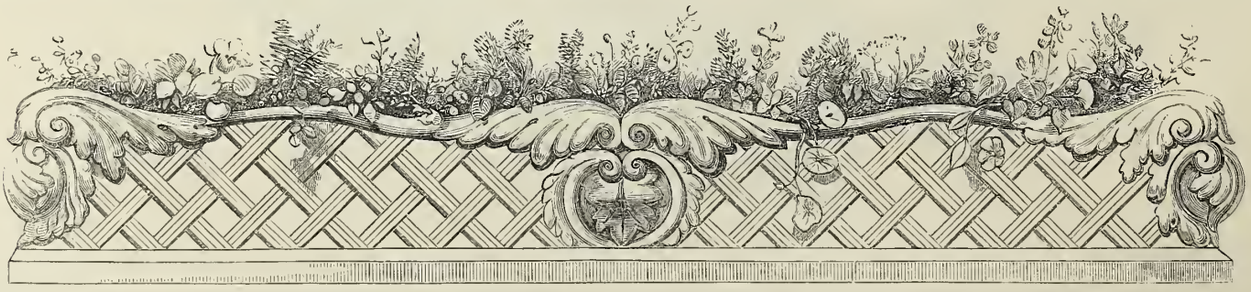




called "Patent Stone" for the purpose of the architect and for larger requirements in building, the co-operation of the artist has been sought and obtained in designs for the more graceful utilities of the greenhouse and the garden. In thus combining elegance with durability, an obligation has been conferred which it is our duty to acknowledge: and so



discharge an agreeable task. We cannot doubt that we shall be the means of so explaining the advantages of these productions as to induce their adoption where such elegant accessories are required, without incurring the evils that too generally arise from exposure to a winter atmosphere, the necessity of frequent painting, and accidents from the use of materials more fragile than this siliceous or artificial stone. We have selected for engraving a few of the many works of this particular class produced at



Ipswich: a large collection may be seen at the Crystal Palace, together with objects of a more substantial character—such as windows for churches, fonts, monumental memorials, enriched caps and bases, balustrades, gate-piers, pedestals, &c. Our selections, however, will serve to show that the manufactures are keeping pace with the advancing taste for elegance of design, in every article which a Manufactory is required to produce.

THE APPLICATION OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 9.—RANSOME'S PATENT SILICEOUS STONE, AND PROCESS FOR PRESERVING STONE.

In the *Art-Journal* for 1849, artificial stone formed the subject of several articles. In one of those the cementing powers of silica, and the methods which had been adopted for using it, as a preservative glaze and as a binding agent, were noticed. Mr. Frederick Ransome had then, recently, brought under the attention of the Institution of Civil Engineers his patented process for forming artificial stone, and it was incidentally, though briefly, alluded to. In the eight years which have elapsed since those articles were written, much has been done towards perfecting a process which, from the first, bore evidence of its high utility; and we now find it brought to such a state of perfection that, in recording, as we desire to do, the progress of Art-Manufacture, we feel the time has arrived for giving a detailed description of Mr. Ransome's process.

In Art we are only successful when we carefully follow out the processes which Nature observes. If we would produce an aggregation of sand, so as to form artificially a stone, we can do so only by one of the methods which Nature has adopted in the production of her coherent rocks. If we attentively note what is taking place upon the hills of blown sand which we find on the western shores of our island; if we examine the processes of consolidation which are in progress throughout the more recent tertiary formations of our eastern coast; and if we read aright those "sermons in stones" which every mass of modern breccia preaches,—we shall discover some of the methods, by imitating which we may be successful in artificially forming a stone.

In some cases we find Nature employing lime, in others silica, and again in others iron, as her cementing material; the resulting rock varying in its physical and chemical characters, as one or the other of those agents had effected the consolidation of the particles. We are informed that Mr. F. Ransome was first led to make experiments in this direction, from observing the peculiarities attendant upon the process of refacing the celebrated French burr stones. It then occurred to him that by carefully selecting the solid particles, and then agglutinating them, if possible, a stone of far more uniform grain might thus be produced, than that which obtains generally in the mill-stone grits, from which, as the name indicates, the stones for our corn-mills are usually obtained. Such was the starting-point of the inventor; and, pursuing a somewhat devious course, and trying processes which were not true to nature, he was for some time unsuccessful. Eventually the true light broke in upon his mind, and SILICA, the grand cementing agent of our hardest rocks, presented to Mr. Ransome the agent of which he was in search. The experiments made with this chemical substance became in the highest degree promising, although still surrounded by difficulties; but, with great perseverance, each difficulty was encountered, and, by degrees, overcome, until at last a high degree of perfection has been reached. The limits of our space will not allow of our following out the history of each discovery connected with this process; it must suffice that we describe the main features, and so much of the manipulatory details as will enable all readers to understand the conditions under which the siliceous stone is formed.

Flint and siliceous sand are the materials employed. If these are fused together the result is a kind of glass; a process of fusion could not therefore be adopted. Flint is a compound of a peculiar metallic base *silicon* (upon this metal M. Sainte-Claire Deville is at present eagerly experimenting) with oxygen, and the compound, which we call flint, possesses the property of combining with an alkali, potash or soda, in different definite proportions. In one proportion we have glass in its ordinary condition, in the other we have a soluble compound of the silicate of potash or soda. The soluble silicate of soda, rendered as neutral as possible, is employed by Mr. Ransome. This silicate is thus prepared:—Caustic soda and flints are boiled together, under pressure;—but a little more exactness of description may be here acceptable. In the first place the soda ley, or caustic soda, is obtained by treating a solution of the carbonate of soda of commerce with quicklime; the lime seizes the carbonic acid, and remains as a solid carbonate of lime, while the soda is held in solution, uncombined with any acid, or, as it is said, in its caustic state. If we boil powdered silica in soda ley, at the ordinary temperature and pressure, we obtain eventually some silicate of soda, but, with a large excess of free alkali, which would be very objectionable in the formation of any stone, giving rise to efflorescence and exfoliation. By exposing, however, flints, as they are found in the chalk formations, to the action of the caustic soda, at that elevated temperature which is represented by a pressure of about sixty-five pounds to the square inch, a soluble silicate of soda is obtained, which is, with proper care, prepared without any alkali in a free or uncombined state. Many precautionary measures have to be adopted before all the conditions necessary are secured. The carbonate of soda of commerce is found always to contain some undecomposed sulphate of soda, and this, if allowed to enter into the composition of the stone, gives rise to efflorescence. To remove this, the clear caustic soda is placed in a tank and treated with baryta—which is prepared by burning the carbonate of baryta with wood charcoal. The affinity of baryta for sulphuric acid is very great, and, consequently, it removes all this acid from the soda, and forms an insoluble sulphate of baryta, which falls to the bottom, and *pure* caustic soda is thus obtained.

The apparatus employed to dissolve the flints consists of a vertical digester, placed in a steam chest, which is connected with a steam boiler. The caustic ley is placed in this digester, and flints in a wire cage are immersed in it. The opening in the top of the digester is closed and screwed down, so as to resist the pressure, when at its full power the steam is turned on: by this means the whole arrangement soon acquires the temperature of the steam, and this is maintained for about thirty-six hours. The fluid is then tested, the workmen usually trusting to the taste: if it is found to be alkaline the heat is continued longer, until it passes off with merely a sweetish taste: a more scientific and accurate mode is to add some hydrochloric (muriatic) acid to the solution, the acid combining with the soda, sets free the silica, forming a white gelatinous mass, which, by its quantity, indicates the strength of the silicate of soda. When the fluid has arrived at that state which shows that it has taken up as much of the silica as it is capable of doing, it is passed into another vessel, in which it is allowed to stand, to deposit any adventitious earthy or other matters which may be suspended in it. It is next passed into an evaporating pan, which has a steam jacket, and evaporated until it becomes of the consistency of treacle, and has a specific gravity of 1·600. This then is the cementing agent.

The materials used in making the artificial stone may be varied for the purpose of producing different effects; but usually they are ten parts of siliceous sand, one part of powdered flint, one part of clay, and one part of the alkaline solution of flint, which has been described. These ingredients are all well worked together in an ordinary pug-mill until the mixture has a putty-like consistence, and appears of a uniform character. This plastic mass admits of being moulded into any form. The moulds employed are of plaster of Paris, which have been painted over with oil to destroy their absorbent character, and then dusted with powdered glass, to prevent the adhesion of the composition to the mould. The soft paste is pressed into the mould, and worked into every part with a short stick, the cast thus obtained preserving all the most delicate cuttings of the mould. Being washed with a solution of the silica, the workman goes carefully over every part, and repairs any defects, or adds any artistic touches which could not be given by the mould. As this material admits of the application of the modeller's skill, in the same way as clay does, there is no reason why works of a very high order of Art should not be executed in it.

The next process is that of drying the artificial stone; in this a great and unexpected difficulty presented itself at first, which has, however, been very satisfactorily overcome. In drying masses of artificial stone it was found that, indurating first upon the surface, an impervious crust was formed, which prevented the escape of the water from the interior, except at a high temperature, and then the surface coating was broken through, and presented unsightly cracks. It became necessary to devise means for drying the interior of the mass first, and to effect this a very ingenious contrivance was adopted by Mr. F. Ransome: instead of using an open kiln in which to dry the moulded masses, he placed them in a closed chamber—into, indeed, the interior of a steam-boiler, which was surrounded by a steam-jacket, to regulate the temperature. In the first place, to prevent any superficial evaporation, while the stones were being raised to the temperature of 212° Fahr., a small jet of steam was allowed to flow into the chamber, and condense upon the stones. Now, by this means all was kept in a moist state, until every part of each mass had acquired the temperature of boiling water, and consequently the moisture escaped as readily from the centre of each mass as from its surface. The dessication is in this way perfectly effected, the steam being allowed slowly to escape from the chamber; the interior of the stone is thoroughly dried, while the exterior is still involved in a cloud of moist vapour.

The siliceous stone, obtained up to this stage, although very hard, is liable to one objection, it may be acted upon by water, the silicate being still soluble in that fluid. If, for example, we precipitate silica from any of its salts, and dry the powder thus obtained, we shall find that it is soluble in water; but if that precipitated silica is exposed to a red heat it becomes absolutely insoluble, owing to some merely physical change in the molecular arrangement. The dried casts of the artificial stone are therefore exposed to a regulated heat, sufficient to produce this insoluble state; and another advantage is gained by the process. It has been stated that into the paste a portion of powdered flint is put: should there be any uncombined alkali in the stone, it fuses at the high temperature to which it is exposed into an insoluble silicate, and thus increased durability is secured for the siliceous stone.

In this material we have indeed the best, that is, the most durable particles of matter—siliceous sand, cemented together with the most perfect binding agent, flint or silica, the whole mass being a semi-vitreous compound of pure silica, and an insoluble silicate of soda. This process of firing requires, however, much care, and many precautions have to be adopted which are not required in the ordinary modes of baking clay.

When thoroughly dried, the articles are taken to the kiln, but, instead of being placed, as earthenware is, in seggars of baked clay, as is usually done in the potter's kiln, the goods are bedded up in dry sand, to prevent any risk of their bending or losing their shapes while burning. Flat slabs of fire clay are then used to separate the articles from each other; and upon these similar slabs are placed, so as to form a shelf, upon which another tier of goods is arranged, and so on until the kiln is filled. The temperature of the kiln is very gradually raised for the first twenty-four hours; the intensity is then augmented until, at the end of forty-eight hours, a bright red heat is attained, when the kiln is allowed to cool for four or five days, after which time the articles are ready for removal.

It will be evident to every one that the patentee, by varying the degrees of fineness or coarseness of his sand, has the power of producing all varieties of artificial stone, from the fine sandstone to the coarser mill-stone grit; and it appears capable of imitating with much exactness the ornamental brecciated masses which many of our native rocks afford.

This artificial stone is applied to the production of a very miscellaneous description of articles. We have statuary of this siliceous mass—garden-stands for flowers, ornamental fountains, chimney-pieces, monumental tablets, with decorations of a very elaborate character, and ecclesiastical ornaments, as mouldings, Gothic foliage, crosses, corbels, pinnacles, and all the variety of architectural aids which are happily being restored in our modern buildings, adding greatly to their effective beauty. The following characteristic description of this artificial stone, from the pen of one who is thoroughly acquainted with all its peculiarities, and with the character of building stones generally, is much to the purpose:—

"The fine crisp, natural texture of Mr. Ransome's stone we believe to be altogether inimitable by any

amount of care or dextrous manipulation on the part of the sculptor, where natural stone is employed. This free, untooled, and natural spontaneity of external texture in the siliceous stone has not been been obtained by any sacrifice of the sharpness in the lines or angles on its surface; on the contrary, it appears capable of receiving an amount of minute and delicate tracery which the most careful touches of the chisel or the file can give no conception of. In examining the external surface of a large seashell, it can hardly fail to escape the notice of the most casual observer, that there is a something in the character of the detail altogether beyond the skill of the most perfect artist to produce. The minute lines and wrinkles which have been the result of a living process of growth cannot be copied by the graver. Something of this quality appertains to the texture of this siliceous stone—it can only be imitated by going through the same process as that by which it has been produced."

As the quantity of the cementing material is varied, and the character of the sand changed, the stone can be made porous or non-porous, as may be desired. Of the stone as ordinarily prepared, the absorbent power is less than that of the Bolsover Moor dolomite, used in the Palace of Westminster, and a little more so than the sandstones from the Craigleigh Quarries, near Edinburgh. Availing himself of the very valuable power at his command, the patentee constructs stone filters and filtering-slabs, which have been largely employed with the most perfect success. We understand that the town of Southampton has adopted Mr. Ransome's filtering-slabs, and that several hundred thousand gallons of water are daily filtered through them. This shows us in a striking manner the entire insolubility of the silica in the composition of the stone.

We have witnessed with great delight the construction in this metropolis, and in many of the great towns of the United Kingdom, of stone buildings. Many of these are of the most ornamental character, and they will eventually be regarded as good examples of our transition state from stucco to stone. Although a very sufficient commission reported upon the building-stones of the kingdom, and upon that report the Bolsover Moor dolomite was selected for the Houses of Parliament, and although the stones of other quarries of much repute have been selected for other buildings in London and elsewhere, it is certain that a premature decay is manifested upon these stones to a lamentable extent. When we find many of our ancient buildings —sacred to us by their historical associations—exhibiting still the tool-marks of the old masons upon their remaining skeletons, we are naturally led to ask, Did our forefathers understand the principles upon which stone should be selected for large buildings better than we do, or are there deteriorating influences now in existence which did not prevail when they constructed the abbeys and castles which still tell us of their constructive skill? It is certain that in many cases we are using stones from the same quarries as those from which the stones for our older buildings were selected. We believe, however, that in very many cases, the question of price has led to the introduction of stones from beds which are known to be of a less permanent character than others existing, but which are more difficult to work. It is equally certain that the volatile and gaseous principles escaping from the coals employed for our domestic purposes, and in our manufactories, do exert deteriorating influences upon the best stones, to which they were not formerly subjected. This being the case, there is an imperative necessity for devising some means of protection. A variety of organic compounds have been from time to time spoken of, but every kind of oleaginous or resinous coating is constantly oxidising by exposure to atmospheric changes, and a renewal of the paint is periodically required. Is it not lamentable, in this age of scientific application to be driven to paint a building of stone? If we *are* driven to this, we may surely return without censure to the economy of stucco.

It was a natural process, that the patentee of the siliceous stone should endeavour to silicify the surface of stone, so as to give it increased durability. Mr. Ransome appears to have succeeded in overcoming many difficulties in the way of applying his siliceous compound, and there is every reason for believing that he has devised a method which is applicable to all kinds of stone, and which produces an exceedingly permanent facing. Mr. Ransome has described his process before the Royal Institution of British Architects, and we quote his own words in description of his process from the society's reports:—

"Having been led to consider the importance of preserving the stonework of our public and private edifices from the decay resulting from the variable condition of our climate, and other causes, I directed my attention to the existing processes proposed for effecting such an object, and more especially to that which has been for some time in use on the continent, in which a soluble silicate is employed, and I found that this process, though having for its base so important and indestructible a mineral as silica, was nevertheless very imperfect in its results. It appeared to me that one great cause of failure arose from the fact that the silicate, being applied in a soluble form, was liable to be removed from the surface by rain, or even the humidity of the atmosphere, before the alkali in the silicate could absorb sufficient carbonic acid to precipitate the silica in an insoluble form. But another great and serious defect in this process still existed, viz., that even were it possible to effect the precipitation of the silica, still it would be simply in the form of an impalpable powder, possessing no cohesive properties in itself, and therefore able to afford but little, if any, real protection to the stone. It seemed to me, therefore, necessary not only to adopt a process which should insure an insoluble precipitate being produced, independently of the partial and uncertain action of the atmosphere, but that, to render such a means efficient, a much more tenacious substance than merely precipitated silica must be introduced; and in the course of my experiments I discovered that, by the application of a second solution, composed of chloride of calcium, a silicate of lime would be produced, possessing the strongest cohesive properties, and perfectly indestructible by atmospheric influences. The mode of operation is simply this:—the stone, or other material, of which a building may be composed, should be first cleaned by the removal of any extraneous matter on the surface, and then brushed over with a solution of silicate of soda or potash (the specific gravity of which may be varied to suit the nature of the stone or other material); this should be followed by a solution of chloride of calcium, applied also with a brush; the lime immediately combines with the silica, forming silicate of lime in the pores of stone; whilst the chloride combines with the soda, forming chloride of sodium, or common salt, which is removed at once by an excess of water. From the foregoing description it will be apparent that this invention has not only rendered the operation totally independent of any condition of the atmosphere in completing the process, but the work executed is unaffected by any weather, even the most excessive rains. Experience has shown that when once applied to the stone it is impossible to remove it, unless with the surface of the stone itself. I do not confine myself solely to the solutions above referred to. In some cases I prefer to use first a solution of sulphate of alumina, and then a solution of caustic baryta, when a precipitate of sulphate of baryta and alumina is formed, the main object being to obtain by two or more solutions, which upon being brought into contact mutually decompose each other, and produce an indestructible mineral precipitate in the structure and upon the surface of the stone."

The rationale of the former of these two processes, which we regard with the most favour, is such that it appears to promise that intimate combination with the stone, and that insolubility of surface, which is the great desideratum. Time alone can determine the real value of this, or of any other process; but one thing is certain, that a siliceous coating, uniformly spread over the surface of any building, and adhering by virtue of its having been absorbed into a considerable depth beneath the surface of the stone, must possess preservative powers of a very decided character, and we hope to witness the results of some large experiments, under the influence of the fuliginous atmosphere of London: any process that will give cleanliness and durability to the labours of the architect in the metropolis is most needed.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

J. Mourenhout, Painter. T. Sherratt, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 9 in.

MOURENHOUT, the painter of this picture, belongs to the modern Dutch School; his birth-place is Eekeren, near Antwerp, but he settled early in life at the Hague, where he is, we believe, still resident. His works plainly indicate that he has made Wouwerman his model; they consist, almost without exception, of skirmishes of cavalry, military halts, interiors of stables, hunting-scenes, &c.; in fact, of all subjects in which he can appropriately introduce, as a leading feature, his favourite animal, the horse. His pictures are much sought after in the Low Countries; and there are few of the principal collections in Holland and Belgium which do not contain examples of his pencil, and they are valuable additions to any gallery.

While the modern historical Art of these two countries—we should, perhaps, rather designate them as one in Art-matters, they have become so intermingled and united—pointedly manifests the influence of the practice of David, the French painter, landscape and genre-painting retain the peculiarities and much of the excellence of the old masters. The originality of the English school, as it has existed during the last fifty years, is principally owing to our artists being thrown back on their own resources; they were preceded by none—or but by two or three only—whose genius so immortalised their works as to make it a species of infidelity not to reverence and imitate them: and herein we believe they have had advantages that far more than counterbalance the good to be derived from following implicitly in the footsteps of any predecessor, however great; an *original* painter, provided he never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature," will always gain a larger share of notice even from those well conversant with Art, than one who only follows in the wake of some distinguished master, and who, in so doing, obviously provokes comparison with his teacher.

We have had in our metropolis within the last two or three years, and there may now be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, abundant evidences of the truth of our remarks respecting the works of the modern Dutch and Belgian schools. The Dutch painters especially, like many of the Dutch shipbuilders, seem to consider they cannot improve upon the old models: the latter certainly might, but we are not so positive about the others; still few critics will be inclined to find fault with them if they equal what has been done by those who have gone before them, and this it can scarcely be denied some do. In passing through the galleries to which reference has been made, one would easily point out among the contributions, pictures bearing the closest resemblance in character and style to those of Ostade, Teniers, Vander Heyden, Ruysdael, Huysman, Kalf, and others.

Wouwerman, so far as our observation has extended, has found fewer imitators than many of his contemporaries, or those who lived about his time: this may possibly arise from his subjects being of a less popular nature; the cavaliers of Holland and Belgium have passed away with the age of chivalry, military halts are unfrequent, and when they occur, offer, it may be presumed, comparatively little interest; hawking, too, is out of fashion, and hunting is not so eagerly followed as a pastime as it was in the days of Rubens, Snyders, and Wouwerman: in a word, it is there as with us, artists of this kind look rather to the present than the past for subject matter, unless it be for some historical incident, in which the animal-painter may have a good opportunity for bringing his artistic powers into action.

Mourenhout's picture here engraved is a charming little work; the composition a reminiscence of the olden time; the grouping of the figures is striking, and the drawing spirited and correct; the time of day is early morning; the masses of dark clouds appear rolling away before the uprisen sun. The colour of the painting is bright and rich, yet delicate and harmonious; it is in the collection at Osborne.



THE

ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

THE probable results of an Art-exhibition, in the spirit of that of the Art-treasures at Manchester, have been much discussed and closely questioned as to their beneficial tendency. But so it was when the British Museum was established on its present footing, when the National Gallery was opened, and when Art-unions were proposed. The tastes of Manchester might not have been known; it is certain they were not understood. An industrial exhibition was supposed to be more consonant with the intelligence of the people. But such an exhibition was opened towards the end of the last year, we believe with success; at least, it was thronged with a company consisting principally of the labouring classes on the occasions on which we visited it.

The purpose of this account of the works of our school is not an examination in critical detail. We are familiar with them, and nearly all have been already described—that is of the recent pictures—in the pages of the *Art-Journal*. The important question is the progress of Art, rather than the reputation of individuals. We must, therefore, regard with some little interest the evidences left us by those whose names occur the earliest in our Art-history; and the more so that these names arose and shone with a sudden burst of splendour, unequalled by the slowly-kindling brilliancy of any other school.

It may not be generally known that Manchester and its neighbourhood contains many of the best collections of English pictures that exist in the country; and from these collections some of the most signal productions of our school have been ceded to assist in enriching the catalogue. We see again these works with infinite satisfaction. The impressions, yet fresh, which they have left since the various years of their first exhibition, are in the majority of instances confirmed as to ourselves—a significant admission, when it is remembered that our school is divided into parties, and the eye has been so cruelly tried by harsh line and harsher paint. The sources whence are drawn the pictorial section of the exhibition are particularly two. The works of the "ancient masters" are in a great measure heir-looms, originally the property of persons who were collectors before we had what we are now pleased to call a school of Art. To their Art-wealth they rarely make additions, because, with the pictures, they may not have inherited the taste; and again, from the difficulty of procuring genuine works. We have witnessed attempts at the formation of collections of the "old masters;" and subsequently, when circumstances rendered it necessary that they should be disposed of, pictures for which thousands have been paid, have been sold under the auctioneer's hammer for less than half as many hundreds. And this has been of incalculable benefit to living native talent. The *impromptu* formation of collections of ancient Art is shown to be unsafe. Most of the famous collections have been gathered from the studios of the painters themselves, and, having during centuries remained either in the family of their first proprietor, or been subjected to but few changes of proprietorship, such works are undoubted, and they do not appear often in the picture-market. A large measure of good has been eliminated out of the malpractices of evil dealers. They have not been able to procure originals, and have therefore manufactured them to an extent which has destroyed their trade by turning the demand upon the works of living English painters; and the patronage of Manchester and the neighbourhood of that place has been most liberal. We have already, in those articles entitled "Visits to Private Galleries," described a few of these galleries; but there are others, containing some of the best productions of our time, yet to be noticed. And who shall then question the propriety of a Manchester Exhibition of Fine Art? When Giorgione and Titian, Velasquez and Murillo, painted, Manchester was not: the ancient masters are not, therefore, rife in Lancashire; but there are English pictures which bear an equal value, and which are yearly growing into greater worth.

Contemporary Art is not sustained by patrons of the same class as that by which it was protected up to even the first quarter of the present century. Art flourished in Italy, especially, under the protection of the Church, the servants of which were intensely scandalised at the mythical essays of the profane Venetians, who lavished on their painters gold without weight or tale, for portraits of themselves and stories from heathen poetry. In the history of the art, we know of no patrons who, as a class, are comparable to those splendid Venetian heretics, save our northern manufacturers. The history of Venice is like a romantic dream; the daily circumstance of the lives of her princes was a poetical tissue; but these are not indispensable conditions to a taste for painting. The potentates of Lancashire live on in solid prose, and yet are magnificent in Art. Both have arisen apart, and stand out in relief,—the former from the ecclesiastical patrons of painting in Italy, and the latter from its noble protectors among ourselves. Those drew their wealth from the silks and spices of the East; to the cotton of the West these are indebted for their riches: and they have contributed their best and most valuable works. We see at Old Trafford pictures which have been the points of attraction in their respective years of exhibition,—pictures which, having seen once, we never forget, and are glad to see again. But in this they have not been imitated by the noble holders of ancient Art. Where are the Warwick Vandykes, and where the Petworth Vandykes? where the Sutherland Cuyp and the Wellington Velasquez? We might chronicle a list of high and noble names, but that is not our purpose now. The Queen has, with the most gracious liberality, allowed the Committee to select from her palaces, but the royal example has not been imitated. Behind what excuse soever the proprietors of these glories of the extinct schools may shelter themselves, we cannot believe that they could not have sent their pictures. The ancient pictures communicate a paramount interest to the exhibition. Thousands who see the collection could have formed before no just conception of the effect of an assemblage of ancient Art. The "Art-Treasures" is a most felicitous idea, and it has, on the part of Manchester, been realised with a noble spirit. It is far behind the wonders of the Pitti Collection; but not so incomparable as to small pictures with the Louvre. The exhibition of Fine Art might have been limited to modern compositions, of which a great part of the catalogue Lancashire and the neighbouring counties might have furnished; but this would have appeared too ostentatious, even could we suppose that such an interpretation would have been received as the fulfilment of the promise held out in the words "Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom."

We know not what causes may have operated to mar the classification of these works, but, arranged as we find them, they do not enlighten the inquirer as to our progress in Art. Such an occasion as this may never again occur of presenting an effectively-illustrated history of the British school. There may have been some inconvenience, occasioned by, perhaps, the late arrival of certain of the pictures; but it had been worth some trifling sacrifice to have hung the works in chronological sequence. This was most desirable for two reasons, of which either were sufficient. These are, the desirability of being able to estimate the advance of the art generally, and to observe for better or for worse the vicissitudes of manner of each painter in particular; neither of which objects can be so conveniently accomplished as when the pictures are hung in their proper succession. Many of the painters are, of course, contemporaries, but their places in the succession would have been determined by seniority. We have not heard why this was not effected, we can only feel that no obstacle ought to have prevented a chronological arrangement. We have, for instance, No. 28, "Portrait of Frank Hayman," Sir Joshua Reynolds; again, No. 42, by the same artist; Nos. 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, and 57, by the same, with others in the same disjointed order: the last of Reynolds's works being No. 163, preceded by pictures by Nasmyth, Dawe, Daniell, Harlowe, Reinagle, and others who were never heard of until long after Reynolds's death. The collection commences with works by Dahl, Aikman, Kent, Jervas, Cradock, Scott, Ramsay, Wootton, Vanderbank, and Hayman. The example of Dahl and that of Jervas are studies from the same person, a little girl—Miss Margaret Cavendish Harley. In one picture she is presented helpless, as it were, in one of the inexorably stiff dresses worn by children in the time of Vandyke; in the other, we see her dressed in blue and silver, like a boy. The pictures by Scott are "Westminster Bridge in Progress," and "London Bridge," two large studies of considerable merit, painted with much firmness.

The extreme feebleness of much of the Art of this period fully justifies the censure with which it has been visited. Those artists on whom public patronage was lavished were portrait-painters; there was no encouragement for professors of any other department. For a portrait-painter it was considered that but little preparatory study was necessary, and hence the faulty design which disfigures the canvases of even Kneller and Lely. Vandyke was prodigiously ostentatious of his hands; he has introduced into portraits hands which really vitiate the composition, and give the figures attitudes extremely ungainly. But Vandyke drew hands with exquisite delicacy, though generally too much of one type. Rembrandt could not draw hands, therefore we find him throw his extremities into shade; and, notwithstanding the example of Vandyke, so it was with our own artists—a little success in executing a head constituted a painter. The drawing in Hogarth's earlier works is faulty beyond everything, as in "The Idle and Industrious Apprentices," "The Rake's Progress," and even in those of his productions which in their day were themes of universal praise, as the "March of the Guards to Finchley," "Southwark Fair," the two last of which are exhibited at Manchester. The "Scene from the Beggar's Opera" is the study for Mr. Murray's picture; it was purchased at Strawberry Hill by Mr. Willett for £57 15*s*. It presents Walker as Macheath, Miss Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) as Polly, Hippisley as Peachem, and Hall as Lockit, with several well-known characters among the audience. The picture was painted for John Rich, the celebrated Harlequin, at the sale of whose effects it became the property of Horace Walpole. The picture, belonging to Mr. Murray, was painted in 1729 for Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk; and another subject, called a companion to this, is from the gallery of Lord Carlisle. "The March to Finchley" was painted in 1750, and is in the possession of the Foundling Hospital. George II., desirous of seeing the work, sent for it; but it was returned to the painter without any observation from the king; in resentment of which, Hogarth dedicated the engraving to the King of Prussia. It is most likely that this famous "progress" was not conducted with anything like the decorum and precision of the military promenades of our own time; but with Hogarth's disposition to caricature, it cannot be doubted that the scene is immensely overcharged with grossness and debauchery; and we cannot wonder that George II. should reject such a picture of the men who, for a time, by their firmness, baffled the attacks of the entire French army at Fontenoy. The most daring of Hogarth's essays was his attempt to rival Correggio, a weakness which he may be very well excused. Curiously enough, both of these pictures are at Manchester, the so-called Correggio being No. 348, Saloon C. It is now assigned to Furini, and it is only matter of surprise that it should have ever been accepted as by Correggio, being so inferior in every way to the quality of that painter. But now that, in the National Gallery and in private collections, the public enjoy opportunities of seeing genuine examples of the most celebrated artists of all schools, such impositions will be less frequent than in the days of Hogarth. The subject of this competitory essay is "Sigismunda weeping over the Heart of her Lover." Hogarth shared with his fellows of our earlier school the mantle of Velasquez, which Wilkie says has fallen among them. His portrait in Marlborough House is his best performance in this direction, and worthy of comparison with anything that has ever been done in portraiture. At Manchester is the portrait of Captain Coram, from the Foundling. But versatility was a feature of the period; even in our own time, of several branches of Art exercised by the same professor, one is made to support the other, save where the artist was exclusively a portrait-painter. To this rule Richard Wilson was one of the melancholy exceptions; he was a martyr to his fatal constancy to landscape, at a time when that class of patrons, of whom we have already spoken, had not arisen. At a much later date the fate of Nasmyth was not dissimilar—even Nasmyth, who is far a-head of all the Dutch land-

scape-painters, as an unpoetical interpreter of every-day nature. When Hogarth sent to a friend, as an invitation to dine, a rough sketch of a pie surrounded by knives and forks, and accompanied, as a legend, simply with the three Greek letters η, β, π, which meant "eat a bit o'pie," such was the public impression of the resources of the art that it was a matter of agreeable surprise and congratulation that Hogarth should have a pie to eat. But Hogarth was everything—engraver, and painter of portraiture, landscape, architecture, conversation, the drama, fabulist, moralist, and caricaturist. He stands alone as the originator of a *genre*, which none who succeeded him have ever attempted with success. In all the coarse and sordid material of so many of the eminent painters of the Dutch school, there is no sentiment beyond a description of passages of the lowest condition of life; and, subsequently, in the more refined license of the French, but little which can be read in a didactic spirit. Hogarth is as coarse as Teniers, Ostade, or Jan Steen; but in his painting of vice the lesson is emphatically given. His most elaborate work, "Marriage à la Mode," in the manner and the essence of its narrative will never be equalled.

When we consider the fame which Reynolds enjoyed, and the knowledge of Art which he had accumulated, we are surprised that he should have done so little in narrative composition. His discourses tell us that he was sensible of more than colour, but he was so entirely absorbed by a feeling for colour as to give himself unreservedly up to it in his practice. Although he wrote against colour, and ranked the Venetian school as only among the third-rate, yet the production of brilliant effect was the enduring effort of his life. His works, apart from poetry, were really what they were, poetical, sentimental, or mythological, by accident—that is, a ruggedly picturesque figure encountered in the streets, and brought home as a study, suggested "Ugolino;" a similiar incident, the "Banished Lord;" when making a study of a child, "Puck" was suggested, and the ears were lengthened and the title given; and something similar is the history of the "Infant Hercules." But, with all his faults and errors, who has equalled him in portraiture? He has painted heads so luminous and life-like as to be surpassed in their best qualities by the productions of none that have gone before or who have yet succeeded him. He spoke disparagingly of the costume painted by Vandyke, but as to pictorial breadth and flow of line, the cavalier dress is incomparably superior to the brown coats painted by Sir Joshua. The flowing curls also of the seventeenth century assist a portrait much more than the perukes and powder of the eighteenth. But Reynolds has made the most of this unseemly attire; in the enchanting colour, argumentative features, and masterly effect, we forget these linear and angular coats, and the time will come when they will be coveted for picturesque quality as much as now is the cavalier costume, so despised in the time of Reynolds. Among the examples of the master there are No. 44, "The Hon. Mrs. Tollemache as Miranda;" No. 45, "The Captive;" No. 46, "Angels' Heads;" No. 47, "Lavinia, Countess of Althorp;" No. 48, "Portrait of Himself in his robes as Doctor of Civil Law;" No. 49, "Archbishop Robinson:" No. 51, "The Duke of Portland;" No. 52, "The Braddyl Family;" No. 53, "Sir W. Chambers, R.A.;" No. 54, "The Rev. J. Reynolds;" No. 55, "Lady Sarah Bunbury, Lady Susan Strangeways, and Charles James Fox;" No. 56, "Girl Sketching;" No. 57, "Young Wynn as St. John." These works show a great diversity of taste and feeling; No. 44 is an admirable example of a practice very prevalent in the time of Reynolds, and before his time—that of presenting the sitter in a poetic or historic character. The lady wears a white dress, she is attended by Caliban, and Prospero appears as a secondary figure; the field of the composition showing one of those charming tree backgrounds—a kind of relief which Reynolds alone has been able to convert into a pictorial passage of the composition. The "Angels' Heads" is a replica of the picture in the National Gallery; it is the property of Lord Overstone, and has not been cleaned so recently as the other, which is in unusually fine condition for a Reynolds. The studies were made from Lady Isabella Ker Gordon, and the picture is perhaps the most exquisite piece of colour that the painter ever executed. In it we see what he means by the note "think of a pearl and a peach." No. 58 is a study of a negro's head, but unfinished; it has been commenced upon ticken very slightly prepared. No. 60 is a portrait of the Countess of Dartmouth, an early picture, with much of the feeling of Kneller. It has not been finished with a glaze, as all his best portraits were, but the flesh is to a certain degree waxy and opaque. This should have been one of the first in the numbers assigned to Reynolds. No. 75 is the "Puck" so long in the possession of Mr. Rogers; it is said in the catalogue to have been painted for Boydell's Shakspere. It was not painted for that work, but it was adapted by Boydell. There are moreover portraits of Lady Jane Halliday, Lady Hamilton, Lady Frances Cole, Sir Richard Worsley, Mrs. Hartley, Samuel Foote, and among others a portrait of George Viscount Althorp, a full-length figure in black satin, in a composition imitated from one of Vandyke's portraits. There is a difference in the head; the features are finished with a broad glaze, which gives the appearance of a work of which the face was painted by Reynolds and the figure and background by Vandyke. Master Wynn as "St. John" is very like a Spanish picture; when Reynolds painted it he must have been thinking of Murillo.

Before we can arrive at a just estimate of the benefits accruing to the English school of Art from the advent of Reynolds, it is necessary to know its condition and prospects before his practice began to have its effect. He had worked in the painting-room of Hudson about, we think, two years, when he was suddenly dismissed by his master, under the pretext of negligence, but in reality from a feeling of jealousy. He had been desired by Hudson to take to Vanhaacken a portrait, in order that the draperies might be painted; but the night was wet, and young Reynolds did not take the portrait until the following morning. Hudson was only waiting for an opportunity of relieving himself of the presence of one whom he felt was already superior to him in knowledge and power; for he did no more than paint the heads in his own works, which were finished, especially the draperies, by this Vanhaacken, who assisted also others in the same way that he aided Hudson. It is said that on the death of Vanhaacken Hudson was embarrassed beyond measure; and, if there was any significance in a caricature made by Hogarth, many others had reason to regret his loss. This caricature represented most of the painters then practising in London assisting in profound grief at the obsequies of the Dutch painter. In order also to avoid the difficulty of drawing and painting hands, Hudson availed himself of certain expedients, of which one frequently repeated was to conceal one hand within the waistcoat and the other within the hat, which was placed beneath the arm. Hudson was the pupil and son-in-law of Richardson, and he enjoyed for many years the reputation of a portrait-painter of the highest eminence, after Richardson and Jervas had quitted the field, although Vanloo, and Liotard afterwards, received a proportion of patronage. The last portrait that Hudson painted was in 1756, twenty-three years before his death, and while yet capable of painting as well as in his best time. Reynolds was then about thirty-three. From the lowest condition in the scale of European Art, the latter raised our portraiture above the standard of that of any foreign school. Lely came to us with the Restoration, and he was succeeded by Kneller, after whom there was a blank till the time of George I., between whose accession and the reign of Henry VIII. there were temporarily or permanently in England only five artists of enduring reputation; these were Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller. During two centuries Art in England was in abeyance. Hogarth was the first English painter who rose into public estimation. Mortimer and Wright of Derby, were pupils of Hudson; but all that is remarkable in their works is that they followed Reynolds rather than their master. From a letter written by Dr. Johnson to Baretti, we learn that Reynolds's income was £6000 a-year; and we know that his house was the resort of the most learned and brilliant men of his time,—all but the home of Johnson and Goldsmith—

> ——"for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll."

It has been urged against Reynolds that he did not embody in any considerable composition the principles inculcated in his discourses. There is truth in this: but it must be remembered that these discourses were the result of his position. He never would have delivered them had he not been in the presidential chair of the Academy. But in delivering such a course of lectures he was bound to illustrate the practice of the great masters of the art. His feeling did not lead him to historical composition—nothing could have restrained an enthusiastic nature like his from the pursuit of its bent.

A few years after the accession of George III. many painters rose to distinction; though the distinction of some was reputation without profit. Barry came forward under the cordial patronage of Edmund Burke. The landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough excited immeasurable wonder—not from the high qualities with which they were enriched, but because any men in their senses should devote any time to such a branch of Art. Poor Wilson felt the force of the objection, but Gainsborough fell back upon his portrait-painting; and in their way to his portrait-room visitors passed without notice a long array of his best and most elaborate landscapes. About this time, too, West came home from Italy, and the first historical subject which he exhibited was considered by a certain set of critics as an impertinent surprise, but by the mass of the *dilettante* public as an interesting curiosity of Art. The works of Gainsborough that we find here are—No. 43, "Welbore Ellis" (Lord Mendip); No. 50, Portrait; No. 70, "Landscape, with cows, sheep, goats," &c., and a number of others; but the most remarkable picture is the famous "Blue Boy," No. 156, the property of the Marquis of Westminster, painted by Gainsborough in presumed refutation of Reynolds's precept, that cold colour, especially blue, is unsuitable for the principal lights and masses of a picture. It is undoubtedly a valuable picture—in high preservation, and Gainsborough has taxed his best taste and utmost powers in its production. It is usual to regard the work as a triumph—as subversive of the principle which Reynolds lays down in his eighth lecture, in these words: "Though it is not my *business* to enter into the detail of our art, yet I must take this opportunity of mentioning one of the means of producing that great effect which we observe in the works of the Venetian painters, as I think it is not generally known or observed. It ought, in my opinion, to be indispensably observed, that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours, be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; and for this purpose a small proportion of cold colour will be sufficient. Let this conduct be reversed; let the light be cold and the surrounding colours warm, as we often see in the works of the Roman and Florentine painters, and it will be out of the power of Art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious."

It is known that there was little cordiality between Gainsborough and Reynolds, and if we consider the bearing of each towards the other, there is reason to believe that while the feeling of Reynolds towards Gainsborough showed a disposition to cultivate friendly relations, the sentiments of Gainsborough towards Reynolds were of a different character. The "Blue Boy" is one of Gainsborough's most remarkable but not one of his most agreeable works. The meaning of the author of the Discourses is sufficiently plain, and the "Blue Boy" in nowise invalidates the precept. There are cold and grey pictures of enchanting beauty; but they are apart from the "splendid" nature which Reynolds means, which he felt so profoundly, and described with such genuine pathos. All painters, in their time, have sought relief for the eye in breadths of cold colour; but inquiry teaches us that these are but experimental and playful essays. One of the most remarkable of these that occurs to us at this moment is the blue Ostade, in the Louvre, in which there are figures in every possible tone and tint of blue. The picture has been executed with some such feeling as Gainsborough painted the "Blue Boy;" but the principle as illustrated by Ostade is carried out in full score, whereas Gainsborough gives us but the key-note and the first bar of the treble. When Reynolds wrote the passage he was not only thinking of his "pearl and his peach," but he was, in turn with Rubens and Rembrandt, with those luxuriously mellow Venetians

that he talks so much about, condemns yet imitates —with fine old Bonifazio, with Fra Bartolomeo, and Andrea del Sarto, seen only in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. The "Blue Boy" is the frontispiece of one set of harmonies, and that which Reynolds means is founded upon another principle of nature, the base of his arguments being that a breadth of warm and mellow colour is more grateful to the eye than a passage of a cold hue—the utmost power of cold colour does not equal the lustrous brilliancy of warm colour. But we have no space further to consider the question. Near the "Blue Boy" there is, by Gainsborough, a charming portrait of Mrs. Graham, but the severity of the expression is a mistake—the features of the lady might have had this repulsive character, but she should not have been painted as a Medea. Gainsborough's landscapes remained a long time in his own possession—with his power in portraiture he could afford to keep them—but eventually many fell into the hands of dealers at reduced prices, and were forced by them into collections of older Art. When West's first picture, "Orestes and Pylades," was exhibited, it was much admired by the possessor of a gallery of ancients, who spoke of the production in terms of high praise to his father, when the latter said, "If you admire the picture so much why do you not buy it?" to which the son answered, "What could I do with a modern English picture in my house? I could not hang it with my Italian and Dutch works." And such was the prevalent prejudice which during seventy years was most oppressively felt by the profession. The same feeling yet exists, and to very many of these collections no modern additions have been made; but other sources of patronage have presented themselves by which in reality the progressive school has been sustained. Between Wilson and Gainsborough there is but little community of sentiment. The former had a settled disposition for sunny, open scenery; the latter painted most commonly close passages of deep tone: in the works of the former there is always a vein of romance; those of the latter are purely domestic, unaspiringly homely, and many of his productions recommended themselves to country gentlemen of strictly local tastes, in consequence of a general resemblance to this or that portion of the home grounds. Gainsborough admired Mola and Poussin, and we trace the influence of both in his works; and although he so frequently painted English scenery with a foreign sentiment, yet he has had many followers, and even in the present day we observe his manner of execution practised by one of the most eminent landscape-painters of our school. The examples of Wilson here are—"Cicero's Villa;" "View on the Thames;" "The Vale of Langollen;" "View on the Arno," and other landscapes, among which is a remarkable version of "Niobe," the property of Mr. Wynn Ellis, besides which there are four others of the same subject, respectively in the Bridgewater Gallery, in Thirlstaine House, in the National Gallery, and in the collection of Mr. Munro, who, by the way, possesses some of Wilson's finest works, as, "Rome from the Villa Madama," and others of equal excellence. Wilson intended himself in early life for a portrait-painter; but on showing Zuccarelli, in the north of Italy, one of his landscape sketches, the latter exclaimed, "Che spirito ha quest 'uomo;" and the expression did not escape him as an idle compliment, but he earnestly persuaded Wilson to become a landscape-painter, and he thenceforward declined portraiture, for which he was but ill-qualified. He painted from mythology. The Niobe story is the best example of his works of this class, in all of which we recognise his deference to Claude and Salvator. His open landscapes, painted from veritable localities, have more of actual truth in them: it is obvious that in Italy he could never forget the atmosphere of England—nor when in England could he ever forget the sun of Italy; but the compositions here are not his happiest successes.

We now enter upon a period in which we observe the influence of Reynolds not only in head painting, but in figure composition. We recognise it in Romney, No. 77, "Lady Broughton," and No. 83, "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante;" in No. 93, Zoffany, "Love in a Village," and "Foote as Major Sturgeon;" in Hamilton, No. 106, "Mrs. Siddons;" in No. 117, Northcote, "La Fayette in the Dungeon at Olmutz;" No. 119, "St. Michael," by Howard; No. 124, "Age and Infancy," by Opie, and, indeed, by all his contemporaries who practised portraiture or figure painting; and the revolution is the more patent in a comparison of the vigour and tone of this period with the cold inanity of the entire interval between the death of Vandyke and the return of Reynolds from Italy. The force and substance of our masculine portraiture after the advent of Reynolds surpassed that of the works of any other period in the history of painting. Much of the vigour and intensity communicated to male heads by Reynolds is attributable to his habitually working from a high light when painting men—a method of lighting not so systematically pursued by Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, or any other artist who was settled in this country antecedently to Reynolds. If we consider the character given to heads by this manner of lighting, it must be agreed that it points rather to the Spanish than the Italian feeling; and this it is that gave occasion to the observation of Wilkie (his Life, vol. ii., p. 486, writing from Madrid), that "Velasquez, however, may be said to be the origin of what is doing in England. His feeling they have caught almost without seeing his works, which here seem to anticipate Romney, Reynolds, Raeburn, Jackson, and even Sir Thomas Lawrence. Perhaps there is this difference, he seems to do at once what we do by repeated and repeated touches. It may be truly said that wherever Velasquez is admired, the paintings of England must be admired with him." Fuseli, in a note to one of his lectures, takes a view somewhat similar of the sources of our style:—"But in oil," he says, "the real style of portrait began at Venice with Giorgione, flourished in Sebastian del Piombo, and was carried to perfection by Titian, who filled the masses of the first without entangling himself in the minute details of the second. Tintoretto, Bassan, and Paolo of Verona, followed the principle of Titian. After these it migrated from Italy to reside with the Spaniard, Diego Velasquez, from whom Rubens and Vandyke attempted to transplant it to Flanders, France, and England, with unequal success. France seized less on the delicacy than on the affectation of Vandyke, and soon turned the art of representing men and women into a mere remembrancer of fashions and airs. England had possessed Holbein, but it was reserved for the German, Lely, and his successor Kneller, to lay the foundation of a manner which, by pretending to unite portrait with history, gave a retrograde direction for near a century to both. A mob of shepherds and shepherdesses, in flowing wigs and dressed curls, ruffled Endymions, humble Junos, withered Hebes, surly Allegroes, and smirking Penserosas, usurped the place of truth, propriety, and character. Even the lamented powers of the greatest painter whom this country, and perhaps our age produced, long vainly struggled, and scarcely in the eve of life succeeded to emancipate us from this dastard taste." Fuseli is right in the main features of his rapid sketch, but not so in his statement that Rubens borrowed anything in portraiture from Velasquez, whose senior he was by twenty-two years; moreover, their portraits, from first to last, are differently lighted, and Rubens painted into that glaze with which Velasquez finished.

The success and the distinguished position of Reynolds tempted a throng of aspirants into the arena of Art; many commenced the career without any qualification for it. Of the works of those who have left names more or less honourable, the exhibition affords worthy examples, as Nos. 109, 113, 115, &c., "The Battle of La Hogue," "The Departure of Regulus," "The Death of General Wolfe," &c., by West; No. 112, "The Death of Major Pierson on the Invasion by the French," and No. 108, "The Tribute Money," by Copley; No. 119, "St. Michael," Howard; No. 122, "Jael and Sisera," Northcote; No. 102, "Hotspur and Glendower;" No. 104, "Thor Battering the Serpent of Midgard;" No. 105, "Theseus and Ariadne," by Fuseli; No. 158, "Pandora, or the Heathen Eve," by Barry; No. 133, "The School-mistress;" No. 124, "Age and Infancy," by Opie; No. 136, "African Hospitality;" No. 139, "Rustic Scene;" No. 142, "Gipsies;" No. 143, "The Englishman's Return for African Hospitality," and No. 145 a, "The Recruit," by George Morland; No. 130, "Landscape—The Ringwood Picture;" No. 131, "Landscape, with Waterfall;" No. 141, "Edinburgh," by P. Nasmyth; No. 121, "Maritana," by H. Thomson; with others by Harlowe, Dawe, Shee, Daniel, &c. &c.

Fuseli leaves us little grounds for affectionate remembrance. If we do not carefully examine the facts with which he deals, we are wrung into assent by the oppression of his style as a lecturer, in which we continually feel his effort for antithesis—his struggle for an epigram: but apart from this defect, his lectures are erudite, though little profitable to the student. In everything that he has done we feel that he was continually haunted by an extravagance of conception, which, in his lecture on invention, he thought it necessary to justify. On the subject of painting from abstract ideality, he says,—"The ancients were so convinced of their rights to this disputed prerogative, that they assigned it its own class; and Theon, the Samian, is mentioned by Quintilian—whom none will accuse or suspect of compounding the limits of the Arts—in his list of primary painters, as owing his celebrity to that intuition into the sudden movements of nature which the Greeks call *φαντασιας*, the Romans *visiones*, and we might circumscribe by the phrase of 'unpremeditated conceptions—the reproduction of associated ideas.'" In the works the titles of which are noted, the figures look like representations of visionary beings, rather than those of men who have lived and moved on earth; and we cannot help being struck here with a circumstance which Fuseli seems to have made a principle, that is, the extraordinary length of the lower limbs in proportion to the bodies of his figures. This occurs so continually, that we cannot believe it accidental. In this he might have professed to follow the Æginetan school, which gave short bodies and long legs to their male figures—a disproportion that is also observable in the Amazons of the Phigalians.

Towards the close of the last century, Italy was even more than now considered the *alma mater* of painters; and it is the Italian impression that we recognise in all the higher aspirations of the time. Northcote was honest enough to say that he went to Italy "to steal what he could;" others went with the same intention, but they did not confess it. The branch of Art now recognised by the comprehensive term "*genre*" was not known; the domestic and semi-dramatic subjects of the Dutch were called "conversation pieces," and the style was considered unworthy of men who felt themselves inspired by the sacred and eloquent works at Rome, Florence, and Bologna. West was the most successful of the historical painters, but it must be remembered that he was sustained by George III., by whom, first and last, he was very liberally commissioned. Had it not been for the royal patronage, West would not have been so prosperously conditioned as many of his contemporaries of inferior position, for he was but an indifferent portrait-painter. The grand style was the prevalent taste; all who were not exclusively portrait-painters executed large pictures: but the taste was confined to the painter, it did not make way with the public. But how indifferent soever were these works, we have seen worse accepted as national effort, and their authors cheered onward by reward and popular applause; and however faulty these pictures, they would have been accepted had they been cordially felt; but in the national taste they left yet a void, and that void has been supplied by small pictures. It need not be said now that had the public taste cherished history, painters of high merit would not have been wanting.

In contrast to these too ambitious artists, and as a painter of small pictures and insignificant subjects, George Morland may be cited. He was of no school, but he painted everything—sign-boards, sentiment, landscape, animals, coast scenery, —and would have painted history had he been commissioned to do so; but he was too fully occupied. His colour was as good as that of Wilson, and he excelled him in execution and certainty of touch; and, without being able to draw figures, he painted them with more natural truth than many an educated painter. Those of the sylvan subjects which he painted in his lucid intervals are charming examples of fresh and original Art. Morland was perhaps our first really popular professor of that branch of Art which accepts as subject-matter every incident of every-day life. Morland's friends expressed many wishes that he had been a gentleman; but had he been a better man, it might be feared that he would have been a worse painter. Everything that *he* did was worth a price; while the

arduous and weary labours of men of high attainments did not procure them bread.

Barry was professor of painting in the Royal Academy in 1782, as successor to Penny, the first occupant of the chair of painting; he was, however, expelled the Academy in 1799, in consequence of his letter to the Dilettanti Society. The "Pandora" (No. 158) was sold at Barry's sale, in 1807, for £230, and in 1846 it was resold at Christie's for eleven guineas and a half; and at a price of £60 has at length found an abiding place in the Manchester Institution. But Barry is to be seen only in the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. These works are grand and original, and in tone and execution bear the impress of the character of the man. For the seven years during which he was occupied in these compositions, he received only two hundred and fifty guineas from the society, and the proceeds of two exhibitions. Barry's essays have left no impression on the progressive school, while, on the contrary, a small picture, "The Death of General Wolfe" (No. 115), by West, excited universal attention, and marked the commencement of a revolutionary crisis in our historical Art. He was much ridiculed for the common-sense effort of painting men in the costume they commonly wore. For the Death of Wolfe, Barry would have painted the apotheosis of a Greek hero; and Fuseli would have turned it into a saturnine drama, with every character attired in doublet and hose. The French school, at the end of the last century, was resolutely classic: Roman and Greek history were ransacked for instances of self-sacrifice, which by a forced interpretation might be made to apply to the new order of things in France. But West's coats and waistcoats were a source of fruitful reflection to the painters of our own school, and each asked another why this rationalism was not thought of before. But simplicity is the last excellence at which we arrive in all things.

Romney was a most diligent portrait-painter, and made a considerable income by his art; his manner, like that of all those professing this department of Art, was based on the practice of Reynolds, preserving its force but failing of its delicacy. The solidity and readiness of Opie's manner (Nos. 124 and 133) describe the impulsive disposition of the man; his friends praised his productions, but he ridiculed their eulogies, and was never satisfied with anything that he could do. Copley's admirable picture (No. 112), "The Death of Major Pierson," and "The Death of the Earl of Chatham," now in Marlborough House, very materially aided the common sense treatment of historical and semi-historical incident; and we had generally dismissed the nude heroic, while David and his disciples were yet under the intoxicating spell of the Rhodian Art.

We cannot pass unnoticed No. 130, though altogether out of its place. It is a landscape—"the Ringwood Picture," by Nasmyth; a masterpiece of simple nature, brought forward with a feeling similar to that of Ruysdael, but it is superior in everything to Ruysdael. Nasmyth was a plain-spoken man, but minutely circumstantial and incorruptibly veritable in all he describes. In his roadside cottages there is nothing romantic, and in his stunted garden-trees there is no poetic form: he has not an eye for colour equal to that of the luxurious Both, nor has he listened to the birds with the profit derived from their melodies by Minderhout Hobbima; but the genuineness of the locality invites us into the picture, into which we step with pleasure and look about us.

The genius of Turner brought him into notice at the end of the last century. The works by which he is represented here are—No. 191, "Pluto carrying off Proserpine;" No. 198, "Dunstanborough Castle;" No. 228, "Sunrise — Mouth of the Thames, with Men-of-war;" "The Vintage at Macon;" No. 208, "The Wreck of the Minotaur;" No. 232, "Dolbadern Castle"—Turner's diploma-picture, exhibited in 1799; No. 266, "Walton Bridge," &c. &c. With regard to Turner much has been said and written,—we will only allude to the sources of his early inspirations. The marine subjects of his first manner incontestably declare an imitation of the Dutch masters, as "The Wreck," "The Wreck of the Minotaur," and others. There is one charming sea-picture, in the collection of Mr. Bicknell, known to have been painted after a famous Ruysdael, in the possession of Mr. Munro; but, with their own cold white and black, Turner excelled both Ruysdael and Vandervelde.

We are approaching the time when the teaching of the Academy begins to be felt, but we must ungratefully abbreviate our contemporaries into a space in which we could not really do justice to even one of them. We pass without note the continental reproach continually launched against us of our inability to draw; if it were at all profitable, scores of instances might be adduced from these walls in support of the truth of the stigma. We find in Stothard—No. 171, "Charity;" No. 172, "The Picnic;" No. 173, "The Canterbury Pilgrimage," &c.; and in Smirke—No. 179, "Scene from Foote's Comedy of 'Taste;'" and No. 181, "Don Quixote and Sancho,"—much of the feeling of the sketching days of our school, but with flashes of genius which frequently draw forth the question, "What would these men not have effected if they could have drawn well?"

The works of Lawrence are well chosen; they show his first manner, strongly indicating the influence of Reynolds, and his more advanced performances as the devotee of fashion and refinement. No. 183, "Miss Farren, Countess of Derby;" No. 202, "Lady Leicester as Hope;" No. 212, "Sir Sidney Smith;" No. 214, "Gipsy Girl;" the Portrait of Mr. Croker and that of Miss Croker, extensively known by engravings: but the fashion of Lawrence is fading, while the earnest nature of Reynolds yet rises in our estimation.

We stated at the commencement of this notice that it was not our intention to analyse the contents of the Manchester Exhibition. As to its arrangement, it might have been made a significant exponent of the progress of our school from its darker time to what the scientific historian hereafter may class as the Drift Period of our annals—for we now live in a wilderness of *genre*. We had no intention of detailing the contents of the catalogue, or even mentioning all the painters by name. These we speak of at least once a year, and with every modern picture in the collection that has been exhibited within the last twenty-five years we are perfectly familiar, and glad to have an opportunity of again welcoming in a public exhibition. But there are men who have shone as bright stars before the period we mention, who have fascinated a larger throng of followers, and who, as worshippers of nature, have converted many to their faith and strengthened others in it. Let us take the numbers as they come, with a wish that the arrangement had been better:—No. 195, "The Rustic Bridge;" No. 243, "Salisbury Cathedral;" No. 257, "Landscape—Barge passing a Lock;" No. 277, "White Horse—Landscape," &c., by John Constable; No. 226, "Bivouac of Cupids;" No. 263, "Ulysses and the Syrens;" No. 281, "The Homeric Dance," &c., by Etty. No. 244, "Sketch for Blind Man's Buff;" No. 247, "Boys Digging for Rats;" No. 258, "Blind Man's Buff;" No. 265, "The Rent Day;" No. 274, "Guess my Name;" No. 287, "Scene from the 'Gentle Shepherd;'" No. 259, "Distraining for Rent," &c., by Wilkie. These three men are remarkable as having set prejudice at nought, with talent sufficiently great to constitute themselves propounders of new articles of faith. Reynolds at first pronounced against West's "Death of Wolfe," and in like manner what he would have said on hearing "The Rent Day" or "Blind Man's Buff" proposed as a subject is one thing, but what he might have said, as in West's case, on examining the finished picture, would be another. With respect to Constable, the story of Sir George Beaumont and the "brown tree" is well known. Constable was told that his version would "never do," nevertheless, it did succeed, and gave a new feeling not only to the landscape-art of our own country, but also to that of France. Constable was true to himself to the last: Wilkie had the nerve to set aside high art for domestic art, but he was subsequently weak enough to repudiate the class of subject on which his fame rested, and then fell to the level of mediocrity; though, bad he lived, he would have been at the head of another revolution —that of painting sacred history in the oriental costume as it is now, and as it was in the days of Abraham, to the entire dismissal of the conventional draperies that have been borrowed from the Greeks.

But we have yet a host of brilliant names attached to famous pictures, as No. 280, "The Judgment of Solomon;" No. 421, "The Mock Election," by B. R. Haydon; No. 230, "Ganymede," and No. 231, "Venus Disarming Cupid," by Hilton; No. 359, "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," and "Pilgrims coming in sight of Rome," by Eastlake; No. 522, "The Ghost Scene in 'Macbeth,'" No. 538, "Snap-apple Night," "Moses Preparing for the Fair," "The Return of Moses from the Fair," &c., by Maclise; No. 347, "The Barber's Shop;" Nos. 355, 356, 357, and 358, "The Forgotten Word," "Train up a Child," &c., "The Bathers," and "The Dog of Two Minds," with "The Wolf and the Lamb," &c., by Mulready, with some of the most memorable works of Landseer, as "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," "Lassie Herding Sheep," "Rat-catching," &c.; of Roberts, as "Rome from the Gardens of St. Onofrio, on the Mount," "Giralda—Seville," &c.; of Stanfield, "St. Michael's Mount," "The Abandoned," "The Passage of the Magra," "Dartmouth," &c.; of Leslie, as "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," "The Rivals," "Scene from 'Henry VIII.,'" &c., with numerous other interesting and beautiful productions, of all of which we have spoken when exhibited on the walls of the Academy, by Danby, Frith, Goodall, Ward, Creswick, Cooke, Cope, Webster, Herbert, Poole, Linnell, Sant, Müller, Collins, Callcott, Millais, Hunt, and a numerous list of other well-known artists.

But in any estimation of our progress in Art there are two questions which force themselves on our consideration; one is "To what extent have we benefited by the competitions instituted in reference to the decorations of the Houses of Parliament?" the other is, "What may be the ultimate tendency of Pre-Raffaellism?" We can only allude here to these questions; we reserve them for future consideration.

It is in an exhibition of this character that we might have looked for any effect which had resulted from the really great efforts made by the Government with a view to popularise fresco and "high Art," but all indications of the temporary impulse communicated by those competitions have become gradually extinct. We recognise nothing that has reference to the public works in the Houses of Parliament, save, we think, the pictures by Herbert, Nos. 329 and 468, one being a small oil version of "Lear disinheriting Cordelia," the other, "The boy Daniel," a single figure exhibited a year or two ago in the Royal Academy. We remember the reply made by Newton to a lady who said to him, "Mr. Newton, you are not an historical painter."—"No, Madam," he answered, "but I shall be so next week." Poor Newton! if it was *his* "Lear, Cordelia, and the Physician" that he then contemplated, he had better have kept the work by him until some influential friend had prevailed upon him to amend the puerile drawing. We know that exalted principle is applicable equally to small works with large, but we cannot agree with Newton, that an "historical painter" is made in a week. We continually see large pictures disqualified by a treatment and execution fitted only for small works; and small works exalted by a breadth and grandeur approaching that of the standard examples of the great schools. In each case the artist misapplies his powers, but especially the painter of the large picture. We have ample evidence that we have among us artists equal to any thing that may be required of them, but the public do not desire large pictures.

Could we suppose an opinion pronounced upon our Art, gathered essentially from our Art-literature, by one of those imaginary impersonations—the creation of a living Addison or Goldsmith—after having read the lectures of Reynolds, Fuseli, Flaxman, Barry, Opie, and others, and without having seen the works of our school, it cannot be supposed that he could be impressed otherwise than with a conviction that our painting was that of a school unutterably transcending the most shining virtues of all other schools, extinct and contemporary. His irreversible conclusion must be that inasmuch as these learned discourses inculcated the noblest principles of painting, the works of our artists could be in no other spirit than that of divine aspiration. It were impossible to believe that after so much written and said in precept so little should have been done. Place them in the hands of our shadowy inquirer the "Life of Haydon," and he

learns that all that this elaborate teaching has produced is but one artist worthy of the name of painter, who was despised and neglected because Art was not yet understood in England. Then let him turn from Haydon to Ruskin, and from him he will learn that there were many pretenders, but still only one painter, and he was a landscape-painter, to whom all others were as nothing. Could then our imaginary friend, after the contradictory apophthegms of the two writers we mention, be introduced within the walls of the Royal Academy on the occasion of an exhibition, it would be the climax of his confusion to see every classic principle outraged even by those works which stand the highest in the public estimation.

George III. regally patronised ambitious Art in his time: the only objection to his proceeding was that he did not extend his patronage to more than one painter. Barry was true to his mythological and poetic myths, and remained unemployed; poor Hilton would not paint portraits, and commissions to him were but exceptional sunny rays in his desponding life. We cannot marvel at the public diffidence in not employing Haydon: he did not suffer himself to be forgotten. Had he been as respectably economical as Hilton or Barry he would have lived happily to an old age, and have died rich.

Thus we take leave of the Exhibition for this month, with the hope of affording, at some early occasion, a brief view of the Water-Colour Department.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF J. H. MANN, Esq., OF OLD CHAPEL HOUSE, KENTISH TOWN.

The pictures which we now describe are the property of a gentleman from whom the profession of Art acknowledges having received many benefits. It has never fallen within our province to discharge a duty more agreeable than this, which affords us a legitimate opportunity of rendering homage to one who has ever been foremost in his heartfelt advocacy of the best interests of the artist. It is now nearly thirty years since Mr. Mann became connected with the "Artists' General Benevolent Institution;" during the last fifteen years of which period he has given his earnest exertions to this institution as vice-president and chairman of the council. Long before Art was so popular as it now is—before the friends of Art were so hopeful as they now are—he stood almost alone in his own position, as the active promoter of the welfare of the painter. There are those who rise at once into reputation and prosperity; but these are not the men who require support and encouragement. In looking round the collection which is now under notice, we observe early works of men who have now risen to eminence, and the pictures of others who are yet infirm in public estimation. It is not difficult to understand this: these pictures were acquired long ago; purchased, perhaps, with kindly terms of good-will towards, and warm expressions of hope for the future prosperity of, the painter. Mr. Mann keeps these side by side with his best acquisitions; and we know not how long, but a single glance tells that his collection has been long in course of formation. Many collectors and patrons of Art have risen up of late years, of whom not a few make their selections, not so much according to their tastes, as according to the probable growing value of the pictures. The collection of which we now speak has always consisted of the same works—save the progressive additions; they have never been weeded with any view to commercial advantage. On the subject in which he is so enthusiastic, Mr. Mann is an eloquent and impassioned speaker—qualifications which it may be supposed place him frequently in the chair on public occasions when Art is in question; and all who know him acknowledge the services which he has rendered to the profession as well in this way as in others—for he was the friend of the painter when his friends were few, and he is not less distinguished as his supporter now that his friends are many.

The "Suburban Artizan Schools" have proved an inestimable boon to industrial Art. The first of these—"The North-London School of Drawing and Modelling"—was established by Mr. Mann, Mr. Neville Warren, and the late Mr. T. Seddon; and so successful was the institution, that the plan has been adopted by government—but not until all difficulties had been surmounted by the energy, industry, and benevolence, of these three gentlemen. Indeed, wherever the interest of the profession was to be advanced, we find Mr. Mann among the most earnest of its promoters. But to turn to the pictures.

'Leith and Edinburgh, from Leith Roads,' W. A. Knell.—This is rather a large picture, grey in tone; but notwithstanding a studious denegation of colour, extremely sweet and harmonious. The distances in the wilderness of brick and mortar which falls under the eye are distinctly defined, and ultimately closed by the high ridges of the old town and the dominant points, the Calton, Arthur's Seat, and Edinburgh Castle. The nearest water section is broken into a succession of sweeping surges, painted with an enviable facility of manipulation, and occupied by picturesque craft, of which a small Dutch galliot is the principal.

'Fruit,' G. Lance.—A composition of white and black grapes, with some small addition to the dessert.

'Lord Mayor's Day,' D. Roberts, R.A.—Here we meet the procession turning from Ludgate Street into Bridge Street; we look up Ludgate Street, which is crowded with pedestrians and carriages: the eye is led perspectively into the composition until it rests on the dome of St. Paul's, which rises high above the houses. This picture was painted just twenty years ago, and therefore differs somewhat in manner from later works.

'Lavinia,' F. Stone (engraved).—A study of a young lady, in profile; she is seated, and in the act of sketching: the figure is relieved by a foliage background.

'The Coquette,' A. Elmore, R.A.—A group of two small full-length figures, very expressive, and at once explanatory of the relation proposed between them. The persons are well rounded and substantial, because no passage of gradation, however slight, is omitted. He presses his suit earnestly, but despairingly: she is unhesitating in her rejection.

'Mid-day,' H. B. Willis.—Principally a group of three plough-horses, two grey and a brown, accompanied by a couple of rustic figures, all temporarily resting from the morning's labour. They are introduced in an open landscape; such an arrangement is always agreeable when the figures or animals are well painted.

'Clovelly,' Shayer.—On the left, and scarcely beyond high-water mark, the view is immediately closed by a group of sea-side cottages; the line of which is taken up and carried into the picture by fishing-boats, with their sails set. The figures on the beach are such as are often seen in the works of the painter,—an old man on horseback, with others interested in the sale of fish.

'The Characters in "As you Like it,"' T. Stothard, R.A.—A small composition, presenting a crowd of persons wearing the histrionic costume all but universal on our stage forty years ago—that is, for the men the doublet and hose, and for the ladies a modification of the past fashion of short waists and long skirts. But the figures are well drawn, graceful in movement, and the arrangement of colour is most agreeable.

'The Characters in "The Tempest,"' T. Stothard, R.A.—There is more movement here than in the preceding coterie. Prospero and Ariel occupy the centre of the picture, having grouped on the right and left Miranda, Ferdinand, Trinculo, and Caliban. The picture displays inventive power of a high order, indeed the reputation of the artist for this kind of composition has stood very high.

'Westminster Abbey from Lambeth,' Anderson.—We do not know the works of this artist, but the picture is an evidence of his taste and experience. The view is taken from the end of Westminster Bridge, that is, from the quay near the stairs above the bridge, and it was painted when the abbey still rose high over the old houses of parliament; but this view is now superseded by the river front and lofty towers of the New Houses, so that the picture hereafter will be an interesting authority as to the former condition of that section of the Middlesex shore immediately above the bridge. The light and shade of the picture are masterly, and the manner of the work bespeaks experience.

'Calais Harbour,' J. B. Pyne (engraved).—The view is taken from a jetty which occupies the near section of the composition, and being firmly painted, assists in keeping the town in its place. But little is seen of the town, the curtain with its embrasures being principally shown. It is extremely well drawn and painted, although it was executed before Mr. Pyne matured his style.

'The Frozen Dam,' C. Branwhite.—This is one of those winter essays in which this artist stands unrivalled. A mill with its stream ice-bound; pine-trees thrown up against the sky, contrasting forcibly with the other leafless trees; the foreground and nearest sections crowded with small but valuable incident, all described with a firm and sharp touch; the ice cracked, so that we can tell its thickness: these are but a little of the material of which this very successful picture is composed.

'Child and Parrot,' J. H. S. Mann.—A small picture in which a child who holds some grapes is apprehensive lest an importunate parrot should deprive him of a portion. The painting of the face, and the tinting of the complexion, are of the utmost delicacy.

'Llyn Idwal,' S. R. Percy.—The subject is of the most picturesque character, and the feeling given to the scene is even beyond romance; it is wild and weird, and would have been much more suggestive without the introduction of rustic life. The lake appears to be set in a rude frame of rocks and broken banks, reflecting the little light the sky affords it, for overhead the clouds are portentous and menacing. The view is closed by mountains: the whole was painted on the spot.

'Norbury Woods,' R. Redgrave, R.A.—This attractive passage of sylvan scenery seems to have been painted also on the spot, or perhaps partially composed from nature. The trees could not have been otherwise so truly individualised; those especially on the left, with the piece of light bank below, are very faithfully descriptive of the reality. It is one of the most highly finished of Mr. Redgrave's tree-pictures.

'The Housewife,' J. H. S. Mann.—A study of an old dame knitting, well drawn and painted with much firmness: an early picture.

'The Tittlebat Party,' Allen.—A dark and forcible picture, to which life is communicated by a party of children fishing at the brink of a pool.

'Landscape,' A. W. Williams.—The subject looks like a passage of Welsh scenery, brought forward under the effect of a clouded summer day.

'Cottage Children,' T. Barker.—One drinks from a pitcher which the other holds up. The incident would paint effectively, but the artist seems to have treated it as a reserve memorandum.

'Vale of Maçon,' a copy of Turner by Cobbett.—In this picture there is an elevated classical feeling; it is broad, Claude-like, and abounds with epic allusion. A company of nymphs are dancing in the foreground, whence, by gradations, the eye is carried to a distance which fades into a dim horizon.

'A Study,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—The picture represents a girl sleeping, she is extended on the grass, with her left-hand resting on a book which she has been reading; the features are well drawn, broad in the painting, and fresh in colour.

'The Campagna of Rome,' R. P. Noble.—The nearest section of the composition is an eminence with ruins, whence a vast expanse of the country is seen below extending to remote distance. The figures are successfully national.

'Coast View,' Corbould.—This is a small picture by the late Mr. Corbould; it looks like composition, in the feeling prevalent forty years ago: the parts are few, and the oppositions decided.

'A Pastoral,' Town.—A small picture presenting a group of cows.

'Sketch for the Reading of the Will,' Sir D. Wilkie.—A small and slight sketch on white panel of that agroupment in the composition consisting of the grandmother nursing the baby, the widow, and the officer in uniform. The picture is the property of the King of Bavaria, and hangs in the palace of Schleissheim, near Munich, in very good preservation, being the only one of Wilkie's important works that is out of the country.

'Landscape,' R. Wilson.—A small picture, from the foreground of which rise lofty trees, limiting, on the right and left, the prospect of a charming

glimpse of distance, thrown off and cleared up by the opposition of the dark masses of near foliage.

'The Casket,' C. Baxter.—A small half-figure, that of a lady attired as a bride, holding a casket. The sweetness of the expression, and the clear and brilliant flesh tints, which so highly qualify Mr. Baxter's productions, signalise him as one of the most eminent colourists of our time. It has been objected to these works, that in the features there is too much similarity; but this will hereafter be lost sight of, and they will continue to grow in public estimation.

'The Gleaner,' Pasmore.—A study of a child resting on his return from gleaning; the head is full of life and intelligence.

'On the Thames,' A. Gilbert.—A small, bright, and sparkling picture, in which the water reflects the full force of the light of the sky. There is but little material in the picture, but what there is, is rendered fully available. The distant clouds are described with surpassing felicity; the eye acknowledges this as the most agreeable passage in the picture.

'Highland Scenery,' H. Bright.—The tone of this picture is generally subdued, as in the entire field of the composition there is but one passage of high light. The subject is a grand and imposing mountain tract, broken into effective forms, and painted with a fascinating harmony of low tints. There is more of careful detail in it than in Mr. Bright's more recent works, which bear evidence of an injudicious haste of execution.

'The Village Congregation,' A. Rankley.—This is a small composition, a study, we think, for a larger picture, painted on a principle extremely difficult to carry out, that of presenting each object in its full and legitimate value to the eye. The scene is strictly real; there is no arbitrary disposition of light and shade: the row of charity girls is what we see anywhere once a week; but the squire, in the costume of the last century, takes us back to the days of the "Spectator."

'A Filatrice,' D. W. Dean.—A study of an Italian peasant woman spinning, in the manner practised by the primitive nations of the earth when the world was yet young. It is extremely simple, but in colour and skilful and effective touch, very charming.

'Cupid,' C. Baxter.—Study of a small head and bust, the features being turned full to the spectator; he is in the act of fitting an arrow to his tiny bow. The picture looks like the portrait of a child in the character of Cupid.

'Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.—Three cows grouped upon a knoll, whence we obtain a very extensive view of the adjacent meadows (near Canterbury). This picture, although painted as recently as 1849, is one of the most sparkling productions of the artist. It is an arrangement which he frequently repeats, but in brightness and finish it excels all the recently exhibited works by the same hand.

'Mother and Child,' J. H. S. Mann.—The mother holds her sleeping infant on her lap. The little picture is remarkable for sweetness of colour and the delicacy with which it is worked.

'A Bacchante,'(?) J. P. Drew.—The figure in profile, but the head turned, looking at the spectator: it shows much freedom and decision of execution.

'Hampstead,' T. Clint.—The foreground is rich in sandbanks, broken into available forms, the high colour of which is opposed to a wooded distance lying in deep shade, and showing an expanse of country such as we see only in our own country.

'Deer,' W. Barraud.—In the centre of the composition are grouped a pair of bucks, well thrown up against the sky; the attitude of the animals is that of alarm, and their earnest and attentive gaze is a successful study from the life. The locality is a highland deer-forest; in the distance an undulating and impermeable wilderness.

'Bembridge,' A. Vickers.—A small, broad, and agreeably painted landscape, looking to the sea.

'The Deserted,' J. Inskipp (from Mr. Vernon's collection).—This appears to be an early picture, as being much less sketchy than the late works of its author. It is a single figure, that of a lady seated, and wearing a red striped scarf, which covers the greater part of the person. It is essentially a dark picture, painted with a very full brush.

'Landscape,' J. O'Connor.—The subjects generally chosen by this painter were extremely simple, but he rendered his works very interesting by the natural aspect which he communicated to them. The picture has much of the poetry and feeling of Wilson.

'Moonlight,' J. Pether.—A composition with water and other objects which generally have a place in Pether's pictures.

'Coast View,' J. Wilson, jun.—On the right of this composition a jetty shoots into the sea, having on the left an open view, where, as a principal object, is seen a fishing smack. The water is very grey in colour; yet much of the picture seems to have been painted under the immediate dictates of nature.

'The Woodman's Return,' Hill.—He is about to enter his cottage, met by the welcome of his wife and children. The figures are touched with much freedom.

'Griselda on the Eve of Marriage with the Marquis,' R. Redgrave, R.A.—This is an important picture—a very full composition, and we believe, the largest the artist has ever exhibited. We remember it in the Academy in 1850; so recently as to render description unnecessary. The picture has been most elaborately studied throughout.

'The Mill,' G. Williams.—This small picture is one of the most agreeable we have ever seen by this painter. It seems to have been closely studied from nature, so well relieved and individualised are the masses of foliage which overhang the old mill. The arrangement is picturesque, and the colour harmonious.

'The Birthday,' W. P. Frith, R.A.—This is a small repetition of the picture exhibited in 1856, and introducing to us for our congratulations the little girl enwreathed with flowers, and surrounded by her happy relations, with portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Frith.

'The Bouquet,' C. Baxter.—A group of three girls, painted with all the charms of this painter's sweetness of colour and softness of execution. The work is now being engraved.

'Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A.—This is an early work, painted before this artist adopted his present sober system of colour. The subject is of that kind that he would now select, being a rapid rocky stream in a wild and romantic country, closed by distant hills. It is bright in colour—in this respect the very opposite of Mr. Creswick's present works.

'An Old Mill,' P. W. Elen.—The mill is situated on a rocky stream, and enclosed by trees constituting with the auxiliary material a composition of great picturesque quality.

'The Lock,' J. Constable, R.A.—The subject-matter represented in this picture is of a commonplace kind, but, by the treatment of the master-mind by whom it has been adopted, we lose sight of the ordinary nature of the material in the elevation of character given to it. The immediate site contains a canal running transversely into the picture; a canal-boat is passing, temporarily retarded while the horse comes round and leaps the sluice-gate. The picture is according to the known tastes of the painter—low in tone, and contains but little variety of tint; but it is assuredly one of Constable's best productions.

'A Composition,' De Loutherbourg, R.A.—The subject is an interior, containing three figures, a striking example of the feeling of our school towards the end of the last century. It is thinly but freely painted, and conveys the impression that at this time execution was all in all.

'Precarious Possession,' Bristow.—A small composition, in which is seen a cat that, attacked by a dog, has sought refuge on the top of a tea-chest. The little picture is carefully finished.

'The Trespasser,' Bristow.—A pendant to the preceding, in which a stray spaniel is fiercely hunted by a large terrier, with a probability of paying dearly for having ventured within the territory of such a tyrant.

'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth.—Under the hand of this artist the most commonplace subjects become interesting. This picture presents to us only a wayside house, with trees of a very ungraceful presence, but the extreme fidelity with which the entire locality is rendered is such that the spectator may believe he has many times seen the spot. The work is so minute in finish, as to rival the utmost niceties of Dutch Art, and to convince the most prejudiced Pre-Raffaellite that in the manner which he professes there is nothing new.

'Landscape,' B. Barker.—This is a dark and Salvator-like composition—an essay full of poetic suggestion, but painted rather under the influence of Art than Nature: highly successful as an imitation of those dark and mysterious passages, which seem to have been worked out under impressions gathered from the enchantments of Ariosto.

'On the Dutch Coast,' T. S. Robins.—The glimpses afforded here of a low lying shore are alone a sufficient indication of the whereabouts, which in some degree resembles the mouth of the Scheldt; for there are Dutch craft, evidently at home, sailing under a breezy sky over the short chopping seas of an estuary.

'Winter,' E. Williams.—The objects presented here are a farm-house and out-buildings, beyond which the view opens to distance; the whole brought forward under a wintry effect—an aspect of nature which this artist represents very successfully.

'Venus,' J. Ward, R.A.—A study of a nude figure, with an accompaniment of a pair of swans, and also a pair of doves.

'Landscape,' J. Wilson.—This is not the class of subject usually painted by this artist, but the feeling and execution are those of refined taste and experience. The work is broad and firm, with a distance generally flat.

'The Breakfast Party,' Cosway.—The party consists of two, a cottage boy and a cat; but the breakfast seems destined but for one, as the cat is very importunately begging a portion of the bread and milk. The manner of the sketch points at once to the early days of the Academy.

'The Fair,' G. Williams.—In the centre of this composition rise the densely-leaved trees of a village green; beneath are seen the booths and busy groups of the fair, the whole realised with great refinement of touch.

'The Sister of Mercy,' E. A. Goodall.—A French rustic interior, in which a sister from a neighbouring convent is teaching a child its earliest lessons. The little picture has been studied from a careful sketch of the reality, and brought forward with much sweetness of colour.

'Fruit,' G. Lance.—Consisting of a pine, peaches, and grapes. A small picture.

'Gibbon,' Sir J. Reynolds.—One of his finest works, in the highest state of preservation.

'The Combat,' W. Etty, R.A.—The picture finished by the artist for the engraving by Doo.

'Head of a Child,' Etty.—Life-size, one of his happiest efforts, both in colour and expression.

'Elgiva forcibly torn from her Husband, Edwy, by command of Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A.—This work was exhibited in 1847, and is described in the notice of the exhibition of the Royal Academy of that year. It is remarkable as the last picture painted by Millais before he yielded to the Pre-Raffaellite fanaticism. It was unsold in the Academy, but was purchased by Mr. Mann for 100 guineas, by way of assisting the young painter, among whose very best works it must always be placed. The story is the forcible removal from the court of Edwy's queen, by order of Odo and his creatures, who supposed that she distracted his attention too much from affairs of state; and the subject is treated in an earnest and dignified feeling, which would render the work well fitted as an addition to the historical series in the houses of parliament, if the proprietor were ever disposed to part with it.

'The Ascension,' West, P.R.A.—From the Vernon collection.

A large sized miniature of Mr. Mann, by Andrew Robertson—one of his finest productions for depth of colour and force, rivalling oil painting.

The original sketch for the 'Penny Wedding,' by D. Wilkie, R.A.

'Landscape,' J. Linnell.

In addition to these works which are here described there are others, curiosities of Art, by earlier members of our school—as West, Morland, &c.; as also a collection of water-colour drawings by Martin, Stanfield, Hunt, Topham, F. Tayler, &c.; together with objects of *vertu*, all of which bespeak the taste and knowledge of the proprietor, and his liberal patronage of Art.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IX.

HAVING rambled through Reading, noted its large capabilities for commerce, visited its principal antiquities, and made our pilgrimage to the home and grave of Mary Russell Mitford, we continue our voyage, entering the boat at Caversham Bridge, previously examining the picturesque and venerable church, and the singular "bit of ruin" that appertains to the boat-house.

The Kennet, close to its junction with the Thames, is crossed by two railway bridges—the South Eastern and the Great Western, the latter being the nearest to the great river into which the tributary runs.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Caversham Lock, there are wooded slopes crowned with villas, which give variety and interest to the scenery; thence the banks are flat and tame, until we come in view of Sonning Park, and pass underneath the woods which overhang the river. The church and village of SONNING are very simple, but highly picturesque,—the former is venerable from antiquity, but exceedingly neat and well kept; the latter is clean, neat, and sufficiently aged to retain many of the best characteristics of its "order," which, unhappily, are fast decaying throughout England. It is described by Leland as "an upland town, set on fair and commodious ground, beneath which the Tamise



SONNING CHURCH.

runneth in a pleasant vale." A handsome bridge of brick connects it with the oppposite side: many of the cottages are covered with climbing plants —the old honeysuckle, the time-honoured jasmine, and the sweet clematis, mingled with the more recent acquirements of simple florists of humble homes.

On the opposite bank, a little above the junction, is the village of SHIPLAKE,



SHIPLAKE CHURCH.

backed by hilly slopes, on one of which is the church, of which Grainger, author of the "Biographical Dictionary," was the incumbent; living here "in competency, obscurity, and content"—so says the tablet which marks his grave; and here dying, in 1776, "as he was officiating at the altar." From the church porch there is a glorious view of the valley of the Thames:—

"The tranquil cot, the restless mill,
The lonely hamlet, calm and still;
The village spire, the busy town,
The shelving bank, the rising down.
The fisher's punt, the peasant's home,
The woodland seat, the regal dome,
In quick succession rise to charm
The mind, with virtuous feelings warm;
Till where thy widening current glides,
To mingle with the turbid tides;
Thy spacious breast displays unfurl'd
The ensigns of th' assembled world."

The lock and mill of Shiplake are now reached, just below which the Loddon meets the Thames; the great river being crossed by the railway from Twyford to Henley. The Loddon is "composed of various branches,"—its most distant source being in the vicinity of Basingstoke; one of its accessory rills gliding through a part of Windsor Forest. The village of WARGRAVE is then reached—a pretty and long village, with a picturesque church, surrounded by well-grown trees, and environed by productive meadows. In the venerable church is a monument to Thomas Day, the eccentric but amiable author of "Sandford and Merton," who was killed by a fall from his horse on his way from Anningsly, his home, near Chertsey, to the residence of his mother at Bear's Hill, near Wargrave. The monument contains these lines, written by Day as an inscription for the tomb of a friend; but they were well applied to himself:—

"Beneath the reach of time, or fortune's power,
Remain, cold stone, remain, and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts that Heaven e'er gave
Were enter'd in a dark, untimely grave:
Oh! taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimm'ring of the opening skies,
Oh, gentle bosom of unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, to mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine."



WARGRAVE CHURCH.

We now approach one of the cultivated "lions" of the Thames—"Park Place," famous in the annals of the river for the beauty of its site, the growth of its trees, and some circumstances which give it interest beyond that of ordinary demesnes. The house was built by the Duke of Hamilton: it was some time the residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III.; but it is mainly indebted for its many attractions to Marshal Conway, who, towards the close of the last century, became its possessor, and who "set himself the task"



THE BOAT-HOUSE AT PARK PLACE.

of giving to Nature all the advantages she could derive from Art. The grounds have since received the benefit of time; they have not been neglected by successive lords; and the gentleman who at present owns them has evidently studied, by all the means at his command, to render them—what they are—"beautiful exceedingly." Visitors, by whom access on fixed days is easily obtained, land at the very charming "BOAT-HOUSE" we have pictured; it is, in reality, a furnished dwelling, and contains some fine, and several remarkable, works of Art—statues, pictures, wood carvings, and foreign curiosities—in the examination of which half an hour may be profitably expended.

A walk through the grounds, however, is a more exquisite treat,—hill and dale, richly-wooded slopes, and shaven lawns, are happily intermixed; while every now and then judicious openings supply views of the Thames underneath, or the landscape far beyond.

Here and there, on green hillocks or in gloomy dells, mimic ruins have been introduced; some of them built out of the debris of Reading Abbey. In one of them is a long subterraneous passage (cut through a chalk bed) leading to a Roman amphitheatre, the base of which is planted with the mournful cypress.

This is the work of Marshal Conway; but there is an object of greater interest in these grounds, although its value is lessened by the knowledge that this also is "artificial." Strictly speaking, however, artificial it is not; for the DRUIDIC TEMPLE which stands on the summit of one of the small hills, was placed exactly as it was found, keeping precisely the same form and character it received from the hands of the "builders," it may be twenty centuries ago. We may briefly tell its history. The temple was discovered on the summit of a high hill near the town of St. Helier, in the Isle of Jersey, on the 12th of August, 1785; it was entirely covered with earth, having the appearance of a large tumulus, and was laid bare by workmen employed to level the ground. Fortunately, General Conway was then Governor of Jersey; his attention was at once directed to its preservation; and, on his leaving the island, it was presented to him, and by him removed to Park Place.

"This curious structure is sixty-five feet in circumference, composed of forty-

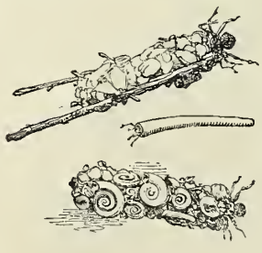


THE DRUID TEMPLE AT PARK PLACE.

five large stones (measuring, in general, about seven feet in height, from four to six in breadth, one to three in thickness), and contains six perfect lodges or cells. The supposed entrance, or passage, faces the east, and measures fifteen feet in length, and four feet and upwards in breadth, and about four feet in height, with a covering of rude stones from eighteen inches to two feet thick. In the removal of this curious temple from Jersey, all the parts were marked with such care as to be correctly placed in their original form, and precise direction, when they were re-erected on the charming spot which is distinguished by them. In the eighth volume of the 'Archæologia' a particular account is given of this venerable antiquity." *

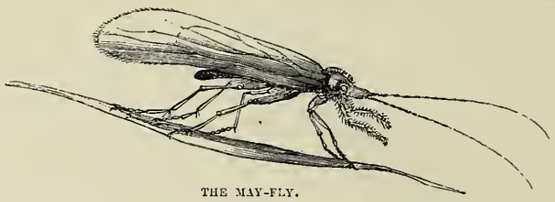
We ask the reader to pause awhile at this pleasant "Place," and give a few moments' consideration to another subject which may be suggested to his thoughts in various parts of the river; and nowhere, perhaps, will it occur to him more forcibly than it does here.

Perhaps every angler may not be aware that the May-fly (*Phryganea*) and the Caddis-worm are but one and the same insect in different stages of development; such, however, is the case, the Caddis-worm being the grub which afterwards changes into the winged fly. The Caddis, during his aquatic existence, is a worm of no very prepossessing appearance, but he makes amends for his own want of personal attraction by investing himself with a most picturesque and original garment, which, in its formation, shows among different individuals a curious variety of taste, or instinct we must call it, in the selection and adaptation of the materials employed. Sometimes it is a collection of seeds of various plants that are cemented together to form the caddis-worm's case; sometimes a grass-stem is cut into nearly equal lengths, and arranged in a polygonal form of great regularity. One specimen that we fished up had made choice of the clearest crystalline grains of quartz from among the sand, and had built himself a veritable crystal palace. But the oddest and most attractive of these little curiosities, are those composed of fresh-water shells, while still tenanted by their living inhabitants, and arranged together in grotto fashion (as shown in one of the accompanying figures), forming "a covering," as Kirby and Spence remark, "as singular as if a savage, instead of clothing himself with squirrel skins, should sew together into a coat the animals themselves." After a few months spent in these sub-aqueous



THE CADDIS.

operations, the caddis-worm retires into his cell, puts a grating over the aperture, and then shortly emerges in the shape of a large brown fly, to commence his aërial existence, happy while he can avoid the hook of the angler or the gulp of the trout, for now he is a "May-fly."



THE MAY-FLY.

We constantly meet this insect haunting the water-side, and flitting about with a loose flight over the herbage; in appearance it greatly resembles a moth, but the wings are semi-transparent, and covered with hairs, not scales, like those of the moth; the prevailing colours are various shades of brown. The following note on the proceedings of a female May-fly is quoted from Patterson's Zoology, to which it was communicated by Mr. Hyndman of Belfast, and may be of interest to our readers:—"I first observed the Phryganea on the leaf of an aquatic plant, from which it crept down along the stem under the water, very nearly a foot deep; it appeared then to have been disturbed by some sticklebacks, which approached and seemed inclined to attack it, and swam vigorously and rapidly beneath the water, over to some other plants. I then took the insect up, and found a large bundle of eggs, of a green colour, closely enveloped in a strong jelly-like substance, attached to the extremity of its abdomen." This power of diving and free movement under water is very remarkable and unusual among winged insects.

The trout is so well known that a few remarks only are necessary in reference to this the "best-loved" of all the fish of the river, not by the epicure so much as by the angler. The trout is, however, not very often caught in the Thames, there is so much space, and so ample a supply of food, that he will not often rise to the fly; on the other hand he lives, while he does live, in the midst of so many enemies, that his chances of growth are few. Those who do escape death, however, by good fortune, vigorous constitution, or peculiar watchfulness, grow to be aged and very large; usually every season there are a dozen or twenty trout caught in the Thames, weighing each between ten and twelve or fourteen pounds; but we do not often find them, as we do in other rivers, weighing between one pound and two pounds; and the "fish of size" are usually caught by "spinning," the bait being a bleak, a small dace, a gudgeon, or a minnow. The trout fisher, however, should go "farther a-field" who covets a good day's sport, and loves to walk along banks, scenting the thousand wild flowers that spring about him, inhaling the pleasant breeze, and listening to the songs that rise from meadow, tree, and bush—when

> "The wind from the south
> Drives the hook into the fish's mouth."

The Common Trout (*Salmo fario*) is an inhabitant of most of the English lakes and rivers, yet varies considerably in appearance in different localities. Mr. Yarrell gives the history of several species—the salmon trout, the Great Lake trout, the Lochleven trout, the bull trout, the Gillaroo trout, the sea trout, and the common trout. "The trout"—we quote from Yarrell—"though a voracious feeder, and thus affording excellent diversion to the experienced angler, is so vigilant, cautious, and active, that great skill, as well as patience, are required to insure success. During the day the larger sized fish move but little from



THE TROUT.

their accustomed haunts, but towards evening they rise in search of small fish, insects, and their various larvæ, upon which they feed with eagerness. Though vigilant and cautious in the extreme, the trout is also bold and active." *

We never yet knew an ardent fly-fisher who was not also an enthusiastic lover of nature; in truth, it is almost impossible to separate the one from the other. The trout is an inhabitant of the swift, clear, running stream, where

* We have retained the popular term "temple," as applied to this antiquity; but it is properly a tomb. Recent researches in Jersey and Guernsey have sufficiently established that fact. The circle of stones formed the wall of a small chamber, which was covered by heavy slabs; the "cells" contained bodies of the dead. A narrow covered passage led to this chamber, and a mound of earth was placed over all. In the thirty-fifth volume of the "Archæologia," Mr. Lukis, of Guernsey, has described several of these burial-places, from his own investigations in these islands; he describes the avenue or entrance to them as rarely more than 3 ft. in height by 2 ft. in width; the interior chamber of the largest was 8 ft. in height, 45 ft. in length, and 15 ft. in width; the roof stones, of granite, were computed to weigh thirty tons. They appear to have been used for successive interments of the aboriginal chieftains of the islands, and have been found with additional chambers as the original ones became filled with the "great departed." Sometimes in these chambers skeletons are found; sometimes bones, which show that the body was consumed by fire; sometimes the ashes are preserved in urns, rudely decorated with incised ornament; the other articles found in these tombs tell of an early and primitive people, such as spear and arrow-heads of flint, as well as knives of the same material, rudely formed beads of coloured earth, bracelets of jet, &c.

* A few years ago a trout weighing twenty-two and a half pounds was caught in the Tame, near Tamworth; it was at once forwarded to Sir Robert Peel, who, with his customary courtesy and consideration, immediately ordered it to be sent to Professor Owen: the professor had an accurate portrait of the fish painted—or rather two portraits, one of which he presented to Sir Robert, the other now graces his own cottage in Richmond Park. He then took steps to preserve the skeleton, which is now at the Museum of the College of Surgeons. It was a pure trout, richly spotted, and although very aged, a remarkably beautiful fish.

the banks are fringed with the tall flag, and the pebbly bottom is half concealed by beds of rushes, often extending many yards of continuous length, and rising to a level with the water. On the top of these beds, or in the narrow spaces between them, the trout lies with his nose against the stream, waiting to rise at any moth or fly that may chance to be floated down on its surface. The experienced angler knows a "likely place" where a fish is to be found, and casts his artificial fly, with wonderful precision, within a few inches of his nose, even at a distance of twenty or thirty yards. Other favourite spots of resort are close under high grassy banks, bushes, overhanging trees, eddies, behind fragments of rock and large stones, at the junction of streams; in fact, wherever it is probable the current of the water will carry or collect such food as the trout prefers to feed on. If the trout be—as he unquestionably is—"a bold and voracious feeder," he is readily alarmed, even by so slight a thing as the shadow of the line or the rod, if it chances to pass over him, and when once frightened away from his home he does not soon return to it.

Angling is often called an "idle pastime," and we cannot deny that to sit in a comfortable chair in a firmly-moored punt on the bosom of the Thames, seems an amusement open to such an imputation; but to walk fifteen or twenty miles in a day, "whipping the water" from sunrise to sunset, during twelve or fourteen hours, is anything but an idle pastime. Whatever fatigue it brings with it, however, it is pleasant, health-giving, and instructive—so far as to make the angler acquainted with much of the science of nature, animate and inanimate, and keenly sensitive to the beauties that Providence, with so lavish a hand, spreads out before his gaze as he wanders by the side of the winding, silvery stream—

> "To tempt the trout with well-dissembled fly,
> And rod, fine tapering."

During our rambles in the neighbourhood to which we are now introducing our readers, an incident occurred which we recall to memory with much pleasure, especially as it is associated with the subject we are treating. It was a warm soft evening, and the shadows fell heavily across the green lane, which somewhat diverges from the line of our regal river, yet not *out of sound* of the breeze among its reeds and pollards: we could hear the sudden splash of the water-hen, and, after a while of loitering and listening, we crossed a stile, and were again on the bank. The swallows were skimming the water, "hawking insects," and so intent on their sport, that they winged closely to us in their undulating rounds. But we little heeded the swallows or the insects, our attention being at once attracted by a tall, thin old man, who, attended by a slim, fair-haired boy, was as busily employed with his rod as if the day were but just born; his face was turned towards the stream, but his silver hair and curved back told that he had passed even the autumn of his days. We saw by the motion of his rod that he had a "bite;" yet when he drew in his line the little lad seized it, and took the fish off the hook.

"I caught my last trout with a worm," said the old man, "and then we put on a minnow: sure it was a minnow, Alf?"

"Yes, gran'father, a real minnow; but this is only a chuckle-headed chub."

"The varlet! let me feel—let me feel," added the old man, impatiently. He extended his thin, muscular hand, and the lad placed the fish in it.

"A chub, sure enough—cat's food! We'll move on and try another quarter of an hour—trout are so hard to get."

"Gran'father, it grows late, the sun is long down, and the evening grey. Mother will fret—you promised her you would be early home."

"Not so, Alf, it can't be getting grey yet—we have been such a little time—so few fish! What did the church clock strike last? It can't be sun-down yet."

The lad made some reply which we did not catch, and then ran towards us,—"Will you tell me the time, please?"

"Half-past eight."

The old man caught the words and repeated them,—"Ay, I remember, it grows a little grey at half-past eight."

"Is your grandfather blind?"

"He is quite blind," answered the boy; "he was once a great fisherman, and it amuses him still, so mother often sends me with him in the afternoons; he takes such delight in it that he will never believe the night is at hand."

We had heard of the "blind angler!" and were not a little pleased at the meeting.

In a few minutes the old man warmed to a brother of the angle; he sat beside us on the stile, and talked of the past,—old age loves to recall "the past," whether painful or pleasant. He had been a fisher in his youth, a sailor in his manhood, and returned to his old haunts in the autumn of his days, incapacitated for active service by a severe wound in his knee. He "whipped the river" with a "loving rod," until a flash of lightning deprived him of sight. "More than ten years have passed," said the old man, "since I have seen sunlight or moonlight on the waters; never, never shall I see fin of fish again—never see the flutter or the rise! but I can feel them and hear them. When his mother cannot spare the lad to stay with me, my little gran'daughter leads me to the bank, and while she chases butterflies and gathers flowers—sweet lamb!—I listen to the fish—I do indeed! I can tell the short quick turn of the bleak in the water; I know the heavy scud of the barbel in the deeps; and what column of soldiers ever marched more closely than the young eels in *eel-fare* time? I know all the points and turns of the river so well—God bless it!—that I say, lead me to such a turn, or under such a tree; and if they tell me the hour, I know which way the shadows lie, and what sport I shall have. I can still teach a youngster how to fish for roach in winter, with paste and gentles, and in April with worms: many a roach have I 'ticed to the top of the water, just by that old pollard yon——"

"I have told gran'father the pollard is gone," interrupted the boy.

"Ay, ay, my lad, *but not the roach*," said the blind man, turning his head quickly. "I could teach any youngster, sir, to make the best ground paste for roach and dace; but he must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand to catch them. Angling comes by nature—it can be improved, but it 's a gift, a wonderful gift: it 's more soothing than all the 'bacca that was ever grow'd in Virginia. Lord, sir, I could love a Frenchman while I'm angling! This lad here is not a bad lad, though somewhat of a scoffer at angling. I thought to make him eyes to the blind; but he doesn't learn, sir; he tells me it 's night when I know the sun shines."

"How can you say so, gran'father? I'm sure it 's all the same as night now; I couldn't tell a bleak from a gudgeon by this light."

"Nor by any other light," said the old man reproachfully; "when I was his age there wasn't a fish in the stream, or a fly over it, but I knew—ay, as well as I did my Bible; and there is much in the knowledge of the things that God makes, to teach us God's power—not only His power, but His love: and I think more of the beauty of His works, now that I cannot see them, than ever I did when I had my blessed sight. But I should like to see the waters and the fish once more, and my little gran'child—the girl, I mean; I know this lad—a little rosy, curly-headed fat thing; it 's his being so fat makes him so lazy."

The boy was as lean and as lank as a fishing-rod; he looked at us, and said with a smile,—"Mother says I was as fat as Annie when I was a baby; gran'father calls mother a slim, pale girl, and she has *such* a red face!" This was an *aside*, but it recalled to us the exquisite poem of "The Blind Man's Bride."

The old sailor had such a touching habit of sitting with his head thrown back, and those sightless eyes up-looking to the heavens, and his fingers clasped round his rod,—it was quite a picture.

"My daughter does not tire of her old blind father," he resumed, after a pause, "nor indeed does her husband,—he is a good son to me: still I bless God and her Majesty I am no burden to them, except in the way of kindness—that is another blessing. My daughter will not let me go near the river without the boy, so I promise her, and keep my word; and the gentlemen who fish hereabout tell me of their sport, and I give them my advice, and sometimes they buy my nets. And one will have me in the punt; but I soon weary of that—I like best my liberty of the stream—I like to eat my dinner on the soft sweet grass, and to know that some of God's creatures, the wild winged birds of the air, will dine off the poor man's crumbs."

We made some observation as to his having a devotional spirit; he answered that he ought to have: he had been shipwrecked once, and passed a night and part of a day on the deep floating on a spar. He then learnt what it was to be alone with God, but he had no fear; he knew in Whose care he was. This was said with a simplicity that was positively sublime. "I have received," he said, while we walked with him towards his daughter's cottage, "I have received nothing but mercies and blessings all the days of my life; yet I think I should have been happier if I could have looked on the blue waters and the bright fish to the last—I *think* I should—they are so pleasant! And yet—I can't tell: I have such dreams about streams and fishes, that I wake up as refreshed as if I had been ten hours angling: surely that in itself is a mercy, though I shall never, never, in this world, see fin of fish again!"

Half a mile or so from Park Place, and we arrive in sight of Henley Bridge, a graceful structure of four arches, erected in 1787, and which will be interesting to Art-lovers as containing two sculptured works—masks of the Thames and Isis—from the chisel of the Hon. Mrs. Damer;* they decorate the consoles of the central arch, exhibit talent of no common order, and are interesting as examples of that genius which adopted the most difficult of all the arts as the occupation and enjoyment of rank and wealth.† This is not the only memory preserved at Henley. It was here that Shenstone wrote the familiar lines on an inn:—



MASKS OF THE THAMES AND ISIS.

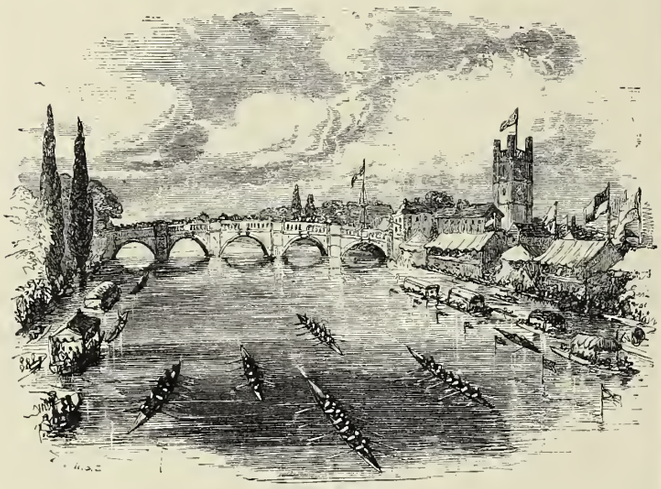
> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

* Anne Seymour Damer was a lady of noble descent. Her father, General Conway, was brother to the Marquis of Hertford; her mother the only daughter of the fourth Duke of Argyll; and she was cousin to Horace Walpole, who speaks enthusiastically of her graces of person and mind. She was a real lover of her art—an art so seldom practised by ladies; and honestly earned a reputation her position in the great world might have given her with less labour, had she not desired the judgment of connoisseurs, as well as the praises of titled friends. Her husband, the eldest son of the first Lord Milton, destroyed himself after he had been married nine years: he died in debt, and his widow sought consolation in renewed Art-study, and travelled in Italy. Her father, the general, resided at Park Place—hence her contribution to the bridge. Walpole left her Strawberry Hill for life. She died in 1828, in the eightieth year of her age.

† That toward the source of the river represents the Isis—a female head, round which water-plants are entwined; that on the other side is an aged male head, the Thames, crowned with bulrushes, and from whose flowing beard little fish peep forth. Both heads are very boldly executed, and have been highly eulogised by Horace Walpole.

The inn—the Red Lion—is still there, but it has been long unoccupied; it gives, however, unequivocal proofs that it was abundant in comforts during the days of its glory; its large rooms are now unfurnished; its snug and "cozy" chambers are without light and warmth; the stables and outhouses, the lofts and hen-roosts, are all empty; and those who visit the house because of the associations it awakens, and contrast its present loneliness with its former bustle and gaiety, may "sigh" that here a "welcome" is no longer to be found: his lament will not be lessened, because in its successor he finds a grievous contrast in reference to all the good things of life of which an inn is proverbially productive. The town of Henley is happily situated, above and below the scenery is charming. A fine old church adds to its interest; and the bridge is one of the most beautiful of the many that span the noble river.*

Henley is in Oxfordshire; but soon after leaving it we part from that



HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

county and enter Buckinghamshire — on the north side of the river, that is to say, for on its southern banks we are still in Berkshire, and continue so to be until we have passed Windsor. As our boat rows us downward, we soon arrive in sight of Fawley Court: a summer-house, situated on a pretty island, attracts the eye as one of the graces of the Thames. It is built after a Greek model. Close to this is the village of Remenham, at the base of some high ground charmingly wooded. Fawley Court—its Grecian summer-house, that is to say, on the small island—is famous in the history of the Thames as the starting-point of the Regatta, which annually "glorifies" the river, and assembles here a host of gay and happy lovers of water-sports. A few remarks on the racing-boats of the Thames, and the "race," cannot here be out of place.

The most singular and the most peculiar of all the Thames boats, not excepting even the "punt," is the racing-boat. This boat is of various sizes, adapted either to a single rower, or to crews consisting of two, four, some-



ISLAND, FAWLEY COURT.

times six, and frequently eight persons: the eight-oared boats being those which are employed in the more important races. The boats themselves vary in form, being sometimes sharp at both stem and stern, in which case they are denominated "wherries;" when they are built flat at the stern, they are termed "cutters." Wherries are now rarely built for more than two rowers; when there are more than two rowers, the boats are provided with accommodation for a steerer. In length these boats range from about twelve to nearly seventy feet, and they are always very narrow, being so constructed that they simply provide sitting room for their crews; the oars are sustained by "rullocks" or "row-locks," which project considerably from either side, and thus afford leverage for the rowers. As would be expected, these fairy-like boats are built with the utmost care, the materials being usually the finest pine-wood, with fittings of mahogany. They are so exceedingly light that a man may carry one of the smaller ones on his shoulder with ease; and their draught is very small, yet, when in progress, the boat is, fore and aft, on a level with the water; where the rowers sit the gunwales have a slight elevation to prevent the flow of water, which sometimes passes over the other parts of the boat, that are accordingly protected by a covering of light oilskin. The rowers' seats and the "stretchers," or boards for their feet to rest against, alone occupy the open space allotted to them, which is, in fact, simply a kind of trough. The rate at which an eight-oar boat progresses, if well pulled, is not less than twelve miles an hour. It is evidently a delicate operation to embark in one of these gossamer vessels, and to occupy it is always attended with some degree of danger, in consequence of the equilibrium of the boat being maintained entirely by the even balance of the oars. And yet accidents are of rare occurrence, while the light craft are taught to yield to the most energetic exertions of their manly crews, who exemplify, in high perfection, the practical application of the truly English adage, of "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." It is a nervous thing even to look upon the voyager in one of these boats; for our own parts, we would as readily trust ourselves on the back of a wild horse on an Indian prairie; and we marvel much that the cool self-possession of the "boating-men" themselves should so generally preserve them from casualties. But at Oxford, all the men and boys, and many of the women, learn to swim; there is always a charm in peril—danger is ever a pleasant excitement; and so it happens that these boats are in far more frequent request than such as cannot upset.

The boat-race itself is indeed an animated and a brilliant spectacle: there the island spirit of England shows itself after a most characteristic fashion—the enthusiasm of those who are actually engaged in the struggle extending its influence to the spectators of every class who crowd the river-sides. At Oxford there are several races which take place according to a prescribed order of arrangement, during the spring and summer period of each academic year; and here almost every college has its representative afloat. There are few more striking sights than that afforded by the long line of dashing boats gallantly manned, covering the classic stream, and rushing over its waters



RACING-BOAT.

between such a "run on the banks" as needs to be seen, and indeed to be shared in, to be adequately appreciated. The flash of the oars keeps time with the cheers of ardent and encouraging friends, who strive on land to emulate the speed of the swift skimmers of the waters; a victory achieved elicits still louder acclamations; and each race concludes amidst mingled congratulations, because of present success, and anticipations of future success in races yet to come. The number of the boats, and the comparative narrowness of the stream at Oxford, render it impossible for the competing crews to be arranged side by side; they consequently start and pull in a line a-head—the object of each crew being to *touch* with their own boat the boat before them in the line. Such a "bump" leads to a change of places in the case of these two boats; and thus the best boats-crew bump their way to the "head of the river," where, if they can, they may hold their honourable and honoured position.

The fine reaches of the Thames at Henley are yearly the scene of boat-races, open to all competitors, and which afford an opportunity for every variety of racing-boat to show its own capabilities and the powers of its rowers. In these races the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge take a part, together with the "crack" boats of London, and with other worthy rivals from various parts of the country. The matches include races with eight, four, and two-oared boats; and there are also "sculling-matches," as those races are designated in which each boat is rowed by a single person. The incidents so familiar on the river banks at Oxford, at Henley are repeated on a still more important scale—the very circumstances of the Henley races raising to the highest pitch the interest inseparable from them. The broad river here allows the rival boats in every race to be placed alongside of each other; and thus, with even bows, they spring forth upon a career which not unfrequently closes upon them still being side by side, the winner having perhaps half his boat's length in advance.

Still further down the stream, the same light racing-boats may be seen in active exercise, and particularly at the matches of the Thames watermen, and at the grand annual contest between the picked eight-oared boats' crews of Oxford and Cambridge. This "University boat-race" was first pulled, upwards of a quarter of a century back, at Henley, but now it is generally decided, like the watermen's races, in the neighbourhood of Putney. On these occasions the Thames swarms with boats of every size and kind, nor is a flotilla of river steamers wanting to complete the aquatic picture, and to contribute to the scene the smoky attribute of London. A clear course is, however, kept for the racing-boats, each distinguished by a tiny flag a few inches in length at the bow; and, happily, notwithstanding the crowded condition of the river, the animation of the races is rarely overcast by the sad reflections arising from any serious mischance.

* The architect was a "Mr. Hayward;" he died before the work was even commenced, but his designs and plans were adopted. His heart was evidently in his task, and the structure must be regarded as his monument. He had, it is said, frequently expressed a wish that in the event of his death before its completion, he might be interred beneath the centre arch, but his desire was not responded to. He lies, however, in the church close beside it, where there is a handsome tomb to his memory. In this church, also, was interred the General Dumouriez, famous in the early stages of the French Revolution; he died in the neighbourhood in 1823, at the age of eighty-four, having lived through the several eventful periods that intervened between his exile and the restoration. In the church-yard was buried Richard Jennings, "the master-builder of St. Paul's."

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT:

THE EXHIBITION IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

The exhibition of the models offered in competition for this important national work has been continued throughout the month; the court appointed to determine the question of the prize works has been named,—and the judges have published their award. In the more detailed account of these models which we have promised our readers, it will be seen how far we agree with this award, and with the principles on which it has been made:—and, as introductory to our remarks on the subject, it will be right that we should make a few observations on the constitution of the court itself.

We said in our last number, that if Sir Benjamin Hall should be as successful in the composition of his tribunal for the trial of the sculpture models as he had been in the structure of the court which sat on the architectural designs, he would thereby remove from himself a large share of the responsibilities which wait on such an award as this. We mean no impeachment of the honesty of his intentions in this respect, and certainly no disrespect to any of the individuals whom he has brought together as judges, when we say, that as a body they scarcely fulfil the conditions of such a trust. Sir Benjamin Hall may have done the best he could in the matter; and we have no difficulty in believing the rumour which asserts that he met with great difficulties in his attempts to organise a tribunal. The responsibility of adjudicating on the relative merits of such a body of Art as he has summoned into life, was very great,—and would be felt most, exactly in the quarters in which the qualifications demanded were most certainly to be found. It was the misfortune of the case, that the further the minister travelled for his selection from the field of the appropriate judicial knowledge, the further was he removing himself out of the range of those sensibilities which suggested the unwillingness to act judicially in such a case. The difficulty of constituting a court on the best principles possible, may be admitted as some excuse to him for constituting it on the best principles he could; but it is not easy, as regards either the composition itself of this particular court, or the results to which it has come, to give Sir Benjamin Hall the full and unrestricted benefit of such an excuse. An inspection of his commission leaves it impossible not to suppose that something more to the purpose might have been had by a minister anxiously in search of it. Personally, its members are above suspicion,—as, for the most part, they are far above a high average in point of general qualification; but it will, we think, be very strongly felt, that no men duly qualified *quoad hoc* could have made some of the selections for which these judges, and through them the Government, are responsible. Sir Benjamin Hall's court of adjudication consists of six members,—and they qualify, it would appear, as follows. At the head of the list is Lord Lansdowne;—and he, we suppose, is to be taken as representing the Cabinet in this commission. Now, that the Government should desire to have one of its own members taking part in decisions for which it has to incur so large a responsibility, is intelligible enough; but such a principle of nomination is, it will be allowed, to begin with, something different from the principle of fitness. The ancient superstition which assigned the whole range of human knowledge to a minister of state is extinct,—along with the faith in the infallibility of princes, of which it made a part; and it is openly held in our day, that there may be possible commissions in which the opinion of a cabinetmaker shall be worth more than that of a cabinet minister. In the particular case before us, however, the Government had the good fortune to find within the cabinet a qualified Art-commissioner; and the only doubt suggested by Lord Lansdowne's name in this connexion arises out of his advanced age and its accompanying infirmities,—raising a question as to whether he can have devoted to the duties of the commission such an amount of examination as the large body of models submitted, and the great interests at stake, demanded. The next name on the list is that of the Rev. H. H. Milman,—a gentleman well known for his varied and scholarly accomplishments, and who may be presumed to have made his way into this commission as dean of the cathedral in which the monument is to stand, and so, having official charge of the site. Here, again, it will be observed, the ground of nomination is something distinct from express qualification,—and the chapter which Dean Milman illustrates in the commission is not the chapter of Art. The dean is followed by the financier:—and if the large sum of money offered for the Wellington Monument were the matter on which the influence of this commission had to operate, instead of the Art of which that money is to be the price, then we could understand the place of Lord Overstone in this commission. As it is, we fail to apprehend the speciality of his appointment,—unless, in virtue of some lingering relic of the old superstition, it may be possible that his coronet is to be taken into account. The minister of state, the high church dignitary, and the ennobled financier,—three of the great aristocracies of the land,—having been thus duly inducted into the commission, it would seem as if a certain amount of ingenuity had been really exercised in keeping still aloof from the true ground of qualification; and where the public will doubtless have been thinking it is high time the artist should at last appear, we have next, in his place, the soldier! Now, this strikes us as the strangest appointment of all. The logic by which, we suppose, it is defended, is eminently strained and feeble,—the reason for it curiously remote; while it is opposed by an inherent objection, which is significant enough to have silenced logic far more emphatic had it been forthcoming, and outweighed reasons greatly more direct. Of course, it is to be understood that our remarks, where they are those of objection, have no application to individuals, save in as far as these represent the principles involved, —and that we are discussing the composition of a court for deciding on questions of Art merely on the ground of its professional merits. There is no offence, then, to General Cust in our stating why the last quarter in which we should, ourselves, have thought of recruiting for this Fine Art commission, would have been amongst those gallant men who bear her Majesty's commission to wield the sword. That in an age of increasing civilisation the soldier should be somewhat behind the spirit of his age, is what, by the mere theory of his profession, should be expected. Founded, as it is, in that doctrine of physical force which is the strength of barbarous times, the moral lights that daily more and more show its essential rudeness are scarcely likely to be received by him with the same readiness as by men of whose pursuits they but reveal the dignity and the beauty. The mechanical and prescribed nature of his service drives him for self assertion into a conventional independence, which looks hourly more and more artificial in the improving philosophy of the time; while, in matters of taste, an original difficulty has been created for him by that tinsel pomp and barbaric colouring which have been, from time immemorial, employed to hide the darker morals and embellish the ruder realities of his calling. In seasons of war, when these elements of impediment are all in active force—and perilous occupation and important results combine to give to that calling an air of dignity,—it is not to be expected that the soldier should disentangle the truths of progress from the old fictions which surround him, or discern the purer lights through the nearer false ones that once dazzled half the world, and still dazzle himself; and in periods of peace—when he is a dweller amid the same humanities and a sharer in the same civilising influences as other men,—he has yet, as a consequence, to overtake his more fortunate brethren, to whom the circumstances of life have given a start before him in the race for their apprehension, and is impeded in the effort to do so by the glare of the lights yet in his eyes and the weight of the arms which still he carries. As we have said, then, we should have looked to hands otherwise trained than the soldier's to hold the scales in which the interests of a whole profession, not his own, were to be weighed. The moral of his presence in this commission, according to Sir Benjamin Hall, we suppose, is, that the monument in question being a monument to a soldier, a representative of the military profession was necessary to the completeness of the court which was to decide on its nature. To us, we confess, a fancy like this presents a strange confusion of ideas. On any point by which the Duke of Wellington could have illustrated *himself* in his life, his brothers in arms are, by virtue of their profession, necessarily the best judges after his death; but the point involved in the Art-illustration of his greatness, is that in which, not only the professional instinct fails, but for which, as we have said, it in some measure incapacitates. The Duke himself was the most eminent soldier of them all; but we would no more have called him into council on a question of high Art, because it proposed the apotheosis of a soldier, than he would himself have consulted an artist on the arrangements of a coming fight, because they were one day to yield the elements of a picture. However, as we have said, for the purposes of this most delicate adjudication, the financier is followed by the soldier:—and the next following name in the commission is that of the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone, of course, represents the House of Commons; and there are a good many other men in the House of Commons who would have represented it very fitly on this occasion. But Mr. Gladstone possesses what Sir Benjamin Hall obviously considers the further Art-qualification of being a privy councillor. A gentleman without some sort of aristocratic decoration to his name, could scarcely have taken his place fitly, we suppose, on the same justice-seat with two lords, a cathedral dean, and a general. Of Mr. Gladstone, therefore, in this relation, we shall say nothing more, save that his figure helps still to hide the artist; who does, however, finally come in behind his back,—thrust in at the tail end of the commission, like an after-thought, in the person of an architect, Mr. Cockerell. One halfpenny-worth of Art-bread to modify all this quantity of aristocratic sack!—In reference to this point of the matter, too, a curious effect is attempted:—but which, we think, must be considered as having failed. Mr. Cockerell's name starts up amongst the names of these titled judges, only to disappear. The artist comes into this commission like a dissolving view. Though named in the document appointing the court, his signature is not attached to the conclusions at which it has arrived. But we are given distinctly to understand, that its absence thence does not imply dissent on his part. It arises, doubtless, from that professional sensibility which renders an artist unwilling to appear as umpire in a matter in which the interests of so many of his brother artists are concerned. We are bound to tell Mr. Cockerell, however, that he cannot thus shake off the responsibilities which he has assumed. He cannot enjoy at once the influence of a commissioner and the immunities of a non-commissioner. However cleverly he may contrive to jump through the commission at the moment of publication, we see his legs under the table. "Mr. Cockerell," say the commissioners, in their published report, "the only one of the appointed judges professionally connected with the arts—though, *we have derived from him valuable assistance and information in the progress of the examination*,—has declined taking a part in the ultimate decision." How Mr. Cockerell, in "the examination" of these works, can have rendered important assistance towards the decision, and yet taken no part in the decision, passes our apprehension. If his advice had no influence on the judgment, then, it was not "valuable" advice to the judges,—and, if it had, then it was an element of the judgment. The fact is, since Mr. Cockerell consented to act under this commission, he must not shrink from his share in its awards. The sensibility that did not prevent his taking a part in its deliberations, comes too late when it serves him only to withdraw his name from the document which records their results. We shall take the liberty to read that name, amongst the others, at the foot of this report,—and give it a share in all these judgments, be they good or bad. It will be seen, in the sequel, that,—with some strange exceptions,—these decisions, even where they do not command assent, in whole or in part, are yet such as a body of judges need not hesitate to avow.

Our readers have not to be told how seriously we have looked on the duties which this commission had to perform; and they who, like us, take deeply to heart the interests of Art, would not fail to be affected by many conflicting considerations as they gazed on this congregation of its creatures evoked by the spell of Sir Benjamin Hall. The first thing, as we have said, that struck the visitor to Westminster Hall, as, from

the upper floor, his eye glanced over their long array, was, the rich and beautiful show which they made, ranging down the grand old chamber, with the sunshine passing through the dust of ages to touch variously their details, and light up their forms of bronze and marble into mimic life. Then, came a thought of pain for all the sum of toil and aspiration wasted here,—the ten disappointments that, under this competition, go to build up a single triumph,—the mass of Art recklessly squandered to yield an Art unit. We question greatly whether the touching sight of the talent here invested for which it is known that there is to be no possible return, will not lead to a reconsideration of the economics, as well as the moralities, of the practice of competition,—at least, on this unrestricted scale. There was a marked difference in the sentiment which attended a visit to the hall on or before the 10th of the month just passed. Up to that day, each work was itself a potential triumph. The sense of a great final heartsore which hovered indefinitely over all, was kept aloof, because each man's contingent was plumed with his own hopes, and the contest had not yet selected its victims. After that day, the victor legend on nine pedestals left all the rest saddened by suggestions of shattered fortunes and perished hopes. There were models in the hall that could not have been executed at the cost of £1000, and the value of the labour and material bestowed upon the whole has been estimated at the large sum of £25,000; and this cold money calculation takes no account, as none *can* be taken, of the Art expended and the sickness of the soul incurred,—all idly, and in waste, since that which was designed for a special purpose is, just in the degree in which it was well designed for that, useless for anything else. Much of this waste and suffering is even cruelly provoked, since it is incurred on the part of those who never at any moment had even the precarious set-off of a chance. In the general wreck of expectation which saddens Westminster Hall, one really knows not which to grieve over most,—the many evidences of unquestionable power put forth to a single issue, and returned unremunerated on their owners' hands, or the labour taken from some more humble field on which it was productively employed to be rashly expended on an undertaking of which the candidate knows not the very language. Mistakes of all kinds there are amongst these models, generated under the hot temptation of £20,000. There are models that could not be duly executed for £20,000, even if the men who designed them could execute them at all,—models that the designers could not themselves carry out if they were paid twice the money, or any other sum,—and models that it would be national bankruptcy to execute if they could be had for nothing. Turners rise into sculptors for the occasion, and send what, in reference to the object proposed, can count as little better than aberrations of the human intellect; journeymen modellers strike for immortality and £20,000, and coutribute candidate works that do what in them lies to throw au air of ridicule over the whole affair. To the true artist, the paiu of rejection must derive an added sting from the fact of his being rejected in such company.—We repeat, this question of unlimited competition must, we think, undergo reconsideration.

The next point by which the visitor to the models at Westminster Hall was probably struck, would be, the curious varieties of idea that present themselves as the appropriate treatment of a single theme:—and side by side with this point of observation would obtrude another,—its exact opposite,—the monotonies and repetitions arising out of similarity of treatment. Now, these two circumstances, as regards their Art-significance, stand in very different categories:—and we cannot but observe, that the tone of the press in relation to this matter has not, we think, been such as was due to the gravity of the subject, and the claims of the artist. The strange notions that have found embodiment as monuments to the Duke of Wellington, and run through all the gamut of caprice, are so far,—even where they involve, as they often do, high talent,—substractions from the Art ideal; the features of resemblance in the treatment by several hands of one identical subject, presenting very marked and prominent points, is almost a necessity of any treatment which should be true to the ideal of the subject at all. The varieties in question reside in the sculpture mind applied to the subject; the resemblances in question reside in the subject to which the sculpture mind must apply itself. That next January will show us much novelty, traceable to Westminster Hall, in the patterns of twelfth cakes,—that one man commemorates the Duke monumentally by a system of corkscrews,—that a second offers as his monument an undeniable cabinet of *ricoco*, a third makes him the leading figure on an unquestionable *pendule*, a fourth suggests a wine cooler or a footpan to keep his memory in, and a fifth celebrates him sculpturally by a figure of a flying Fame coming out of his cocked hat,—are among the eccentricities which may well call down and justify the flippancies of criticism; but that the duke, who was both soldier and statesman, and in each character reached the highest place, should be presented by more sculptors than one between Peace and War, seems an obvious illustration of a leading peculiarity in the subject to be commemorated,—whose obviousness does not preclude all such varieties of application as genius has at its command. From no single sculptor to whom this work might have been entrusted alone, would this sculpture incident have seemed other than a natural and expressive phrase of the theme; and why, then, should it be liable to the charge of triteness because employed by three or more sculptors, working, to the same end, singly and apart? The suggestion, not inherent in the work itself, arises only from the fact of the variety of works which contain it being seen together.—So, with our ancient friend the British lion. That stately and intensely respectable animal certainly does perform an amount of work in this exhibition which lays him open to the pleasantries of the critic. So multiplied were his repetitions on the models in Westminster Hall, that if the commissioners who had to decide on these were, indeed, "Daniels come to judgment," they found themselves appropriately in a "den of lions." The effect—to those whom the gravity of the subject did not make grave—was ludicrous enough in the combination; but on any single one of all the works here displayed, the critic would certainly not have been at all startled to find the British lion crouching by the great Duke's side, or watching monumentally at his tomb.

We think it possible that Sir Benjamin Hall may, for his own individual part, have derived one especial moral from an examination of these models, created at his summons, and furnished to his own conditions:—a conviction, viz., that the site appropriated to the monument is not the best which he might have commanded. Our readers will remember, that, so far as we are concerned, we did not wait for the models to arrive at that conviction; but certainly, a sight of them goes far to fortify our already expressed opinions on the subject. Besides the essential objection which forbids generally the pagan practice of hero-worship in our Christian churches, and cannot give that hearty acquiescence which the monument demands to the illustration of human glory in those solemn areas beneath whose awful shadow all earthly dignities are supposed to find a common level,—there is no doubt that the sculptor's difficulties have been increased by the particular architecture presented in St. Paul's. It is true, that it is the office of genius, and the attribute of the highest, to reconcile all difficulties to itself,—to mould to its purpose incidents the most adverse,—to turn by its own harmonising spell even contradiction into commodity. All the great aims of Art are difficult to reach:—or, rather, we should say, perhaps, that they are *not* difficult to the great artist, and are impossible to all others. The difficulty is a test of the greatness. A whole class of works, however, amongst these models, pass at once out of judicial view as candidates for this Art prize, though some of these are among the most remarkable in the exhibition, by reason of their utter inapplicability to the peculiarities of the spot which they propose to occupy. This is so elementary a mistake in meaning, that it is really surprising to find it in combination with so much skill in performance. It has been decreed, by Sir Benjamin the Ruler, that the national monument to the Duke of Wellington shall stand in St. Paul's Cathedral,—under an open arch,—and *that*, not a terminal arch, nor an arch independent, but one of a system of arches, all open like itself, and from which it has no character of distinction. With these accidents it is the sculptor's business to make his work compose,—at once giving and taking character where it stands,—conforming to all that is without itself, while it makes due assertion of its own individuality. It must speak the language of the locality assigned it, but for the utterance of a thought which is its own,—and where it borrows an architectural support, it should return a sculpture grace. This is the true architectonic principle, as applied by the highest Art. But what shall be thought of the Art which assumes to supplement the idea that it finds, by repeating it? The two cardinal terms of the local proposition in this case are,—a temple, and an arch. Would any reader of ours, applying the most elementary form of reasoning to Art, expect to have the Duke's monument offered in the form of a temple, to stand within this temple,—or of an arch, to stand beneath this arch? The temple and the arch being the things already expressly furnished to the sculptor's hand, might not one be prepared to find him going in search of any other thing for their illustration (to his particular end) rather than these very things themselves?—There is another mistake, also implying defective thought, though in nothing like a degree so damnatory, which has disabled, for this particular object, more than one work that, for another, would have been, as regards both design and execution, amongst the finest in the exhibition. In this latter class of cases, the disability derives from a disregard, in part of the demands of the locality assigned, and in part of those of the purpose to be served. In some of them, the Art would be irreproachable if the æsthetic were sufficient. Their fault is, that they are lyrical, rather than monumental. They suit the triumph anywhere else than by the side of the tomb which has triumphed over it. Their beauty is composed of such exulting sculpture phrases, and they build up into such Art pæans, as might well adorn some other place and occasion, but are unbecoming the shadow of the eloister and the solemnities of the sepulchre. A people that dances at the funerals of its chiefs might plant trophies of such a character above their graves. In Christian lands, the Muse who sits by the mausoleum is a mourner. The place is holy,—and her sandals are off her feet. The full song of human triumph cannot be poured over the Christian's grave,—and this is one reason why the cathedral is not a fitting place for the records of victory.—The sculptor who forgets these things is not master of the spiritualities of his art.

We cannot, however, leave this part of our subject without observing, that, in reference to this important, and as we think essential, question of adaptability, the commissioners seem to have adopted a strange, and scarcely intelligible, reading of their duties. "We have not," they say, in the report which conveys their award, "considered ourselves bound to take into exclusive consideration the peculiar fitness and adaptation to that spot in St. Paul's Cathedral which appears to be in contemplation for the erection of the proposed monument:—*which consideration might possibly have led to some difference in the selection.*" Now, the terms of this document are throughout singularly vague and inconclusive,—but here they become more indefinite and unsatisfactory than ever. The question is, what value is to be assigned to the word "exclusive" in this clause,—and the result of any such inquiry seems to be, that the clause must be read without it. In its ordinary sense, the word is here without a reasonable meaning; because, to suppose that a work which recognised the characters of the locality should *therefore alone* be admitted as the national monument,—or to a prize in respect thereof,—in spite of any poverties of Art which it might exhibit, is a proposition simply so absurd, that the judges can scarcely have intended to waste their time in its rejection. Any other needless negative might just as well have done its no duty amongst the grounds of their award. If the word be either left out of the clause as redundant, or have assigned to it there the meaning which remains,—if they did not take fitness into account at all, or, taking it into account, did not give it the force of *excluding* any work, whatever its properties in other respects, which was unsuited to the place,—then, their decisions will be received with great distrust by the art and by the country. The words which we have printed in italics, above, are highly unsatisfactory. If the judges, as they would seem to suggest, have given a prize to some clever work, which, nevertheless, was not a clever Wellington monument to stand under a particular arch in St. Paul's Cathedral,—then, they

have given it for a cleverness essentially different from that which the competition challenged. Sir Benjamin Hall has asked them one question, and they have answered another. No amount of merit could be entitled to one of these prizes which was not merit suited to the place appointed for this national memorial.

To return, however, from this digression. For the reasons which we have stated above, and for reasons kindred to them, a process of judicial elimination, with regard to this competition, is constantly continued, which began early with reasons yet more obvious and emphatic. Numbers of models are gradually swept out of the field of adjudication; and the task of selection, which seemed hopeless at first view, is brought in the end within reasonable limits. In fact, that which will most of all strike the student of these models is, the remarkable absence of thought which they so generally betray, in obvious combination with qualities which thought *should* direct to immortal issues. All sculpture graces are here in abundance, save the crowning sculpture grace. Measured either by the number of works contributed, or by the talent invested in them, the whole result is far below what might be expected. With an exhibition of faculties that justify the largest amount of aspiration, there is scarcely a token here of inspiration. Figures of unquestionable value in themselves, yield no large product. Amid a host of technical excellences, there are few revelations of genius. The consummate hand has wrought again and again, without the sanction of the informing mind,—and so, wrought in vain, so far as any high Art purpose is concerned. Executive power—as the minister, too, of a fanciful fertility—is often apparent; but rarely as the exponent of the *true* creative. One satisfactory circumstance there is, in connexion with this part of the subject:—Sir Benjamin Hall will have learned from these models, what he would not take on our assurance, and that of others,—that he need not, in future, go abroad for any sculpture Art which the government may need. He will now know, that the best of its kind is to be had at home. This is the second time within a few years that the schools may be said to have measured themselves against each other,—and the result has been in each case the same. There need be no doubt, in future, that England holds the first place in the European sculpture system. Inferior to none in the technicalities of the art, her school shows itself superior to all in the spiritualities. When we speak of schools, it will, of course, be understood, as we have said elsewhere, that we are speaking of the general practice and average expression in each, and leaving out the great exceptions in all. England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece (fancy a contest with Greece for the prize of sculpture!) and America, are understood to have contributed to this competition. From the ranks of our own sculptors some of the best names are absent,—and others of the schools, also, are probably not here represented by their whole force. Taking this, then, as an even trial of strength, the result should be, to relieve the foreign sculptor from future contest for our national works of Art. That our own numerical share in these models far exceeds that of the foreigner, introduces no difference into the conditions of the problem; because the trial of strength is, of course, between the best,—and the worst are such as are no strength to any school, but are not weakness only because Art cannot be discredited by the imbecilities of those who usurp her name. In all that relates, then, to the sound canon and serious practice of sculpture, the English school asserts her unquestionable superiority in this gathering of European and Transatlantic schools. That part of the present sorrow and disappointment which has to slink back, out of this competition, into continental homes, made sadder and poorer by the competition, may henceforth, we submit, be spared on occasions of the kind.

The question of allegory as a sculpture resource has had one more trial, on a large scale, in this exhibition; out of which it comes with some modification of the dogma that would exclude it altogether. The enmity which it meets has arisen out of that abuse of its nature which employed it as a sculpture end, instead of a sculpture means, and has been nourished by the absurd puerilities and conceits that up to a recent period were offered in its name as final Art-expressions. For ourselves, we have little doubt, that allegory should be employed only to do that which cannot be done without it, and that the sculptor who *may* remain on the ground of the ideal, free to choose his own theme, will do well to select such as can dispense with its services. His art has far more spiritual interpreters than this; but their language, as we think will be seen, may be too transcendental to meet all occasions. The practice of allegory is apt to fall into two extremes,—both fatal to high and expressive Art. Either it narrows into convention, in which case the symbol ultimately supersedes the sentiment; or it expands into vagueness, and affects to do what no sculpture can do, and what it would be a thousand pities if sculpture could. The first of these issues to the use of allegory is the least distressing, because, even where it dispenses with Art, it at least gives us something that we can understand. If Venus be known by her doves, then, he who cannot model a Venus, can at any rate put the doves beside the female figure which he does model, and we know that he means it for a Venus. The opposite error—in examples of which this exhibition abounds—leaves us at the mercy of an exposition to be sought elsewhere. Qualities and abstractions of all kinds are undertaken to be embodied in marble; but *what* the particular quality or other abstraction intended, is known only by the label that supplements it. Figures are offered to us as something in particular, which, being as like anything else in general, are very properly inscribed with their names. Groups are said to be doing something specific, which, but for the authority of the written document that asserts it, we should say certainly are doing no such thing. If the great work of sculpture be that which proclaims its own intentions in its own unaided language,—every sculpture detail, as in a perfect lyric, being a phrase contributing to the general meaning,—what shall be thought of more than one work in this exhibition which needs the whole pages of literary dissertation given to it on its pedestal,—and scarcely repays the service of explanation which the document renders by being itself, in return, a true explanation of the document. Some of these labels look like treatises, and occupy nearly as much paper for the description of the sculpture figures to which they relate as these might be wrapped in. The art is a dead art that so writes its meanings. Among the personations that people the hall, we have, Prosperity, Strength, Order, Civil Virtue, Justice, Temperance, Prudence, Decision, Constancy, Valour, Protective Force, Power, Truth, Duty, Honour, Energy, Loyalty, Law, Anarchy, Military Genius, Wisdom, Legislation, Diplomacy, Science, Despotism, Military Service, Veneration, and Industry. Of these, some have the symbol,—as Justice, the balance, and Strength, the sword;—but where they have not, the figures might, in many cases, be shuffled together and stand for one another. The figure of Temperance that might serve as well for a figure of Prudence, and the figure of Valour that might change places with that of Military Genius, are not necessarily the one or the other,—and not, therefore, the Temperance or the Valour of any true Art-poetry.

But whilst it is amongst the responsibilities of the artist who has the selection of his own theme to choose only such as his art will express in its highest language, there are more classes than one of subject constantly appealing to him for illustration which cannot, as we have said, be transcendentally rendered, and which need the help of allegory. Of these is, the monumental,—and the historical-monumental in especial. It would seem as if the sculptor, whenever he leaves the ground of the sentimental and ideal, and comes upon the field of narrative, were driven to allegory as a means of expression, because of the character of summary and condensation which his work must often bear. From time immemorial, even the private monumental has resorted to types and figures for its utterances, which have been fatal to originality in this prolific and affecting field of sculpture. The sorrow that haunts all the churchyards of the land in one essential and unchanging form, not unnaturally grew uniform and conventional in the methods of its mourning,—and so, took to symbol. But genius is equal to reconciling the feelings which are eternal, for the grief that is immutable, with such varieties of expression as shall reclaim it from the tendency to be a copyist; and in its hands—as has been seen in some recent examples—the old symbolic figures are capable of translation into something different, in virtue of the deep poetry and pathos that reside in the subject,—the sorrow that is passion in the young and pain in the old, but essential sorrow in all. It is somewhat different beside the tomb at which a people sits as mourner. The national sorrow is eminently epic and attitudinal. Political mourning is an affair of posture and of costume, rather than of tears. If Art affects the allegorical beside the grave of private love, where she may expatiate, she *needs* it by the tomb of the hero of a hundred fights and the leader of a hundred debates, where she must condense. The history that must be written in a page, must use cipher. All that is demanded in the matter, is, that the allegory shall be precise,—clear in its meanings, and familiar in its language. Where allegory is *more* than a mere subsidiary, it must justify its use by the comprehensiveness of its application;—and everywhere, whether subsidiary or not, the one condition of its acceptance not to be compromised, is, that it shall speak in terms which those to whom it addresses itself can understand.

In casting our eyes round the models in Westminster Hall, we come at once upon a work which may serve as an illustration of what we have said. This work was numbered 35 in the exhibition, and represents as its leading theme the Estates of the Realm mourning for the great Duke. Here, of course, is a summary expression for the national pride and national regret, if it can be rendered monumentally:—but how are the Estates to be presented? The Queen offers no difficulty. She is an Estate in herself, and appears in her own person. The Lords and the Commons are severally corporations, and must appear symbolically if they appear at all. But the symbols which present themselves are at once familiar and dignified,—and lend themselves well to monumental composition. The Lords appear in the person of their Chancellor,—who, by the constitutional, and perfectly understood, theory, *does* embody in his person the collective dignity and prerogative of their house:—and the Commons are similarly impersonated, in their own house and here, by their Speaker. Here, then, we have allegory doing its work in language so direct that it is scarcely allegorical, and so comprehensive that it sweeps into its purview the whole figure of the national lament. The fact of the Duke's double figure as warrior and statesman is even suggested in this union of the Estates;—to be marked more emphatically by the figures of Peace and War uniting in the tribute to his memory. Peace and War as personations belong, of course, to the classic idea; but they are, nevertheless, of that class of accepted allegorical figures which are generally understood,—and so obviously carry on the idea here, that they unmistakeably express themselves. Thus, in a few grand epic phrases the entire subject is expressed:—the Duke's fame divided into its two several parts, and a nation, for its double sake, in the attitude of mourners at his tomb. The breadth of scope is obtained by the utmost simplicity of character; and the unity of the thought leaves out no part of the subject which was necessary to its fulness. Amid things of far greater show and pretension, a work like this, which effects its object by means so sculpturally direct, was very likely to be overlooked by the crowd; but should not have been so by any competent judges, were it only on the ground of its modelling. The Chancellor and the Speaker, with Peace and War, form the figures at the four angles of the pedestal. Raised, in a centre, above the figures of the Chancellor and the Speaker, so as to bring the three Estates in front, sits the Queen; and her raised arm carries on the eye, and the thought, to the Duke, standing monumentally on the summit of a low pillar which rises out of the centre of the pedestal. The back and the front sides of the pedestal show in bas-relief the first and last fights of the hero,—Assaye and Waterloo: and the sides are enriched with shields, coronets, and cornucopias. The varieties of costume have grown into rich sculpture incidents in the modeller's hands:—and these fine figures, all detached, and carried out on the great scale ultimately intended, would make a noble, and beautiful monument beneath the arch in St. Paul's. This work is understood to be from the chisel of Mr. Baily, the Royal Academician: and another work (32) is attributed to the same

sculptor, in which allegory is employed in a manner more recondite, and expressed in a composition of more rich and elaborate beauty. Throughout this composition, also, the double character of the Duke is enforced. Around the base of the monument, through the marble waves of that allegorical sea which represents at once the seat and the symbol of British empire, sweeps the car of Britannia, attended by the sea deities, in a procession that no other sculptor, since Flaxman, could have modelled. The idea, of course, is, to picture the foundations of that power for whose maintenance the life of the hero was spent in the field and in the senate. Then, the peace that he purchased with the battles that he fought is allegorically expressed above. Round the rock-pedestal that rises out of the sea are grouped, in an ascending arrangement which likewise carries up the eye to the crowning statue of the great Duke, a series of figures, in whose action Peace is made to proclaim to Europe, that, through the victories of her hero, Britannia is still triumphant. The base of this monument wants greater breadth; and would doubtless have it, if carried out on the great scale, which the limitations of size for the models forbade. It has not the epic and monumental severity of the group which we have first described; but as a piece of modelling, it unquestionably excels every other work in the exhibition.

These two models, and almost every other of mark in this collection, contribute to the proof that, without the help of allegory little can be done in this matter. Those of our readers who think otherwise we refer to No. 81;—in which there is a fine and satisfactory contempt of the ideal. Here, the national monument is reduced to portraiture, and divided in equal halves between two celebrities,—the Duke of Wellington and his horse Copenhagen. It is not easy to say *which* the artist who deals thus in facts considers the leading fact, the chief or the charger. The duke is on foot, and so is the horse; and the one stands beside the other: that is all.—Or, our readers may look at No. 31; in which, so far as we understand it (because in this and some other instances we are not exactly sure of our readings), the substance of the work is fact, and the accessories only are allegorical. The effect of the two styles, mixed up in this proportion, is, as if a man should build himself a Grecian house, and put a Gothic knocker on the door. There is some little confusion even in the facts. The duke lies, as it seems to us, in his clothes, on a couch spread on his funeral car, and is being wheeled, as we suppose, to his grave, on castors. The allegory comes in with the castors, which are British lions:—and more quaint and conceited-looking little lions there are not in all Westminster Hall. Britannia is by their side, as a walking mourner. There is a bas-relief on the panel of the car, but we have not been able to read it. The only thing in it that we can distinctly make out is a very excellent piece of matter-of-fact. The Duke of Wellington is riding on horseback through the sea, and holding his sword well up to prevent its getting wet.—No. 30 is also distinguished by its simplicity. Her Majesty the Queen rests her arm upon a tomb, and bears a shield embossed with a medallion of the duke. The elegiac intention is conveyed by the extremely lachrymose aspect of the Queen, and that of a small lion who reflects her grief, and looks intensely demure, proper, and ridiculous.—Again we say, let there be an end of unlimited competition, which mocks the earnestness of a nation with things like these.

The model No. 66 is understood to be the joint work of Messrs. Durham and Lawlor. It is not in the published list of prize works chosen by the judges,—but we find it in ours. It is too much broken into groups for epic treatment; but the groups are all well designed, and very ably modelled, and the whole looks massive and monumental. In the leading group,—which is another version, less obviously treated, of the double character,—Wellington is in the act of surrendering the sword to Justice which is needed no longer for war. Two other groups may be said to keep the same moral. In one, Victory is shown as the result of Valour,—in the other, as the result of Wisdom. Attendant genii on either side bear crowns such as the earth yields, and such as the heavens reserve. The eye comes to the repose and harmony of this work again and again, when wearied with the clever multiplicity in so many places round it.—There are also two models of remarkable ability, Nos. 57 and 60,—or, rather, they should be spoken of as one, for they are the same design with variations,—by Mr. Bell; of whom, too, no notice is taken by the commissioners. The principal objection which we have to these works is, their massive character, and the solid way in which they would fill up the assigned arch; but the modelling is of great excellence. The design is sepulchral, and so far appropriate to a cathedral for locality; and the front of the sepulchre has the figure of Wellington reversing his baton in sign of peace:—thus presenting him, as most other models here naturally do, at the Janus point, between figures of War on the one side and Peace on the other. These figures form the principal group, and are composed in a pyramid. On a lower base are six figures, forming also pyramids, back and front. In the front central niche is History recording, and in the back Britannia mourning. There are other figures on the angles, different in the different models. The works are not very easy to describe; but it is, at any rate, incredible how these should have escaped the eyes of the judges when certain of the prizes were given away.

The judges have given the first prize, of £700, to Mr. W. Calder Marshall, for a work which is designed by him to be erected in bronze:—and about whose place in this award there will most certainly be differences of opinion, though it is a work of talent beyond doubt. We had ourselves marked it for a prize,—but will not say *where*, further than that it was not where we find it in this judicial report. The design is the accustomed one,—Wellington between Peace and War. The pedestal on which the Duke stands is supported at the angles by figures representing Wisdom, Valour, Duty, and Peace. Here, then, we have *two* figures of Peace:—Peace in the first place, and Peace in the second,—Peace as a subordinate, and Peace as a result. This is a fault in construction. On one side of the pedestal, a mother, with a child in her arms, finding the dead body of her husband, indicates the horrors of war; on the other, Commerce and Agriculture triumphant symbolise the blessings of peace. There are bas-reliefs representing the siege of Badajoz, and the Duke receiving the thanks of the House of Commons; and, on the base are the battles of Assaye and Waterloo. It is proposed by the sculptor that statues representing the Grenadier Guards, the Life Guards, the artillery, and the infantry shall be placed at the angles supporting the arch under which the monument is to stand:—and the model which Mr. Marshall originally sent in included a segment of the cathedral arch, showing these figures. But this addition enlarged the dimensions beyond the limits permitted by specification; and, under the strict application of Sir Benjamin Hall's own rule, the sculptor was, we believe, required either to withdraw his model as an infringement, or to sacrifice that part of his design which made it so. The portion abandoned is an important feature in the effect, and we hear it talked of now as a constituent of the design to which the judges have given their first prize. If they *have* taken the arch and its figures into account, and have permitted to Mr. Marshall the benefit of this forfeited portion of his plan, then they have directly contravened the expressed intentions of the First Commissioner of Public Works, and mistaken their trust in a far more serious sense than that to which we before alluded. If it be so, it will be necessary that the sculptors who were candidates shall bestir themselves at once in the matter, and that the award, so far as regards the first prize of £700, shall be re-opened. The matter is serious, and affects the good faith of the whole proceeding.

If the public verdict be worth anything in a matter like this, there should be much Art-virtue in a work which was numbered 36 in this exhibition, and contributed by Mr. Edgar G. Papworth. The judges are of the opinion of the public,—and have awarded to it their third prize, of £300; and we are of the opinion of the judges,—with something of a difference. It is probable, that if the distribution of these awards had rested with us, we should have assigned to this model pretty nearly the place which it now occupies with reference to the exhibition generally:—with reference to the works only which are actually chosen as prizes, we should have placed it better. The character is eminently solemn and sepulchral, and the sepulchral view is expressed with great poetic beauty. Working for a church and for a tomb, the sculptor has kept conscientiously in view the dread Presences in which he wrought—Death and Religion,—and made his art the minister to both. No passages of triumph disturb the awful shadows of the place,—no sculpture phrases affect to evade the authority of the great destroyer. The body to death, and the great memory to fame,—is the moral here written, in characters distinct and beautiful, by Art. By the grave to which the mortal that has "passed away" is solemnly committed, the rescued Immortality is handed over to the keeping of History. No better test could be afforded of the value of the thought here embodied, than the way in which the mind was affected by the sense of monumental fitness when it came suddenly on this work from some of the *louder* ones, so to speak, that preceded it up the long sculpture aisles. The silence of the grave was at once felt to be here,—but out of it "a still small voice" speaking clearly to posterity. Here, is thought,—thought solemn, poetic, and unborrowed,—and allegory speaking a language at once sweet, subdued, and majestic. The design is as follows.—On the summit of a lofty mausoleum stands the figure of the great Duke, with his robe gathered round his breast. Two figures, male and female, are grouped reclining at his feet; and may be considered as representing the genius of War, and that of Peace. The Duke's sword-point reversed, and resting on the ground, may be taken to indicate that period in his life in which he is passing from the first to the last; while, amid the other touching morals of the work, it is felt also as faintly shadowing out that final rest from his labours of which this monument is the record. By the tall bronze gates of the mausoleum, which are imitated from the famous Ghiberti gates, at Florence, and intended to be covered in all their panels with the sculptured events of the Duke's life, stands the Angel of the Grave—calm, serene, and beautiful. Her finger is on her lip, to indicate the eternal silence,—and her outstretched hand is closing the gates for ever against the world. Through the narrow opening is seen the marble sarcophagus of the Duke; and opposite to the angel, the lion of England sits watching by his tomb. At the back of the monument History—a finely-modelled figure—has taken up her office where it properly begins, and commences the keeping of the great record whose incidents have just been closed on the other side.

We wish any of our readers who may have seen it could help us to some solution of a very remarkable model in this collection known as "The Star Monument,"—but which we, ourselves, have already alluded to as "The Corkscrew Monument." Ours is the better name; because the star is no part of the design, and the corkscrews are its leading feature. The Duke stands on a large screw, which climbs out of the centre of a pedestal supported on eight smaller screws,—and the pedestal has a circular battlemented edge, mounted with cannon. There are figures of Peace and Justice, and some other things; but all else is subsidiary to the corkscrews. Now, this work has given us great mental trouble, in the attempt to master the intention that underlies it. Whatever may be said for or against allegory, we question if sculpture can be canonically treated as a conundrum. We do not like to give it up, however; and have wondered whether the author of this mystification could possibly mean to indicate that Wellington had uncorked bottled fame wherever he found it, and drunk off all the wine of glory at the cannon's mouth. The fact that the greater number of the Duke's victories were achieved in a wine-growing country, favours this solution. Still, we cannot feel quite certain that we have here done the work of Œdipus.

The judges have awarded the second prize in this competition (£500) to No. 56, the work of Mr. W. F. Woodington. Now, this group, according to our judgment, has many great artistic qualities of its own, and many properties which rob it of essential fitness for this particular purpose. The Duke is seated aloft in a chair, in an attitude of meditation, reviewing to himself, as it should seem, the events of his life; and at the angles of his tomb are seated, severally, impersonations of the virtues which the sculptor conceives to have been its guiding spirits. These are, Energy, Decision, Devotion, and Order. Now, as a variety in treatment, after that monotony of treatment which, as we have already said, must be



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA GOURAMMA OF COORG.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

a consequence of excellence itself, we dare say the judges were not sorry to come on this model; but, that it would have been taken as satisfying the conditions of a Wellington monument if it had been presented alone, we cannot persuade ourselves. In the first place, it sinks all notice of the Duke's military character,—which scarcely becomes the record of a great soldier; and in the second place, the treatment is philosophic, not religious,—and in so far, less suited to a church. The air and attitude of the Duke are those of an ancient sage. Then, the four virtues attributed are really essences far too subtle for impersonation; and it is quite certain that no visitor could name the figures but for the gilt letters that direct him. Equally certain is it, that some of them might change places, without rendering it necessary to shift these letters. Noble shapes, beyond doubt, they are,—greatly conceived, and beautifully executed; and the work has the one grand Art-grace of simplicity. But the whole monument is an abstraction, and has no moral to suggest and no story to tell.—It seems, however, to have inspired the judges with a taste for the abstract; for their fourth prize, £200, is given to a work in which figure as impersonations those airy conceptions, Temperance, Constancy, and Protective Force. Science, too, sits in this monument for her portrait;—but that is more possible, as an affair of costume. This is an Italian work, and its author is the Cav. Giovanni Dupré, of Florence. On the four sides of a quadrilateral base are represented in bas-relief some leading events in the life of the Duke. At the angles of a raised cornice are the embodied invisibilities named; and above all rises a group composed of Wellington clad in a toga, led by Victory, and knelt to by Peace. The work builds up well, and has considerable merit:—but should not have received a prize till many others in this hall had been so distinguished.

A work of great sculpture qualities is No. 20, from the hand of Mr. Matthew Noble. It has obtained from the judges a prize of £100. The grand Art-feature of simplicity made it always a relief to pause beside this model after a travel amid the extravagances of the exhibition. The figures are five only in number, and all designed to be colossal. They represent the Duke standing on a pedestal, on whose base are personations of Ireland, India, Europe, and Great Britain. Wellington is represented as in the matured vigour of life; his military character being indicated by the sword and the volumes of the Wellington Despatches, and his civil by a state document which he holds in his hand. The character of the whole work is that of mass and firmness; and the figures stand well and nobly on their pedestals, and are serious and majestic in their sentiment and bearing.—Of the class to which it belongs, there is nothing finer than this work in the hall.

Another prize of £100 has been given to No. 63, the work of Mr. Thomas Thorneycroft, and a very striking production. It differs in its treatment from most of the other models in the hall; and had, we dare say, its air of originality to recommend it to the judges, in addition to its own great intrinsic merit. Nevertheless, the leading incident by which it is distinguished has in all probability been suggested by the Prussian sculptor Rauch's monument to Frederick the Great. Here, as in Mr. Woodington's work, the Duke is seated, and musing; and around him, as supporters, are allegorical figures of Victory, Peace, Science, and Industry. A series of bas-reliefs present a variety of incidents in the career over which his thoughts appear to be travelling. As in the monument to Frederick, bronze statues of the companions-in-arms who helped to make that career illustrious support him; and soldiers of all the arms which he commanded meet in a procession around the base of the monument. We believe, the public are well content that this work should have a prize.—But the public will, we also believe, travel no further with the judges,—and here, at all events, we ourselves part company from them. There are three other prizes, of £100 each; and these have been given severally to No. 12, the work of two Florentines, MM. Mariano Folcini and Ulisse Cambi,—No. 18, that of Mr. Alfred Stevens,—and No. 21, contributed by Herr Ernestus Julius Hähnel, of Dresden. Of these three, the award to the Englishman is unquestionably a mistake. On no possible principle of judgment can we understand how this work came to be singled out from such a collection as this,—and least of all, for such a purpose. Of the two foreign awards, that to the Florentines adopts an arch under an arch,—and of the German work, we shall say no more than that it represents the Duke in the act of sheathing his sword after victory, with his foot planted on a gun, that Britannia sits by the pedestal in front, and that on detached pedestals at the four corners are allegorical figures representing Wisdom and Strength, and War and Peace.

It is not our intention to go through these works in Westminster Hall at length:—our design has been, to illustrate the amount and principles of our agreement with, and disagreement from, the judges who have made this award. It will be seen, that, although we think they have fallen into some strange mistakes, yet their award will meet with a considerable amount of acquiescence; and *that* is perhaps as much as in general such an award can aspire to. Many heart-burnings and bitternesses there will be,—heavy suspicions of prejudice perhaps, and certainly much sense of wrong; but these things are inseparable from such a competition, so entered into. Good ground of disappointment, too, there is. There is, for instance, a work here which is understood to be by Mr. Thomas, so remarkable for its talent,—though in our opinion unsuited to this particular purpose, on principles which we have already laid down,—that it will be difficult to satisfy the sculptor that under any circumstances it should have been overlooked by the judges; and a model by Mr. Physick is one of a class which furnish good evidence of what our school can perform. The resulting question is,—What, now, will Government do in the matter of this Wellington Monument? It is probable, that no one model which appeared in this collection will be executed as the national work:—certainly, we should apprehend, not the one to which the judges have awarded the first prize. But the minister has the money, and we suppose means to have the monument; and there has been far too much of the power necessary for the execution of such a work displayed in this competition, to make it possible for him now to pass by the talent which he found in Westminster Hall. It seems to us, that the wise course will be, to summon to a final competition from eight to twelve—not less than the first, nor more than the last—of the leading sculptors of England *alone;* in which number, as a matter of right, the three great prizemen in the contest just ended shall be included. Let these new competitors make models, to the half size,—the price of the final monument being reduced by such a sum to each as shall greatly diminish the cost of his model,—and on the distinct understanding that one of these shall be selected for execution, with such alterations and modifications as may be agreed on between the Government, the Court of Selection, and the sculptor himself. Let the Court of Selection be constituted with a care justly proportioned to the importance of the function which it will have to discharge; and contain a sufficient amount of the Art-element, of such a satisfactory kind as might be represented by unexceptionable names.—By such a process, the minister will most certainly arrive at an honourable result in the long-pending matter of the Wellington Monument.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The excitement caused by the *Salon* having subsided, Paris has assumed its appearance of desertion usual at this period of the year.—A new exhibition has been opened in the *Rue Rivoli*, by order of the *Ministre de la Marine*, of the various productions of Algeria.—An Art-society has just been established at Besançon.—The following statues have been commanded by the Directors of the Fine Arts and by the Minister of State:—a bust of Cartellier (sculptor) for the Institute, by M. Meusnier; of Picard for the French Theatre, by M. Trelin; a bust of the Duke of Malakoff, by M. Crauck; and a marble statue of "La Pensierosa" for the Louvre, to be executed by M. Lanzirotti.—Ary Scheffer is in England, painting the portrait of the Queen Marie-Amelie.—The large painting of the "Taking of the Malakoff Tower," by Yvon, is to be placed in the gallery at Versailles.—The bronze statue of the illustrious Biehat has been inaugurated in the *Cour de l'Ecole de Médecine:* this was the last work of David d'Angers.

Bordeaux.—A painting, presumed to be by A. Carracci, has been discovered in the Cathedral of Bordeaux.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA GOURAMMA OF COORG.

F. Winterhalter, Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. ¼ in. by 3 ft. ⅛ in.

Coorg, as many of our readers probably may not know, is a small principality of Hindostan, situated near the Mysore country; its greatest length is about seventy miles, and the mean breadth about twenty-two miles. Hyder Ali contrived, in the middle of the last century, to get possession of Coorg by treachery; but in 1787 the young rajah, Beer Rajinder, his prisoner, escaped from confinement through the aid of several of his subjects, and succeeded in establishing himself in his dominions. At his death, in 1808, he left the succession to an infant daughter, to the exclusion of his brother, to whom of right it belonged according to ancient usages; but the young princess soon after abdicated in favour of her uncle, with the sanction of the British Government, and to the satisfaction of the people of Coorg. The country has since become, if we mistake not, an integral portion of the British empire in Hindostan, now engaging so much of the solicitude of every Englishman; or, if not, it is under our protection.

The Princess Victoria Gouramma is daughter of his Highness Prince Beer Rajinder Wadair, ex-rajah of Coorg; she was born in February, 1841. The melancholy circumstance of the death of the mother, two days after the birth of the child, seems to have led to increased affection for his offspring on the part of the father, who, from his own previous convictions in favour of Christianity, determined that his favourite daughter should be brought up in the principles of the Christian faith. From this period the ex-rajah entertained an anxious desire to visit Europe, in order that, when she had arrived at a suitable age, she might be introduced into European society, and thereby receive such impressions as would promote a feeling favourable to Christianity. Accordingly, in the early part of 1852, the prince quitted India for this country, leaving at the city of Benares the rest of his family, consisting of eleven children, with their mothers; for, notwithstanding his strong bias towards the Christian faith—and he is said to be a firm believer in its creeds and doctrines—he does not appear to have disapproved of polygamy. On his arrival in England the object of his visit was made known to the Queen, who at once most kindly and graciously consented to become sponsor to the young princess. The baptismal ceremony—on such an occasion more particularly interesting—was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, on June 30, 1852, in the presence of her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and numerous other members of the royal family: the princess received the prefix of "Victoria" to her Indian name of "Gouramma," by which she had been called after one of the pagan divinities of her country.

It must be allowed that the act of the ex-rajah manifested great moral courage in one of high birth, strictly educated in Hindooism and nurtured in Asiatic prejudices; and it is almost impossible to foresee what beneficial advantages may result from it among the higher classes of the Hindoo population, should his daughter return to India to show them by her example what true Christianity is. When he surrendered his child to the gracious and maternal charge of her Majesty, he addressed the young lady in these simple yet touching words:—"Endeavour to gain every day more and more the grace, and to merit the love and kindness, of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; and thereby all Europe, India, and the rest of the world may hear and be pleased with your good conduct and fame. May Heaven bless you, and keep you always under its divine protection and especial care. This is my advice to you, my dearest daughter, and my most earnest prayer to the Almighty on your behalf."

The princess is now in her sixteenth year, and promises to improve in the various studies in which she is engaged. Her personal appearance is exceedingly interesting and intelligent, and the complexion of her skin is but little darker than that we Europeans call a deep brunette. Her portrait, which Winterhalter painted by command of her Majesty, is at Buckingham Palace.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Site of the National Gallery.—The commissioners have issued their report—a Blue-book containing nearly two hundred pages, with lithographed plans. It is probable we shall pass this goodly volume under review at no distant period, for the subject is one that cannot fail greatly to occupy the public mind, and upon the result of this "inquiry" will largely depend the future of British Art. The following witnesses were examined:—Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., Mr. H. Farrer, Mr. J. Nieuwenhuys, M. J. Bentley, Mr. Knight, R.A., Mr. Cooke, A.R.A., Mr. Parris, Mr. Mulready, R.A., Mr. J. M. Smith, Mr. Denning, Mr. Smart, Mr. A. Panizzi, Mr. E. Hawkins, Mr. W. H. Carpenter, Mr. Oldfield, Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., Mr. J. Bell, Sir C. Barry, Mr. Westmacott, R.A., Baron Marochetti, Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. J. Fergusson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir G. C. Lewis), Mr. E. A. Bowring, Mr. Doyle, Mr. A. J. B. B. Hope, M.P., Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Mr. J. F. Lewis, R.S.A., Mr. H. Warren, Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Digby Wyatt. For the present we content ourselves with copying from the *Times* the following abstract of proceedings, merely observing that the public will find it difficult to understand how so eminent a gentleman as Mr. Faraday—he, indeed, on whom dependence was principally placed—should have declined to vote:—"It appears that on the 12th of March a resolution was proposed to the effect that the evidence thitherto adduced, collectively considered, did not lead to any decisive conclusion against placing the new National Gallery within the metropolis, on which Mr. Faraday moved an amendment admitting this fact, but pointing to the advantage to be obtained by 'the removal of the gallery to a clearer and more airy site,' which amendment was negatived by three to two, Mr. Richmond voting with Mr. Faraday. The original resolution was afterwards adopted. At the meeting of the 7th of May a letter was read from Mr. Justice Coleridge, advocating the claims of the existing site in Trafalgar Square, on the ground of its general accessibility. On the 21st of May Professor Faraday moved two resolutions: first, 'that in respect of the future plan of the National Gallery, the three leading considerations which should govern the choice of a site are clear space for a building of magnitude sufficient to provide for the prospective increase of the collection, accessibility to the public, and the preservation of the pictures; and, secondly, that, in the opinion of the commissioners, the first consideration is essential in any case, that the second and third, although of extreme importance, are highly antagouistic, inasmuch as the removal of the pictures to a clearer but distant place takes away that accessibility which the present site, although, no doubt, with a great amount of wear and tear, provides.' On these two resolutions the commissioners divided, affirming the first by four to one, and the second by three to two. Mr. Richmond then proposed that after a resolution adopted on the 27th of April ('that it is not expedient to break up or remove the collections of ancient sculpture and archæology in the British Museum') another resolution be added, to the effect that the future combination of sculpture with painting should be provided for in the new National Gallery, 'a primary use of which should be to preserve examples of the Art of past ages in all its branches in the order best adapted to exhibit their beauty and to illustrate their sequence and character.' This resolution was negatived by three to two. It was also unanimously agreed that the choice of sites lay between the site of the present gallery (if sufficiently enlarged) and the estate at Kensington Gore. The result was that the chairman (Lord Broughton), the Dean of St. Paul's, and Mr. Cockerell, voted for the present site in Trafalgar Square, and that Mr. Richmond (alone) voted for the Kensington Gore estate. Professor Faraday declined to vote at all, his mind being equally balanced between the two sites."

The Royal Academy.—At length the vacancy created by the death of Sir Richard Westmacott, Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy, has been filled by the election to the chair of his son, Mr. Westmacott, R.A., who, without disparagement to any others, is undoubtedly the fittest sculptor to succeed the late professor.

The National Portrait Gallery.—It will have been seen with no common indignation that an attempt—not the less discreditable because it was an utter failure—was made in the House of Commons to withhold the annual grant of £2000 to form a gallery of British worthies. We treated this subject at great length a few months ago; it is unnecessary to recur to it. Certainly the grant would have been asked for more gracefully if there had been anything like a satisfactory report of progress. If the trustees wait until gift-pictures are collected, they will wait long before the public can appreciate their labours. Purchases are not to be made, or, at all events, not often: but for all the useful purposes contemplated by such a collection good copies would be quite as beneficial as the originals, and these are to be procured easily and at comparatively small cost. The £4000 now granted might obtain fifty pictures, valuable as teachers of the million; and if multiplied by photography, accompanied by a brief but sufficient biography, and sold at very low prices, a new and most effective means would be devised of gratifying and instructing "the masses." If "biography be history teaching by example," what schoolmaster can teach so well as a single picture that shall stimulate to virtue by exhibiting its best reward! We regret to learn from the debate in the House of Commons that the recompense to the secretary is one hundred a year! Surely the trustees neither require nor expect labour at his hands; certainly they enter into no contract to pay for it.

The Halls of the City Companies.—Our weekly contemporary, the *Athenæum*, has published in a recent number a "Report," drawn up by Sir Charles Eastlake, "on certain minor galleries of pictures which exist in London, for the benefit of the parliamentary commissioners." "The Report," adds the editor of the journal in question, "besides serving its special purpose, contains much curious information on old portraits and pictures, and on City Companies." We know not if Sir Charles Eastlake reads the *Art-Journal*, but if he does, he will probably remember that during the years 1852-3-4, we published a series of articles, from the pen of Mr. Edward Hall, F.S.A., on this very subject. In these respective papers the halls of the principal civic companies, and other public buildings in London, were referred to at very considerable length, both as to their history and their adaptation to Art-purposes, while whatever pictures or other works of Art they contained received ample comment from our contributor. Sir Charles's "Report," if the *Athenæum* publishes it *in extenso*, is a very meagre production in comparison with Mr. E. Hall's papers: moreover, the president of the Academy has entirely omitted several of the principal halls, as the Goldsmiths', the Fishmongers', the Grocers', Haberdashers', and Salters'; in fact, there are but four of which he has spoken—the Mercers', Drapers', Skinners', and Merchant Tailors', though allusion is made to the pictures belonging to the Weavers' Company and the Clockmakers', which hang in rooms in the City of London Tavern, appropriated to these companies respectively. Of the whole of those passed over by Sir Charles there appeared "much curious information" in our pages; an analysis of our report would have enabled the president to place in the hands of the parliamentary commissioners a far more comprehensive and useful document than that he has submitted to them.

Art: England and America.—It is known that a plan has been for some time in progress for sending to the United States such a collection of British pictures as shall uphold and extend the reputation of our artists, and be otherwise advantageous to them, while it may have the effect of benefiting our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic by acting as a teacher. This project is admirable in theory, and we shall very cordially rejoice if we find it so carried out as to be really what it ought to be, and must be, to become practically useful. Our doubts arise from our belief that it is next to impossible to collect a sufficient number of high-class pictures to form an exhibition, which exhibition is to open in New York on the 1st of November; and we strongly advise its postponement for a year. It will be a serious and fatal mistake to imagine that the Americans will be satisfied with mediocrity—they can distinguish excellence quite as well as we can; they have many liberal and judicious collectors, and several extensive collections, and especially their artists generally are entitled to take prominent rank. We shall not find it in England so very easy to over-match the more eminent of their painters. The experiment will, therefore, be a failure unless a large number of paintings of the highest merit be submitted to them. The project, originally started, we believe, by a few English artists, is now mainly under the direction of Mr. Gambart: he is a gentleman of intelligence and experience, and is, perhaps, the only person in England in whose hands it will be comparatively safe: but even he will find it difficult, if it be possible, to achieve this object worthily. We confess that our fears on this subject are stronger than our hopes.

London and Middlesex Archæological Society.—The members of this society and their friends assembled in very considerable numbers on Tuesday, July the 21st, for the purpose of visiting the Tower of London. The authorities of the Tower had entered with the most cordial good feeling into the views of the society, and the meeting was accordingly attended with the most gratifying success. Many of the parts of this celebrated fortress which possess the strongest claims upon the attention of the archæologist will not admit of being visited by more than a few individuals at one time: it was consequently arranged that careful and minute descriptions of such parts of the Tower should be read at a meeting of the society, to be subsequently held on some evening in the course of the next autumn or winter, while those other parts which are capable of being examined by large parties of visitors should occupy the attention of the present meeting. It was found to be necessary to divide the entire assemblage into no less than eight different groups: each of these groups was placed under the direction of a member of the society and of one of the warders, and each group thus conducted visited in succession the chapels of St. John and St. Peter, the council chamber, the armouries, the Wakefield and Beauchamp Towers, and the Jewel Tower; and also walked round the fortifications, examining in their way the Traitor's Gate, the various flanking towers of the ancient fortress, and the modern batteries and other buildings. In each chapel, tower, or apartment where the visitors paused to institute a special examination, some member of the council of the society was placed, who gave to every succeeding party a description of the place in which he was speaking: this duty was discharged in a manner which gave the utmost satisfaction, in the council chamber by the Rev. Thomas Hugo, in the chapel of St. John by W. A. White, in the Wakefield Tower by Mr. Deputy Lott, in the armouries by Mr. Fairholt, in the Beauchamp Tower by Mr. C. Baily, in the Jewel Tower by Professor Tennant, and in the Chapel of St. Peter by the Rev. Charles Boutell, the Honorary Secretary of the society, by whom all the arrangements had been made, and who personally superintended their being carried into effect. Brief general introductory addresses were also delivered by Lord De Ros, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and by the Rev. Thomas Hugo. It is most singular that it should have been left for this recently formed society to hold the first archæological meeting in the Tower of London; but it is, at the same time, no less satisfactory to know that the society which has held this meeting is altogether equal to the duties which it has undertaken, and that its efforts are met with such sympathy on the part of those in authority, and such approbation on the part of the public as distinguished in so eminent a degree this very gratifying gathering within the old walls of the Tower. One feature in the proceedings of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society demands from us at once special notice and strong commendation; and this is, the popular manner in which it deals with the various subjects which it takes in hand. To render archæology popular is, or at least it ought to be, a special object with our country archæological societies: and we rejoice to observe that the metropolitan society has adopted a system of action which cannot fail to extend widely its own range of action, by rendering its operations no less attractive than useful, and no less interesting than fraught with valuable instruction.

The Peace Trophy at the Crystal Palace.—It appears that the cost of this lamentable affair—a slur upon the Crimean war, and an insult to Art—was no less a sum than £1908. Surely the share-

holders have a right to complain of an expenditure so reckless producing a result so humiliating. We suppose the Baron Marochetti has recovered from the injury he sustained by this miserable failure; but sure we are that a British sculptor who had publicly exhibited a work so thoroughly wretched would have been ruined by it for ever.

A Series of Pictures and Drawings are now exhibiting at 49, Pall Mall, which cannot fail to interest deeply all Art-lovers, more especially such as have visited Italy, and have sojourned in some of its less known localities. The collection consists of a variety of paintings, drawings, and sketches, by Mr. E. V. Rippingille, an artist who has long occupied a prominent position in Art, and who has wrought much for public instruction with the pen as well as the pencil. These works are of considerable excellence, and they are exceedingly interesting as introductions into by-places, where the English traveller rarely treads—places, however, which he usually longs to visit, although deterred by the many obstacles in his way, and the difficulties, almost insurmountable, to be encountered. We may direct particular attention to several drawings which picture the haunts of the bandits—not the fanciful descriptions of the novelists, but the real and actual scenes, to every one of which terrible stories are attached. One of them represents the courtyard of a house in Sonnino with the heads of thirteen bandits spiked over the gateway, and another the deep hole into which their bodies were flung. The extirpation of these villains was the work of Austrian soldiery. A visit to the atelier of Mr. Rippingille cannot fail to afford a rare intellectual treat, due regard being had also to the instruction that may be derived from a gentleman who is, and has long been, a master in Art.

The Valley of the Lune.—A noble landscape picture has just been completed by Mr. Linton, which might serve as a companion to his fine picture of "Lancaster,"—and has been removed by him for exhibition to Manchester. It shows the windings of the river Lune through the beautiful valley whose features are described by the poet Gray, in his letter to Dr. Wharton, published in the memoir of his life by Mr. Mason. The point of view chosen is near that which to this day is known, from the description in question, as "Gray's Station." Whoever, however, says West, in his "Guide to the Lakes," "makes choice of that station" (at the three-mile stone from Lancaster) "will fail of taking one of the finest afternoon rural views in England." The station which Mr. Gray points out, he says, is a quarter of a mile too low, and somewhat too much to the left. "The more advantageous spot, as I apprehend, is on the south side of the great, or Queen's Road, a little higher than where Mr. Gray stood;—for there the vale is in full display, including a longer reach of the river and the wheel of Lune, forming a high-crowned isthmus, fringed with tall trees." Mr. Linton has verified this preference for himself, and chosen the long reach. His picture shows the river wandering miles away through its girdle of the hills,—and sweeps into one magnificent view all the rich incidents of a various natural landscape, further varied by such incidents of Art as the town of Hornby on its distant height and the bridges that cross the stream. Nor has Mr. Linton feared to introduce the railway-train into his picture: but, like a true artist, he has used it so as to give a new sense and animation to the scene, without disturbing a single Dryad. —The work is on a large scale, and holds the eye long that has once looked on it.

The Guards' Monument.—The model designed by Mr. John Bell, for this work, is that selected by the committee; it is, we believe, in the form of a pillar or obelisk: the monument will be erected in Hyde Park.

Lock Bottles.—We are tempted to go somewhat beyond our prescribed limits in order to notice an ingenious and useful invention patented by Mr. G. Stevens, of Pimlico, whose "glass mosaic" we have frequently referred to. He has recently introduced to the public what is appropriately called a "lock bottle," the object of which is to afford security to its contents. In the neck of the bottle a kind of screw is inserted, which, when drawn out, forces back a spring that holds the stopper firmly by means of a groove in the latter; when the screw, or key, is taken out entirely, the contents of the bottle are proof against depredation. The greatest utility the inventor ascribes to his work, is security in the case of poisonous drugs and chemicals, some of which few families are rarely without in the household pharmacopœia; and which, in such bottles, are strictly under lock and key: it has already, we learn, received the approval of a large number of chemists and druggists, with whom it is expected these bottles will come into very general use. These locks are also applied to decanters for wine and spirits.

The Cœur de Lion Statue.—A whimsical idea was suggested in the House of Commons—neither more nor less than to place this huge affair on the top of the Marble Arch! Really, simple people must be at a sad loss to know the value of the "collective wisdom" in reference to Art. The suggestion was not adopted; but it might have been without leaving an idea on the public mind that the knowledge and taste of "the House" had very much deteriorated.

The Memorial of "1851."—Mr. Laurie questioned Sir Benjamin Hall on this subject in the House of Commons. Sir Benjamin stated in answer, with reference to the site of the memorial, that he could give no pledge on the subject "until he saw the design." Of course not; if the design be good, appropriate, and suited to the park as to composition and magnitude, no doubt it will be located there: and we feel assured that Sir Benjamin will consider that its fitting place. We hope the architects and sculptors are alive to this proposal, and that we shall have a satisfactory result. The committee have resolved on exteuding the time for receiving models; competitors will not be required to send them in before February next—a very desirable change.

The Photographic Society.—This useful society has held several meetings during the summer, partly to advance the art, and partly for social intercourse. The members selected "pleasant places" for the enjoyment of both; and on each occasion their president, the Lord Chief Baron, occupied the chair. The society has gradually grown until it has assumed a position of much importance. Its labours have had the effect that was anticipated upon the progress of the art; and although it is composed mainly of amateurs, the works produced under its auspices are of a high and very interesting character.

Gas-Lamps in London are usually most unsightly objects, deficient in all features but those of the merest utilitarianism. We have ere now, in our pages, exhibited examples of beauty of design for lamps, but we have not been able to point to any in our metropolis. Recently the Junior United Service Club has taken the lead in an artistic reform, and has placed on pedestals outside their house some remarkably striking groups of bronze figures, which act as supporters to the lamps above. The groups consist of young genii supporting military and naval trophies, and as works of Art possess much merit; they are additionally valuable as proving the adaptability of sculpture to general decoration—a fact too frequently overlooked in England.

The Exhibition at Brompton increases, if possible, in attraction. It is now open free three nights in each week. The numbers who visit it on these nights are curiously indicative of the leisure hours of the working classes. Thus, on Mondays, 5000 is about the number, on Tuesdays 3000, and on Saturdays 2000. The ordinary pay-days average from 200 to 300 visitors.

The Award of Medals to the successful students of the London district Schools of Art, took place on the 16th of July, in the new Lecture Theatre at South Kensington. The successful competitors, and the other pupils who were present, were addressed by the chairman, the Hon. Mr. Cowper, Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Mr. Cole, C.B.

The Seddon Subscription has reached an amount that will enable the committee to attain one principal object for which it was started, namely, the purchase, for £420, of Mr. Seddon's large picture of "Jerusalem, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat," to be added to our national collection of British Art: the trustees of the National Gallery have accepted the work. The remainder of the subscription-money, whatever sum may be received, will be presented to Mr. Seddon's widow. This surplus is expected to amount to a considerable sum, about £150, or even more.

Foley's Equestrian Statue of Lord Hardinge will, we understand, find a temporary resting-place in Burlington House, prior to its shipment for Calcutta; so that the public will have the opportunity, though for a short time only, of seeing this fine work of Art—without any exception the noblest equestrian statue of modern times. It is, as we stated some months ago, the earnest wish of many of the companions in arms of the late commander-in-chief, and of others who hold his memory in respect, to have a duplicate of this work erected in London; but there seems to be a point of etiquette standing in the way of the consummation of their desires: it is said there is no precedent in this country of an equestrian statue being raised to any not of the blood royal, except in the case of the Duke of Wellington, to which no objection was taken. We give the rumour just as it has reached us, without in the least degree vouching for its authenticity; nor are we inclined to put much faith in it, for we cannot suppose that any authority, ministerial or otherwise, would interfere with a project that would do honour to a gallant soldier, while it would leave to England a work that marks an era in British sculpture. The original statue was cast in bronze, by Messrs. Elkington and Co., and in separate pieces for convenience of carriage; its weight exceeds four tons. We would recommend all interested in British Art to inspect this fine example of sculpture, and thereby to satisfy themselves that we need not seek abroad for artists to execute our national works.

Architectural Photograph Society.—This society is becoming gradually established on a very firm basis, and it already gives promise of the most extensive and important operations. Local secretaries are being appointed in every city and important town throughout the country, and the co-operation of all persons who are interested in its success is earnestly invited by the London committee, and their able honorary secretary, Mr. Hesketh.

The Exhibition of Works by Ancient Masters at the British Institution closed at the end of the last month; it is the latest of the exhibitions of the summer season; and although no doubt there will be, occasionally, collections to be seen during the autumn and winter, Art is in a great degree a book "shut" until the spring of 1858. The Sheepshanks Collection, at South Kensington, however, remains open; so do the Vernon Gallery, the Turner Gallery, and the National Gallery of course; although, perhaps, the whole of them will be closed during the month of September. There will be enough, therefore, to interest and instruct visitors to the metropolis.

The Statue of Queen Anne, in front of St. Paul's, is about to be cleaned from the soot of a century and a half; the small portion finished exhibits the marble in its original purity. It was executed by J. Bird, and is a curious historic memento. The fact of France, represented as a vanquished attendant on her majesty, being with the other figures at the basement, called forth a bitter satire from Garth; and the position of the figure of the queen during the famous Sacheverell days, led the high-church party to declare that she

> "——— left all in the lurch,
> With her face from the city, and back to the church."

Statuette of "Old Tiff."—A statuette of much merit and considerable interest has been recently produced by Mr. Alderman Copeland, in statuary porcelain; it is the work of Mr. Warburg, an American sculptor of "mixed blood," an artist of great ability and general intelligence, who is now resident in England. The group represents "Old Tiff," the hero of Mrs. Stowe's latest novel, nursing the little maiden who is the heroine of the story; and at the same time rocking a cradle with his feet and busied with his hands. It is a striking work, and cannot fail to find favour with the tens of thousands who in England, and in the United States, sympathise with the subjects whom Mrs. Stowe has pictured with so much feeling and pathos. The accomplished authoress has criticised this group of Mr. Warburg's, in a letter which we have perused:—"It is," she writes, "beautifully truthful, and shows how far the expression of love and fidelity may go in giving beauty to the coarsest and plainest features." Certainly the sculptor has exaggerated rather than mellowed the peculiarities of the African type.

REVIEWS.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE. Engraved by FRANCIS HOLL, from a drawing by MARGARET GILLIES. Published by Messrs. FORES, London.

We have before us a very charming print thus entitled, which, by picturing two graceful and beautiful women, tells a story of Memory and Hope; but it is told by the expression of the features alone, for there are no accessories of any kind: the artist, therefore, undertook a task of no small difficulty, and, having succeeded, has added another leaf to that wreath which the universal accord of contemporaries long ago adjudged to her. Miss Gillies, at all times, aimed to make Art a minister to the loftier and nobler feelings of mankind; her associations have ever been such as were calculated to elevate not only her mind, but the minds of all who came within its influence. She has painted always well, and always with a high motive; and it is pleasant to the critic, as it will be with the public, to renew acquaintance with her under this very agreeable form. Mr. Francis Holl holds prominent rank among engravers in the "mixed style;" he has in this, as in many other instances, maintained a right to his position: the print is remarkably well engraved, and we imagine that "expression," upon which the fair painter mainly depended for success, has been rendered with fidelity. Altogether this engraving may be accepted as one of the most pleasing and effective of modern issues; and we trust, as we believe, that Messrs. Fores will find the public appreciating its excellence.

OFFICIAL GENERAL GUIDE TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND PARK. By S. PHILLIPS. Revised, with new Plans and Illustrations, and an Index of Principal Objects, by F. K. SHENTON. Sold at the Crystal Palace Library, and by BRADBURY & EVANS, London.

Carefully as the late Mr. Phillips arranged and compiled his catalogue, experience has taught those who have used it that certain alterations and introductions would add materially to its utility. What was necessary to be done seems to have been effected in this new edition by Mr. Shenton: he has simplified the reference to particular objects, added considerable new matter to the descriptions, and described and illustrated the botanical collection, the omission of which in the previous catalogue was much felt by the numerous visitors to whom the "tropical region" of the palace is an attraction. For a general and comprehensive view of the edifice and its contents this guide-book will amply suffice; we only wish we could see it more frequently in the hands of visitors than we have been accustomed: it may safely be affirmed that not one individual in twenty who goes there avails himself of the means within reach to get wisdom and knowledge—not one in twenty who seeks an intelligent guide to instruct him: people do not go to the Crystal Palace to learn, but to be amused: it is lamentable that it should be so, but the fact cannot be denied. The fault, however, does not rest with the managers, who have done all in their power to render the place a great school of learning; but it is comparatively lost upon the thousands who go thither.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART-TREASURES. Part IV. Published by the Patent Photo-Galvanographic Company, Holloway Road, Islington; and by LLOYD BROTHERS, London.

Parts I. and II. of this work have been already noticed in the *Art-Journal:* Part III. has not come into our hands: that now before us scarcely equals in interest those which we have had the opportunity of examining. "The Brace of Birds," by Lake Price, is as soft in its "feathery texture" as the reality, but the heads and breasts are in such intense shadow as to lose their distinctive characters: one can only imagine, from what is seen, how delicate the markings would have been with a little more light upon them. "Like Sister Lizzy," from a painting by Mrs. Anderson, is the gem of the number, both as a subject and as an example of the photographic process by which this publication is distinguished from all others: the subject reminds us of Uwins's charming picture of the "Chapeau de Brigand" in the Veruon Collection. A little girl has thrown over her half-naked shoulders "Sister Lizzy's" lace scarf, placed a head-ornament among her curls, and a huge fan in her hand, and is contemplating, as she looks over her left shoulder, the magnificence of her unusual costume, the long scarf trailing behind her on the carpet: it is a capital representation of childish vanity exhibited in a most pleasing form; there is far more of archness than of pride in the countenance, and one is only apprehensive that if "Sister Lizzy" should chance to enter her dressing-room and see her beautiful lace scarf doing the work of the housemaid's broom, that merry and innocent little face will assume a graver form. "Richmond on Thames," by R. F. Barnes, is a subject scarcely worth introducing into a work of this character: the view is taken from the Richmond side of the river, a little above the hotel—we forget its name at the moment—that stands immediately on the bank, a short distance from the bridge: it is wiuter time, or early spring, for the trees are leafless, and the water has a cold and dingy hue on the surface; the houses, barges, and boats, stand out with much distinctness. The last plate, "Cattle," after T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., has the appearance of an indifferent mezzotinto engraving; it is black, muddy, and deficient in atmospheric effect, although the time of day is presumed to be evening, or early morning: we want the sunshine that is only indicated by the entire absence of clouds, and the long shadows which the cattle in the stream throw upon it: the engraver's tools might have done more than they have to give brilliancy to the subject. From the list of "contents" printed on the wrapper of the part, this last print seems to have been substituted for another.

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION: WHAT TO OBSERVE. A walk through the Art-Treasures Exhibition, under the guidance of Dr. WAAGEN. Published by J. MURRAY: W. H. SMITH & SONS, London.

Dr. Waagen's little work is a catalogue of those pictures only, or chiefly, by the dead masters, which he would point out to the visitor as most deserving his attention. The doctor's well-known connoisseurship is a sufficient guarantee against misdirection, and there is no doubt but that those who accept his guidance will be repaid by seeiug the best of the pictures which are collected at Manchester; but it is not quite so certain that the classes for whom he has especially written—those who can have little or no judgment of their own—will be greatly edified or enlightened by his critical remarks, which show too much of the learned Art-scholar to be comprehended by the multitude: criticism, to be popularly intelligible, should be expressed in plain language, free from all unnecessary technicalities.

RUSTIC ADORNMENTS FOR HOMES OF TASTE. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. Published by GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, Londou.

We do not agree with Mr. Hibberd, when he terms this age "the age of toys." We have certainly succeeded in rendering science familiar, and have brought stores from land and sea into our drawing-rooms; the plant cases, and the marine and fresh-water vivaria are all, as our author quaintly says, "beads in our rosary of homage to the spirit of beauty:" but we consider them all, lovely as they are, studies rather than "toys"—they cannot be neglected with impunity; and though they give no trouble to the lover of nature, they require continual care and attention. Of all the books of this kind that have come before us, Mr. Shirley Hibberd's is the most comprehensive—the most useful either in a city or a country home; it is not sufficiently profound for the naturalist, but it eannot fail to be acceptable to the student and the lover of whatever is true and beautiful in nature. Six chapters are devoted to the marine aquarium, four to the fresh-water vivarium, two to the Wardian case, one to the Waltonian case, a charming chapter on the care and management of table flowers—cut flowers we mean—and all the plants most ornamental for our rooms and windows, with various hints for their culture and preservation. The three chapters on the aviary comprise as much as can be said in so small a space on the management and character of birds; and this is followed by four interesting chapters on the apiary. Then we arrive at "The Pleasure Garden," "The Flower Garden," "The Garden Aquarium and Water Scenery," "The Rockery" and "Wilderness," "The Fernery;" and many most useful and valuable hints are given as to the management of the "Pleasure Garden." In short, the volume is a perfect treasure-house of iuterest, and fragrance, and beauty; we have seldom enjoyed a book more entirely, for the author's heart goes with his pen, and his feelings consequeutly harmonise with his subject. The illustrations are sufficiently pretty and attractive; and, as a drawing-roou table-book, a companion in town or country, "Rustie Adornments" is without a rival, and ought to be found in every "home of taste."

THE BELL-FOUNDER, AND OTHER POEMS.—UNDER GLIMPSES, AND OTHER POEMS. By D. FLORENCE MACCARTHY, M.R.I.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

It was with pleasure we received this editiou of Mr. MacCarthy's poems; we laid it aside as a welcome treat for a leisure hour, assured (as we afterwards proved) that the time of relaxation would be profitably and pleasantly spent—thinking his thoughts or speaking his words. There are freedom and freshness, brightness and purity, in Mr. MacCarthy's style, which give a rare charm to his graceful and eloquent verse; his thoughts are good in themselves and admirably expressed. We have not only the beauty of the rose, but we inhale its richest perfume; and instead of rising from the perusal of these volumes, as we too often do from the perusal of poetry, with a sense of lassitude and weariness, we linger fondly over them, re-reading favourite passages, and speculating upon what Mr. MacCarthy would do next. "The Bell-Founder" and "The Tidings" come first among our favourites; a pleasing narrative runs through the pages of the former, tender and touching from its simplicity, while the musical rhythm dwells upon the mind like some well-remembered melody. "Summer Longings," under the semblauce of the lover of nature, pining for the glad spring-time, beautifully expresses the soul's longings and aspirations for that *ideal* which may not long dwell with man—the yearning for those rays of gladness which radiate around the highest throne. The "Advance," and others which space will not permit us to enumerate, are spirited and original in their conception. Mr. MacCarthy's love of nature—from the mountain to the mill-stream, from the noble forest king to the lowly wild flower in the cottage-garden—supplies themes for his overflowiug sympathy and devotional spirit; giving to his poetry a freshness that is rare as it is delightful. If there were more poets like Mr. MacCarthy, seeing the hopeful and joyous in our daily walks and ways, and making the shadows of life *exceptions* instead of rules, we should have fewer morbid and melancholy fancies instilled into the mind of youth; while a more healthy Christian feeling would be excited—that of seeing God in all, "and good in everything."

BOHN'S ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY. POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By H. G. BOHN. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

This book is a reprint of the sale catalogue of the Bernal Collection, pictures, pottery, porcelain, furniture, arms and armour, and objects of *vertu* of every kind, with the prices which each object realised at the sale, and the names of the buyers: it thus forms a valuable and important work of reference for future collectors. But Mr. Bohn's volume contains something more than the priced catalogue: this portion is prefaced by a concise yet comprehensive essay, by the author, on pottery and porcelain; while an "Appendix of Monograms," gathered from every available source, and extending over several pages, brings the whole subject to a satisfactory conclusion. The Bernal Catalogue was a curiosity of its kind quite worth preserving: in its present extended form it offers additional interest to the collector.

LIFE AND ITS REALITIES. By GEORGIANA LADY CHATTERTON. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

Although, as a *novel*, "Life and its Realities" has no claim to a notice in the *Art-Journal*, we are glad of an opportunity to assure Lady Chatterton that we hail her return to the world of literature with even greater pleasure from the hope that it is but the herald of her resuming her graceful and faithful pencil. Her "Rambles in the South of Ireland," and her "Home Sketches," were delightful transcripts of what she saw and felt, and it is not often we meet a lady who is as eloquent with her pencil as with her pen. Lady Chatterton does *not* belong to the strong-miuded, who forget woman's duties in woman's rights. She is gentle and earnest in her councils; but perhaps the greatest fault in "Life and its Realities" is, that her prose is too poetic, and consequently her facts are clothed like fictions. Still throughout the tale (which we recommend our readers to peruse and unravel for themselves) Lady Chatterton is firm to her purpose; she has looked upon society with more penetration than her former works evince, while her opinions are decided, and such as deserve respect and consideration. Her style is always elegant and refined.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, October 1, 1857.

TINTORETTO AT VENICE, AND MR. RUSKIN.*



ost silvery of mornings! and where could its light find a more interesting mirror than this open Lagune of Venice, whither an unusual stretch of activity has brought us from beneath those lazy musquito curtains thus early, to see the market-boats flocking from Mestre and its neighbouring shores towards the island city? The lake-like expanse of water, now at its utmost height and calmness, reflects little less than the full brightness and void serenity of the heavens, where it lies around us, with its own far-off ring of peaked mountains, the Julian and Friuli Alps, and its inlaying gems of islets, shining here and there with domes and campanili, between which the craft we came especially to admire yet again, seem now racing with each other, convergent towards the Cana'reggio, as directly and as fast as little ducks who see the feeder's hand held out to them. So pure and keen is the light that, notwithstanding a considerable distance, we can see well their various ladings—heaped joints of meat (copious veal and beef), the piles of garden produce, and the other "gifts divine" which they are bearing to the markets about the Rialto; amongst them the scarlet gourds, and some masses of flowers shining with pre-eminent brilliancy. Further off, there lies a group of becalmed fishing-boats, which almost look suspended in a vacancy of silver air; and in this wondrously clear atmosphere, we can discern the religious emblems with which their green and amber sails are variegated. Nay, more remote than these by many a long league, we can see, kindling with fair golden touches, what is but rarely beheld so brightly—the minutely jagged outlines, the broken peaks or needles of Titian's Cadore mountains, near which he was born, and whose forms (the influence of which may be traced in some of his backgrounds) seem rapidly changing from the substance of pure aerial grey clouds to that of glowing rock and turfy steep.

Where shall we go? It were a glorious morning for some of the remoter parts of the Lagune; but then, how perfectly adapted is this light for displaying to the utmost those pictures by Tintoretto in the dusky halls of San Roeco, which we have still to notice, in order to complete that investigation of the painter's works, and of Mr. Ruskin's remarks on them, which we entered into on our former opportunity. Still, in that building, the two or three most striking instances of Tintoretto's powers, and of Mr. Ruskin's errors, remain untouched; and afterwards we must to the Ducal Palace, and there close our inquiries, appending to them, as we before said, a few brief observations on certain other subjects, which naturally branch out from them. Yes; the work half finished before freer pleasures! Therefore will we fall in with these market-boats, and accompany them so far as our course mingles itself with theirs, on the way to the Scuola di San Roeco.

And now let us mount the stairs, and, passing as we ascend that exquisite Annunciation by Titian, in which the Madonna is a *lady* of a refined sweetness and grace, unrivalled, perhaps, in any picture in Venice, let us enter the Upper Hall, also covered, walls and ceiling, with large pictures by Tintoretto. In some of them the figures, conceived and painted in a large and bold style, have a very grand and imposing air; but the usual coarseness and a pompous coldness greatly prevail, and the colouring is for the most part weak and cold; nor are any of the other characteristic attractions of the Venetian pencil to be met with in them. Incomparably the finest production in this hall is the "Plague of Serpents" on the ceiling, assuredly a striking and terrific conception, and in that respect one of Tintoretto's masterpieces. Numbers of figures are lying scattered on the ground, at different distances, in various attitudes of agony, despair, and exhaustion, invaded and bitten by certain mysterious winged reptiles, not serpents, by-the-by, and of no great size, yet full of horror—numerous, inevitable, incessant, pitiless—terribly they bite their tortured and writhing victims, each of whom has been fastened on by one of the busy swarm, from which there is no flight or defence. It is a fearful picture of helpless agony.

On the ceiling of the third hall, a smaller apartment beyond, is the painting referred to by Vasari as the subject of his well-known anecdote illustrative of Tintoretto's deplorably off-hand habits of working. The brotherhood of the Scuola being delighted with his Crucifixion, newly set up in this room, determined to decorate their ceilings also with pictures, and accordingly invited competition for the purpose, when Paul Veronese, Zucchero, and Salviati, forthwith diligently set themselves to work in preparing designs and studies. But Tintoretto, meanwhile, having secretly obtained the admeasurement of one of the spaces to be filled, completed a picture at once, outright, and managed so as to have it already set up in the allotted place on the day appointed for settling the business, to the no small surprise of the meeting. He protested, however, that this was *his* way of preparing designs; the only way, he most likely added, of securely guarding against a picture unworthy of the sketch, or unsuited to the light and position, and offered to present them with the work, provided they objected to it on other terms; so, after some opposition, it was suffered to remain in its place. Hitherto the "San Roeco in Heaven" in the ceiling has been supposed to be the work in question, but we cannot believe it. Mr. Ruskin, without disputing the usual tradition to that effect, observes that this picture is quite different from Tintoretto's common works. It is indeed so entirely in its hard, bright colouring, its dry flatness, and, above all, in its touch (in which especially an artist's genuine work is so prompt to declare itself), that we feel confident it is not by Tintoretto at all. Mr. Ruskin adds that it resembles Correggio more than any Venetian painter; to which it may be replied that nothing can be more unlike the work of Correggio.

On the wall beneath it is the "Christ before Pilate," one of Mr. Ruskin's prime favourites. The tall figure of Christ wrapped in long white drapery, such as reminds you something of a winding-sheet, is an impressive figure on a cursory view, but it has nothing whatever of the moral beauty and interest one chiefly looks for, and we fear resembles too much an ordinary man doing penance in a white sheet. In allusion to this figure, Mr. Ruskin says it is "pale like a pillar of moonlight, half bathed in the glory of the Godhead, half wrapt in the whiteness of the shroud." But there are not, according to the best of our powers of perception, any traces of such glory or divineness in Tintoretto's figure; and surely very properly in that hour of trial and humiliation, when our Saviour having, if ever, "freely put off" that glory, submitted himself to the most degraded and dreadful lot of poor, simple, unaided humanity. To represent him as "half bathed in the glory of the Godhead" at such a moment is surely no proof of that intensity or truthfulness of imagination which Mr. Ruskin claims for this painter in his high-sounding, authoritative, theological style; and Tintoretto has, assuredly, fallen into no error of that kind here. What we should first look for, on Mr. Ruskin's own alleged principle of essential and undeviating accuracy is, of course, some touching expression of that real, actual, substantial humanity—some moving picture of as much resignation, loving patience, and dignity as may truly become a man so tried. But of this we get nothing in the present picture, and instead of it (according to the principles which Mr. Ruskin is never tired of enforcing on other occasions, and especially when depreciating Raphael) we are not content to be put off with phantom similitudes, or evasive effects of "pillars of moonlight," and of mingled glories and grave-clothes, not proper to the immediate matter or moment, however much so they might be as accessories in a representation of other events in our Saviour's history. In taking leave of this picture, we cannot help borrowing its eulogist's inappropriate image, and applying it to his own description—it is altogether a pillar, a *tall* pillar of moonshine itself.

In the same room is Tintoretto's famous "Crucifixion," in point of invention his masterpiece; a picture of which Mr. Ruskin says that "it is beyond all analysis, and above all praise." "I will not insult this marvellous picture," he says, "by an effort at a verbal account of it. I would not whitewash it with praise." If to describe pictures is to insult them, alas! how grievously has Mr. Ruskin insulted those other pictures of Tintoretto's on which he expatiates with such fulness! And if praise be whitewash, how cruelly has he whitewashed Angelico, Turner, Michael Angelo, and the arcades of the Ducal Palace and St. Mark's Church, and a multitude of other things, which are quite hidden and confused by the glare of his thickly-applied eulogies. But, after all, these expressions of his are perhaps a mere thoughtless rhetorical flourish; at least, one thinks so after carefully studying the picture, and discovering that decidedly moderate terms of admiration suffice for its merits. It is a large work, in which the subject is not treated in the usual way, but altogether originally, with novel incidents boldly conceived, and expressed with so much life and energy that much of the effect of an actual living scene is attained, especially on the first impressions, which are wonderfully striking. The Saviour's cross, in the middle of this very wide picture, rises from its foot, and those to whom he was dearest are assembled beneath, some of them lying huddled together in an exhaustion or trance of grief—somewhat coarse figures, but vigorously expressive. Elsewhere the evil powers of the world are represented as in vehement action. On your left they are drawing up the cross on which one of the thieves is already stretched; it is half up, pulled by a long cord with all the muscular energy of a powerful ruffian. On the other side, the third cross lies on the ground with the other thief seated on it; and one stands over him with a long auger, boring a hole for one of the nails, and another is pulling hard and

* Continued from p. 270.

cruelly at a cord which binds his limbs. Just before them, crouched low on the ground, are two throwing dice for the seamless garment—hideous, reptile-like figures, coarsely and darkly daubed in, as if by the artist's thorough scorn for them. There are numbers of other figures encircling all these—faithful men regarding Christ aloof with tender sorrow, and one nearer, by himself, is leaning forward and gazing on him with a calm but most intense earnestness, which expresses, if we mistake not, the tranquil but full enjoyment of triumphant malignity. Then there are pompous dignitaries carelessly looking on, as in some arena, at that event, which, *as they may imagine*, rids the world of a singular character, who was beginning to make himself a little *too* troublesome. A wan, lurid light shines on the ground, and a very atmosphere of horror seems to prevail around the cross, and there are a fiendish animation and activity in some of the groups which strike the imagination powerfully. A sombre, brownish tone prevails in the colouring, with heavy shades, and vehement, but coarse painting. It is an admirable scenic general conception of the event; but the *event* is almost everything, the *persons* are not much; they will scarcely pass for the persons of Scripture. The St. John looking up at the Saviour, for instance, is a very ordinary Italian, and some of the other saintly mourners are rude and almost grotesque figures. On looking further for pathetic and sublime traits of individual character and feeling you are disappointed.

The figure of Christ himself strikes us as being one of the feeblest parts of the picture, and Mr. Ruskin has strangely exaggerated its effect. In ascribing to Tintoretto an unrivalled depth of imaginative insight into this subject, he praises him for despising vulgar expressions of bodily pain, and for "seeking rather to express the fainting of the deserted Son of God before his Eloi cry, by the repose of the figure and by casting the countenance altogether in shade." The passage is likely to be warmly admired everywhere but in front of the picture, in which, unfortunately, all idea of fainting is excluded by the appearance of life and animated composure in the figure. It seems as if speaking to the St. John who looks up from beneath. Mr. Ruskin goes on to say that "the agony is told by this, that though there yet remains a chasm of light on the mountain horizon where the earthquake darkness closes on the day, the broad and sunlike glory about the head of the Redeemer has become wan, and of the colour of ashes!" Here, again, the words fade lamentably before the picture, for the light is by no means awfully concentrated anywhere, and the pale grey, watery-looking halo round the Saviour's head is so like the tone of the sky around it, and that of many other objects which assist in giving its general complexion to the work, that it becomes exceedingly doubtful whether Tintoretto had any such imagination as that here attributed to him. We think that if he had, he would at least have expressed it with some little emphasis, so as to render it in some slight degree effective; at any rate, this may be said confidently, as an expression of agony it is rendered valueless—quite neutralised by the perfect composure and serenity of the figure itself.

But there is another "thought" in this picture which Mr. Ruskin places at the very apex of his fanciful pile of eloquence, his huge mountain of admiration reared in honour of Tintoretto. In the shade behind the cross you can just make out the man seated on an ass, who is pointing out to the multitude the crucified Saviour with malignant triumph, whilst, as Mr. Ruskin has shown us, the ass on which he is seated is eating the very palm leaves which that giddy multitude but a few days before strewed in his path with Hosannas and shouts of loving welcome. "A happy idea enough!" one exclaims; "an ingenious, shrewd, satirical, Hogarthish touch, happily significant, certainly, of the fickleness of the multitude, though one can hardly help wishing this fickleness had been illustrated by some circumstance less bordering on the vulgar and grotesque, some incident more in accordance with the sublimest terror and sadness of the event, than this one of the donkey feasting on the remnants of the triumphal branches." Nevertheless, we accept the "thought" graciously, with mild approbation of its ingenuity and cleverness; but when we find it cited in Mr. Ruskin's most solemn, pnissant, and authoritative diction, as the master-stroke which must terminate at once all doubts as to the unequalled depth of Tintoretto's imagination, we cannot help seeing at once, very clearly, that the power of mind required to produce this thought, and its value when produced, have been singularly, wonderfully exaggerated. Most of the works of Hogarth, it may be confidently stated, abound in touches at least as significant and ingenious; and if such conceptions, indeed, place Tintoretto as a man of mind on the very summit of the painter's Parnassus, as Mr. Ruskin evidently thinks, surely our own Fielding of the pencil ought to be raised there too, very little or not at all beneath him—an exaltation very gratifying to our feelings as Englishmen, certainly. And it should be added, with regard to this vaunted incident of Tintoretto's, that there is absolutely nothing but the bare conception of it, for the pictorial embodying is altogether coarse, slovenly, and uninteresting.

But surely such fancies as these discovered in Tintoretto (none of them, after all, proofs of any remarkable genius or inventive power) are not the foremost things we ought to expect from great painters. Rather what we first look for from them is the direct expression of thought, passion, and character, beauty and dignity, *as shown in the bodily form and countenance of men and things.* This, this is the pre-eminent and exclusive office of Painting, to which History and Poetry, having said their best, and laying aside their exhausted pens, lovingly and reverentially invite her, as the sole means of rendering the record livingly complete, or the poetical vision perfectly bright and clear, and enriched especially with those mute looks whose eloquence begins to move us when words fail, and of which words yield no account. Were all these conceits of Tintoretto's, so much lauded by Mr. Ruskin, as ingenious as his favourite asinine fancy in the Crucifixion,—the only one amongst them which seems to us to have some slight value,—we would delightedly exchange them all for one direct touch of the more pathetic or sublime emotions of the persons portrayed, such as a higher order of painters had proved to be within the fitting aim of Art, and wanting which, Tintoretto's merely scenic notion of the crucifixion (however powerful and striking of its kind) must take rank with an altogether lower order of conceptions.

But apart from the particular attempts in his chapter on "Imagination Penetrative" to prove that Tintoretto's imagination and general power were of the very highest order, it is continually striking us that the very limited praise to which Mr. Ruskin seems obliged to confine himself whilst describing the pictures in detail, corresponds but ill with the admiration he ever bestows on the master when speaking of him generally. He admits over and over again that the conception of the more exalted subjects is often utterly unworthy, and the merits in these and other pictures are acknowledged to be in the conception or execution of some subordinate part or other: as one seems painted entirely for the glorious downy wings of the angel; another is chiefly to be admired for the painting of a fig, or olive-tree, or a cloud, or a stone, or "the sublime head of an ass," or for the mystical significance of a colour, or of some other allusion at least as trivial as any we have been mentioning. Sometimes defects in this painter are indulgently ascribed to ill-health, or to a mechanical manner occasioned by too little reference to nature; but sometimes he is conceived to have wilfully daubed vilely from an aristocratic feeling of contempt for the humbler classes of his fellow creatures.

The passage in which this last peculiarity is noticed is remarkable. In the Adoration of the Shepherds—"it seems as if Tintoret determined to make the shepherds as uninteresting as possible. I believe that this is one of the painter's fixed principles; he does not, with German sentimentality, make shepherds and peasants graceful or sublime, but he purposely vulgarises them,—not by making their actions or their faces boorish or disagreeable, but rather by painting them ill, and composing their draperies tamely. As far as I recollect at present, the principle is universal with him: exactly in proportion to the dignity of character is the beauty of the painting. He will not put out his strength upon any man belonging to the lower classes; and in order to know what the painter is, one must see him at work upon a king, a senator, or a saint. The curious connection of this with the aristocratic tendencies of the Venetian nation, when we remember that Tintoretto was the greatest man whom that nation produced, may become very interesting if followed out."

Without admiring "German sentimentality," we really must be permitted to say that we prefer it to the aristocratic deadness of feeling supposed to be manifested in this very foolish and fantastical way, and which, though passed so lightly over, is surely as fitting a subject for sarcasm. If these remarks are just, the human sympathies of this painter (so paradoxically but so quietly assumed to be the greatest man whom his nation produced) must have been narrow, and ignorant, and dull indeed, and we can the more readily account for his manifest want of power over the tender feelings of the heart, and his treating the most pathetic events of Scripture with little else than wild and dreamy fantasies.

We now see how wild and coarse a latitude Mr. Ruskin allows him in them, from fish-shaped clouds and palm leaves removed to Mount Calvary on purpose to be eaten by the ass at the crucifixion, up to the presence of the devil at Christ's baptism at a moment when surely he would have been neither so bold nor so foolish as to intrude himself. But when Raphael, in one of the noblest and most beautiful pictures in the world, the "Charge to Peter," takes an imaginative license in *his* way—that is to say, reverently offers up to the sacred theme all the tenderness and beauty of expression, and dignity, and majesty, he can bestow on it, and, treating his subject in a poetic or ideal manner, which Mr. Ruskin would have applauded in Tintoretto, departs from the close matter-of-fact rendering of the Scripture narrative, in order to represent with due dignity the establishment of the Petric supremacy, or of the Roman Church, *according to his own creed* (actually placing the keys in Peter's hands, to indicate that object unmistakeably),—this impartial and exceedingly temperate critic stigmatises the work as "infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy," and Raphael's allusion to that erroneous though (we may assume) sincere article of his faith, as "a lie."*

* The Coronations of the Virgin, by Mr. Ruskin's saintly pet, Fra Angelico, are equally "lies"—lies of precisely the same class and character. Mr. Ruskin falls cruelly foul of the "handsomely curled hair," "fringes," and "long robes" of Raphael's figures in this picture, which plain things he stigmatises by the sufficiently inapplicable words, "vapid fineries;" yet when Angelico and

However, we must not pursue this subject at present, but confine ourselves to Tintoretto, and finally follow him to the Dneal Palaee, where, from want of space, our sojourn must be briefer than it otherwise would have been. There, in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, is his "Paradise," which Mr. Rnskin inexplieably considers to be, on the whole, his *chef-d'œuvre*, and "the most precious thing that Venice possesses." It is said to be the largest picture ever painted on eanvas, being a little more than 84 feet in width. At the very top sits the Redeemer, bending with a most royal majesty towards the Madonna, who kneels reverently before him: they are both highly dignified and beautiful figures. All the vast space beneath them is crowded—literally crowded—with numbers of the blessed of different ranks and elasses; it is estimated that there are not less than 500 of them, supported on clouds and in masses confused and intricate in themselves, yet divided into several stages of concave groups, wreathing under the two snpreme figures above, like horizontal vaponrs enrling and travelling along beneath the beams of the uprisen snn; the bright spaces between them in the distance being also filled with crowds of beatified spirits, half merged or lost in light. So far all is nobly imagined; and the whole pieture displays a command of artistie resources and an energy in labour, whieh are certainly highly commendable; but the filling up is far less satisfactory: and these crowds and crowds of figures, sitting and bending and rolling together in the heavens, with but few exeeptions, are devoid of expression, character, graee, beauty, or any kind of interest. In Paradise one would naturally look for something of repose, order, and expansive serenity; but here it mnst be confessed that the blessed are a little in each other's way—they have not even elbow room. Neither are blissful contemplation, nor adoring rapture, nor any of the other infinitely varied kinds of happiness whieh one may suppose to prevail in Paradise, expressed in any interesting or toneliing degree amongst these complieated hosts of Tintoretto-creatures; and you soon retire from the further eontemplation of the picture disappointed, little interested, and indeed almost bewildered.

Why it should be eonsidered "the most preeious thing that Venice possesses," it is entirely out of onr power even to gness. In another passage Mr. Ruskin calls it "the most wonderful piece of pure, manly, and masterly oil-painting in the world." We were unable, after several impartial attempts, totally unable to discover the gronnds of this last opinion either. The picture does not appear to us by any means a specimen of either first or second rate painting. The blotches of heavy black shadow, the abrnpt scattered lights, and the disagreeable ashy paleness of much of the flesh tints, all frequently to be fonnd in Tintoretto's pietures, may be partly attributable to the injuries of time, and partly to the painter's known nse of colours as fugitive as what we are apt to mistake for friendship; bnt the touch, as is also commonly the case with Tintoretto, is coarse and heavy. As a pieee of painting, it cannot for one moment be compared with the ronndness and living freshness of Rnbens, or the exqnisite lightness and graceful preeision of Paul Veronese, or the crystalline purity of Bellini, or the tender and rich perfection of Titian; not to mention many other painters much inferior to any of these. Mr. Ruskin is acquainted with a vast number of objects and effects in natnre (especially landscape nature), and no doubt can accurately decide whether the forms and hues have been accurately copied or not, up to a certain point; but his boundless admiration of such workmanship as this, and of much thick, heavy, bad exeention of the Pre-Raphaelites, and we will add, his prepos-terous raptures at the hard, stiff, painfully-minute labouring of Lewis's last year's drawing, producing with such over lavish means, so thin and poor an effeet, may well awaken a doubt whether he yet really knows what good *painting* is. He tells us somewhere, that since he first discoursed to us on Art, he has devoted ten years of his life unremittingly to the acquisition of a knowledge of the subjeet. Perhaps in another ten years a still further accumulation of knowledge may modify his views considerably, and induce him loudly to condemn mnch that he now authoritatively admires—with regard to snch matters as we have now been discnssing, as well as many others.

Titian's magnifieent pictnres in the Ducal Palace were, all bnt one, destroyed by fire the year after his death; but his impetuous rival, Tintoretto, is abundantly represented there. With regard to *him*, as usual, our admiration for frequent manifestations of extraordinary power, is but too commonly checked and ehilled by eoarse, heavy painting, and the unexpressive wholly uninteresting eharacter of many of his allegorical or celestial groups, which seem introdneed merely as exereises or exhibitions of technieal skill, rather than as appeals to our imagination or finer feelings. His frescos, however, in the Sala delle Qnattro Porte, on that Sansovinian ceiling of bossy gold and azure, and pale statuary, above Titian's great Grimani pieture, and the four splendid marble portals of Palladio—his frescos there still afford glimpses of a magnifieent spirit, bnt, alas! they are falling to pieces and spotted all over by the appearance of the plaster behind them. And of a touching loveliness scareely in its kind rivalled in Venice, are those four sweet and innocent children reclining amongst the rnshes or on the grass, in the corners of the eciling of the adjoining Atrio Quadrato. They are, we believe, ascribed to Tintoretto, but we have never seen anything else by him like them, or showing so tender an appreeiation of infantine beauty and gentleness. Of his more daring productions, perhaps the finest here is that large oval, of Venice personified by an enthusiastic lady in brocade seated amid the elouds with many deities, in the eeiling of the Senate Hall, whose massy garlands of gilded fruits and flowers, and huge bands, entwine and grasp the pictnre like the convolutions of some enormous sea-serpent. Some of Tintoretto's fignres here exhibit limbs disproportionate and distorted in their most diffieult fore-shortened postnres. But vigorons coneeptions full of genins abound, and espeeially to be admired, is that long gronp of figures of genii rising from the sea, like one huge wavy column, with the various treasures of the deep, to present them to Venice, enthroned aloft. This is full of animation and fine aerial movement. Something too much, however, is there in other works by Tintoretto here, of old doges kneeling before unintelligible aerial personages, who express little or nothing but the artist's skill in diffienlt postures, aetion, or foreshortenings. It is notieeable, by the way, that most of these same doges (who appear, on the whole, very little moved by all these displays of sacred patronage) are disagreeable, and some of them even mean-looking old men, with shabbily-wrinkled, huekstering, or even maudlin faces. You could easily fancy that some of them had been worried out of all heart and spirit by the ever dogging civilities of the Ten, the Forty, and the Avvogadori: nay, in more than one instance, they look somewhat heavy-eyed and mnddled, as if, hopeless of political excitement and pleasures, and thoroughly teased and worn out by all these various yet one-sided antagonistie eouneils, they had endeavoured too much to eonsole themselves with the wine of Clary and Cyprns, with the deeper satisfactions of the table—turbot from Malamoeeo yonder, and more sangniferons dainties from the pastures of the Brenta or Isonzo. Or were they in other instances, in whieh a hard, sordid eye seems still to glimmer under the dneal beretta, merehants, or bankers, taken from their counting-houses in part repayment of loans made to those who influenced the elections, and also because of a mean spirit which was not likely to give much trouble to the all prevalent oligarehy? Tintoretto, no doubt, has here introduced their portraits with a valuable and highly eommendable fidelity; bnt those aerial beings above them are most tautologieally tiresome; and with regard to more superfieial matters, the shadows are often so blaek and blotehy, the flesh tints so yellow or ashy, and the execution, we must say, sometimes so coarse and seene-painterly, that, on the whole, you are again tempted to be somewhat ont of eonceit with Tintoretto, till you pause in the Ante Collegio, or guard-room, before a picture of his so poetically eoneeived and admirably wrought, indeed so pleasing in all respects, that you wonder still more at the dull and uninteresting eharaeter of so many of the others. Yes, here, *Il Furioso Tintoretto*, leaving ostentatious, barren displays of technical power, has onee again had the gentleness and patience to make himself thoronghly agreeable. Ariadne, a beautiful and noble figure, is seated undraped on a roek, and Baechus, profusely crowned with ivy, advances from the sea and offers her the nuptial ring; whilst above, Venus, her back towards you, lying horizontally in the pale blue air, as if the blue air were her natural eouch, spreads, or rather kindles, a ehaplet or eirclet of stars round Adriadne's head. Here, those who luxnriate in what is typical, may tell us, and probably not without truth, that Tintoretto wished to convey a graceful hint of Venice crowned by beauty and blessed with joy and abundance. Baechus arising from the sea well signifies these latter gifts, and the watery path by whieh they eame to her; and the lonely island nymph to whom he presents the wedding ring, may be intended to refer to the sitnation

the other earlier men array the Redeemer and the Virgin like a king and queen of the fourteenth century, in all the really vapid finery of mediæval times, covering them with gold spriggings and Gothic diapers till you are quite nauseated with the barbaric glitter and frivolity, his complacency is extreme, and the censer of his transcendental fancy swings apace till you can hardly help smiling at the wreaths of fantastical vapour which keep issuing from it. For instance, the gaudily gilt curtains of Angelico's Madonna, in the Florentine Uffizii, which are stiff with the most definite Byzantine patterns, are said "to flow with a visionary grace," and a few touches of gold leaf on angels' wings are most preposterously assimilated "to the glittering of many suns upon a sounding sea." To hide his palpable inconsistency in this matter, Mr. Ruskin says that these earlier pictures "had been received as pleasant visions, but the Cartoons of Raphael were received as representations of historical fact." Now this is begging the question altogether. Who that knows anything of Raphael will say that his works were intended to be received as mere accurate representations of historical facts? Why, is it not perfectly clear that he was an idealist as much as any of his predecessors?—one whose poetic imagination was ever adorning his subjects with beauty, majesty, and grace, according to his special and pre-eminent gift. Mr. Ruskin's fundamental error is to delude himself with the notion that Raphael worked from "pride," and without feeling, and in obedience to cold "academical formulæ." Such an opinion only shows a partial dulness in the writer's perceptions, or the heat of his prejudices and temper, or both. And with regard, by the bye, to these obnoxious curly heads and Athenian draperies, in what respect are they different from those of the ever supremely lauded Leonardo, or from the draperies and hair of Tintoretto's sacred figures, excepting that Raphael's draperies are beautiful, and Tintoretto's bad—Raphael's hair healthy and vigorous, and Tintoretto's a good deal shabbier, and in less creditable order? But Raphael was the prime corrupter of Art! Did his grace and beauty corrupt Art more than the magnificent ostentation and anatomical power of Michael Angelo, the object of Mr. Ruskin's boundless veneration? Was not Art corrupted rather because those who followed could not comprehend the divine spirit of either of these great men, and contented themselves with imitating their more superficial characteristics or mere effects. It is lamentable that this ingenious man should thus throw discreditable matter at the serene meridian sun of Art, inevitably to recoil on himself. His caricatured description of Raphael's Madonna is altogether false, ascribing to the painter motives and aims which every one acquainted with his works knows to be quite uncharacteristic of him *in every respect*, and all this spleen, and want of candour, and unjust, uncharitable attributions of baseness, are put forth on high grounds of religion and morality!

and original forlornness of Venice herself, when she sat in solitude amidst the sandy isles of the lagune, aloof from her parental shores, ravaged by the Hun or the Lombard. The pale yellow sunshine on these nude figures, and their light transparent shadows, and the mild temperate blue of the calm sea and air, almost completing the most simple arrangement of the colouring of the picture, are still beautiful, and no doubt were far more so before its lamentable fading, occasioned, it seems, by too much exposure to light: you feel quite out of doors, all on the airy cliffs, as you look on it, and almost taste the very freshness of the sea-breeze.

With this picture of "Ariadne," painted with Tintoretto's most delicate, golden pencil, we would willingly have closed these researches, had not our Ruskinian notes urged us, almost perforce, after two works in the Ante Chiesetta —"St. George and the Dragon," and "St. Andrew and St. Jerome," "painted," says the eulogist, "in Tintoret's most quiet and noble manner, and pre-eminently to be admired for their grave yet delicious colour." This we found out to be one more of those wonderful stretches of admiration which, a week ago, would have surprised us greatly, but by this time, of course, surprise on such grounds was altogether over with us. Oh, what an ungainly, uninteresting picture is that of the ugly and ungraceful princess seated on the dragon by St. George; and in the other what ordinary saints are those! Nor is the grave colour in either, in our opinion, worthy of the enthusiastic praise bestowed on it. Indeed, we should not have thought it worth while to take the reader into this same Ante Chiesetta at all, but that these pictures afford a somewhat amusing instance of Mr. Ruskin's inconsistent and extravagant way of writing. It will be remembered how copiously he inveighs against the colour brown, which is so much his capital aversion as a prevalent hue with the obnoxious later schools, that when he finds his favourite Dante applying it to twilight shades and dark water, apparently so pleased with it as even to lay on a couple of layers in the words *bruna bruna*, Mr. Ruskin very coolly and quietly assumes that the poet (although the most intensely accurate of bards in his expressions) did not know the meaning of the word he was using, and meant dark grey instead! And then, having jumped at this conclusion, and becoming puzzled immediately that Dante should not have acknowledged the existence of brown at all—his browns being in fact all grey (oh, admirably solid yet modest foundation for the inquiry!), Mr. Ruskin proceeds to relate complacently how "one of our best living colourists" accounted in some measure for the poet's comfortably assumed omission, by telling him that he "had found there was no brown in nature, what we call brown being always a variety either of orange or purple." * But here in the Ducal Palace, in exquisite harmony with all this most sensitive, and, indeed, almost anxious anti-brownishness, Mr. Ruskin tells us that the productions of his favourite colourist—which he admires supremely for their colour—"are nearly all brown *and* grey," and that "he would rather have these two small *brown* pictures" (we use his identical words) "than all the other small pictures in Venice put together which Tintoret painted with bright colours for altar-pieces."

Now, independently of much admirable and indeed very superb brown in Titian, Rembrandt, Reynolds, and others, we have, no doubt, had too much brown in Art—bad brown especially; and to guard us against a repetition of the excess might have been well enough, but to endeavour, in pages of abundantly self-satisfying, janty writing, to seduce us into the notion that there is in reality no such thing as brown in nature, in the face of numberless objects, in spite of the autumnal pomp of solemn groves, and especially of those deep, rich evening glowings, which Dante has, after all, justly denoted by his *bruna*, and which we ourselves well remember to have enjoyed "at evening on the top of Fiesole," under the scarlet clouds of sunset dispersed above the Carrara peaks—this, all this, is simply ridiculous, the mere humorsome partiality of one who himself is but too apt to substitute his prejudices and the exaggerations of his seldom-resting fancy for the plainest and most obvious facts, strict as he is against that fault in others;—a lamentable habit in a critic, surely, whose prime office it is to make distinctions clear, sober-mindedly, instead of confusing, and sometimes burlesquing, the objects under consideration, with the aid of an indifferent style of humour, to the mystification and misleading especially of that weaker herd of followers, unfortunately so numerous amongst us, who are utterly in the thraldom of eloquence, and so much more easily convinced through their ears by copious and confident words than through their own proper eyes. How whimsical is his assumed denial of brown by his favourite poet, contrasted with his admiration of his favourite colourist's use of it: how unjust and one-sided his voluminous abhorrence of the gloom and "feelingless mannerism" of the later men, and his toleration or ignoring of so much of similar qualities in his idol Tintoretto, whose frequent blackness, heaviness, and coarseness, are the less excusable, inasmuch as he was, so far as they are concerned, a recreant Venetian, sinning in opposition to his original gift, and with the very finest influences of colour and brightness beaming about him.

Candidly, we cannot help suspecting that Mr. Ruskin, notwithstanding all his ingenuity and extraordinary activity of thought, all his powers of description and analysis, has not quite hit upon his proper vocation. His foremost and prevailing gift we take to be a brilliant but excitable and eminently *fugacious* fancy, such as is ever prone and precipitate to give its own high colourings, from vehement likings or dislikings, and to start away from the object professed to be contemplated, into its own airy regions; a quality, when predominant, fatal to just criticism, whose office is, of course, to present things as they are in themselves, apart from these subjective or modifying influences. Yes, "Memoirs of my Fancy," we venture respectfully to submit once more, would have been better, or perhaps "Fra Giovanni's Pilgrimage," in which these free sallies and soarings of the mind would, in their more successful instances, have possessed a pure and unalloyed value, being modestly submitted as such, and not as descriptive criticism authoritatively promulgated as from a judgment-seat, to exalt one man and condemn another. An awful act, this last, not to be ventured on so lightly; and if done coarsely or wildly, as offensive, no doubt, to the illustrious spirits of those bepraised as to those censured, as Tintoretto's ghost may hereafter in the other world prove to his eulogist, by asking him why he doomed his unfortunate works to disappoint everybody. That chapter on "Imagination Penetrative," in all that regards this painter, we certainly take to be the masterpiece, so far as we know, of imagination predilective, fugacious, combustible, explosive. It is indeed weightily valuable as a psychological lesson, showing how far an excitable, headstrong fancy has the power of ignoring the actual, and substituting the airy offspring of its own likings and wishes. On the whole, we believe that Mr. Ruskin leaves Tintoretto precisely where he found him, having failed utterly in the attempt to put him forward as an imaginative genius of the highest order; since the thoughts he adduces as entitling him to that eminence are, in fact, either not in existence in his works, or else poor, trivial, or erroneous without exception. Tintoretto will, we suppose, continue to rank just as formerly, as a very energetic, but not delicately or sublimely imaginative painter of the second class—one strong in scenic conceptions, and in the more superficial and decorative resources of his art, but poor, very poor, in the higher requisites of expression and character—a kind of Venetian Rubens in short; not so fleshily coarse as the Fleming, but far inferior to him in poetic fire and exuberance of invention (such as rolls forth as from the very cornucopia of Plenty herself), and also much beneath him, as every other painter is, in rendering in a magnificent manner the very health, bloom, and active pulses of physical life. Indeed, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Ruskin had chosen Rubens for his second stalking-horse instead of Tintoretto. Without being, so far as we are able to discover, in any considerable degree "typical" in his modes of treatment, we believe him to be a far more legitimate subject for the purposes of fine encomiastic writing; besides, he is as little generally understood and appreciated as Turner himself was formerly. A far more fruitful tree than Tintoretto would have been shaken; he would have filled out the splendid robes of eulogy with a portlier grace. How much unapprehended *grace*, infantine loveliness, and sweet and naive human expression, how much magnificence and true poetic fire have been unhappily concealed from us by his too Belgian delight in lusty health, and bloom, and animal vigour. But should we turn away for ever from all those excellent former things we have just mentioned, and hosts of others, simply because they have become, in a great number of instances somewhat too lusty and fat?

A principal object in this essay has been to put the reader on his guard against inordinate habits of praise on the part of a writer whose confident eloquence gives him for the present a far too absolute influence over large numbers of captivated hearers. We will close our observations with a brief protest against that equally ill-founded censure and depreciation of some of our greatest literary men, in which he indulges in his recent volumes, singling out, especially for opprobrium and contempt, as we shall show, one whom most just and generous men, really acquainted with his works, would be warmly desirous of defending. In these criticisms of Mr. Ruskin, cynicism has assumed its most insidious and mischievous form, —the theological. Having, according to his own admission, passed most of his days in the intense contemplations and abstractions of solitude, he has, by an almost inevitable consequence, weakened in his breast most of the ordinary social sympathies. In the tender passion (to take one large instance) he seems to feel no interest, and very little indeed in those domestic virtues and enjoyments which spring from and surround it; and he has got himself far too much into the way of estimating things in the sour and austere spirit of some mortified anchorite; insomuch that he is dissatisfied even with men whose gracious gift and first object it was to afford pleasant relaxation, restorative amusement, remission from mental care, to their fellow-creatures,—such as our great novelist and dramatist,—simply because they did not utterly spoil their work with brain-fussing, intellect-oppressing, monomaniacal considerations of theology and ascetic morality, such as appear to have grievously narrowed and weakened his own mind. His morbid analysis of Scott, on this ascetic prin-

* Is there no *medium* between this orange and purple? What does the orange become when it begins to deepen in the shadows of a warm toned atmosphere?

eiple, in which he says that he "knows no poetry so sorrowful as his," and "that all his thoughts were in their outcome and end less than nothing and vanity," is one of the most mistakenly dismal and nauseating passages in literature, always excepting his half-patronising estimate of Shakspere, in which our bard of bards is looked down upon from the supremacy of that "specular mount," Denmark Hill, as an imperfect mind, decidedly of a secondary order, also because not sufficiently accompanied by theology in its flights, in Mr. Ruskin's favourite fashion. "It was necessary," we are told, "that he should deprive himself even of his conscience, in order to be able to sympathise so completely with all creatures." In this respect we always thought Shakspere the most conscientious of writers, inasmuch as he reports of every one with the most perfect impartiality, fulness, and fairness, nothing extenuating, and setting down nought in malice, and giving his worst of villains their due. Had Shakspere possessed a conscience, it would, we are profoundly told, have made him unjust to these latter: as if injustice were a natural consequence of conscientiousness! Then we are informed that it was necessary for Shakspere to be "utterly without purpose; that he was forbidden of heaven to have any *plans*. To *do* any good, or *get* any good in the common sense of good, was not to be within his permitted range of work; not for him the founding of institutions, the preaching of doctrines, or the repression of abuses. Neither he nor the sun did on any morning that they rose together receive charge from their Maker concerning such things." To which it may be answered, that to teach us the human heart and character in their varieties, to show by what insidious sophisms our passions attain the mastery over us, to instruct us so that we may know ourselves and others, and enlarge our sympathies to the world's width, and regard our fellow-creatures with such palliations as justice and truth require, was purpose and plan enough, and "good in the common sense of good," such as no other man uninspired ever accomplished. And as he effected this, we need not be disappointed that he, a poet, a literary man, did not likewise found institutions, preach doctrines, or practically attempt the repression of abuses. The passage last quoted, in which Mr. Ruskin with quiet decision alludes to the Creator as having views with regard to the poet in harmony with his own purblind paradoxes, is for modesty, propriety, and what is commonly called good taste, exquisite, and altogether richly characteristic. We think it may be pretty safely assumed, and stated, without presumption, that on the morning when he penned these paragraphs Mr. Ruskin had not "received charge" to criticise Shakspere.

So far, however, all this ambitious and restless plunging after profundity, which, diving past the pearls and golden sands of the clear deep, does nothing but stir up and fetch aloft gravel and mud from beneath, speaks sufficiently for itself; but, perhaps, not so his harsher and more unqualified attacks on others. If there is anything in his writings to us more painful than the rest, it is the ruthless, cold, and summary way in which he will drag forward and sacrifice the fame and character of certain other departed great men, for the very small purpose of giving point to some austere ascetic sentiment, or of heightening the vivacity of a paragraph. If there is a writer whom we should in former days have conceived to be respected by him it is Shelley, since he himself in some of his best passages resembles him even remarkably. The most poetical of his descriptions, in which the fine landscape imagery is heightened by the colourings of a brilliant fancy, are like faint echoes of the soaring skylark amongst the poets, the wondrous laureate of the clouds. And yet Shelley is the very poet now most frequently introduced by Mr. Ruskin in his writings to perform the mean office of foil to what he admires, to set off as a dark and impure shadow his own exceeding radiancy, and to be morally and intellectually misrepresented in unfeeling and insulting language. Thus we have, without explanation or further comment, "passionate, unprincipled men like Shelley," though Shelley's *moral* principles are certainly conspicuous enough throughout his works, and at least as gentle, disinterested, loving, pure, and near the true Christian *morality* in several of the most essential points as those of any of the other poets of his day; whilst amongst them none equalled him in the courage, and few in the perfect sincerity, with which they were put forth. Secondly, we read with no small access of illumination that "Keats has no more real sympathy with Nature than he has with a bottle of claret; and Shelley is nearly the same, but with even more troublesome selfishness." The ardent philanthropist (whether or not mistaken in some points does not affect the question of selfishness), and cordial, helpful, generous friend, is not very sagaciously or temperately denoted by these words, "troublesome selfishness." And, by-and-bye, we have Shelley shown up on Mr. Ruskin's oratorical platform again, to be as briefly stigmatised as impious, though few men have ever felt a more habitual love and tender reverence for most good and noble things, except (as we take leave to lament no whit less than Mr. Ruskin) the doctrinal part of that religion which his unhappy scepticism—something palliated, surely, by the circumstances of his early life—estranged him from. Surely it does not evince much delicacy of moral perception, much justice or charity, to apply to so noble and gentle a sufferer the hard, unmitigated, untender term "impious." Finally—but this is amusing—we find him exhibited in the decretals sent forth from our temporary Vatican of criticism, as an example of a morbid temperament, looked down upon as from a serene superior height, as a mind of the weaker class. Truly, he was so, in some sort, and very pitiably. But the author of the "Ode to the Skylark," and the "Prometheus Unbound," and the "Cenci," should have been designated as such, not frigidly or haughtily, but with the gentleness and tenderness of a deep fellow-feeling by one far more so—by one of so morbid a temperament as to give forth all this thoroughly unhealthy inflammation about Tintoretto—by one so weak that he rarely has the power of describing anything without almost spoiling his description by some touch of exaggeration proceeding from the excitability of his fancy, or nauseating his readers with some hard and austere assumption of a religious tone, in which the elements indispensable to religious writing of any value, such as modesty, truth, justice, and candour, are habitually wanting. It is a religion this with which the fancy seems to be incessantly on fire, but the heart the while appears to remain cold and untouched; indeed, the main tendency of his writings in this respect (like so much of the other religious writing with which our press teems now-a-days) seems to us to be rather to weaken religion in our human hearts, its healthy, active, and happy seat, and to make it restlessly, painfully, consumingly burn in the mere dreaming faculty—the intellect and imagination. Mr. Ruskin is indignant with *Blackwood* for having recommended Keats to return to his gallipots. But is it not better to depreciate even to that extent the literary productions of living men, than thus to cast rude and coarse opprobrium, as he has done, on the moral as well as intellectual character of the voiceless, unreplying dead?

ART-TREASURES AT MANCHESTER.

THE ENGRAVINGS AND ANCIENT ARMOUR.

Having discussed the picture treasures of Art in the most modern of our Crystal Palaces at Old Trafford, let it now be our business to bestow some amount of attention on that very important "younger sister of the arts,"—the art of Engraving. It yields in patient dexterity to none, while in its power of disseminating the noblest works of genius among every nation and people it surpasses all; adapting itself, as it does, to the pleasures and the pockets of the humblest votary of Art; enlivening the homes of the cottager even more than those of its wealthier lovers, by touches of beauty, or glimpses of happy life dear to "the sons of toil." No one can see the joy-lit, earnest faces of the Lancashire working men and their wives, as they gaze on the Art exhibited now in Manchester, without feeling that good pictures are moral agents, yet too much overlooked in our English world of never-ceasing work; while the peasant pays his humble quota of honour to the artist who delineates country life so well.

It is perhaps not possible to overrate the great good that the art of engraving has done for mankind. It is to the painter what printing is to the author; it multiplies his unit a thousand fold, and scatters his genius and thoughts over the whole world. These pages would want their pictured comments, and our Journal lose its most useful charm, if we were not aided by the *burin* of the engraver on metal or wood; patient Art-labourers who assist the press in its most graceful mission—that of conveying a familiar knowledge of Art, in all its phases, to the homes of all people.

There is no more curious fact than this, that while the art of engraving can be traced to the most ancient era, the discovery of its power to disseminate itself by printed copies did not occur for some thousand of years afterwards. The ancient Egyptians, before the time of Moses, engraved plates of metal, having lines incised, from which impressions may be printed in an ordinary way by the rolling press; but the means of effecting so simple a process remained undiscovered until the early part of the fifteenth century of the Christian era. The series of engravings so patiently collected at Manchester "begins at the beginning," and very properly commences with a specimen of Egyptian engraving at a period of 3000 years previously to the present era; the plate from which it was impressed being taken by Dr. Mead from a mummy, now preserved in the British Museum. It is the contribution of E. Holmes, Esq., who died while forming this curious collection for the instruction of the Manchester people, and whose death was probably accelerated by his earnest endeavours to perfect it.

The elegant designs frequently incised on Greek mirrors are equally capable of multiplication by the printing press, and many have been so printed in modern days; Roman, Saxon, Norman, and Mediæval decoration of the same sort may be successfully reproduced in a similar manner; but it was reserved for Tomaso Finiguerra, of Florence, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, to create the art of printing from engraved lines on metal. He was a goldsmith, and, in accordance with the taste of his day, was employed in decorating his work with engraving, the lines being filled with a black composition termed *niello*, consisting of copper, silver, lead, and sulphur, which left an appearance on the metal as if an engraving had been printed on its surface. To test the work before this composition was filled into the lines, a cast was taken in clay, sulphur was then melted into the cast, and a perfect counterpart of the original plate taken; a viscid ink, made from lamp-black, was used to fill in these lines, and the effect proposed by the engraver tested perfectly. While Finiguerra was one day thus employed, he noticed that the ink left the clear mark of his engraving on the cloth used to clean the surface of the sulphur, and this discovery induced him to try if the same effect would be obtained by impressing damped paper upon his work. The trial was successful; eventually a thicker and blacker ink was employed,—and thus the art of printing from engraved lines became a new gift to the world.

These early proofs—for such are they—are of

the greatest possible variety; the Manchester exhibition is singularly rich in specimens liberally lent by their proprietors, the larger number being from the collections of R. S. Holford, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. Wellesley, of Oxford. So remarkable a collection of early engravings has never been seen under one roof before; and grim and strange as many may appear to eyes unaccustomed to their peculiar features, there are many traces of noble imaginings in the art that was predestined to multiply the painter's ideas. In some instances we find the painter himself practising this mode of spreading his work, and these autographs—as they may be termed—are of much value. However rude they may be, the master-mind guides the hand, and it is visible in the bold etching of Andrea Mantegna, though wanting the graces of finished engraving.

The Italian engravers seem to have regarded the new art with little consideration; and we must look to the German engravers of the fifteenth century for its popularisation, and for the real establishment of the print-trade. Several practised the art, and with such improvements that beauty, clearness, and depth of line were perfected in their works, though the names of the industrious artists have not descended to our day. Such were the engravers known as "the Master of 1466," "the Master of the Navette," &c.; but it was Martin Schongauer, often called Schoen, of Colmar, and Israel von Mecken, or Meehelu, of Malines, who first made themselves known as engravers by profession. Their first period ranged from the middle to the close of the fifteenth century, when a greater than all appeared in the old town of Nuremberg, a man destined to give the greatest impetus to the art—Albert Durer. This wonderful artist, who combined within himself the knowledge and practice of all the arts,—who could design for goldsmiths, or decorate their works with engraving—paint portrait, history, or saintly legend, and draw and engrave it afterwards, either in metal or wood, or carve in stone or wood figures of the utmost delicacy,—this artist first saw the great power the art of engraving possessed of disseminating design. He devoted himself to perfecting it; and how well he succeeded let the walls of the Manchester exhibition tell. Where shall we find in his own day, or long after, engravings equal to those from his hand? His "Adam and Eve," and "St. Hubert," abound in manipulative excellence; his "Knight of Death," equally fine, is full of the wild imaginings of the German mind, and gave the Baron de la Motte Fouqué the idea of his charming tale, called "Sintram." But it was his marvellous woodcuts that popularised the art of engraving, and spread the fame of the artist over Europe. It is pleasant to look upon the honest, earnest, face of Durer here, boldly delineated by his own hand: how grand and simple too are the few powerful lines upon the large woodcut head of the Saviour beside it; how mystic and strange his first great series of cuts illustrative of the Apocalypse; how simple and true those devoted to the life of the Virgin, and the Passion of the Saviour! They were spread far and wide, and the "divine Raffaelle" himself complimented the Nuremberg painter, and exchanged works with him. The Italian artist had an equal perception with the German of the latent power of the art, and he engaged Marc Antonio Raimondi to engrave his designs on copper; he superintended the work, kept the engraver in his own house, and paid all the necessary expenses. From that day forth, engraving, as a fine art, was firmly and nobly established.

There are very many examples of these fine prints executed under Raffaelle's eye, by Marc Antonio, in the collection; but one of the most interesting is an unfinished print, which clearly depicts this great engraver's mode of working. It is the allegorical figure of Peace, contributed by Dr. Wellesley, one of the most liberal collectors who have enriched the Art-treasures here. The print was left unfinished, the outline and middle tint only is engraved, and the lighter and darker lines added with a pen, which appears to have been his mode of working. His prints have higher scholastic power than is displayed by Durer; their Art is purer, because imbued with Italian, and not German, sentiment; but, as engravings, they do not equal in clearness and finish the works of the Nuremberg citizen.

Contemporary with Durer, Lucas van Leyden practised engraving in the Dutch town whence he was named, and copied all the work of Durer. They were soon rivalled by a host of other practisers of the art, and in this collection we may trace its onward progress to the present day, so complete is the gathering at Manchester. Of the "little masters" of Germany, such as Albert Altdorffer, Henry Aldegrever, and the Behams, there are many examples; and never was the art of delicate engraving carried farther than by these patient men; whose works are, however, never deficient in artistic effect, or proper vigour of touch. It was reserved for such engravers as Jerome Wierix, of Amsterdam, and the numerous family of De Passe, of Utrecht, to carry engraving to its utmost pitch of elaboration without destroying its general excellence; their works require a magnifying-glass to fully appreciate the infinite labour which has produced them; but all this labour is properly subservient to a broad general effect: they are not merely works of patience and time—it is Art and labour wedded harmoniously.

Engraving as an art *sui generis*—expressing by line alone what artists express by tint—reached its culminating point at the early part of the seventeenth century, for at that time pure lines were adopted for the entire work; they were never confused in a mass for the purpose of obtaining deep shadow, and they were laid in with strict attention to form, so that the drawing of every object was expressed in every line of the graver. Engraving consequently became an art by itself; it was a translation into another language of the work of the painter—not a mere imitation of his chiaroscuro by a heap of lines. In the works of H. Goltzius, we find the most exquisite examples of this propriety of line, and it would not be possible to quote an engraver who exhibits his art in all its purity more strikingly than he. Each line "tells," and flows over every surface with the most perfect knowledge of its form; his works will bear examination with pleasure for this quality alone, though they are never deficient in boldness or general effect. In Callot we trace the same qualities; and his grotesque imaginings are most powerfully expressed in lines as bold as are his conceptions. Another French artist, Claude Mellan, carried this love of pure line to an extreme; he had the custom of making one line do the whole of his labour, by thickening it in its course. Thus the face of the Saviour, here exhibited, is entirely formed by one spiral line commencing at the tip of the nose, and encircling the entire plate, increasing in its width as shadows are demanded: a certain softness of effect is the result of this method. There is, however, a poverty in the style which had few followers, nor can it be considered but as an artistic eccentricity.

English engraving dates from the reign of James I.; and its earliest professor was William Hole, who studied in the school of the Flemish engravers, and whose works are chiefly remarkable for soundness of line. At this time Elstracke and Delaram were employed in English portraiture, and were succeeded by an English artist, William Faithorne, whose works in this way have never been excelled: to his acknowledged success we may attribute the foundation of a native school of engraving, for it was previously the custom to send to Holland or Germany for such engravings as were required for book illustration. Robert White, George Vertue, and Sir Robert Strange, successfully practised the art from the days of Faithorne until the close of the last century, in company with many minor engravers of portraiture; while Woollet, Bartolozzi, and Sharp, carried the art to the highest pitch of excellence in copying landscape and history.

Artists were not idle during all this time; but availed themselves of the *burin* frequently. There are few of the great painters who have not engraved. Durer is believed to have been the first to discover the art of etching, or corroding by means of acid, lines made on a plate covered with composition—a process by which a large amount of tedious labour is spared. The art was a favourite with painters who wished to translate into lines their designs, and spread their copies. Claude, Vandyke, Poussin, Ostade, Waterloo, Potter, Berghem, Ruysdael, Both, all practised the art; but none with such celebrity and peculiar effect as Rembrandt, whose etchings are among the most coveted (and most expensive) treasures of the connoisseur. The collection is rich in specimens of all these works, and contains some great rarities. Among the most important is an India-paper impression of Rembrandt's great work, "Christ Healing the Sick," known as "the hundred guilder print," because the artist esteemed it as his best work, and refused to take less money for an impression in his life-time; good impressions would now fetch more than £200, and this proof may be estimated at any assumed value. Of the "Sabre" print, only four are known, and one of the finest is at Manchester. It is exhibited with the subject as cut down to a simple study of a head by Rembrandt himself, and on looking at the original we are tempted to believe that the reason for this was the very inaccurate drawing of the right arm of the figure. Rembrandt printed his own plates, and his great knowledge of chiaroscuro led him to try the effect of leaving shades of ink on the surface of the copper, or allowing it to be deposited on the paper from the "bur" raised by the etching-needle. The curious series of impressions showing the varieties of effect adopted by him in the treatment of one print, "the Flight into Egypt," is worthy of study; while his grandeur of light is strikingly exemplified in "the Resurrection of Lazarus," and his power as a portrait-painter in the noble heads of his Amsterdam merchant patrons.

A new art made its appearance in Holland at the beginning of the seventeenth century—the art of Mezzotinto engraving. It was once popularly believed to have been invented by Prince Rupert, who gave a specimen engraved by his own hand to John Evelyn, to publish in his "Sculptura," 1662; and he also allowed Vaillaut to engrave his portrait and style him "inventor of the art;" but the honour is undoubtedly due to another soldier, Louis von Siegen, who taught the prince while he served in the wars of the Low Countries. Siegen's earliest work at Manchester is a portrait of Amelia, Landgravine of Hesse, finished in 1657, but he had engraved a portrait of the Queen of Bohemia in 1643. Caspar Furstenberg, a canon of Mayence, was his pupil; and three specimens of his ability are at Manchester; as well as "the Little St. Christopher" by Thomas, of Ypres, remarkable for its moonlight effect; all of which were engraved before the earliest dated work of Prince Rupert, the "Executioner of St. John," which was completed in 1658. The art seems to have been principally practised in the Low Countries, and never reached any great excellence until Mac-Ardell, John Raphael Smith, and Richard Earlom for the first time produced engravings which rivalled in delicacy washed or crayon drawings. The noble series of prints from Turner's "Liber Studiorum" are able exponents of the power and beauty of the art.

Wood-engraving, from the earliest to the latest examples, is also well represented here. The grim old prints from "the block books" of the Low Countries exhibit the infancy of the art. These books are so called from the fact that type and picture were all cut on one block, the size of a folio page, and printed by friction from the surface. They consist of little more than rude outline, until the time of Durer, who may be said to have first established it as a fine art. With him flourished Hans Burgkmair, Lucas Cranach, and others, who were succeeded by Jost Ammon, Solomon Bernard, and many more, extensively employed in book illustration until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the art ceased to be patronised; and although it never actually "died out," was so far forgotten, that on its revival by Bewick, of Newcastle, he was popularly considered as "the inventor of the art." He was certainly the inventor of that style of wood-engraving which imitates painter-like effects, and expresses drawing by touches of the graver; for before his time wood-engraving was a mechanical rendering of lines laid down on the surface of a wood-block by a draughtsman, and a wood-engraver had little else to do but cut away the space between them. It is wonderful to note the power Bewick possessed of expressing, by cutting with his graver in a block of wood, the foliage of trees, the foam of the sea, the plumage of birds, or every aspect of nature; it was a certainty of hand, the result of a deep study of the things he represented; and though his works have been surpassed in smoothness of effect, and carefulness of finish, they have never yet been equalled in vigorous truth. In the 167 specimens of his labours contributed by the Rev. T. Hugo, we see every variety of his peculiar

power, and they are well worth studying. Of his successors in the art, there are many examples; the highest rank is taken by John Thompson, and the living engravers, Williams, Linton, Jackson, and Dalziel deserve due honour, which must be also accorded to Jewitt, the best of architectural engravers.

If we would see the ambitious character of early wood-engraving as regards size, we must go back to the days of Durer, and look upon "the Triumphal Arch of the Emperor Maximilian," which is nearly ten feet in height by nine in breadth; the long views and ceremonies of Venice, after the designs of Titian; or the "Destruction of Pharaoh," engraved by Andreani, of Milan. Very large specimens also occur of chiaroscuro engraving, by which the effect of painting was produced by broad masses of colour deposited from a series of blocks, but it is an art only satisfactory to the eye in modern examples.

The modern masters of the art of engraving are also well exhibited at Manchester—but their works are happily so well known, and easy of access, that we do not feel called upon to dwell, in detail, on their varied excellences; suffice it to say, that the British school of engraving is worthily upheld by its living professors, who may be successfully rivalled, but not excelled, by their continental brethren.

In the opening paper of the Manchester exhibition, published in our June number, we alluded to the collection of armour, as "perhaps the most interesting and instructive division of the whole series of ancient works" contained in the building. Happily for England, its inhabitants have known so little of the practical part of war, since the day of Charles I., —when Cavalier and Puritan opposed each other with a fury, as if in blood, as in opinion, they were foreign to each other,—that much public interest has never been exhibited in studying collections of ancient armour; nor have we ever had many collectors. Our knowledge of its history and peculiarities is chiefly owing to the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, who wrote two series of volumes on armour, arranged the national collection in the Tower, and collected the extraordinary assemblage at Goodrich Court, his modern antique home on the banks of the Wye, in Herefordshire.

In this, as in all other collections, we must not expect to find very ancient specimens of such defences as were adopted to ensure the personal safety of the warrior. Sir Samuel himself despaired of obtaining specimens earlier than the fifteenth century; but the determined research of other antiquaries has brought to light early examples, which are, however, generally restricted to head-pieces and minor defences. The Earl of Warwick has contributed the most ancient, a heaume of the twelfth century, or of the earlier part of the thirteenth; it was discovered in the ruins of Eynsford Castle, Kent. It is barrel-shaped, with a flat top, and was worn over the iron cap of the knight, resting on the shoulders, and having only a slit across the face for the convenience of seeing. The many curious effigies in the Temple Church, London, exhibit knights in similar heaumes, and they also give the best extant representation of the entire armour of the period, with its ringed chain-mail covering the entire body of the knight, and the long sleeveless surcoat over all.

The next specimen in point of date is the heaume of Sir Richard Pembridge, from the Meyrick collection. This nobleman died in 1375, and this heaume was originally suspended over his tomb in Hereford Cathedral; it is perforated with a series of holes for breathing, but has only the slit across the centre for sight, as in the earlier specimen just alluded to, showing the slow growth of change in warlike defences. Our only guide for the knowledge of arms and armour in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are the drawings in manuscripts, or effigies and brasses in churches, as executed by contemporary hands. It is not till the time of Henry VI. that we meet with complete suits of ancient armour, one of which, from the national collection in the Tower, is placed on the south side of the nave at Manchester.

It will be instructive to trace briefly the history of armour up to this time. Commencing with ringed-mail or chain-mail, additions of plate were adopted to cover the knees and elbows about the time of Edward I.; and this led to the further adoption of defences of solid plate for the leg and arm; then came breast-plates; so that in the reign of Edward III., the knight appeared in the field encased in plate armour, the old chain-mail being only retained for the gussets and gorget, where pliability was necessary. Armour in some degree "followed the fashion," and we can trace whimsical varieties in its form, dictated by a desire to imitate civil costume: thus the suit of the time of Henry VI. exhibits the sharply-pointed toe then fashionable; while one of the glass-cases contains a monstrous specimen of absurdity in a long-toed solleret of the middle of the fifteenth century (contributed by Mr. James, of Aylesbury), which hangs at least eight inches in advance of the foot, and is made to screw on the toes, when the knight was in the stirrup; it is a copy, in a minor degree, of the long-toed shoe then fashionable, which hindered the wearer from walking until its tip was held up by a chain fastened to the leg of the wearer, as narrated by the old chroniclers.

The helmets, bascinets, salades, and other defences of the head, are extremely curious and perfect as a series. In looking cursorily at these quaint old pieces of metal, the ordinary visitor may be inclined to underrate such unattractive things; it is necessary, therefore, to point out their value, by noting that many are unique, and that all, *as a collection*, are so; for in no public or private armoury is the series so complete as the one now in Manchester, which has been contributed from many sources, and is not likely to be united again for the use of the historic student.

When the knight had been, by general custom, thus encased in armour, the ingenuity of the armourer was exerted to adapt its form to the best advantage, or vary it with the caprice of fashion. Extra defences were also invented to fasten on the complete suit, and portions of the shoulder and knee-pieces were elongated, or turned, to cause a lance to pass off from a dangerous juncture. With the reign of Henry VII., came the great and lasting improvement in plate, free of all fanciful freaks, and really adapted for the best defence of a mounted soldier. But it was exceedingly ponderous, and the knight was immovable in his saddle, looking a mere mass of polished metal, mounted on a powerful Flemish horse, also heavily armed over head, breast, and flank, with similar defences of steel. We can completely understand how a knight, when unhorsed, was at the mercy of his adversary; he lay immovable, to be killed or captured, if, indeed, he did not die by the shock of a sudden fall. No one who has not tested the fact, by encasing himself in a full suit of armour, can understand the difficulty of using the limbs in it, or the stifling sense of dark confinement felt when the vizor is closed over the head. There is also another curious fact in connection with suits of old armour, which is, that they are generally too small for men of the present day; and we have heard from the best authority, that the chief difficulty experienced over the suits obtained for the Eglinton Tournament, was that of getting them large enough for the use of the modern representatives of the knights of the olden time.

When armour had arrived at its greatest pitch of utilitarianism, attention was naturally directed to its enrichment by gilding, engraving, and otherwise decorating its surface. Sometimes it was embossed in high relief, with a series of mythological figures, the shoulders and arms formed into lions' heads, and the suit covered with inlaid work (*damascene*), consisting of elaborate chasing, into which threads of gold and silver wire were beaten: of so exquisite and costly a character were these suits, that the knight now ran a new risk in war, and was sometimes slain that his rich armour might add to the booty of the soldiery. Of such really artistic work we have a very fine example, which belonged to the Duke of Ferrara, and is of the middle of the sixteenth century. The fine effect occasionally produced by a simple form of enrichment may be well studied in two German breastplates, also in the Meyrick collection, one consisting of simple foliation on a black ground; the other, also black, has upon its centre a raised figure, in uncoloured steel, of the crowned Madonna bearing the Saviour, and standing on the crescent moon amid rays of light. It is powerful through its pure simplicity.

It is in the minor articles of the collection that we chiefly find the great artistic beauty of ancient armour. The old armourers loved their trade, and a convincing proof of it is here in the highly-enriched anvil, formerly used by one of these old artizans, and which is quite as artistic as the armour made by its aid. We may be sure the workman is fond of his art when he bestows his leisure in decorating his tools. But look around on all these glass cases which stand in front of those suits, and the spectator almost loses sight of the fact that what he looks upon were constructed for the grim uses of war or death, and he values them as fascinating pieces of Art-workmanship. Begin with the British shield, with its delicate and peculiar decoration, enriched by embossing, and studded with coral; then look at the ivory cross-bows and saddle, the exquisite gauntlets and morions, the enriched daggers and swords, some with guards, that are marvellous for patient elaboration of workmanship and exquisite invention, and then say whether the art of ornament could be carried farther than is done here.

In extreme beauty of manipulation the steel suit of the time of Henry VI., from the Tower collection, cannot be surpassed. Every portion is worked with the utmost carefulness; no mathematical instrument for modern uses could be more thoughtfully fitted and finished. Indeed, the suits selected from the Tower are all excellent of their kind, and very curious in detail. There is one with a deep skirt of overlapping plate of striking character; and the Meyrick collection contains others, of the time of Henry VIII., in which the slashed and puffed dresses of the day are successfully imitated in metal. The grotesque taste which the Germans always have possessed, may be seen in the bourguinot of steel formed like a comic mask, with twisted moustache; it is of the time of Maximilian of Germany: and the very rare English helmet of the reign of Henry VIII., exhibited by Lord de Lisle, gives us an example of the knightly crest which usually surmounted it, in this instance a porcupine, the crest of the Sidneys: the helmet has been preserved at Penshurst, the old seat of that family, in Kent.

The equestrian figures which appear in the nave aid us perfectly in comprehending the jousts and tournays of the early part of the sixteenth century, and exhibit all the extra defences of plate to which we have before alluded. One of the suits was made for an Elector of Bavaria, and another equally superb displays the crowned E, adopted in honour of our Queen Elizabeth by some courtly knight of her era. It is of blue steel, richly engraved and gilt, with double borders of graceful intersecting patterns, decorated with the royal rose of England, the badge already noted, and groups of military trophies. But the most interesting historic suits are those made for the sons of our King James I., the Princes Henry and Charles; these fine suits are also remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship, and which there is every reason to believe was by English artizans. It should be remembered that Germany was at this time the great place for the fabrication of arms and armour of all sorts; but Mr. Planché considers we are safe in assigning this suit, at least, to a British workman, inasmuch as the original warrant exists in the State-paper Office for the payment of a portion of the £350 due to William Pickeringe of Greenwich, "master workman," for "one rich armour, with all pieces complete, fairly gilt and graven;" and no foreign suits made before the early death of this prince would fit him at the period when this was preparing. This is the identical suit in which he is painted in the full-length portrait at Hampton Court; it is profusely decorated with the royal badges of England, France, and Scotland, as well as with the letters H. P. conjoined beneath a coronet. This suit, and that traditionally allotted to Prince Charles, are the property of her Majesty, and are of much interest, as closing the series of enriched plate armour which ceased to be used soon after.

The favourite defence of the soldiers in the great civil war was the buff-coat; the great improvement in fire-arms, no doubt, contributed to this. If we look at the splendidly decorated breastplate of Maurice, Elector of Saxony, we shall find its raised arabesque cut through with the pistol bullet which destroyed him at the battle of Sieverhausen, in 1553; plate-armour, therefore, ceased to be regarded as impervious, and a sword stroke might be

blunted by a strong buff-coat. We have two interesting examples of these old defences, one contributed by Lord Hastings, having been worn by his ancestor, Sir Jacob Astley, of Reading; and the other exhibited by Mr. Hatfield de Rhodes, also a descendant of the original wearer, Sir Francis de Rhodes, of Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire. Armour for the legs and feet was abandoned in the reign of Charles I., observes Mr. Planché, to whom we are indebted for the arrangement of the Manchester collection;* and by the time William of Nassau landed at Torbay, little remained of the iron panoply of war beyond the breast and back-plate.

In going through the Manchester collections—for we would speak of them in the plural, inasmuch as they embrace a very varied series of very different objects—we must express our opinion of the importance, in an educational point of view, of such combined gatherings from all sources, public or private, for the general good of all. We cannot also help expressing deep regret that in a few months all is destined to be scattered, never to be again grouped in so public and useful a form. We noted in July last the best practical mode of making all this useful in the largest sense of the word, by instructing visitors how to see, and better still, how to appreciate, the things they would see, by the delivery of a series of critical and historical lectures, and the publication of a well-detailed catalogue. The advice has not been acted on, and the consequence is this, that by far the larger number of visitors enter the doors as to a great show, and depart from them with a confused idea of walking till they are tired among a mass of valuable things, which they do not at all understand. The managing committee have thus nullified their own great labours, and having achieved a noble work, have sunk at the moment of triumph, by failing to direct due attention to their own achievement. To many who visit this collection it is a sealed book, and to the workman who can afford his shilling, but will not afford the tax of another after he has entered, to pore over the pages of an unattractive catalogue, it is altogether useless, except as a holiday show. If the managers had hung the walls with Indian shawls, and filled the cases with stuffed birds, "the sight" would have been equally attractive and useful. The very fact that a band of music must be added to the attractions of the exhibition, and draw to its vicinity the larger number of visitors, is the strongest proof of the lax view the managers have taken of their own position.

For ourselves, we have all along felt that too much has been gathered even for due study; that each branch of the collection would have been enough for proper contemplation alone; that the pictures might have absorbed attention enough; that antique Art might have caused a thoughtful desire to penetrate the secret of its constructive beauty; that the history of engraving, and many other things which arise to the mind in contemplating this collection, have not been brought before the notice of visitors in such a way as would instruct as well as delight them. There is no use in exhibiting, if we do not educate. It is no disgrace to many hundreds who enter this building that they do not understand much they see; most men in England—particularly citizens—are absorbed in their own trades, in studying how to perfect themselves in it, and how to support their families—they have no time for other study; and many of the other classes have not been thrown in the way of critical knowledge in many branches of Art here exhibited. All would be grateful for such aid.

It is in no other spirit than that of an earnest desire that the greatest good should accrue to the greatest number that we make these remarks. We have ourselves done what we best might to direct attention to this important exhibition; it is impossible for the most stoical to do otherwise than feel most strongly the value, in every sense, of this great Congress of the Arts, in the palace at Old Trafford: it will be "a bright spot in memory's waste" for years after each portion of the building has ceased to exist in the locality rendered temporarily famous by its erection.

* We have already referred to the obligations incurred by the committee at Manchester to this gentleman; he received much valuable assistance from Mr. Pratt; the results of their labours are among the most satisfactory and useful of the exhibition.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PRISON GROUP.

F. Bouvy, Painter. D. Desvachez, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 0½ in. by 1 ft. 8 in.

Firmin Bouvy is a painter of the Antwerp school: he was born at Deynze, a small town near Ghent, in 1822. He met with a very fair amount of patronage in his art till the French revolution of 1848 deprived him of many of his resources, and compelled him to seek out some other channel through which he might develop his talents. This he found in colouring and retouching photographic pictures, and, after a little time, having managed to save some money, and being assisted by his family, he went to Paris, where he is now practising as a painter. From causes with which we are unacquainted, his name has not, so far as our memory serves us, yet appeared among those of the exhibitors in the Paris *Salons*, although he has painted several pictures of good character.

We know not how or when the "Prison Group" came into the Royal Collection: it is, however, signed and dated "Anvers, 1846," so that it must have been painted when M. Bouvy was residing in that city. The scene would lead one to infer that it illustrated some fact of history or incident in the story of the novelist, but it is, in truth, neither the one nor the other: the artist's intention was to personate the different vices and crimes that consign evil-doers to the custody of the law. But it is evident that he has gone back two or three centuries for his characters, and even for the stronghold in which the criminals are confined: it looks exceedingly like the interior of a Spanish jail, or rather like the vault of a church or castle converted into a prison, and the occupants generally appear to be of that nation.

It is not easy to specify by his particular appearance, the precise crime of which each individual has been guilty; indeed, there are two or three faces that certainly have not crime, or at least what men usually regard as crime, written on their foreheads: the female, for example, shows no mark of vice or criminality, and though she has seated herself on the straw that covers the floor of the cell, and seems to take an interest in the gambling quarrel of her companions, she appears in no degree a more worthless character than that of a wandering minstrel, whose only offence, it may be assumed, is vagrancy. The nearest figure is unquestionably a desperado; he is a man against whom prison-bars are not proof: a heavy shot is attached to his ankle for his safe custody. It is not always true the saying, "There is honour among thieves;" that stout, well-dressed fellow, with feathered hat and slashed doublet, whose offence, we venture to state, is that he and sobriety parted company overnight at the tavern, has not only been cheated out of his money with the dice-box, but his right-hand neighbour has a hand in his pocket to relieve him of the money of which cheating has not yet deprived him. The man in a military garb is an unmistakeable ruffian—far more of a brigand than a soldier; thieving has been a life-long trade with him: even now he has made free with the stakes, and bids defiance to those he has robbed. The young fellow standing under the doorway belongs to a class far above the others; what he has done to bring himself within the meshes of the law we can scarcely imagine.

In the opposite corner of the picture is an aged monk, whose term of imprisonment is not of very recent date, else his beard would not have grown to the length it has: it is only charitable to assume that this venerable ecclesiastic has, by the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, given offence to those who have rewarded his fidelity with the felon's lot. If the artist intended one of his characters for a murderer, it can be no other than the figure standing near the monk; he looks the impersonation of every crime enumerated in the Decalogue—the incarnation of the spirit of evil.

It is a clever picture, viewed either as a whole or in its individual parts: the tone of colour is low, though of good quality and in excellent keeping: the manipulation is everywhere most careful.

The picture is at Osborne.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

As our readers already know, the second annual vote of the very moderate sum of £2000 towards the formation of a collection of the portraits of illustrious men, gave rise to one more display of that false economy which would shut up all the Art-issues of the national purse, and that angry polemic which fights on the stumps of an argument after its legs are cut off. In vain did the Chancellor of the Exchequer point out, that this vote was the consequence of an address to the crown, a message from the Queen, and a cordial determination of the House of Commons itself; and in vain did Mr. Ingram strive to tempt Mr. Spooner by the prospect of a future place for himself in the Portrait Gallery:—Mr. Coningham, Mr. Drummond, and others,—each from his own very different point of view,—would have had the house once more reverse its own decision, and proceed to its not unfamiliar occupation of undoing all that had been done in the matter. The value of the arguments adduced may be illustrated by one of Mr. Drummond's, which only wanted turning inside out to be a good argument:—and this Mr. Hope did for it. Mr. Drummond had found "in one place, in the house of the representative of three great historical families, a number of portraits, lying on their faces, in a chamber over a stable. They had been there thirty years, and he supposed were there now." Mr. Hope thought, that if old portraits were hid in stables, it was a very good argument for a gallery like this to rescue them,—and that the public might as well have an opportunity of looking at pictures that were lying face downwards. We think so too, and have used, our readers will remember, something like the same sort of argument before. We, and they, took so large an interest in this project when it was first started, that they will doubtless like to know, through us, from time to time, how far the arguments which we then advanced in its favour maintain themselves in view of such progress as has been made towards its fulfilment. As we have said, we are not quite satisfied with all that has been done, or all that is explained:—though there is already something to indicate the success, and the kind of success, which we anticipated. Our prediction, that a gallery like this, once initiated, would be sure to grow by donation, has been even thus early verified. The late Earl of Ellesmere made a gift of his famous Shakspere portrait known as the "Chandos;" and Mr. Disraeli stated to the house, that "a number of valuable portraits had already been presented, both by families and by individuals." He added, in general terms, that the number presented was "almost as many" as the number that "had been purchased:"—and here it is that we find, or fancy we find, some ground of dissatisfaction. On the most sanguine view, the liberality of individuals can scarcely have exceeded what *should* have been the action of the national commissioners,—the number of gifts to the country can scarcely have been more than the acquisitions which they *should* have made,—if they have been true to the reasonable conditions of their commission. The portraits presented will, in nearly all cases, have a value of a kind with which the commissioners of an historic portrait gallery have nothing to do,—their value as originals, or their value as works of Art. In laying the foundations of an institution like this, with a limited grant, copies only are compatible with anything like immediate public action; and copies fulfil, as we have said, all the purposes demanded. Mr. Disraeli stated vaguely, that the collection was proceeding,—that what had been as yet got together were temporarily deposited in a house in Great George Street—and that, when a sufficient nucleus had been formed, they would be exhibited to the public. Now, as we have said, with the £4000 already in their hands, and the supplement of private donation, the commissioners should be in a condition, ere long, to let the public see a result, if they have used the money and used it wisely.—It was very satisfactory to the views which we entertain, to find the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating to the House of Commons, that the portraits are intended to form a future portion of the National Gallery,—when the House shall let us have a National Gallery of such dimensions as will make arrangements of the kind possible.

FIRMIN ROUVY, LINX.

D. DEVACHEZ, SCULP.

THE PRISON-GROUP

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL GALLERY

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXIX.—GEORGE LANCE.

VARIETY in a gallery of pictures is as essential to true and unwearied enjoyment as is variety in landscape or in a garden of flowers: it is necessary as a relief to the eye and to the mind. What can be more monotonous than the contemplation of a number of paintings all of which belong to one class of subject, though differing perhaps in treatment and in colour? and what interest would one feel in a garden decked with the most brilliant flowers, yet all of a similar kind, in comparison with that wherein grow plants diversified in hues, in form, and in size? The sky in its broad expanse of unchequered azure is very beautiful, but how much more beautiful when at morn or even it is mantled over with clouds tinted with innumerable colours from the rising or setting sun? in truth, there is little either in Art or Nature so lovely and enchanting that it does not gain something by contrast and opposition. Undoubtedly, in the picture-gallery, in the landscape, and in the garden, each visitor will be attracted by what pleases him best, or what is most congenial with his tastes; yet he cannot be altogether indifferent to other objects of beauty or excellence which by their presence help to constitute a magnificent whole, or by contrast heighten the charm of what is most delightful and agreeable to his sense of gratification.

Hence, to apply the foregoing observations to the subject immediately before us, pictures of fruit and of flowers, though too often erroneously considered as a second or third-rate class of Art, have a relative value in a gallery beyond that which may belong to the excellence of the works themselves. All Art is valuable that teaches, edifies, or affords pleasure; all Art is great that is worthy of the intellectual powers, that helps to humanise and refine; and greater still, when it lifts the heart upwards in thankfulness to the Source of all the beauty and all the blessings we enjoy—when it is made the symbol of mercies, the type of eternal goodness. And are not fruits and flowers indicative of such goodness—gifts of love and kindness? why then should the painter of these "rich and rare gems" of nature, the flowers, or of those productions, the fruits of the earth, so welcome and refreshing to the taste—have an inferior position in the scale of artists? so inferior, in the judgment of some, as to be recognised as little better than a decorator: we must record our strong protest against such a verdict; it is not founded on evidence that commends itself to feeling or reason—not based on facts that come, or ought to come, within the knowledge of us all.

Since the time of the old Dutch painters no artist with whose works we are acquainted can be compared, as a painter of "still-life," with George Lance; while, in fact, his pictures will bear comparison with any of the same class, whensoever and by whomsoever produced: his "fruit-pieces," which are his "speciality," have never been surpassed in luxuriance and richness of colour, in truth, and in effective and most harmonious grouping. Lance has much to answer for in the covetous desires he calls forth every season in the crowded rooms of the Academy on a hot July day: who has not longed to quench his thirst with the refreshing juice of that bunch of "black Hamburghs," so alluringly offered to the sight? or with a slice from that magnificent melon, already deprived of one of its sections? or with that downy peach, on which a wasp has settled and begun to feast? or the purple plums or ruddy cherry? These are fearful temptations to covetousness in a heated exhibition-room, and might be made to plead a justification, if anything could, for an infraction of one of the commands of the Decalogue.

George Lance was born, on March 24, 1802, at the old manor-house of Little Easton, near Dunmow, Essex. His father, at the time of his birth, held



Engraved by [illegible] HERONS FIGHTING. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

the appointment of adjutant in the Essex Yeomanry, having previously served in a light cavalry regiment; his mother was the daughter of Colonel Constable, of Beverley, Yorkshire. After residing several years in that ancient mansion, the yeomanry staff was reduced, and Mr. Lance's family removed to the neighbourhood of London. Lance, even at a very early age, showed a strong preference for pictures and picture-books over all the ordinary amusements of childhood and boyhood, and never felt so happy as when engaged in attempting to imitate what was before him; his great ambition was to be an artist. His friends, however, not altogether coinciding with his desires, sent him, when he had reached a suitable age, down to Leeds, and placed him there in a manufactory conducted by connexions of the family. It was a sad disappointment to the boy, and greatly depressed him; moreover, his constitution was naturally delicate, and this overthrowing of all his hopes and anticipations of future greatness as a painter by no means tended to strengthen his body or to com-

pose his mind. His Yorkshire friends soon found out that they had not "the right boy in the right place," and recommended his parents to remove him from the factory and the desk, and to allow him to follow the bent of his own inclinations: their advice was taken, and he came back to London.

The first consideration with his parents was to find a suitable master for their son, and one whose terms would be moderate, for the circumstances of the family though good were not affluent. This, at that period, was not so easy a task as it would now be: good teachers of Art, forty years ago, were very rare; even at the present day, though we have many excellent artists, the number of good masters is comparatively few—so difficult is it for a man to teach others what he knows himself. But young Lance relieved his friends of such a responsibility by choosing one for himself, and in a way so characteristic of an enthusiast that the story is worth telling. Walking one day through the streets in the neighbourhood of the British Museum, without any definite purpose,—though it may be presumed his mind was tolerably full of the future,—he turned into the Museum, wandering through the apartments till he reached that in which the Elgin sculptures were then placed. Here he saw three young men drawing. He mustered up courage enough to approach somewhat closely, and saw in the respective corners of the sketches that each had just finished, the name of the draughtsman, to which was added, "Pupil of B. R. Haydon." Looking eagerly at the faces of the three students to ascertain which of them would be most likely to give a kind and sympathetic answer to any remark he might make, he at length, though with some misgivings as to the result, addressed himself to one, on whose cartoon drawing was written the name of Charles Landseer, the present Academician. "Will you be kind enough to tell me," said Lance to him, "on what terms Mr. Haydon receives pupils? and do you think he will take me?"—"You had better go and ask him yourself," replied Landseer, curtly, but in a very friendly tone. The boy—he was then under fourteen—thanked him very heartily, and Landseer continued,—"Go in the morning, and go early."

Accordingly, early the very next morning, Lance knocked at the door of Haydon's residence, and with no slight trepidation, we dare say, for Haydon was at this time in the height of his popularity, and the young aspirant knew it well. In a few moments he was ushered into the private room of the great man, and stood before him, as a relative of Lance's once described the scene to us,—"Jacket, frills, corduroys, and all, looking more pale, more delicate, and more childlike, from intense anxiety, than was his wont,"—and without a single line of introduction. "Well, my boy," asked Haydon, after looking intently at him for some minutes, and expecting him to announce his business, "and what do you want with me?"—"I am anxious to become an artist, sir, and want to be one of your pupils; I am come to ask your terms, if you will receive me."—"Terms! my good little fellow; when I take pupils I never look at their father's purses: bring me some of your latest drawings, and if I think they give promise of future success, I will do for you, as I do, and ever have done, for all those who study under me, *take you for nothing*." When Lance has spoken in after life of this interview, he confesses he has no recollection of the manner in which he reached his home; he might have been carried thither on angels' wings for aught he knew to the contrary; it was enough for him that he *felt* Haydon was to be his master. Two or three days only elapsed before he commenced, under the guidance of that gifted, kind-hearted, but impetuous man, a term, extending through seven years, of severe, but interesting and valuable study, from the antique, from the life, in anatomy, and in architecture, both at the Royal Academy and at home. Aided by the advice, and stimulated by the encouraging remarks of his master, Lance's prospects of advancement now rapidly brightened; his cartoon drawings were often highly commended by Haydon, and his copies of the antique elicited the praise of the venerable Northcote. At length he was considered to have made sufficient progress to undertake a picture; a subject was selected from the "Iliad," and the composition sketched out; but prior to the commencement of the painting it was deemed advisable, for the purpose of acquiring more complete mastery over his materials, that he should improve his execution by copying, from nature, objects of "still-life." Accordingly he composed and painted a group of fruit and vegetables, with which the late Sir George Beaumont was so pleased, that he at once expressed a desire to purchase it. The success of this work induced the artist to commence another of a similar kind, which became the property of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who gave a commission to the painter to execute, as a companion to it, a subject composed of figures, animals, and still-life. Shortly afterwards the Duke of Bedford requested him to paint two large pictures of fruit only, but to contain specimens of every fruit grown by English horticulturists; these were to adorn an elegant kind of summer-house, erected in the grounds of Woburn Abbey, for the especial purpose of entertaining therein William IV. while visiting the duke. Henceforth the career of Lance was marked out, and his prosperity continued without interruption, save during a short interval of time, when ill-health compelled him to quit his studio; and thus the heroes of Homer, classic lore, and all imaginations of what is generally regarded as "high Art," gave way before the constant and almost overwhelming influence of his success as a painter of still-life. Haydon was at first much disconcerted to find his pupil had become so eminent an artist in this department as to make it improbable that he would ever venture upon the uncertain future of historical painting. "Lance, my lad," he once said to him, "it seems a pity to cast off the nobler walk of Art, but I am so convinced you will have no competitor in that you are now following, that I feel I should do wrong to Art and yourself, if I said one word to deter you." And who will say that Lance did not act both wisely and well? he has proved himself a consummate master of the art which it is evident nature intended him to follow. For a period of nearly twenty years he has had, each season, a "horticultural exhibition," both at the British Institution and the Royal Academy, and has borne away the principal prizes, no other "grower" being able to compete with him; and his pictures of the feathered tribes, "beautiful in death," are incomparable,—such, for example, as the "Fighting Herons," here engraved, and the "Dead Peacock" exhibited this year at the British Institution; how much of the poetry of Art is manifest in both these compositions!



Engraved by] MELANCTHON'S FIRST MISGIVING OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

There are few collections, of any note, in England which do not contain one or more specimens of the works of this painter; we have already mentioned some of his earlier patrons, and to this list may be added, at later dates, the names of Lord de Lisle, Sir J. Wigram, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Sheepshanks, Mr. T. Baring, Mr. Forbes, Mr. W. J. Broderip, &c. &c., as those of his most eminent patrons. During his career he has painted about four hundred pictures, and found eager and expectant purchasers for them all.

But his labours have not been entirely restricted to those subjects with which his name is most closely associated. About the year 1836, having an interval of what he calls "spare time," he resolved to occupy it by painting a historical subject, with the view of submitting it in competition for a prize offered by the Liverpool Academy for "the best historical picture of the season." The result was his "Melancthon's First Misgiving of the Church of Rome,"

engraved on the preceding page; to this work the council of the Liverpool Academy awarded the prize, no little honour to an artist whose practice hitherto had almost been limited to fruits, gold and silver flagons and dishes,—by the way, we remember, many years ago, some wonderful imitations of these latter objects, painted by Lance from the originals, manufactured by the once celebrated goldsmiths' firm of Rundell, Bridge, and Co.,—vegetables and feathered fowl. The "Melancthon" picture was purchased from the exhibition-room by Mr. George Holt, a wealthy merchant of Liverpool; it now occupies a prominent position among the Art-treasures collected at Manchester. The title of the work almost declares the subject, although we are ignorant of the historical source from which the artist has drawn it, for we have no recollection of reading that the young German reformer was ever domiciled in a monastery, as he is here represented; however, Lance no doubt has authority for the treatment adopted. Melancthon's first misgiving arises from his discovering the prior of the convent in a sound sleep after partaking heartily, as it would seem, of a feast of good things, an indulgence totally inconsistent with the prescribed self-regulations of the Romish Church. It is in every way a clever picture, both in composition and execution.

The success of this picture led to others of a somewhat similar character; it was followed by "The Village Coquette" and "The Lady in Waiting," both painted for Mr. Broderip, and "The Biron Conspiracy," painted for Mr. Vernon. The last-named picture is, perhaps, the best work of historical character which the artist has painted: to describe it, as well as to express our estimation of its merits, we cannot do better than repeat the remarks we wrote when it was exhibited at the Academy in 1845:—"In the place of a title an explanatory passage is substituted, describing the subject, which could scarcely be done in less space than is here given to it, since the theme is neither matter of state history, nor an incident which points to anything beyond the immediate action. It is a gorgeous production, and of a style more elevated than anything we have ever seen by its author. It represents the receipt, by the Marshal Duc de Biron, of a letter from the Duke of Savoy, urging him to betray his sovereign and benefactor, Henry IV.; to which requisition he is about to consent, when his sister, the Countess de Roussy, reminds him that the king saved his life at the battle of Fontaine Française. The Marshal is here seen crushing the missive and spurning the proposition: he is standing equipped in a superb suit of armour, of that period when the jambes were laid aside. The composition abounds with objects which are painted with the known skill of the artist in still-life."

One of his finest works, combining as it does figure and fruits, the former occupying so much of the canvas and so large a portion of the interest of the composition as to render it something more than a fruit-piece, is "The Seneschal," one of the illustrations here engraved. This picture is one of four which decorate the noble dining-hall of Sir S. M. Peto's mansion, Somerleyton Hall, near Lowestoffe; the other three are respectively by Sir E. Landseer, Stanfield,



Engraved by] THE SENESCHAL. [J. and G. P. Nicholls

and Herbert. We have heard that Lance received £800 for his work, and a letter of commendation from his patron, which, from our personal knowledge of the artist, we will venture to affirm was as gratifying, if not as welcome, to him as the cheque that accompanied it. This act of patronage led to others of equal liberality from Mr. H. W. Eaton, of Princes' Gate, Mr. Betts, of Preston Hall, near Maidstone, Mr. Leech, Mr. J. M. Rendel, and Mr. J. Earle, all residing in Kensington Palace Gardens. This last gentleman, one of Lance's most valued friends, possesses what the painter regards as his "best cabinet picture;" it is now at Manchester.

We have no room to enlarge upon the works of this popular and admirable painter, nor to remark upon the "Velasquez Controversy," with which his name was so mixed up some few years back; but before concluding our notice, we must repeat the substance of a question we put when writing of Harding last year, and ask, "How is it Lance is not in the Academy, not even as an Associate?" These are matters which the world outside the temple of Art in Trafalgar Square cannot understand. We find his pictures occupying honourable positions in the public galleries, side by side with those of men who are entitled to place cabalistic letters after their names, and we know also that his pictures are coveted and possessed by the most enlightened Art-patrons of the kingdom, who value them as highly as any work which Academician or Associate ever painted: he is a gentleman, a Christian in the highest sense of the word, and an artist unrivalled in his *line*, and yet though his name has appeared on the list of candidates for admission during very many years, there seems to be as little expectation now of seeing him elected as there was upon the day when he inscribed his name in the book. If Lance's Art be considered by the Academy "low Art," we regard it as so high that few of its members can reach it, as colourists, or possess a more intimate acquaintance with all those laws of colour and of light and shade by which the most beautiful combinations are produced. Besides, are the rich and luscious fruits of the hothouse and garden—presuming Lance had never painted anything else, and his figure subjects are very numerous—lower in the works of creation than dogs and horses, sheep and cows? and if not in Nature, why should they be thought so in Art?

There are two painters whom Lance is proud to call his pupils, and who are themselves proud to acknowledge him as their master—the one is W. Duffield, fast rising into eminence as a painter of "still-life;" the other John Gilbert, who, as we remarked the other day in our notice of him and his works, says that all his knowledge of colour was acquired from the instructions of his preceptor.

MONUMENTAL COMMEMORATIONS.

Month after month is adding, each, its new and touching chapters to that graceful but melancholy volume which is to write, in brass and marble, the sculpture-history of the late brilliant but deadly war.

A monument to the memory of Capt. Lyons, the gallant son of our Crimean admiral, Lord Lyons, has recently been placed on the south side of St. Paul's cathedral. The work is from the chisel of Mr. Noble. Capt. Lyons was killed on board his ship, the *Miranda*, which he led in a night attack on Fort Constantine, on the 15th of June, 1855; and on the large tablet which forms the monument, the *Miranda* is carved as in the act of assaulting the battery. The national flags of England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey, wave round the medallion which keeps the features of the hero for futurity, intermingled with branches of oak and of laurel. Nothing can be more simple than this marble record; and its simplicity is matched by that of the inscription, which tells how the memorial is erected, "in deepest grief, by the officers and ship's company of her majesty's ship Miranda, who had served under the gallant officer in the Baltic, White Sea, Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff."

This touching page in the sculpture Book of the War will be followed, ere long, by a chapter of loftier tone, though kindred spirit,—that of

The Guards' Monument.—The money subscribed for the memorial proposed to be erected to those officers and men of the brigade of Guards who fell during the same contest, has reached the amount of £3000; and, with this sum in hand, the committee applied to certain English sculptors for models in competition for the work. We have already stated, that permission had been obtained for the erection of this monument in Hyde Park;—and the site now determined on is, we are given to understand, that which immediately fronts Grosvenor Gate. The materials to be employed were, by the conditions of the competition, limited to granite and bronze:—the bronze to be supplied gratuitously, by Government, to the successful artist. In this case, therefore, we should expect an important addition to our public monuments. Is is only to be hoped, that the desire for the showy and emphatic, which is not unnatural to a body of military subscribers, and is slightly indicated in some of the demands of the committee, may have been duly controlled by that artistic element in the judicial authority to which the committee themselves very wisely appealed. We say this, because, in some of the models sent in, the competitors did not, as we know, escape the temptation to cater for this assumed professional bias,—and there has been some danger that exaggeration should prevail over the language of pure and expressive Art. The model chosen to be executed is, as we announced last month, that of Mr. Bell; and the pillar, or obelisk form, to which, as we said, it is to be referred, while it adopts the trophy character, admits of any quality of Art accessory which the genius of the sculptor has at command.

There is something affecting in the sentiment of brotherhood that determines these demonstrations of the several share which each corps in the service has in a common grief:—a sort of family tenderness adding its grace to the other graces that mark the memorials raised by each distinct body to its own lost brethren in arms. The Guards' Monument will be followed by a

Monument to the Welsh Fusileers; and the town of Swansea has been chosen as the scene of its erection. As at present decided, the Guildhall Square is pointed out as the immediate site on which it can be most advantageously placed; but, as the design of the monument has not been definitively settled, this arrangement is subject to possible change. The present idea is, to have a monument about thirty feet high, standing on a base of some twenty feet; and, as in the case of the Guards' Monument, it is intended to include officers and men in one common record of glory and regret.

To these Crimean memorials, it is not out of place to add a paragraph or two on the military honours that were reaped on older fields. Mr. Foley's

Colossal Statue of Lord Hardinge has been exhibiting in the court-yard of Burlington House, to give the public, as we announced, an opportunity of seeing it previous to its departure for India. The statue is, we have said, equestrian,—and intended, of course, to commemorate the services of the late commander-in-chief more especially in his character of governor-general in our eastern empire. It will stand on a granite pedestal, occupying a site close to the Government House, in Calcutta. It may be interesting to state, that the horse is a portrait, as well as the man;—Lord Hardinge being mounted on his famous Arab charger "Meeanee," which bore its master through the battles on the Sutlej,—as it had previously borne another governor-general, Lord Ellenborough, through the fight of Maharajpore.

Finally, we may mention, amongst these tributes to the sword, that, besides all the Wellington monuments which have been exhibited in Westminster Hall, Mr. John Bell has executed another, to which he gives the title of

Peace and the Soldier's Return.—It is intended to be executed in bronze and granite, for the open air,—and may now be seen in the museum of the Department of Art at Brompton. The Duke is represented on his horse, Copenhagen; and other sculpture figures and incidents are employed in the constitution of a tribute to his memory.

While the above memorials of wars but recently brought to a close are starting into being throughout the land, at the bidding of the living hearts that are yet aching for the dead whom they commemorate, certain parties amongst us have suddenly bethought them that England has no monument to a soldier who laid the foundations of empire, with his sword, one hundred years ago. It may be, that the zeal with which the national heart has just now betaken itself to this modern monumental chronicling, has helped it to remember that there are ancient blanks in the sculpture record which imperiously demanded filling up. Certainly, England has been not a little capricious in the distribution of her honours of this kind, even to those of her sons whose title to them has been earned "at the cannon's mouth." Long ere the hero of her Peninsular war died, he could not look out of his own windows without catching some bronze reflection of himself, in person or in attribute:—while fifty years after the death of another actor in the same great series—the mightiest name in the long list of England's naval commanders,—we are unable to finish the one public memorial whose incompleteness communicates a perpetual air of the desert to the space in which it stands. Before our repeated attempts to perfect the Nelson monument, the commemorative genius of the land has utterly broken down. That spirit of Necessity which weighs on the tall shaft has done what Nelson took care that nothing else should do,—beaten the lions. Morally, the rider of the seas is shelved,—as monumentally, he is mast-headed. The Genius of the Pyramid, it should seem, has had some strange and mystic power to set his seal of desolation on this impossible record of Baron Nelson of the Nile! The moral of the Memnon and the Sphynx has made a settlement, unnatural and premature, in Trafalgar Square. Isis and Osiris have their vengeance on him who desecrated, with the cannon's voice, the worship of silence that sits upon their shores. On the dead sea-captain presses some category of doom akin to that which hung over the living mariner who killed the albatross. No Englishman retains any hope of ever seeing this monument completed. Raised in our own time, it is already archaic. It stands in the category of fragments. It was born a ruin.—But, another claimant there is for those marks of her remembrance which England puts upon the builders up of her imperial greatness, against whom the only monumental impossibility so far recorded is that of man's forgetfulness. Suddenly, as we have said, the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Plassey—June 23—has awakened the nation to the fact, that it has no—

Monument to Lord Clive.—By way of repairing this deficiency in the national records, the present proposal is, to erect a statue to the architect of British India in Shrewsbury, his native town. Now, truth to say, this local recognition scarcely, we think, satisfies the want. That the men of our towns should desire thus to reflect back upon themselves, as it were, some portion of the greatness which had its source in their soil, is a wholesome sentiment; and in a great variety of instances the monument itself will derive a specific interest from the fact of its connection with the particular spot. History is often fitly illustrated thus,—and for the most part we would gladly see the cities of the empire reclaiming their own after this fashion. But there are certain reputations which cannot be localised, or, if localised, not in this direction. Shakspere is fitly commemorated, in any form, it is true, at Stratford; but had we our wish, we would have his monument on his own cliff, lifted up towards the everlasting stars, and looking out over the immemorial sea. From Shakspere to Clive is a descent, of course,—as the genius of him who built up a limited and material sovereignty by conquest, is far below the genius that subdued to itself all the realms of nature and of mind: but even in the case of the soldier, the figure is too large for district commemoration. For a statue to the founder of Empire, a provincial pedestal is out of proportion. If there is to be a monument to the victor of Plassey, we should be glad to see the dimensions of the scheme expand. Surely the matter is one which the Indian government should take in hand,—when matters of more pressing interest will permit. It is probable, that the events now taking place in India will postpone all further action in the matter of this monument to a more fitting time. The claim which has been overlooked so long may wait now till the storm be past that is desolating the soil on which it grew; but when the time shall come for its revival, we trust it will be felt that the argument is imperial, and the work a nation's.

We have often had occasion to comment on and illustrate the fact, now so familiar to our readers, of the great change which even in our own day has taken place in the relation between the artist and his public. Instead of the narrow and privileged class to whom, not long since, the artist looked at once for his critics and for his patrons, the spread of taste and education among the people has made the great body of the nation—as always in the best days of Art—the recipients of his truths, and given him for patrons all the great towns of the kingdom, and the merchant princes who dwell therein. It might have been supposed, that in all the forms of patronage by which this new and enlarged spirit of Art-appreciation expresses itself, a city which has at this moment made so remarkable a demonstration of this spirit in its culminating attitude as Manchester, would take the lead; and accordingly, in the matter of sculpture monuments, which is our present theme, the manufacturing metropolis of the north *has* shown a disposition to enrich her own streets, and make her contribution to the national Walhalla. Strangely enough, however, in doing this, she has hit upon a method, by which her recognition of sculpture art is ingeniously contrived as a repudiation of the art of the sculptor,—her multiplication of statues is made to express a limitation of models,—and her place among modern patrons is effected by a refusal of patronage. As the repetition of this piece of ingenuity implies a principle, and as the spread of that principle among us would destroy sculpture by the process of adopting it, we must devote a few words of comment to the recent inauguration, in Manchester, of the—

Bronze Statue of James Watt.—If ever a world-wide reputation could be fitly localised, James Watt is well placed on a pedestal in Manchester:—the very metropolis, as it were, of that great mechanical empire of which his patient and practical spirit made the conquest. Of such a temple he is the peculiar and appropriate genius. Here, the Art presentment of the man arises on an express field of his especial triumph; and from morning till night goes up around it the ceaseless homage of the mighty mechanical forces that he set in motion. Here stands, monumentally, the magician at whose spell ten thousand wheels are, on every hand of him, in daily revolution for the service of the world. The statue, cast in bronze by Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, of Pimlico, is raised in front of the infirmary—Manchester's best site for the purpose,—where it groups with the previously erected figures of Peel, Wellington, and Dalton. It is a sitting figure, corresponding with that of the illustrious Dalton, which it matches in place:—and this is a good point of correspondence, for effect's sake. It has another point of correspondence, however, against which we desire emphatically to protest. Like the statue of Dalton, it is a work at second-hand. The "James Watt" is a copy made, by Mr. Theed, from the marble figure, by

Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey. Manchester is getting into the way of dealing in the old clothes of Art. What we desire to impress upon a city making such Art-pretensions, and really so powerful for its cause, is, the fact, that the sculptor is still in the land, and that she is under no necessity of borrowing her Art. In the Dalton case, Manchester carried the practice to a yet more curious result:—she borrowed from herself! The city, on that occasion, turned her *own* sculpture-suit for second wear. Having determined to honour by a public monument one of the most illustrious men who ever lived and wrought amongst them, the citizens carried out their laudable intention in an economic way. Possessing already a statue of the philosopher, by Chantrey, in the hall of the Royal Institution, they proposed to have an exact copy of it made for their open-air site,—and executed their intention! Two copies of the same statue, in the same town! We remember, the defence offered on that occasion, when the singularity of the practice was assailed—mutton for the first course, and mutton for the second, and in each case the same joint,—was, that the committee "doubted the possibility of procuring anything better than Chantrey's production." Waiving the imputation cast upon the great artists amongst us by the doubt,—we shall only say, that, both for the sake of the school and for the sake of variety, we should rather have had something new, even were it lower in quality, than a repetition of the same dish. The "Watt" case is not quite so glaring as the "Dalton" absurdity; but still, it treats sculpture expression as a dead language, and drives us to the ancient books.—A Manchester paper took ground in justification of the Dalton copy, which, were it *good* ground, would be equally applicable here; and from which, if its argument involve the principle that Manchester is desirous of establishing now, it is important to dislodge it. The position was, that the philosopher being dead, the Art-access to him was closed,—and that Chantrey, himself dead, was the only man who could have sculpturally restored to us the dead whom it was desired to honour. This argument, singularly, overlooks the notorious fact, that statues of the dead, admirable as records, are made every day from surviving data; and that in that case of Dalton, as in this of Watt, the documents were abundant which might be consulted for resemblance. It was not, and is not, seen by those who would use it, that these very works by Chantrey were, themselves, among such documents; and it was pertinently asked, at the "Dalton" time, in reference to that fact, by what strange confusion it was that the parties who saw the possibility of copying the whole statue, could not see the possibility of copying that quality of it which was likeness?—As regards the probable future practice of Manchester herself in the matter, we confess, this second instance of repetition is alarming; but we trust, in any case, that the other towns of the empire which have the patronage of our schools at heart, will not adopt the Manchester device of getting a new work by means of repeating the old one.

In this same town of Manchester,—or rather, in Salford, but, though separate as boroughs, our readers know that locally Manchester and Salford are one town,—designs and models have been exhibiting, for the inspection and opinion of the public, for a—

Memorial to Mr. Brotherton, the late member for the last-named borough. The money subscribed amounts to five hundred guineas; and for that sum the committee invited designs for a monument, which was not to be a statue. The reply to this invitation has been, a collection of no less than seventy-four models; and we have before us the printed descriptions of these which their authors furnished, and of which the committee made a pamphlet. We wish we had space to give our readers some amusement out of this pamphlet. It is a most curious comment on the kind of taste which the locality is nourishing by such specimens as the above of a combined desire for sculpture art and determination to economise it. The mingling here of fancy run wild with matter of fact grown rampant, is something nearly incredible. Art is utilised by some of these candidates after a fashion which would leave behind even the town of Chelmsford,—the town that put its statue of Judge Tindale on the borough pump. Essex, we think, has certainly the credit of having led the way in the training of the Sculpture Muse to make herself useful, and was the first to put the goddess out to service:—but, let her look to her laurels! The idea of a chief-justice erected into a water-god in spite of his wig,—of him who sat in life by the fountains of law and dispensed its waters, having as his apotheosis, after death, the presidency of the public conduit,—is an idea far outdone, in its own direction, by some of the Art-economics offered to the town of Salford,—though it may have suggested them. One specimen our readers must have:—but with it, they must take our assurance that we are quoting honestly. The thing is too like a satire on the locality, not to demand a distinct affirmation that such a model *has* really been sent in. After describing that his design is "An ornamental composition, comprising a granite base, a bronze basin for a fountain, scalloped, from which rises a sandstone pedestal, bearing mythical horses spouting water into the basin. Dial clock marked upon a pecten shell, the hand pointing to the hour of twelve (midnight); above, a portrait, enameled on china, surrounded with cereal wreath and festoons of fruit. The base of granite bronze basin, rock of red grit stone; sea-horses in yellow stone; and portrait and inscription, on the obverse side, enameled on china, copper, or marble.—Holes to be deeply cut in the rock, for the growth of ferns, lichens, and water-lilies, to be planted in the basin:" —the artist goes on to say,—"The fountain is not an indispensable part of the design, but it is submitted that its cost might be met by its after use for mill purposes, or for flushing the sewers if required. *The running water and the lichens and lilies will aid in giving a perennial freshness to the memory of the deceased.* It is also suggested that if the four river horses and the topmost flower jetted out gas-light by night, it might be useful; likewise if the time-piece were a real one with two faces: but the water-pipes, gas-pipes, and time-piece are not included in the estimate." The fine bit of the ideal which we have here marked in italics comes in with delicious effect amid the utilities in which it is set. The mixture of romance and reality, each in its calenture, yet monumentally harmonising, implied in this design, has nowhere, that we remember, been surpassed. No man in Chelmsford was probably equal to the idea of making the same fountain at once flush a common sewer and keep a commoner's memory flush. The fancy, which is somewhat exuberant, is sobered by the fact, and the fact, which is somewhat unsavoury, is deodorised by the fancy. Of course, the hand pointing to the clock, about to strike twelve, was a notion too obvious to be overlooked by such designers of a monument for that worthy member of the House of Commons whose own hour of midnight has sounded now, and whose rule is made absolute as against himself, that "there shall be no more" work done! The difficulty of practically utilising a clock which monumentally must mark always the hour of twelve, has been overcome by an ingenuity which indicates a study in the school of Bottom the Weaver. The one dial makes an apology for the other, after the manner prescribed to Snug, the Joiner. The clock on the one side makes constant proclamation that the clock on the other side is only a dramatic one,—and that *it* is the real working town-clock.—Seen by the light of this new Art dispensation, we feel that there has been much waste of the public monuments in London. Should the Baron Marochetti's statue of Richard Cœur de Lion obtain the footing which it seeks on the Marble Arch, we trust the Government will make terms. Such a pedestal to such a work is an extravagance itself; and out of the attempt to sober it down, as in Chelmsford, and in Salford, a public accommodation may happily be obtained. Cœur de Lion on the marble arch should be permitted only on condition of his holding aloft a vane, a gas-lamp, or some other utilitarian matter, on the point of his lance.

With an intimation that the Statue of Dr. Jenner, by Marshall, is at length finished, and that it will be publicly erected ere long,—it is said, in Trafalgar Square,—we may bring to a close this present record of "Monumental Commemorations:" only, however, to resume the subject at a future opportunity; these works are becoming a feature in our Art-history, and, for the honour of the country, they must be carefully watched.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE COLLECTION OF JOSEPH ARDEN, Esq., CAVENDISH SQUARE.

This collection contains some of the most remarkable works that have of late years been produced. There are in each year certain pictures to which the *habitué* of the exhibitions finds himself involuntarily attracted, and which, though at the conclusion of the Art-season they are withdrawn from the public eye, are never forgotten—they have left an impression which is ever accompanied by a desire to learn their whereabouts. Mr. Arden's catalogue is enriched by some of these memorable works, for his pictures are principally the productions of living artists; he may be classed among the most patriotic friends of contemporary Art—one of those to whom our school is indebted for its rapid elevation to the present degree of excellence by which it is distinguished. The best of Millais's compositions, "The Order for Release," is one of the remarkable pictures to which we allude; the best because free from the laborious errors and the eccentric weaknesses which characterise so many of his other productions. "The Harem of a Bey," by Lewis, is another work which at the time of its exhibition was much criticised by the public, and canvassed in the circles of Art. In this picture the *finesse* of water colour is more apparent than is the cunning of oil-painting in the picture by Millais. The mastery is palpable yet inimitable—fascinating by its natural simplicity, and convincing us that we never before knew the more beautiful utilities of body colour. There are also some of Roberts's most interesting essays, Spanish and Oriental, and other valuable productions by E. M. Ward, Stanfield, E. W. Cooke, Creswick, &c., which, having been already described in the *Art-Journal*, a minute and lengthy recurrence is thus on the present occasion rendered unnecessary.

'The Harem of a Bey,' J. Lewis.—One of the most celebrated of that extraordinary series of water-Colour works of which Mr. Lewis has exhibited at least one almost every year since his return from the East. This was contributed, in 1849, to the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. By all who have seen the work it will be remembered as showing the interior of a harem, with the bey seated on the left, and near him two of his wives resting languidly on cushions, while, on the right, a Nubian eunuch unveils the person of a slave offered to the bey as a purchase. This drawing was at the Great Exhibition in Paris, where it excited the admiration and wonder of French artists. It is painted almost entirely in body colour, or it may be white tinted with colour; and the manner, distinguished with such surpassing finish, is peculiar to its author. The impersonations are purely oriental, each figure being a standard type of its class.

'The Letter from the Seat of War,' C. W. Cope, R.A.—This picture contains but one figure, that of a woman, who is convulsed with grief at the contents of a letter from the Crimea. The incident is circumstantially and pathetically set forth. It was painted in 1855.

'The Studio of Giorgione,' Carl Werner.—This is a water-colour drawing, which shows one of the splendid saloons of a Venetian palace of the Cinque-Cento. The painter stands with his back turned to the spectator, and before a portrait on which he is at work. The room is a renovated transcript from the faded reality, worked out with unexceptionable truth.

'The Bird-Trap,' B. Williams.—A small picture, very elaborately wrought.

'The Bouquet of Violets,' J. E. Millais, A.—The composition presents a single figure, that of a girl who is compressing a bouquet of violets into an envelope. The tone is low, like many of the smaller studies of the painter, but not less careful in manipulation than his best works. It was painted in 1854.

'The Plough,' H. Le Jeune.—This small and brilliant picture was exhibited in 1855. It contains a party of children playing with a forked branch of a tree, to which two are harnessed as horses, while another enacts the part of ploughman. It is exquisitely sweet in colour.

'A Study,' J. E. Millais, A.—A figure of a girl,

studiously individualized from the life; she wears a pink striped gown, to every minute stripe of which the most scrupulous justice is done.

'The Veranda,' J. D. Luard.—A small composition, worked out with infinite neatness of execution.

'The Stile,' J. E. Millais, A.—Also a small picture, showing principally a paddock wall, with a stile, on which sits a maiden in profound meditation; the whole shaded by trees. The figure is rendered with much precision, and, although in shade, the minute nicety of the labour is sufficiently obvious; but in the secondary material there is greater breadth of manipulation than is generally found in Millais's works.

'The Rescue,' J. E. Millais, A.—This is the picture which was exhibited two years ago, the subject being the rescue from a house in flames of two children, by a fireman, who is met on the stairs by the agonised mother. Such is the earnestness with which this work has been executed that it retains its lustre and powerful effect without the least degree of diminution. The leg of the boy in the arms of the fireman must always remain the most marvellous feature of the picture as to drawing and colour. This remarkable work was noticed at some length in this Journal at the time of its exhibition.

'The Order for Release,' J. E. Millais, A.—This picture will be remembered in the exhibition of 1853. It is the best which Mr. Millais has yet produced, and will remain the most estimable of his performances, unless he recover himself from his downward tendency by some strong effort. By a happy resolution in the treatment of the subject there is an entire absence of any damaging element in the composition. Mr. Millais has narrowed the limit said to exist between the sublime and the grotesque, insomuch that in some of his works it is difficult to say whether he would be serious or facetious. But the story here is pathetic, and the uniformity of the treatment has excluded every item in the slightest degree open to misconstruction. The execution is most minute; and here again the leg of a child is wonderfully real, and all without any parade of manner or pride of touch. The work, we repeat, is the most earnest that Mr. Millais has produced.

'The Old Old Story,' F. Stone, A.—Two French coast figures, a youth and maiden at a cottage door, so circumstanced with respect to each other as to leave the spectator in no doubt as to the subject of their whispered discourse. The picture is extremely powerful in colour, and contains, we think, the largest figures that Mr. Stone has ever painted.

'Scene from "Old Mortality,"' A. Fraser.—The principal characters here are Claverhouse, Henry Morton, his uncle, and others of the celebrities of the story. The picture, as to much of its execution, pronounces itself at once akin to some of Wilkie's more freely painted works. Mr. Fraser assisted Wilkie in his latter productions, and hence is observable a marked sympathy—the 'Peep o'day Boy's Cabin' is that perhaps in which the relation is most distinct.

'The Caravan in the Desert,' D. Roberts, R.A., was exhibited some years ago. The scenery is Egyptian, particularly like that about Memphis or Thebes. There is a tank in the foreground, and the place is evidently a halting station for caravans and travellers. A multitudinous company of the latter are journeying onward towards the banks of the Nile, the line of which constitutes the distant horizon. It is probable that the picture is a conscientious transcript from the locality which it proposes to represent.

'On the Greta,' T. Creswick, R.A.—This is one of those close river fragments which in his earlier time made the reputation of this painter. The river here breaks from a placid pool into a miniature rapid, and the painting of the water in repose, and the downward broken current, are full of natural truth. There is more colour and freshness in the foliage than we find in the late works of the artist. This picture was painted in 1841.

'Marine Subject,' E. W. Cooke, A.—The subject is the entrance to a Dutch harbour, with a dogger running in with a stiff breeze, seeking shelter from a coming squall. Dated 1851.

'The Royal Family of France imprisoned in the Temple,' E. M. Ward, R.A.—This well-known work was one of the most attractive essays of its season (1856), and perhaps the most interesting of the series that Mr. Ward has painted from the revolutionary history of France. We have already described the picture at length on the occasion of its exhibition: we see it again with pleasure, and find it mellowed and harmonised by even the brief period that has elapsed since it was painted, and that without any diminution of the substantive reality of the figures, or the moving expression of their features.

'Characters from Shakspere,' T. Stothard.—Composition of this kind was much practised by Stothard: besides the *personæ* in certain plays, he more than once painted collectively the principal characters from the most popular plays. The prominent impersonations here are from "The Tempest," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "King Lear," &c.

'Landscape,' G. Stanfield.—Painted with great vigour; but, being near a window, it is extremely difficult to examine its detail.

'St. Peter's, Rome,' D. Roberts, R.A.—A small picture, presenting a view of St. Peter's apart from the wilderness of human habitations which is associated with it in the view from the other side of the edifice: here the great temple is the only considerable object offered to the eye. The picture was exhibited a few years ago; it bears an inscription (written on the canvas by the artist himself) to the effect that it was painted for Mrs. Arden as a *souvenir* of her visits to Rome.

'Coast View,' S. P. Jackson.—The incident is the commonplace of ordinary sea-side scenery, but the whole is painted with a promptness and firmness of touch which effectively approach the reality of nature. It is a picture of considerable size, with the sea lying on the right in deep shade, and rolling in heavy volume on the shingle; but it does not hang so favourably as could be desired, for examination of its quality.

'The Flock,' R. Redgrave, R.A.—A very elaborate composition, on the left of which is an open space containing the sheep, and on the right is a weedy stream, the whole being inclosed by trees. Every object is brought forward by the most minute and conscientious pencilling from nature. In the works of this painter every spray and each blade of grass is formally individualised—an accuracy of representation which characterises this not less than others.

'The Fisherman's Wife.'—A figure costumed according to the subject, and seated near her cottage selling fish. The composition is full of appropriate incidents satisfactorily made out.

'Dance of Nymphs and Satyrs,' S. A. Hart, R.A.—This is a large picture, distinguished by all the proprieties of classic subject-matter. The action of the figures, their *abandon* to the excitement of the dance, show that they are exhilarated by wine. The two prominent dancers are a dark satyr and a nymph personally delicately fair. The composition of these two figures, and the lines formed by their limbs, especially their arms, is a graceful result of well matured study. They are dancing to the music of pipes, a lyre, and cymbals, and all the musicians suggest at once remembrance of the more spirited of the ancient representations of the children of Euterpe. The picture is brilliant and harmonious in colour.

'Remains of a Greek Temple,' W. Linton.—A class of subject which this artist paints with better feeling than any other material that he treats. The ruin is situated at the base of a range of hills which extend into the distance of the picture; the left-hand portion of the view is an open plain, of which the nearest section lies in shade. The scene derives life from a goatherd and his flock. The sky and the distance are painted with natural truth and delicacy.

'Robinson Crusoe,' A. Fraser.—This work we remember years ago; Mr. Fraser, we believe, was the first artist who drew upon Defoe's narrative. Crusoe is here represented as sitting down to dinner, and in the act of supplicating a blessing, surrounded by his family—his dog, cat, goat, and parrot; and, according to authority, by a variety of household, or rather shiphold items, saved from the wreck. The figure is dignified and impressive, and the treatment of the theme points at once to its source. The whole is painted in the subdued light which may be supposed to have existed in Crusoe's primitive mansion. Like most of Fraser's works, it has been freely glazed throughout, perhaps with asphaltum.

'Fruit,' V. Bartholomew.—A water-colour study, consisting of a pine, white and black grapes, and other fruits, imitated, as to form and surface, with the utmost accuracy.

'A Street View in Rouen,' S. Prout.—These quaint old houses afforded endless resource for the pencil of Prout; in fact, they suggested to him that touch so well adapted to describe dilapidation and the grotesque in architecture. There are in this collection three or four of Prout's works, all representing passages of continental street architecture. Of these the largest looks like an early drawing, from the thinness of the tint. The time is fast approaching when such drawings will be considered as pleasantries of the painter, for the prevalent spirit of renovation will leave no trace of the ancient wood and plaster habitations which we regard in pictures and read of in novels with feelings very different from those with which we inhabit them, when our hotel happens to be a fabric of this class in some remote locality of Brittany or Normandy—more romantic than comfortable.

'The Ponte Rotto,' C. Stanfield, R.A.—This relic is prominently and advantageously seen from many favourable points; but the artist has here judiciously made it the principal mass in his composition, by having taken it from the level of the Tiber, to the exclusion of that architectural confusion which reduces the importance of the ruin from a higher point of view. In the right distance appear St. Peter's, and the bridges and buildings that occur in the same direction, constituting the principal forms in the view, which is worked out in the best manner of the painter.

'Landscape,' F. R. Lee, R.A.—The picture, which is somewhat large and painted with great attention to detail, shows principally an agroupment of—majestic and venerable elms—we presume these trees to be. In the painting of these masses of foliage there is an elevation of feeling beyond the rest of the subject, which is opened on the left by a road running directly into distance, the nearest section of the ground being flooded by a limpid and shallow brook, to which some horses have been led for their daily draught—the mass of shade being broken by a grey pony standing in the current. The picture is dated 1847.

'The Phrenologist,' W. H. Knight.—The scene is a well furnished sitting-room, in which we find an aged enthusiast examining the "cerebral development" of a boy who holds a spaniel in his arms, and in his turn examines the animal's head. There are two ladies seated at the window, apparently deeply interested in the result. This picture is remarkable for the care with which the draperies are painted.

'The Negligent Servant,' J. F. Pasmore.—A single figure, that of a female domestic, who has fallen asleep in the act of preparing vegetables for dinner. It is a dark picture, and as to feeling and subject bears some relation to the Dutch school.

'Landscape,' W. Linton.—The principal passage of the subject, a modern Italian town, occupies the centre of the composition, lying for the most part in shade, according to a favourite disposition of this artist; on the left stands a convent, and from the immediate foreground a road descends to the town, the site of which is a valley lying between two lofty ranges of mountains. It is a large picture, worked out with an earnestness which suppresses all the frivolous detail that so often enfeebles and vitiates the best subjects.

'The Grandmamma,' J. P. Knight, R.A.—A small and an early picture by this artist, who has not, we believe, exhibited a subject picture for many years. The old lady is seated contemplating her grandchild, who is giving milk to her cat.

'A Study,' W. F. Witherington, R.A.—A figure of a child—a girl seated at a cottage door, and amused by the gambols of a kitten that plays with a ball of worsted.

'Landscape,' J. Wilson, Jun.—A small dark picture, containing on the right a stream, the view being closed by masses of trees towards the right.

'A Study,' G. B. O'Neill.—A small composition, in which is presented a boy resolutely cutting his name in the bark of a tree. The incident is substantially rendered; the earnestness of the youth merits the best wishes of the spectator.

'In the Crypt of Basenstoke Priory, Wilts,' A. Provis.—This was exhibited recently at the Portland Gallery. It is a small picture, remarkable for the most assiduous finish—containing a boy seated and holding on his knee a water-jug; and composing with an anomaly of material, which greatly assists a picture like this—ingenious, elaborate, and masterly in colour.

'Cottage Interior,' F. D. Hardy.—A rustic dwelling, furnished with a catalogue of such objects as are met with in these remote rustic habitations alone. The only inmate is an aged woman, who is seated reading—her Bible, it may be.

'Coast View,' J. Middleton.—The subject is a passage of scenery very like that of the Isle of Arran. The composition consists, it may be said, of two sections: a gentle foreground slope, the ridge of which rises against the sky; and on the right a calm, inland bay inclosed by a distant and mountainous shore. But the foreground constitutes the force of the work—here all the executive cunning of the painter is shown. The ground, which is warm in tone, lies in shade; but every idle pebble, every gadding blade of grass, is conscientiously introduced, nothing in short, in minute representation, can excel the almost microscopic pencilling of the work. John Middleton was a rising artist, whose works promised a brilliant future—but he was not permitted to attain to that maturity whence so much was expected.

'The Coming Passenger.'—A boy is here described as standing ready to open a wicket for a person about to pass. He stands with one hand on the little gate and the other respectfully raised to his cap; and a girl, perhaps his sister, sits with a basket of oranges, of which she offers some for sale to the passenger, who is so near that his, or her, little dog is barking at the attendant of the wicket. The approach is so forcibly described, that we expect the imaginary third person to step into the picture.

'The Water Nymph,' W. S. Frost, A.—She is seated at the brink of a pool, dressing her hair with water lilies. The figure is full but yet graceful, and distinguished by that delicacy of colour, and softness of line, which add so much to the charm of the painter's works.

'Study from Nature,' F. D. Hardy.—Simply a cottage interior, with an old man, in profile, smoking, worked out with the nicest attention to detail.

'Street in Cairo,' D. Roberts, R.A.—A large picture, showing an open space inclosed by lofty houses, painted with alternate lines of red and yellow, all telling effectively in the composition, in their variety of line, form, and quantity. The place is thronged with figures, every one of which is a successful sketch from the life, and nothing can be more purely orieutal and Turkish than these turbaned idlers, whose acquaintance we make here. Mr. Roberts describes the Turks with a truth and gusto for which they will assuredly do him as much honour as the best pacha that ever went before a tail. The picture was painted in 1842.

'Coast View,' J. Wilson, Jun.—The picture is large, but the objects are few and simple. From the right a broken line of chalk cliff passes transversely into the composition, and from the near section of this a small jetty has been thrown out as a harbour for fishing-boats. It is high water, and a boat is passing the jetty. The water is a truthful essay: it is painted with breadth and freshness.

'Venice,' E. W. Cooke, A.—We are here placed on the sea, and the Ducal Palace, with the Campanile, and all the remarkable edifices, terminating with the Dogana on the extreme left, are seen in distance. The near objects are fishing and coasting craft, which are painted with a *finesse* that induces the belief tbat every most minute characteristic has been remembered. The composition, with its glimpse of the sea-girt city, is most skilfully managed. It was painted in 1854.

'Landscape,' F. R. Lee, R.A.—This appears to have been painted on the spot; it is a simple passage of rural scenery, of which the principal mass is a group of trees that rise from the side of a path leading to a farm-house—beyond these lies an expanse of distanee.

'Interior of a Church,' D. Roberts, R.A.—The church is a Spanish cathedral of imposing character, showing, as a principal object on the left, a tomb of great magnificence. The artist has succeeded in communicating a feeling of vastness and space perhaps beyond the reality; be that as it may, notwithstanding the richness and beauty of the edifice, he maintains the solemnity of effect becoming to the subject.

'View in Holland,' A. Montague.—A small picture, representing a canal running between two lines of houses, of that ragged and time-worn character that are good for nothing but to be painted. There is a companion to this by the same artist, also a Dutch canal view, similar in eomposition.

'Landscape,' Crome.—The composition is in two distinct parts, being closed on the left by a clump of forest trees, but on the right opening over a flat country, very like that through which the Yare passes towards Yarmouth. The distance is painted with tints beautifully atmospheric and silvery.

'Waiting for the Carrier,' W. S. P. Henderson.—A country boy with his donkey is waiting the passing of the waggon, which is seen in the distance slowly approaching.

'The Jack Pool,' S. R. Percy.—The subject is a passage of river-side scenery, very like some well-wooded backwater of the Tbames. The stream is full of aquatic plants, and its opposite bank encumbered with fallen trees. The composition is extremely full, comprehending almost every incident of waterside material; but all most carefully drawn and painted.

'On the Coast of Normandy,' J. Wilson.—The view is shut in on the right by a sea-wall of chalk, very like that at the Foreland. It is a small picture, containing boats and figures, touched with masterly power.

'Poultry,' Couturier.—This is a small dark picture of the French school, extremely simple in subject and composition. In it are introduced two cocks fighting; the birds are drawn with spirit, and charmingly coloured.

'Venice,' E. W. Cooke, A.—This view comprehends the line of buildings from a little distance on the right of the Ducal Palace, to those beyond the library and towards the Grand Canal. On the left the view is closed by a line of Venetian craft of great variety, some having sails hoisted, others with cordage only. On the right also the quays are thronged with boats and figures, every object being made out with the most delicate drawing. The work is small, but the compositiou is, perhaps, the fullest that the artist has ever painted.

'The Avenue,' T. Creswick, R.A.—The subjeet consists of a double row of trees, which run perspectively into the picture, and through the dense foliage of which the sun's rays here and there streak the ground with light. It is certainly more true in colour than later works.

'Coast Rocks,' T. S. Good.—A small picture representing a section of a rocky shore, with two fishermen. It is clear in execution and agreeable in effect. This artist gained a reputation by the high finish which he communicated to his figures; but his works are rare. He is a native of Berwick-upon-Tweed, where we believe he now resides in retirement.

'The Valentine,' T. Webster, R.A.—This is an early work; the missive has been addressed to a housemaid, who, intent on perusing it, suffers the ale tap to overflow the jug which she has placed beneath it. The expression of the girl's faee is a very felicitous essay.

'A Brace of Spaniels,' G. Armfield.—The animals have started wild fowl, and are eagerly giving chase in the direction of the flight. They are extremely well drawn, and painted with infinite spirit.

'Landscape,' J. Middleton.—The subject of this work is one which, in ordinary hands, it would be extremely difficult to render interesting; but of the little variety the most is made, and the groundbreaks and workings are rendered most serviccable. It is a view over some rough pastures interscected by a winding stream; a farm-house appears on the right, and the trees are all leafless, as if the time were late in autumn. In the management of the material great taste and executive skill are shown; it is extremely mellow in eolour, and very minute in descriptive elaboration.

'Landscape,' W. H. Millais.—The subject is principally a spreading oak tree, which, togetber with the other material, seems to have been worked out on the spot.

'Coast Study,' J. W. Inchbold.—This view is taken from a cliff overhanging the sea, and comprehends a little bay, with the sea-wall and cliffs by which it is inclosed. It is a solitude, without sign of life, save the screaming sea-mew. The small foreground is an intricate wilderness of rank grass and weeds, which is realised with marvellous patience; but the beauty of the work lies in the pellucid waters of the little bay, the reflections of whieh are a triumph of Art.

In the acquisition of the higher class productions which enrich this collection much taste and sound judgment are manifested. The authors of the various works we mention may paint worse, but they will never excel the quality of these examples, some of which are not seen to the best advantage; but it is the fate of works of Art in London residences especially, they cannot be all placed in a uniformly good light.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The statue of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the distinguished naturalist, has recently been exhibited at the entrance-gate of the Louvre. It is by E. Robert, and is destined for the town of Etampes; to be erected by public subscription.

Florence.—An interesting discovery has been made at Florence of the "Madona di Soreto," by Raphael, as it is reported; it is in the possession of M. Walter Kennedy Lausie, resident in that town.

Munich.—A fire took place on the 13th of July at the Glyptothèque, at Munich: the celebrated frescoes by Cornelius have been much damaged by the water thrown from the fire-engines; the statues have not suffered.

Vienna.—The new medal for the decoration of those admitted of the order of Maria-Theresa has on the obverse a portrait of the foundress, with the legend, "Maria-Theresa, 18th June, 1757;" and on the reverse, the cross of the order resting on a sword and a crown of laurel, with the inscription, "A hundred years of wealth in heroic deeds, 18th June, 1857." The medal has been struck in gold, silver, and bronze.—The Vienna Society of Antiquarians has decided that women may be admitted as members.

Rome.—A new gallery has been inaugurated at Rome, by order of the Pope, to receive the paintings now contained in the Vatican.

Weimar.—The inauguration of the statues in honour of the *literati*, Wieland, Göthe, and Schiller, was necessarily postponed until the 3rd of September,—the sculptor, Rietschel of Dresden, having given it as his opinion that the works could not be ready before that time.

Dordrecht.—The recent death, at Rome, of the landscape-painter, Abraham Teerling, who was a native of this town, has suggested the propriety of asserting the importance of the place as a nursery of Art, by some worthy memorial commemorative of the many distinguished men who have lived there, and from whose *prestige* Dort claims to be ranked as a school of Art. Van Stry and Versteegh resided at Dort; so also did Schoumann, the master of Schotel, the well-known marine-painter. The place is famous also as the residence of Albert and J. Cuyp, Hoogstraten, Bloemaart, Bischof, Ferd. Bol, N. Maas, and Schalken. The painters of Dordrecht were patronised in the seventeenth century by Albert Cuyp's friend, Cornelius Van Beveren, and at a period nearer our own time by Peter and Cornelius Vau Braam. It was chosen as the abiding place of the German painter, J. B. Scheffer, and there his two sons, Ary and Henry were born. Some of the best examples of the Dordrecht school are preserved in the collection of Herr de Kat, whose gallery is open to visitors; but many of the best Cuyps are in England, a demand for them having arisen some time after Cuyp's death, when the merits of his works had been recognised, and they were eagerly purchased by connoisseurs in London.

Berlin.—Some seven years ago we gave in this Journal an account of a collection of pictures well known in Germany, that of the Consul Wagner. Dr. Waagen is now engaged in writing a new catalogue of this gallery, to which, since we saw it in 1850, many valuable works have been added; among these are a work by Wider, of which the scene is the steps leading to the Capitol, the subject being divine service in the open air by pilgrims during the holy week. Another, of which the subject is 'Divine Service in Church,' is by Leys; a third, by Schrader, the masterpiece of that painter, 'Esther before Ahasuerus,' together with others of minor note.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE BIRTH OF BELPHŒBE AND AMORETT.

W. L. Leitch, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 0½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

FOLLOWING the example of some of the old landscape-painters, as Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and a few others, Mr. Leitch has, by the introduction of a group of figures borrowed from a poet's story, given a title to a picture which would ordinarily pass as a landscape only, so comparatively subordinate a position is occupied by the group. To justify such a practice, the characters and the scene must be in perfect harmony, as they are here: a group of classical figures in a rustic setting, so to speak, would present a most incongruous combination; so too would a party of swineherds or of gipsies, holding high revel in the bower of Paphos, or under the shadows of old Parnassus: such a scene would justify the charge of heterodoxy in Art against the painter who dared to perpetrate so palpable an outrage on taste and æsthetical principles. The scenery in Mr. Leitch's picture is Claude-like, and so far perfectly in harmony with the poetical fiction that forms a part of the composition; but here all similarity between the two artists terminates: in colour the modern work differs widely from anything Claude ever painted. It must be remembered, however, that the scene is presumed to lie in England, not in Italy: and it seems to us as if the artist had coloured it with the recollection before him of the red and purple tints of Scotland: we think he is a "North Briton."

To render this intelligible to those who are unacquainted with Spenser's "Fairie Queene," we must refer to that part of the poem in which "the birth of fayre Belphœbe and Amorett is told:" it is in the sixth chapter of the third book. The entire poem, which Spenser called "a continued allegory, a dark conceit," has reference to events and personages contemporary with the author. Thus one of his critical commentators, Upton, who wrote upwards of a century ago, says,—"The mythology is all our poet's own, Belphœbe is Queen Elizabeth; if we carry on the illusion" (in the first of the following stanzas), "Chrysogonee should be Anna Bullen: but this will not hold true no more than Amorett is Queen Mary, because said here to be sister of Belphœbe. However, I neither affirm nor deny that Amorett is the type of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Queen Elizabeth called sister."

"Her mother was the fair Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A fairie was, yborne of high degree:
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like case
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes,——
* * * *
"To search the god of love her nymphes she* sent
Throughout the wandering forest every where,
After them herselfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and near.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert whereat lay
Faire Chrysogonee, in slombry traunce whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unawares had borne two babes as faire as springing day.
. . . . "Which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
And gazing on each other nought bespake:
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swoone not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.
"Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostered."
* * * *

Mr. Leitch's picture is in the Collection at Osborne: it was a commission from His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The artist is a landscape-painter of considerable talent, but he exhibits but rarely, and very seldom more than one picture at a time: this is chiefly owing, we believe, to the delicate state of his health. His works are principally of Italian scenery, or of imaginary subjects which, like the present, are invented on the models of the landscapes of that country. Within the last ten years we remember to have seen the following pictures, at the Royal Academy, by Mr. Leitch:—"View near Ourneio Contrada di Sora, Kingdom of Naples;" "The Villa Fountain," engraved for the Art-Union of Glasgow last year; "The Temple of Juno Lucina, at Agrigentum, in Sicily;" "The Campagna of Rome."

* Venus.

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER VII.

First Visit of the Englishman in Venice—Paolo Veronese—Works at home and abroad—Public Galleries—Luton House—Mr. Harford's Collection at Blaise Castle—Lord Darnley's at Cobham Hall—Bonifazio Veneziano—Petworth—Colonel Egremont Wyndham's Gallery—Alton Towers—The Return of the Prodigal Son—Works in Foreign Galleries—The Bassani—Examples in Collections open to the Public—Jacopo at Edinburgh—Francesco and Leandro at Hampton Court—Francesco at Liverpool—Pordenone—Lord Brownlow's Collection—Works at Chiswick and Burleigh—Berlin—Udina and Piacenza—Mantua—Venice.

THERE is perhaps no Venetian master—Titian alone excepted—whose works receive, and have received, so much attention from the great body of English travellers, as do, and have done, those of Paolo Veronese: all rush to the Ducal Palace before they are half a day old in Venice; and the certainty of this fact helps to diminish my regret that I cannot, with due respect to the brilliant qualities of an artist so much admired, here attempt to do more than allude to the whereabouts of some few among the vast number of paintings produced by his hand.

The National and Dulwich Galleries, Hampton Court, the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, the Royal Institution of Edinburgh, and other public bodies, possess pictures by Paolo Veronese always accessible to the student; there are besides examples of his works in almost all the more important collections of the country. The Marquis of Bute has four at Luton House. Lord Darnley's collection at Cobham Hall boasts an equal number. Mr. Munro has two, both of high artistic value, and considered to exhibit the most admired qualities of the painter. In the collection of Mr. Harford, at Blaise Castle, there is a "Pietà" by Paolo Veronese, very beautifully painted. There are drawings by his hand at Chatsworth; and they have one in the magnificent collection of those treasures possessed by the University of Oxford: a banquet of cardinals is the subject of this drawing, which is one of great interest to the admirer of the master. The portrait of Paolo, painted by his son Carlo Cagliari, will be found, among those of other great painters, in the collection of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey; that in the Uffizii, at Florence, will be familiar to the recollection of all acquainted with the Florentine galleries.

Works of varied character by Paolo Veronese enrich the Louvre: of these the most important and justly renowned is the "Marriage in Cana," a favourite subject with the gay and genial painter. To this picture increased interest has been given by the description which Zanetti cites, as preserved in the Venetian convent of San Giorgio Maggiore, that document proving nearly all the figures to be portraits of persons the most distinguished of their time—the Emperor Charles V.; Francis I. of France, with his queen, Eleanor of Austria; our own Mary; Soliman I., Grand Signor; Alfonso D'Avalos, Marquis del Guasto; and the justly celebrated Vittoria Colonna, Marchese di Pescaro,—are among them, as is Paolo Veronese himself, with his brother Benedetto Cagliari, and his brethren in Art, Tintoretto and Jacopo da Ponte.

Speaking of this work, Vasari calls it "Opera maravigliosa per grandezza, per numero di figure, per varietà d'abiti, e per invenzione."* When Vasari wrote, Paolo Veronese was not more than thirty, or perhaps thirty-two years old—a circumstance to which the biographer has previously alluded,† and one which amply accounts for the fact that Vasari has not described his works at greater length.

A picture representing Jesus in the house of Simon the Pharisee, and which, although scarcely so characteristic of the master as that last named, is yet of great interest, as regards many important qualities that cannot here be insisted on, will also be found in the Louvre: Vasari describes it as "La cena che fece Simone lebbroso al signore, quando la peccatrice se gli gettò a piedi." In this work, painted for the refectory of San Nazzaro in Verona, a monastery of black friars, there are two dogs, highly praised, among other parts, by Vasari,—and with justice, as all who have remarked that animal when painted by Veronese will readily believe. "They seem to be alive," says the biographer; and to this he adds the following—"More in the distance are certain figures of lame and halt, which are also excellently done." There is a sketch for this picture at Alton Towers, where will also be found a portrait of a lady, declared to be from the hand of the same master.

To say nothing of Venice,—because all seek Paolo Veronese *there*,—the galleries of Vienna and Munich, the Brera at Milan, with the collections at Dresden, Berlin, and other capitals, have also works by this master, but those here named must suffice for our present purpose.

Of Bonifazio Venezziano, of the Bassani, and of some few beside, among the Venetian masters of the period before us, we would fain cite pictures recurring pleasantly to remembrance, as the churches and palaces of Venice rise before the willing eyes of the gladdened memory; but we must restrain ourselves for the most part to the mere mention of some few works in the possession of English collectors within reach of the English student. By the first-named painter there is a picture, but not a good one, at Hampton Court—"Christ with the Woman of Samaria" is the subject, and the work was long attributed to Palma Vecchio; it has been much injured, but even when at best can scarcely have presented a fair specimen of the master.* Of much higher value is the "Last Supper," in the Royal Institution of Edinburgh—since this work, if my recollections do not mislead me, gives full evidence of that elevation of thought and dignity of manner so entirely distinctive of Bonifazio, and which raise him to a level with the very first of his contemporaries. Nor is the Edinburgh picture of less importance as an example of that perfection in colouring wherein Bonifazio, as is well known, was scarcely inferior to Titian, whom he did without doubt follow zealously, as regards that great essential, but with no servility of imitation, nor in any manner derogatory to his own high and true genius.

In the collection of Colonel Egremont Wyndham, at Petworth, there is an Adoration of the Kings, from the hand of Bonifazio Venezziano, respecting which Dr. Waagen has the following remark:—"Besides his usual warmth and transparent harmony of colour, this picture exhibits a closer finish of detail than is usual with Bonifazio."† Higher eulogies might have been added, and with justice; nor is there reason to believe they would have been withheld, had the German writer consulted his inclination only, and had he not been restricted by the brevity imposed on his words by the exigencies of his subject. This may be inferred, not only from the general tenour of Dr. Waagen's works, as they relate to masters of the highest class in general, but also from various remarks respecting Bonifazio in particular, to be found in other passages. Thus, describing a valuable picture by that most noble artist, in possession of Sir Charles Eastlake,—Our Lady with the Divine Child, and other figures,—Dr. Waagen speaks as follows:—"This rich and beautiful composition, with the fine character of the heads, especially that of the female saint, approaches Titian in warmth and harmony of colouring." So far the German critic, if he had added the declaration that Titian is not unfrequently surpassed by the less familiarly known painter in depth of thought, in purity of sentiment, and in elevation of purpose, he would have done no injustice to either master.

But perhaps the most important and valuable work by Bonifazio in possession of any English collector, is that now at Alton Towers, and which was long attributed to Titian. The subject of the picture is the Return of the Prodigal Son; the figures, life-size, are in the Venetian costume of the painter's day, they have, therefore, not the pastoral character always suggested to the mind by the words of the sacred text, but, apart from this circumstance,—redeemed by many considerations, that cannot here be entered on, from its seeming character of a fault,—these figures are absolutely perfect, as is the whole

* See "Opere," vol. iv. p. 329.
† "Opere," as above, p. 327.

* Many valuable details respecting this and other painters of the period will be found in the "Notizie" of Morelli (*L'Anonimo*).
† See "Treasures of Art in England," vol. ii. p. 265; see also vol. iii. p. 42.



W.L. LEITCH. PINXT

C. COUSEN. SCULPT

THE BIRTH OF BELPHŒBE AND AMORETT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL C[illegible]

scene wherein they act, with all its details. The principal group is standing before a building, which, if not of the most lofty pretensions, is evidently the dwelling of an important and opulent personage; the moment is that immediately subsequent to the command, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet." The "shoes" are already on—one servant is presenting the "ring," which he holds daintily between his fingers, while another has approached his master with the robe, and stands at his left hand, holding the garment of honour with due respect across his outstretched arms. In the face of the prodigal, whom the father—a venerable and beautiful old man, and, as might be supposed, the chief person of the drama—is raising from what has doubtless been a second prostration, made in acknowledgment of his goodness, there are ample evidences of that weakness ever to be found, under some one of its many forms, in the company of vice: nor has this been done by the wise and thoughtful master without due reference to our instruction; of that we may be sure, and shall do well to profit by it. The elder brother, on the contrary, is a noble and dignified figure, as befits the man of passions duly restrained and life devoted to life's duties: thus, although the lesson given us in this parable of our Lord does in some sort involve a reproof to the elder brother, yet is it on him—after the father—that the attention of the spectator is most permanently fixed, and not on the prodigal, whom one is willing to leave to the cares of the servants, so dutifully ready to attend him. This our favourite then, despite his fault of a momentary displeasure, which will not be lasting—we have but to look on his fine face for assurance of that fact—is seated on horseback at some distance from the principal group. He is returning from the chase, and his dogs are at the feet of his horse; servants also are round him, and from these he is receiving an explanation of the event passing before his eyes. It is impossible to imagine anything more life-like, and, at the same time, more graceful than are all the figures composing this group, on which the critic in Art might long expatiate before enumerating half its merits: the horse is not such, at all points, as the connoisseur would select for his uses; but Venice does not count among her glories the being an especial land of horses; nay, a man may live long years in the midst of her beauties—our benison upon them, one and all!—without ever seeing a hoof, save only those belonging to St. Mark's stud, of immortal renown. But even the horse, noble as he is when truly portrayed, and well as we love one "of a worthie race," as Gervase Markham hath it, can scarcely detain us in this instance from the human interests around us, and of these we have in this one picture enough to minister food for thought that may last you a lifetime. And in this fact is the real triumph of the master truly great, as is Bonifazio Veneziano. You will delight in him for the beauty wherewith he has blessed your eyes; but that is a benefit you may derive from others: *his* distinction is that he awakens and enriches the mind, and for this you revere him and are grateful; that he softens and amends the heart, and for this it is that you give him the dear love of a life-time.

Not to all great painters is that last best tribute due; nay, you shall count the names that compel it from you on little more than the ten fingers of your hands—but Bonifazio Veneziano is pre-eminently among them; and with some two, or perhaps three, of his Venetian brethren, added to certain among the older Florentines, will come first to your recollection when this highest of all qualities is in question. A bright name or two from the Roman schools, with yet more, and of better claims, from those of Umbria, rise appealingly to the recollection, as one writes of this matter, and most lovingly has each "its claim allowed;" but to your memory and your good heart, oh reader, must now be left to pay the debt for all, seeing that the grand work of the revered Venetian now before us looks for all our attention, and is not of the class that can be duly treated with aught less. A rich mountainous landscape forms the ultimate background and closes the whole, but within this are various distances, all appropriately occupied: over one of them there is a hunting party galloping cheerily, and to them it is we may suppose the servant, making signals from an exterior gallery, is blowing a horn, bidding them return to their part in the feast about to be prepared. Beneath a portico of the lordly dwelling other servitors are preparing the board; figures are in movement within and without, and in all directions, yet each maintained in due subordination, and none of all interfering with the chief action of the piece, which maintains its interest unimpaired through all. Women are looking forth from their apartments in an upper story of the house; there are two now issuing from a doorway; they approach the summit of a flight of steps: but half-informed of what is causing the movement below, they are about to summon a servant who will give them better intelligence: we need not listen to him, since we know all he can tell; but they have a pleasant "coign of vantage," there, with their faces to the beloved mountains, and it is not without reluctance that we leave it.

Of this Bonifazio, we have said that it is *now* at Alton Towers; but alas for the mutability of things human, how little value is there in that "now!" To be precise then, it is there at the now of the present—this bright and blessed morn of June, being the seven-and-twentieth day of the month, in the year of our redemption one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven.

But when the month shall call itself August—where?

It is a question that would bring most sorrowful considerations, were it not for our hope that the great lessons conveyed by this immortal work may be thenceforth secured for the benefit of larger numbers than have ever yet been permitted to profit by them. Nay, who knows that we may not all become "part-owners" in this invaluable gift from one who stands high among the best of the richly productive past to the needy and desiring of our sterile present? Why should the nation itself not then be proprietor of Bonifazio's bequest to all time? Let us entertain so consoling a hope; there can be no good reason to be given against its realisation; and be sure that no picture in our present possession will assemble so large a crowd as will daily be seen around "THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON,"* if you will but give it fitting place in the gallery that must some day be made worthy to be called the National Gallery of England.

There are three pictures by Bonifazio in the Louvre—a Resurrection of Lazarus, a Holy Family of great beauty, and a Madonna with the Divine Child, St. Catherine, St. Agnes, and St. John, also a child. This picture was long attributed to Palma Vecchio.

Our good and rarely failing friend, the Royal Gallery of Berlin has one work, and I think but one, of this master: the picture represents Our Saviour pointing out the writing he has traced, to the Pharisees, who have brought before him the woman accused of adultery. The accused, surrounded by her captors, awaits her judgment at his hands; a group of pitying spectators is in the distance, and in the background there is a landscape with buildings.

But for Bonifazio, as for all the masters now in question, the cities of Italy, more especially Venice, must be visited, if the student would make effectual acquaintance with their works. In the Libreria Vecchia is a painting, wherein Bonifazio has represented the encampment of the Israelites: this is said to be the first attempt made by any painter to give the real effect produced by the sun. The Academy—Academia delle Belle Arti—has a picture, among others, of "The Rich Man's Supper," thus described by Kugler, with whose words our brief notice of the master must close:—"The time is the afternoon, the place an open hall, with a table at which the rich man is seated between two female figures; one, with her hand on her breast, is assuring him of her fidelity, the other listens thoughtfully to a lute-player, and to a half-kneeling violincellist, whose music is held by a Moorish boy, while a bearded noble overlooks the group. On the left are two pages drinking wine; on the right, Lazarus, the beggar, is being turned away by a servant with a dog; in the background is a stately garden, with falconers, pages, and grooms."*

Other Venetian masters are represented in the Shrewsbury collection, and among them are Giovanni Bellino, Giorgione, Sebastiano del Piombo, Pordenone, Bonvicino, and Tintoretto: no less than four pictures are attributed to the last-named of those great masters, and three of them may be by his hand; the fourth does not appear to be so, but it is a point we cannot now discuss. There is one by Carlo Crivelli, but of this, as of some by other masters, notice will be found in a subsequent column. Palmo Vecchio is also here, as is Morone, who has four pictures under his name: of these, two are hung so high that the spectator has no power of examination; the third is certainly not by his hand, but the fourth has every appearance of being the work of Morone, and is a fair example of the master.

The gardens of Alton Towers are said to be the finest in Europe, and in their manner—they are Italian gardens—they do certainly surpass all previously seen by the writer; even those of the Villa Doria, outside the walls of Rome, were not, in all respects, equal to them, although "beautiful exceedingly," before those grievous changes wrought among them, as in those of the Borghese Villa, during the year '48.

The gardens of the Kinski Palace, outside the fortifications of Prague, will recur to the remembrance of all who, knowing *them*, shall ascend the private footway to the seat of the Talbot family; but there is a care and finish in the English garden not found in that of Prague. The gardens of Caserta, always a favoured residence, and now the constant abode of the royal family of Naples, are extensive, and in parts richly decorated, but they are not equal to those of Alton.

Unlike the German boast of Schwetzingen, also widely renowned, the Alton Gardens, which resemble them in the variety of their fountains, waterfalls, temples, lawns, terraces, and gleaming statues, have the inappreciable advantage of a fine site; and if in this respect the Boboli Gardens of Florence overmatch them, as regards grandeur of distant prospect and wealth of association, yet is this fair Staffordshire "pleasaunce" richer in its bright loveliness, and infinitely more attractive in its immediate surroundings, or what may be called the home-views, which consist of emerald slopes and wooded heights, well worthy to make part of paradise. They have, beside, the charming quality of being well within the range of vision, although extending to great distances, and forming a truly magnificent domain.

To the beauty and rich odours of that series of living and breathing pictures called "the Rock-walk of Alton," no grounds known to the writer can offer a parallel. There is a delicious solitude, of slightly similar character, at Chatsworth, but even this—rarely seen, perhaps, by any but such as linger most lovingly where Nature is least restrained, and little known to the mere passing visitor—will not presume to compare its paler loveliness with the royal perfections of its sister at Alton. Or you may here and there find a priceless jewel hidden preciously among the far depths of the flowery Pyrenean valleys, and to these the memory may recur, with a glad recognition, when coming suddenly on some new beauty in this bright vision, the legitimate "Pride of Staffordshire;" but in mere "grounds" formed by man, look for no resemblance to it. Happy he who may linger in the whole fair region more years than we are giving weeks to its enjoyment; yet even our weeks are growing to months,

* Since the above was in type, the writer has heard numerous remarks from persons varying much in condition, all proving this picture to be one of those that fulfil the highest purpose of the master—whose aims are truly great—by touching the large heart of the people; a single instance shall suffice. Bewailing the dispersion of the paintings generally, a keeper in the Alton woods, declared to the writer, that for the loss of one among them he could find no consolation. "That one I did love," said he, "and when I used to be called to move any of 'em in John Talbot's time,—for my lord would have 'em changed sometimes,—I was more afraid of harm coming to that, than to all the rest put together. Aye! I *loved* that picture."

"And that one," inquired the writer, "what was it?"

"They called it the Prodigal Son," replied the woodman, and he looked down sadly on the bright green turf before him, evidently recalling the features of his lost favourite with a deep regret. These were the words, but how eloquent were the looks and tones! they were such as the noble master himself might have seen and heard with a just pride.

"John Talbot" is the Staffordshire name of the earl. John, the predecessor of the late Lord Shrewsbury—few titles have so grand a sound as have those two names on the lips of the peasantry, still mourning him who bore them; nor is any title often pronounced with so respectful an affection as is that fine old name, "John Talbot."

* Schools of Painting in Italy, vol. ii. p. 451.

may Heaven make us thankful for the privilege! and I would that you, who do but read thereof, were here to share it.

That family of artists, of whom Jacopo Bassano, called Da Ponte, has the most distinguished name, is represented in our country by a picture in the National Gallery from the hand of Leandro, the son of Jacopo; at the Royal Institution of Edinburgh, where there are two pictures by Jacopo himself; at Hampton Court, where there are several by Francesco Bassano, with one by Leandro; and at the Royal Institution of Liverpool, where there is a work by Francesco, with one attributed to Jacopo; but this last, unknown to the present writer, is not considered to be a good specimen of the master. In private collections works by the Bassani may also be found: that of Mr. Miles, at Leigh Court, has a "Presentation in the Temple" from the hand of Jacopo, and there is an Adoration of the Shepherds, also by Jacopo, at Belvoir Castle; this last is a work of great beauty. At Chiswick there is a picture of high value by Bassano—it represents Christ bearing his Cross; and the Marquis of Exeter is in possession of a Return of the Prodigal Son, and "The Israelites gathering the Manna;" these are at Burleigh. The late Mr. Rogers had a picture by Giacomo Bassano, which he greatly prized, and with reason; the subject is, Dives and Lazarus: in the same collection was a "Good Samaritan," by Francesco Bassano. There are two important pictures by Giacomo at Devonshire House, and the "Maries," at Chiswick, will at once recur to the memory of all who have seen that work; there was one at Alton Towers, but the student who desires to see it must now look elsewhere. The subject of the last-named work, also by Giacomo da Ponte, is the Nativity of Christ; it bears the name of the master, and if not in all respects to be accounted among the best of his works, is allowed, and by severe critics, to exhibit very fine colouring.

The gallery of the Louvre is rich in works by the Bassani, and among them are several by Jacopo; Berlin has examples of all these masters. Dresden is equally fortunate, nor is Florence unprovided. "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with the Beggar," and the "Baptism of Santa Lucilla," are at Bassano. The early manner of Jacopo Da Ponte is, in many respects, preferable to that of his later day; a specimen from the hand of Francesco will be found in the Church of San Luigi de' Francesi, at Rome; and there is one by Leandro in that of San Giovanni e Paolo, in Venice; this last is considered to be a highly favourable example of the painter.

Of Giovanni Licinio, called Pordenone, the friend and follower, perhaps the disciple, of him whose early death "the noble Arts" (as they are truly called by the loving Vasari) can never sufficiently deplore—the still and ever to be lamented Giorgione, as of the other admirable masters above named, none should presume to make a mere casual or hasty mention, nor shall we do so without extreme reluctance. He, too, is represented at Hampton Court and in Edinburgh. A Holy Family, two finely painted portraits, and a lady playing on a musical instrument, form part of the first-named collection; the second has but one example, nor is that one among the best productions of Pordenone, —the subject of the work is our Saviour on the Mount. There are three pictures by Pordenone in Lord Brownlow's collection,—one, the figure of a man with an open music-book, bearing the name of the master and the date 1524. There is an admirable work of the same earnest painter at Alton Towers, the figures recalling that elevation of character which all who have seen his works in Venice, will remember, with a pleasure much enhanced by that respect for the artist which the best of his works inspire. The "Adoration of the Kings" is the subject of the work; and if there were not a thousand good reasons why the lover of beautiful Nature should ever rejoice in some fair excuse for visiting the attractive region surrounding Lord Shrewsbury's seat, the lover of Art will find sufficient cause for doing so in this one picture. In the best manner of the Venetian school, the "Adoration" here in question, might also be transferred with advantage to the national collection. The head of the worshipper, who is bending to kiss the foot of the divine Child, is remarkable for the majestic beauty which Pordenone so well knew how to impart to the features of one whom he delighted to honour: the reverential expression impressed on the whole being of this noble personage, in no wise detracts from the dignity of his aspect, which is entirely worthy of Pordenone. The second of the Magi regards the Babe with a mingled expression; whether to wonder most or most to adore seems undetermined in his mind; not so in that of the attendant beside him, whose face is eloquent of the deepest awe. There is not enough of the exterior world in this picture, which one longs to see extended, by that masterly hand, over a broader space of landscape. It is, beside, in so disadvantageous a position at the present moment, that minute examination is nearly impossible: let us hope that the coming change will at least correct that fault.

The Marquis of Exeter is in possession of two pictures by Pordenone, erroneously attributed to Titian and Jacopo da Ponte. The first is the "Finding of Moses"—"noble in the characters and expression,"—as it should be, if it claim to bear the name of Pordedone;—"grand in the forms, and of a warm, full tone of colouring, I do not know any other gallery which can boast two such works by this rare master." So says Dr. Waagen, speaking of the first-named of these paintings; the second he calls, and justly, "a rich and admirable picture." This last is that hitherto attributed to Bassano (Jacopo da Ponte), but declared by Dr. Waagen, as is the Finding of Moses, before mentioned, to be the work of Pordenone.

In the excellent collection at the Royal Museum at Berlin, there are two pictures by Pordenone which the writer remembers with pleasure,—these are "Christ washing the Feet of the Apostles," and the "Woman accused of Adultery;" a third is mentioned, but this we have not seen.

Of Pordenone's works in Udina and Piacenza, we can but say here, that no student or lover of Art who may pass within reach of either city should neglect to visit them. Vasari speaks in highly eulogistic terms of a fresco at Mantua, exhibiting beautiful children twined fancifully amidst the giant letters of an inscription purporting that the dwelling of the owner is reared for himself and his friends,—a familiar custom of the day: this we have not had the good fortune to see, in the sole visit made by the writer to Mantua; a city which has not too much in all the riches of its varied associations to make up for the utter dreariness of its water-logged aspect. In the Venetian Academy, in the Church of St. Rocco, and in other churches and palaces of Venice, are also works of inestimable value, by Pordenone; but we can do no more than intimate the fact. Fortunate the eyes that shall verify it for themselves!

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 10.—COLLODION AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY was, but a few years since, regarded as one of the wonders of science—it is now numbered amongst the common things of the day. Herschel, Talbot, and one or two other men, *were* the only persons engaged in examining the striking phenomena of chemical change under solar influence, and the results of their studies *were* handed about as examples of a strange natural magic. Daguerre, the French dioramic painter, who has given his name to the photographic process, which he discovered, *then* required a period of twenty minutes to obtain a picture on his metal plate, and he *then* wrote to the writer of this article, stating his belief that he had discovered a process by which portraits from the life could be taken in from two to three minutes. *Now*, there *are* thousands at work, and their productions *are* in every person's hands. At the corner of every street we are beset by *touters*, proclaiming the merits of their respective works, and they parody the human face "at any price you please." From the twenty minutes of Dagnerre, we have advanced in the chemistry of this art so rapidly that as many seconds are all that are now required, under ordinary circumstances, to produce a far better result than any which he obtained. In skilful hands, and with careful manipulation, such a degree of sensibility can be secured that less than a second of time will fully impress the prepared tablet with any set of images, full of the minutest detail. It is instructive to contemplate what photography has done and is doing.

From all parts of the world we receive sun-pictures of celebrated scenes. The pyramids of Egypt, and the tombs of her kings and priests, with every hieroglyphic, so faithfully printed that Mr. Birch can read their story with as much ease as a schoolboy reads our ordinary letter-press, are now in every photographic portfolio. Assyria and Babylon, and the sites of old civilisations, are brought home to us in strange fidelity. The sands which have worn the porphyries of which the enduring monuments of those ancient powers were constructed, can be counted at the base of a statue, and the marks of the fine attrition are preserved upon the stone in the sun-picture. The vegetation of any and every clime, in all its native beauty and wildness, can now be copied, and the botanist can study in his closet the flora of far-off lands. The peculiar characteristics of the human race, wherever one of the great family is found, can now be secured and preserved for the benefit of the untravelled ethnologist. Beyond this, the proverbially restless ocean, is now made to leave upon our photographic plates true delineations of its passing waves, and impressions of its breaking billows. The fleeting cloud, whether in sunshine or in storm, now leaves its ever-varying image on the sensitive tablet. The moon—"pale mistress of the night"—is compelled by her "mild light" to print her own image; and the "god of day" is to be made to register, for our instruction, those strange disturbances, manifested to us as black spots, which are ever, with strange regularity, taking place in the atmosphere by which the great centre of our system is enveloped. In our observatories, too, we press photography to our aid. The varying pressure of the air is registered by it;—the constant changes of temperature are recorded by it;—and those mysterious alterations which are ever occurring in the magnetism of the earth are noted with rare accuracy by its means. Man must have repose, and there are limits within which the range of human—even the most trained—observation are confined: consequently the most skilled observer could only register results at certain fixed periods, and many variations are too small to be noted by the human eye, or marked by mortal hand:—the camera-obscura, aided by the light of a common gas-burner, is placed for ever before the instrument, and each movement for every second of the twenty-four hours is marked for the study of the philosopher!

All this arises from the careful study which, a few years since, was made of the chemistry of the art, but which we fear is too slightly thought of at present. In all our photographic processes there has been much refinement in the manipulative details, and whether we regard the calotype, the albumen process, the wax paper, or the collodion, we cannot but be struck with the degree of certainty with which, in skilled hands, a high degree of perfection is secured. To nothing, however, has the wide extension of photography been due, so thoroughly as to that curious chemical preparation to which the name of COLLODION has been given; and it is our purpose to devote a short space to the consideration of the physical peculiarities of this compound, and especially to direct attention to some improvements, by which it would appear that the prepared collodion plates can be kept in a state of high sensibility for a considerable time.

Gun-cotton dissolved in ether is called Collodion, because of its adhesive properties, from κολλαω, *to stick*. If cotton-fibre or paper, which, being prepared from some vegetable fibre, is in fact chemically the same material, be examined as to their properties, we shall find that they will not dissolve in water, in alcohol, or ether, but we shall discover that if placed in nitric acid (*aqua fortis*) they change character, and are gradually dissolved. A careful investigation of what takes place instructs us in the fact that the cotton or paper (chemically *lignine*) has received some oxygen from the acid, and then it has become soluble in that fluid. If sulphuric acid be added to the nitric acid in certain proportions, the latter acid will no longer dissolve the *lignine*. If we examine the cotton or the paper treated with those mixed acids, we shall perceive that there has been a contraction of volume, but beyond this no visible change. Upon removing either of those substances from the mixed acids, we shall discover that they

have respectively increased in weight by nearly one half, and they are now soluble in ether and alcohol. Beyond this, whereas the cotton or paper burnt but slowly in the first place, it exploded with violence when brought in contact with flame after it has been treated with the acids. We have here a very remarkable change in the properties of a body without its having undergone any visible change of form. It was cotton to the eye, and it is cotton to the eye, but there are striking physical differences between the two substances.

Schonbein, of Basle, the discoverer of this preparation, announced the fact at the meeting of the British Association at Southampton, and it was then thought that it possessed properties which rendered it in many respects superior to gunpowder as a projectile. Trials were made with it as a destructive agent, and great were the advantages to be derived, *apparently*, from its use. Additional experience proved, however, that there were many objections to the employment of gun-cotton in war, and the great danger which attended its manufacture in large quantities has in this country led to its abandonment for this purpose. In Austria, however, experiments are still being carried on in the hope of employing gun-cotton for artillery.

Cotton thus changed in its character has been called *pyroxyline*. An analogous substance has been called *xyloïdine*. Gun-cotton, or *pyroxyline*, appears to be a direct combination of anhydrous *lignine* with nitric acid. Hydrogen and oxygen, which exist in the equivalents necessary for the formation of water, exist in the *lignine*, and, by the acid treatment which we have described, two atoms of these elements are replaced by two atoms of nitric acid. *Lignine* is composed of—

Carbon,
Hydrogeu,
Oxygen.

This is treated with nitric acid $\left\{ \begin{matrix} \text{oxygen} \\ \text{nitrogen} \end{matrix} \right\}$, and the result is *pyroxyline*, having the following composition—

Carbon,
Hydrogen,
Oxygen,
Peroxide of nitrogen.

There are three or more varieties of *pyroxyline*, dependent upon small differences in the mode of manufacture which has been adopted. Some of these are not so well fitted for photographic purposes as others. The gun-cotton best fitted for the manufacture of collodion is not very explosive, but it dissolves freely and entirely in a mixture of ether and alcohol. It is not our purpose to describe the processes of making collodion further than we have already indicated them. We will suppose the amateur is either familiar with the best process for making it, or that he depends upon some skilful chemist for his supply.

This *collodion* is to be impregnated with a salt of iodine (usually the iodide of potassium); this is effected by dissolving the salt in alcohol, and mixing the alcoholic solution with the collodion. In this state it is known as iodized collodion. When poured upon a plate of glass, and uniformly diffused over its surface, the ether, evaporating, leaves a very delicate film, which is the surface on which the future picture is to be formed. When the film is set, the plate is placed in a bath of nitrate of silver, and the iodine, combining with the silver, forms *in the film* iodide of silver. This iodide of silver, in contact, probably in combination, with the complex compound constituting the film, is rendered exceedingly liable to change under the influence of the chemical rays of the sun.

The collodion has been frequently stated to be used merely "to support a delicate film of iodide of silver upon the surface of a smooth glass plate." This is taking but a very narrow view of the important part played by the collodion. In no other body with which we are acquainted have we the same important set of elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, so combined as to be constantly in what Sir John Herschel calls "a state of unstable equilibrium." By Heat, by Light, by Electricity, the balance of affinities is readily disturbed, and decomposition ensues. The sensibility of the collodion process depends upon this "unstable equilibrium," which renders the photographic compound one which is instantly overturned by the actinic power of the sun-ray; and the decomposition of the collodion is at once communicated to the metallic salt (iodide of silver) in combination with it. Iodide of silver, spread in the most delicate film on dry collodion, is no more sensitive than other preparations. The collodion process, on account of this wondrous instability, which renders it so easy of manipulation at home, is a source of constant trouble to the traveller. The plates have been usually presented to the object while still moist, consequently a tent, or cumbrous contrivance about the camera-obscura in lieu of a tent, has to be employed out of doors. The operator has to prepare his plates in the field, and to carry from place to place his collodion and his silver bath, and indeed all his stock of chemicals. This has greatly retarded the use of collodion by the traveller; and it is quite certain that, although very fine photographs may be obtained by some of the paper processes, there is not one of them which ensures such perfection of detail as the collodion process. The attention of photographers has been turned to the preparation of collodion plates which would keep; and many of the modes adopted, especially by Mr. Llewellyn, with his oxymel process, by Mr. Shadbolt, with his glycerine, by Messrs. Crooks and Spiller, with their deliquescent salts, and by some others, have been successful. One process, however, appears to commend itself beyond others, and to that, a process devised and published by Mr. Charles A. Long, we desire to direct attention. Mr. Long has published all the details of his process in a little book, to which we refer our readers, intending only to deal with the preservative solution, which appears applicable to the collodion film under a great variety of conditions. In the first place we will give the mode of preparing this preservative solution:—

"Some care is required in the preparation of this solution, in order that it may be clear and bright when finished, and not contain particles that would be deposited in its passage over the collodion film when being used. The chief precaution to be observed, is *not to allow it to boil too rapidly, and not to conduct the operation over too fierce a fire*; attention to this will prevent many failures, and ensure a solution in every way suited for the process. Take 200 grains of the best transparent gelatine, cut it into small shreds, and throw it into a pipkin in which has been previously placed 10 ounces of distilled water; set this on a slow fire, or over a lamp, until the gelatine is completely melted; then weigh out 100 grains of pure citric acid, and dissolve it in 2 ounces of distilled water; add this to the solution of gelatine, stirring it during the addition with a glass rod. The solution in the pipkin is now to be gently boiled until half of it has evaporated; this should be in about 15 minutes: remove it from the fire, and add sufficient distilled water to make up the bulk of liquid to 12 ounces. When quite cold, the liquid in the pipkin is to be filtered through two thicknesses of pure white blotting paper into a bottle perfectly dry and clean. We now add to every 12 ounces of filtered preservative solution 1 ounce of alcohol, of the specific gravity of ·840. The solution thus prepared is ready for use, and should be of a pale amber colour, without any signs of insoluble particles floating in it; should any appear after it has been prepared for some days, a second filtration will remove them, and render the liquid again bright and clear."

The collodion plate being prepared, the preservative solution is applied in the following manner:—

"Taking the plate in the left hand by means of the pneumatic holder, incline it slightly; then having poured into a perfectly clean measure rather more of the preservative solution than is necessary to cover the plate twice,* pour half of it along the upper edge in such a manner that a wave of the solution may flow uniformly from one end of the plate to the other; allow this to flow off into the waste pan or sink, and then bring the plate to the horizontal position, and pour on the remainder of the preservative solution, four times at least, allowing it to flow back into the measure from each corner in succession, in order that the whole plate may be brought uniformly under its influence. The plate is to be then placed on a piece of clean blotting paper, and its back wiped with a fragment of blotting or *papier Joseph*, in order to remove any of the preservative solution that may have run from the surface to the underside in the previous operation. The plate thus preserved is to be reared on a piece of blotting paper, with its face against the wall, until dry, and is then to be stowed away in a plate-box, perfectly light-tight, to await the exposure in the camera-obscura."

It will be evident that the great point which has been secured is the preservation of the collodion film from the influences to which the disturbance of its instability are liable. It is defended by an air-tight coat of gelatine; and we can state from our own experience, that plates thus prepared have been kept a fortnight without losing any of their sensibility. A set of plates were prepared by Mr. Charles Long for a gentleman who took them with him to Belgium. He, without any trouble, impressed them with a set of views, replaced the plates in his dark package, and on his return to this country the pictures on them were developed—and most perfect representations of nature they were.

It will be understood, that the sensitive plate fully retains that degree of sensibility which it has when first the preservative solution is applied. The sensibility is slightly lowered by its application, but for a month the plate is said to suffer no further loss of power; the surface is so hard that any number of plates can be packed together in one parcel. They can be taken out—*in the dark of course*—one by one as required, placed in the camera-obscura, and impressed with the lenticular image, again removed from the camera, and placed—*in the dark*—in the package, until a favourable opportunity occurs for developing the dormant picture. If the result of enlarged practice confirms the results of our own experiments, this process of Mr. Charles Long * must prove a valuable addition to photography.

Robert Hunt.

* A plate, 9 inches by 7, takes about 1 ounce of solution.

* See "The Dry Collodion Process," by Charles Long. Bland & Long, Fleet Street.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS UWINS, R.A.

Year by year death is thinning the ranks of the elder members of the Academy, leaving their places to be occupied by those who, though comparatively young in age, are old enough in repute to sustain the honours of our national school. It is our sad duty to record the decease of Mr. Uwins, R.A., on the 25th of August.

He commenced his career in the world of Art under an engraver of the name of Smith; but the occupation and the employer were alike distasteful to the youth, so that at the earliest fitting opportunity he quitted the studio—or perhaps it ought to be called the "workshop," for it was little better—of his master, and became a student of the Royal Academy, and also attended the anatomical lectures of the late Sir Charles Bell. It was, however, necessary that he should realise the means of supporting himself during this period of study; he therefore employed his leisure hours in making drawings for illustrated books, and copying, in water-colours, pictures of the old masters for the purpose of engraving. His designs were soon in much request by publishers, and were considered to hold a worthy place by the side of the great book-illustrators of the day, Stothard, Smirke, Westall, and Howard; while his copies were so successfully executed as to obtain the notice of many leading patrons of Art, as well as of some of the best artists of the period. In 1811 Mr. Uwins was elected a member of the Water-Colour Society, and subsequently became its secretary. In 1814 he visited the South of France, and returned home with a considerable number of sketches, from one of which, more than thirty years afterwards, he painted for Mr. Vernon, the "Vintage," now in the national collection. Shortly after his return from the continent he became involved in pecuniary difficulties, through the defalcation of a friend, the collector for the Society of Arts, for whom he had made himself responsible. To discharge himself from the burden thus unexpectedly thrown upon his shoulders, he was

compelled to forego, for a time, all hope of advancing in his profession, and to labour only to realise the means of getting free from his obligations. But in effecting this honourable object he greatly impaired his health, and almost ruined his sight; yet it was accomplished, and then followed an entire suspension from work for a considerable time to recruit his exhausted energies; but his sight, even after he resumed his pencil, had been too much injured to permit of his continuing to execute delicate drawings in water-colours. He then directed his attention to portrait-painting, and visited Scotland, where he remained two years, finding ample employment and acquiring considerable reputation. But he had long cherished the idea of seeing Italy, and, as his health and vision were now perfectly restored, he set out for Geneva in the autumn of 1826; thence he moved forward to Florence and Rome, and, after sojourning some little time in these cities, he proceeded to Naples, then to Venice and the north of Italy, returning to England in 183..

The earliest picture resulting from Uwins's Italian tour was exhibited at the Academy in 1830, "Neapolitans dancing the Tarantella;" it was followed, in 1832, by "The Saint Manufactory," a subject so novel, and so admirably treated by the artist, that it at once fixed the attention of the Art-loving public upon the painter, and the Academy recognised his merits by electing him an Associate in the following year. From this period he continued to send annually to the Academy a succession of pictures, chiefly representing the manners and customs of the Neapolitans, a class of subjects for the most part new to the British public, and rendered with much beauty, feeling, and expression: we can enumerate a few only of these:—"Taking the Veil," "The Festa of Pié di Grotta," "The Boy's Song of Love—Bay of Naples," "Festa della Madonna del Arco," "Confessional of the Black Crucifix," "The House of Mourning—Naples," "Bower in a Vineyard near the Tomb of Virgil," "The Mandolin," "Children asleep in a Vineyard," "Neapolitan Peasants returning from a Festa," "The Fisherman's Song of Naples." These subjects were occasionally varied by others; such, for example, as "The Woman taken in Adultery," exhibited in 1838; "The Chapeau de Brigand" (1839), now in the national collection; "Shylock and Jessica," (1840); "Lear and Cordelia in Prison" (1841); a scene from Don Quixote, "Dorotea disguised as a Shepherd Boy."

In 1836 Mr. Uwins was elected Royal Academician, his diploma being the first which bears the signature of Queen Victoria. He was also one of the artists selected to execute some frescoes in the Pavilion at Buckingham Palace, and soon afterwards was appointed Librarian to the Royal Academy, a post which he resigned, on account of ill-health, about two years ago. In 1842 he was appointed by her Majesty Surveyor of the Royal Pictures, and in 1847, Keeper of the National Gallery, succeeding Sir Charles Eastlake; this office he held till 1855, when the arrangement, by which this institution is now managed, came into operation. The cabal that drove these two gentlemen from office, was the subject of much comment in the *Art-Journal* at the time when it occurred.

Mr. Uwins's pictures are characterised by graceful composition and delicate execution; whatever he did was done carefully and conscientiously; and his works will always be valued as examples of simple, pure, and unaffected Art.

We have received, from a valued correspondent who knew Mr. Uwins intimately, the following remarks, which we gladly append to our own:—

"The vacancy which has occurred in the Royal Academy, though for some time anticipated, came upon us unexpectedly: the tender watchfulness of Mrs. Uwins had so frequently, during the last few years, restored Mr. Uwins to comparative health, and his last visit to Brighton had served him so well, that his friends believed in the renewal of his strength, while he himself was fully impressed with the hope that he should regain his command of the pencil; and many of his latter hours were happily passed in "the labour of love" which has placed his earlier pictures amongst the best of the English school. When he left Kensington, he chose a residence at Staines, that overlooked a charming garden: he intended, we believe, to have passed into perfect retirement; but this could hardly be; his name was known and respected; and even those who could not appreciate his art, felt involuntary love and respect for the venerable and benevolent old gentleman, who never passed a child without a smile and a blessing.

"His evening days were, perhaps, the happiest of his long life; he was much esteemed by his brethren of the Royal Academy (an institution which he ranked with Church and State, and in which he could see no wrong); his domestic life was perfect in its happiness; his friends were sincere and affectionate; he was proudly and gratefully conscious of the Queen's favour; and he was able to enjoy the perfume of flowers, and the beauties of nature, until within a few hours of his death.

"His connection with the National Gallery was patent to the world, and the vexations attendant upon it had much better now die, as they had nearly faded from Mr. Uwins's remembrance.

"His illness commenced in 1855: his picture of a lady making her way through the unfrequented paths of a wood, was exhibited in a scarcely finished state. The next spring he contrived, by great exertion, so great as to be followed by the temporary loss of the use of both arms, to finish an English scene of "Gleaners." In the autumn of 1856, when unable to go abroad to work, he painted a small landscape from his study-window, "Langford Bridge." This was his final exertion; for while planning many things, and sometimes being set up at a canvas, he never afterwards had strength to complete a single work.

"When his hand refused even the mere weight of palette and maul-stick, he resorted to water-colours, and made some sketches in the neighbourhood. The last was of Mr. Ibotson's paper-mill, at Ankerwyck—a place always romantic and particularly interesting in the spring, because the swans bring up so many cygnets there. On Friday, the 21st of August, the venerable painter, faithful and loving to his art, was out of doors sketching; his energy far exceeded his fitness for such exertion; the following day, although his hands were cramped by pain, he applied himself closely to his drawing; and it was only by stratagem that Mrs. Uwins was able to "coax" away the drawing materials. Even when unable to be dressed, his strong yet gentle spirit did not yield to mere bodily weakness. He bowed with true Christian meekness to the almighty fiat, and anticipated the last with the most perfect fortitude; but he still loved the air and sunshine, and was wheeled in his chair to the window overlooking his friend's pretty garden. What followed touched us deeply. After gazing some little time—'I have always,' he said, 'feared there would come a time when I should look out on the beauties of Nature, and see no beauty in them. *It is come!* I look out this morning, and see no beauty in that beautiful garden!' True, indeed—it was then that death was nigh at hand! He passed away on the 25th of August, 1857, in his seventy-sixth year. He was born the 25th of February, 1782.

"We have lost an old and valued friend—*that* concerns ourselves; but Art has lost one whose appreciation of the pure, the beautiful, and the holy, was sincere, as it was perfect. Some of Mr. Uwins's Italian pictures, painted when his hand was firm, and his observation faithful and vivid, shed happiness around them. He always chose such subjects as created 'sunshine in a shady place'—subjects in harmony with God's beautiful works. His children were earthly angels—for he mingled the earthly with the spiritual, as only a pure and elevated mind could do; his women, whether in repose or action, never suggested an idea that was not fit for the domestic sanctuary.

"We can hardly overrate the accomplishments of his mind; his residence in Italy was during his best time: and his reading was extensive and profound; he was graceful and elegant as a letter-writer; and we hope that Mrs. Uwins will give to the world the stored correspondence that must be at her command—the shortest note written by Mr. Uwins was worth preserving. His taste in all things was somewhat too refined for strength; nor was this refinement a matter of Art,—it was his nature and character in all things.

"The artist was buried on the 2nd of September, in the picturesque church-yard of Staines. His remains were followed to the grave by twelve members of the Royal Academy, his old and cherished friends." A. M. H.

CATHEDRAL RESTORATIONS.

Not many years have passed away since the restoration of a cathedral involved results so surely and seriously disastrous, that the process itself might justly have been regarded as a national calamity. Essentially, and after a peculiar manner, our cathedrals are national edifices: from generation to generation they hand down each its own chisel-graven chapter in the history of a great and noble art, while in their uses and through their associations they all unite in a common appeal, as well to our holiest as to our most cherished sympathies. So long, accordingly, as to "restore" was synonymous with to mutilate, if not to destroy, so long would cathedral restoration be an operation to be resisted, if possible, by the interposition of the nation; if inevitable, it must, as we have said, have been felt to have been a national calamity. But a most happy change has been wrought in the architectural acceptation of this term restoration. We now have learned to understand something at least of the true spirit of Gothic Art, and hence the restoration of a cathedral no longer conveys the idea of quasi-classic insertions, and screens of stucco, and substitutions of slate for lead, and of street-paving for slabs of purbeck, and such like things.

For a building to be time-honoured is a condition inseparable, in some degree, from its being also time-worn: and sometimes the wearing effects of the lapse of centuries render the work of reparation imperative, unless the once strong fabric is to be permitted to sink down into the picturesque desolation of a ruin. Such a consummation the appointed guardians of our cathedrals are bound to avert, precisely as it is their bounden duty not to permit a new cathedral to be substituted for an ancient one. The grand cathedral of Ely has been restored upon a splendid scale, and after a most admirable fashion. At Hereford the comprehensive works which have been long suspended are about to be resumed with fresh and increased vigour. Graceful Lichfield is prepared to follow. In all these great works Mr. G. G. Scott is the architect whose ability, experience, and earnest devotedness to his art have secured for him the direction of the restorations. Carlisle has been very ably dealt with by Mr. Ewan Christian; and Worcester is now undergoing a course of restoration which may take its place amongst the most important and also the most satisfactory works of its class. This singularly interesting edifice appears to be comparatively unknown to architectural students, and yet it possesses features which assign to it a place in the front rank of our noblest and most beautiful churches. The composition of the north and south fronts of the lesser transept, and of the adjoining compartments towards the east and west, are amongst the most perfect expressions of Gothic Art, and the interior of the cathedral abounds in exquisite details. The south wing of the east transept required actual reconstruction; accordingly, its south front has been taken down, each stone has been carefully marked, and its injuries having been as carefully repaired, it has been restored to its former position. The eastern and western compartments are to be similarly treated. The corresponding compartments towards the eastern extremity of the cathedral are almost completed, on the same plan of restoration; and the eastern gable has been rebuilt from the ground, the design having been studied with the most scrupulous exactness from the original design of the transept. The original eastern termination of the cathedral had passed away without leaving any traces of its character, beyond what might be gathered from other portions of the building that were erected at the same time with it. Much has also been done in the interior of this cathedral in removing whitewash from purbeck shafts, restoring mutilations, &c. The same judicious treatment has pervaded the whole of these works, and the execution of the new carving shows that here we are able to rival the productions of the greatest of the mediæval periods. Mr. Perkins, a citizen of Worcester, is the architect to the dean and chapter, and he has proved himself to be worthy of the confidence of such generous and high-minded patrons. Though much yet remains to be done, we doubt not that all will be gradually and satisfactorily accomplished.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART X.

PASSING Culham Court, and underneath a range of wooded hills, we reach "Mill End," or Hambledon, lock. The adjacent country becomes exceedingly beautiful, varied by alternate mills, islands, meadows, and hills, with every now and then ornamental "forest trees" hanging over the stream, and giving pleasant shade to the current on its downward flow. Magpie Island is reached and passed; but those who have leisure may linger about this charming spot. The wood of Medmenham soon comes in sight; the ruined Abbey is seen among the trees; and close beside it a pretty ferry with the pleasant way-side inn of Mrs. Bitmead—a domicile well known to artists, her frequent guests, one of whom, who has since become "famous," painted a sign-board which hangs over the door, and is of so good a quality that it might grace the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The ABBEY has been pictured a hundred times, and is a capital subject seen from any point of view; the river runs close beside it; there is a hill adjacent — Danes' Hill; dark woods and green meadows are at hand; gay boats and traffic barges are continually passing; the ferry is always picturesque; and the artist is constantly supplied "on the spot" with themes for pictures; especially he has before him the venerable ruin—"venerable," at least, in so far as the eye is concerned. Time has touched it leniently; some of its best "bits" are as they were a century ago, except that the lichens have given to them that rich clothing of grey and gold, which the painter ever loves, and added to it here and there a green drapery of ivy.

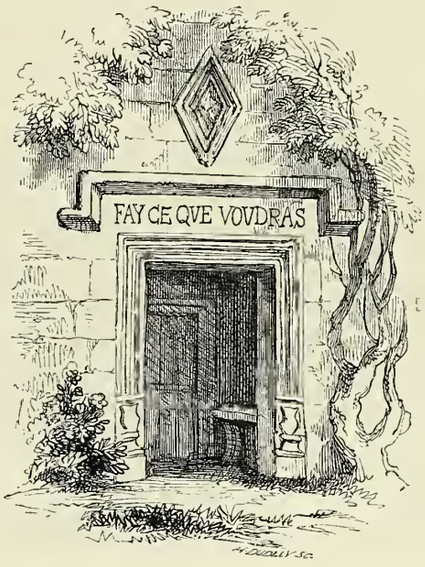
The manor of Medmenham was, in the reign of King Stephen, given by its lord, Walter de Bolebec, to the Abbey of Cistercian Monks he had founded at



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

Woburn, in Bedfordshire; and in 1204 the monks placed some of their society here, on this pleasant bank of the Thames; hence arose "a small monastery, being rather," as the writers of the order express themselves, "a daughter than a cell to Wooburn." In 1536, it was annexed to Bisham. At the dissolution, according to returns made by the commissioners, "the clere value of this religious house was twenty pounds six shillings; it had two monks, and both desyrin to go to houses of religion; servants none; woods none; debts none; its bells worth two pounds, one shilling, and eight pence; the value of its movable goods, one pound, three shillings, and eight pence; and the house wholly in ruine." It must have undergone considerable repair early in the sixteenth century, and probably very little of the original structure now exists, although relics of antiquity may be traced in many of its "remains." That portion which fronts the Thames is kept in proper repair, and a large room is used for the convenience of pleasure-parties. The whole of the back, however, is in a wretched state of dilapidation, although inhabited by several families. The property belongs to the Scotts of Danesfield, a mansion that crowns a neighbouring hill.

Medmenham derives interest from events of more recent date than the occupation of its two monks, without goods, and without debt. Here, about the middle of the last century, was established a society of men of wit and fashion who assumed the title of Monks of St. Francis, and wore the habit of the Franciscan order. Although it is said the statements contained in a now forgotten but once popular novel—"Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea"—were exaggerated, the character which the "assumed" monks bore in the open world, was sufficiently notorious to justify the worst suspicions of their acts in this comparative solitude. The principal members were Sir Francis Dashwood (afterwards Lord Le Despencer), the Earl of Sandwich, John Wilkes, Bubb Doddington, Churchill, and Paul Whitehead the poet. The motto,—"Fay ce que voudras,"—indicative of the principle on which the society was conducted, still remains over the doorway of the Abbey House. Tradition yet preserves some anecdotes illustrative of the habits of "the order," and there can be little doubt that this now lonely and quiet spot was the scene of orgies that were horrible and infamous.



DOOR OF MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

The Thames now flows through one of the richest of its many rich valleys; and hence, until it arrives at Marlow, its windings are frequent and of long continuance,—the flatness of the view being relieved, looking back, by the wooded slopes of Culham and the distant Chilterns, in Buckinghamshire.

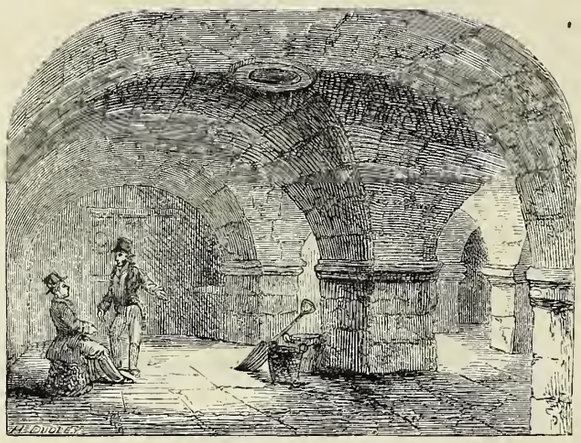
The pretty and picturesque village of Hurley is now reached, it is in Berkshire; another village, that of Harleyford, occupying the opposite bank. Adjoining Hurley, was Lady Place,—formerly a priory for Benedictine monks, more recently a stately mansion; but now indicated only by aged garden-walls. The house was erected, during the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of the ancient convent, and out of the debris of the buildings, by the then owner of the estate, Sir Richard Lovelace,—one of the brothers in arms of Sir Francis Drake. "He was a gentleman of metal," writes old Fuller, "who had the success to light on a large amount of the King of Spain's cloth of silver,—I mean his West Indian fleet,—wherewith he and his posterity are warmer to this day." He was created Baron Lovelace, of Hurley, by Charles I.; but during the reign of his two successors, the house was the meeting-place of the several peers and leading commoners whose movements led, eventually, to the "calling in" of the Prince of Orange. "The meetings were held under cover of splendid hospitalities, by which the noble owner of the mansion is said to have exhausted his fortune."* The more secret and perilous consultations were, it is said, held in a vault underneath, originally the burial-place of the monastery. The house is described by Boydell, in 1794, as "a spacious edifice. The hall, which occupies a disproportionate part of it, is a noble room, with a light gallery round it; the saloon is wainscoted with English oak, which was sent over in panels to Italy to be painted, according to the family tradition, by Salvator Rosa. The views are undoubtedly Italian, and in the bold style of that great master."† The structure having become much dilapidated, was altogether removed in the year 1837. Fortunately, Mr. Fairholt visited "the Place" about that period, and made sketches of the various objects of interest, among others of the famous vault; and to his pen and pencil we are indebted for the following details.

Lady Place obtained its name from the monastery upon whose foundation it stood having been dedicated to "our Lady" the Virgin. The exterior had projecting wings and a porch, in accordance with the prevalent taste of the reign of Elizabeth, said to have been thus generally adopted in compliment to that sovereign, the ground plan forming the initial of her name, thus—[illegible]. The inner arrangements were singularly inconvenient, except in the lower story, where they were much enriched with stucco ornament, and painted landscapes; but the upper rooms were small, and the gutters of the roof ran through them, freely admitting both water and air. The vault below was reached by a trap-door in the hall-floor, and was very solidly constructed, receiving its light from a grated window below the level of the garden. In one recess (that behind the figures in our cut) a square tablet was inserted, containing three inscriptions in as many compartments, giving the chief facts connected with its history: first detailing its original foundation, "at the time of the great Norman revolution, by which revolution the whole state of England was changed;" then, "that

* When the prince became converted into the monarch, as our King William III., he did not forget the service that Lord Lovelace had rendered him; he made him captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and gave him other emoluments; but the taste for open housekeeping and display, engendered by his revolutionary meetings, never left him. He made great alterations at Lady Place, re-decorated the interior, and lived in an extravagant style; so that his possessions were sold, under a decree of Chancery, at his death, to pay the debts in which he became again involved.

† They were, more probably, the work of Antonio Tempesta, who designed in the same style, and was much employed in such decorations as these. The paintings had but little merit, and brought very small prices when the house was destroyed.

in this place, six hundred years afterwards, the revolution of 1688 was begun, and it is said that several consultations for calling in the Prince of Orange were held in this recess, on which account this vault was visited by that powerful prince after he had ascended the throne;" the third inscription commemorated another royal visit in these words:—"Be it remembered that this place was visited by their majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte, on Monday, the 14th of November, 1785." The visit of General Paoli, the celebrated commander of the Corsicans in the revolution of that island, was also noted in May, 1790; as well as the fact that, in digging below the floor, some bodies in Benedictine habits had been found, the last denizens of the old monastery. As we have said, there are now no remains of Lady Place, except the garden walls, to indicate its "whereabouts."



THE VAULT AT LADY PLACE.

Passing Temple Hall, the seat of the old and honourable family of Williams, we arrive at BISHAM ABBEY,—one of the most picturesque objects on the Thames, and also among the most venerable and interesting of all the ancient remains which time and use have consecrated.

The Abbey and church are in admirable "keeping;" but each has its own peculiar features. The Abbey is now a modern residence, tasteful, and comfortably arranged, furnished, and decorated. The mansion is old—of the Tudor period; it was built on the site of the Abbey—originally a preceptory of the Knights Templars, but subsequently a priory for canons of the order of St. Augustine, founded by William Mont-acute, Earl of Salisbury, in 1338. His body was interred in the church, together with that of his son William: here also were laid the "mortal parts" of that Earl of Salisbury who died at the siege of Orleans, in 1428; Richard Neville, "the king-maker," killed at the battle of Barnet, in 1470; and Edward Plantagenet, son of the Duke of Clarence, beheaded in 1499 for attempting an escape from confinement.*

It is impossible to tread these grounds, sombre as they are,—for the hues of dark and heavy trees are in solemn harmony with the ancient church, and the almost as venerable mansion,—without being impressed by a degree of awe



BISHAM ABBEY.

amounting to sadness. What a story might be told by those old walls, of the times when the Templars revelled in their glory!

Immediately on leaving the shadows which the tall trees of Bisham throw on the water, the eye and mind are relieved by the graceful suspension bridge which spans the Thames at Marlow—Great Marlow. It is a quiet town, and has the recommendation of being some miles distant from a railroad. Some thirty or forty years ago, however, it was as full of bustle and excitement as it is now of repose; for the Military College was here, and here some of the bravest and best of our soldiers were educated. It was thus circumstanced, however, for no very long period—the establishment commencing in 1799, and removing to Sandhurst in 1810.

Marlow is the very paradise of the Thames angler: perhaps no part of the whole river, from its rise to its mouth, will afford him safer assurance of a day's sport; such sport, that is to say, as will content the unambitious lover of



BISHAM CHURCH.

"the gentle craft;" for if he covets to excel in its loftier achievements he must "go further a-field," and make acquaintance with streams more accommodating than that of the good and generous old "Father."

But the Thames angler loves the river hereabouts; not only because it seldom fails to fill his basket—here he obtains all the other enjoyments which our king of island rivers abundantly supplies. Does he seek health and quiet?—He finds them here. Does he love nature—the rural sounds as well as rural sights that give pure and true enjoyment?—They are here—everywhere. Does he seek to call up, in fancy, the great of gone-by ages—the worthies of his country, in pulpit, in senate, or in arms?

——"The dead—
Who rule our spirits from their urns"—

No where can he obtain so many associations with the heroic past.

Nor is it to be forgotten that among the other attractions of Marlow is one of the prettiest and pleasantest inns remaining in railway-ridden England; with



THE INN AT MARLOW.

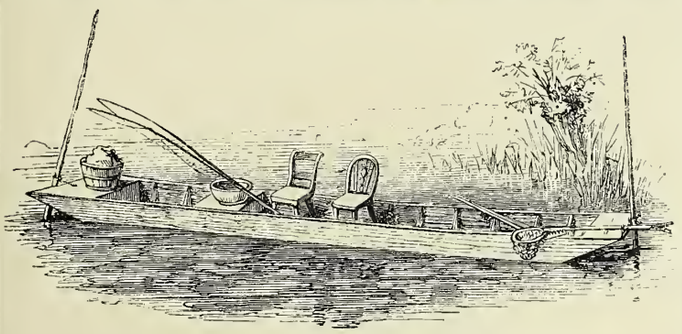
a most kindly and accommodating landlady, who seems, by intuition—and certainly is from long practice—aware of all the ways and wants of brethren of the angle, who are her best, and, indeed, almost her only customers; for her "hostelry" is not in the town, but in a quiet nook close by the bridge on the Berkshire side of the river.

* The tombs of the Hoby family, of the times of Elizabeth and James I., are now the most remarkable monuments in the church. The present mansion at Bisham was built about 1590, by the head of that family.

Fortunate will he be who is a dweller here, especially if Rosewell, one of the oldest and best of Thames fishermen, be his companion and guide to the several "pitches" where he is to look for his day's sport. He will rise with the lark, and all will be ready for him; the neat and clean punt is moored close beside that pretty little summer-house of trees and climbing flowers; the baits are in—gentles, and red worms, and graves, with soaked bread and clay for the manufacture of ground-bait; the rake will be there too, for at mid-day, probably, he will have a "try" for gudgeon, although his special victims are to be the roach and dace; and for these his "gentle-box" is full, the gentles being "well bred" from the liver of the ox; he has purchased them in London, no doubt; for he does not choose to incur the hazard that Rosewell's store may have been exhausted by some successful party of the day before.

He has had an early breakfast, and Mrs. Parslow has not neglected to draw an eel—a genuine Thames eel—of a pound weight, out of the tank pictured at the landing-place, and where she generally contrives to preserve a few for choice friends—true anglers, to whom alone they are given, and who alone should have them; or, it may be, he prefers the "new-laid egg" which yonder clucking hen has just contributed by way of welcome. He is off till dinner-time—or, what is more likely, if he be a genuine lover of the sport, his dinner is in the hamper that stands at the bow of the boat, for he may grow hungry just as the fish are biting most freely; and let us see the true angler who would leave a productive pitch for the best dinner that ever graced an alderman's table!

His rod is put together; it is just twelve feet in length, really tapering, but comparatively "stiff"—certainly so in the eyes of the trout fisher; it is made of bamboo, except the top, which is of hazel; his reel whistles full, and is in good order; a fine and new line of gut is fastened to his running line; the hook, very small—so small that it seems only made to suit a minnow, but is in reality large enough for a barbel of ten pounds weight—is mounted upon horse-hair of sandy colour; the float, of elongated and shapely quill, is "a pretty thing to look at;" towards the end of the line are some forty or fifty shot, small and distributed at intervals—these sink the baited hook, for he is "bottom-fishing," and contrives that the bait shall just pass half an inch or so above the gravel, and he also wishes it to sink rapidly, so as to lose as little as may be of "the swim." He is quite ready, and meanwhile Rosewell has chosen his first pitch—there, in mid-stream; but by-and-by he will select ground somewhere nearer the bank, or perhaps a position close to those weeds that run a good way out into the current, or he may prefer a chance under those aged pollards, whose roots run



FISHING PUNT.

almost as far into, as their branches do over, the river. The boat is moored; two poles, one at either end, prevent its moving, and keep it steady; but you see how cautiously this has been done—Rosewell knows the fish are there, and that a clumsy push would be a warning to them to remove from dangerous quarters. Carefully, and with as little stir as possible, the plummet, secured to his hook by the bit of cork let into the lead, is sunk to the bottom to sound the depth—it is ascertained to a nicety; a "half hitch," effected by twisting the line round the top of the float prevents its slipping; two gentles are neatly placed on the hook, and the angler begins his work. Rosewell soon collects the fish by throwing in a few balls of ground-bait—bread, bran, and graves, and, it may be, coarse gentles (always desirable), mixed with clay; the clay soon dissolves, and the fish come up at a "fin gallop" to learn the source of the supply, indicated by many floating particles.

Hah! a touch! they are gathering, and are growing bold; the float is carried under; strike! the smallest bend of the wrist is enough—force will break the hair, or pull the hook out of the mouth: it is well struck—you feel by the weight that "you have him;" it is a roach of half-a-pound—you know it is a roach, although you cannot see him—he makes no sudden spring, as he would do if a dace, or, still more, if a chub; there is no mistake about it now, for he comes sailing towards the boat, and you note the redness of the eyes and fins through the water. Do not hurry—patience is the angler's virtue—he is at your hand—draw in your line gently, and remove him from the hook to the well—that heavy-looking space which stands out near the boat's stern, through which the water runs by holes made in the sides, and to which you will, before the day is over, consign some ten, or, it may be, twenty dozen of his fellow-captives, who will swim about in happy ignorance that their destiny is to be transferred to that neat and graceful basket of white wicker-work, the form of which is as well known as the shape of a ship's anchor.

And such is Thames angling—a joy above all joys to those who love it, compared to which—

> "Other joys
> Are but toys!"

And although the "business" of the angler, thus pursued, may be, as it has ever been, a theme of sneer and sarcasm with those who throw a fly across the Tweed and land a huge salmon, after an hour's labour to subdue him—the pleasure of him "who sits quietly in a summer evening on a bank a-fishing"—as that great and good man, Sir Harry Wotton, often did, and as so many other men, as great and good, have as often done—is not to be despised by those who have the power to ramble half the world over to seek enjoyment, and to find far less of it than is found by him who is content—

> "To see his quill or cork down sink
> With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace."

A short distance below Marlow, a paper and corn-mill added to the lock, completely block up the Thames, but there is a back-water in which the



COOKHAM CHURCH.

angler is pretty sure to find enjoyment. If he be a bottom-fisher, it is probable that Rosewell will take him half a mile lower down, and moor his boat at Quarry Point—a bay which is left undisturbed by river-traffic, and is shaded by the tall trees of Quarry Wood. This beautiful demesne is succeeded by that of Winter Hill, where the Thames becomes a broad sheet of water, and assumes the character of a small lake, from which there is no apparent outlet. On the Berkshire side there are many pleasant slopes crowned with villas, while on that of Buckinghamshire, the land is flat and marshy, but the distant hills give a valuable effect to the scenery—wooded here and there, and frequently varied by green fields and "arable land."

Shade-Oak Ferry is next reached, and here the river begins to assume a more busy and active character—barges, punts, boats, "canoes," and racing-boats are more often encountered; the shores are more populous than they have been hitherto, and we gradually lose that sense of solitude with which the grand old "Father" has so continually oppressed us higher up the stream. The woods of Hedsor—the seat of Lord Boston—companion us for a long way, and for some miles we keep in sight a remarkable structure which crowns the summit of a hill,—we learn that it is nothing more than a summer-house, placed there for the sake of the many views it commands; but it looks like the huge ghost of some mighty edifice which man has deserted. On the opposite bank—in Berkshire, that is to say—is COOKHAM, a pretty village, with a fine old church. A little lower down, and we row beside a lovely island of some acres in extent; it has been laid out in charming walks, with here and there seats for rest, and summer-houses,—every corner planted with fair flowers, shrubs, and cheerful evergreens. Another island—Formosa Island—somewhat further on, greets the voyager, and is also full of attractions.

We are now approaching that part of the Thames which supplies its most abundant beauties—of mingled wood and water, hill and valley, shrubby



CLIEFDEN.

heights and richly-cultivated fields. The river here closes in, or seems to do so; for although in reality wide, it is narrowed to the eye by the steep hills which rise from the banks on either side, clothed in varied foliage from the base to the summit. Those who accuse our great island

river of insipidity, who, if they concede its claims to beauty, deny its pretensions to grandeur, will do well to visit the scenery between Hedsor and Maidenhead—to row beneath the thick woods of Taplow and Cliefden, and, looking up, he will have no difficulty in imagining himself in one of the grandest and richest, in picturesque attractions, of our English lakes; indeed, he will require only the near and distant mountains to fancy himself under the heights of Glena, in all-beautiful Killarney. Well may we rejoice to scan the charms of our glorious river, and ask the aid of Poetry and Art to give them fame and power. But the painter will fail here. He may select graceful nooks, and a thousand objects will, singly or in groups, present themselves as fitting subjects for his pencil; but he cannot convey to the eye and mind a just idea of the mingled grandeur and beauty of this delicious locality; while the poet will find only themes which have been, ever and everywhere, the chosen and the favoured of his order.

Nature here has been liberally aided by successive lords, from that Duke of Buckingham by whom "Cliefden's proud alcove" was made

"The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,"

to that other duke—the Duke of Sutherland—who now happily owns it, and under whose superintending care, or rather that of his accomplished duchess, the mansion and grounds are among the loveliest, most graceful, and the most richly cultivated of the kingdom.* If, however, those who row past these charming woods and note what has been done by taste, in association with wealth, to render every part delightful, his enjoyment will be largely enhanced by ascending any of the many heights and examining the "prospect," near or distant. It is impossible, indeed, to exaggerate the beauty and harmony of the foliage which everywhere surrounds us:—

"Beautiful in various dyes,
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove
Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love!"

But there are here hundreds of other trees which the poet could not commemorate, for they were unknown to England in his time. All climes and countries have contributed to the wealth of foliage at Cliefden,—woods, lawns, and gardens are enriched by tributes from every land to which enterprise has conducted British science, to gather treasures converted from exotics into subjects naturalised and "at home."†

Leaving this scene of mingled grandeur and beauty, to which the Thames voyager will often look back, we pass through Boulters Lock, and arrive at the bridge at Maidenhead. And here let us pause awhile,—for we are in sight of "regal Windsor,"—and consider a few of those "facts" which may augment the interest of the voyage, and add to the enjoyment derived from acquaintance with the peculiarities of our great river. And first we ask the reader's attention to the following notes, for which we are indebted to our friend Professor Hunt.

The Thames flows over a certain set of geological formations, which are known as the supercretaceous or tertiary strata; these are a certain order of deposits which are based upon the chalk.

The depth at which the chalk is found beneath the surface at a few points around London, will give the best idea of the varying thickness of the tertiary formations on which our metropolitan city stands, and through which the waters of the Thames have scooped out their channel:—

	Feet.
At Hampstead Vale the chalk was reached at the depth of	378
At Camden Town	230
New Road, near Tottenham Court Road	150
Lambeth, at Hungerford Bridge	250
Church Street, Camberwell Grove	105
St. Luke's, Old Street	160
Fishmongers' Hall, Lower Thames Street	237
Near Surrey Canal, Kent Road	34
Manor Farm, in Lewisham	20
Rotherhithe	46

Thus we learn that a series of chalk hills undulates between the valley of the Thames, in a similar manner to those picturesque swellings and depressions which mark the wood-crowned chalk hills of Reigate and of Guildford. Upon this bed of chalk, extending from Croydon on one side, to St. Alban's on the other, and from below Gravesend in the east, to Newbury in the west, we find a group of red mottled clays and permeable sands, very variable in their composition and structure; and although they sometimes acquire a thickness of 130 feet, they frequently thin out to a thickness of only 25 feet.

Above these sands and clays, having a very irregular boundary, we find the *London clay*. This formation, on the north side of the Thames, extends to Southend, and may be traced along the coast to Aldborough. On the south side of the Thames the London clay scarcely extends eastward of the river Ravensbourne. The towns of Croydon, Epsom, Guildford, and Farnham are scarcely reached by this formation; but it comes so near them, that they serve to mark the southern boundary. On the north and north-west we find it skirting Hungerford, Reading, Maidenhead, Uxbridge, Barnet, Thaxted, Ipswich, and Aldborough, the city of London standing nearly in the centre of its greatest length. This London clay in some places acquires a thickness of from 400 to 500 feet.

An upper group of permeable, loose, siliceous sands are known as the *Bagshot sands*. The nearest point to London reached by the *Bagshot sands* is the hills of Highgate and Hampstead; the main mass of them extending from Esher on the east, to near Strathfieldsaye on the west, and from near Guildford on the south, to Ascot and Virginia Water on the north, forming a well-known elevated tract, composed, in the greater part, of sandy heaths. Beside these, there are the superficial accumulations of gravel, clay, or brick-earth, which are usually classed as *drift*. These are dispersed with much irregularity over the face of the country, the London clay being covered by gravel at Clapham, Kensington, and Hyde Park, and by gravel and brick-earth at West Drayton.

If we follow the course of the river Thames from Aylesbury or from Oxford, we find it first flowing over the *Kimeridge clay*, which consists, in great part, of a bituminous shale, sometimes forming an impure coal, several hundred feet in thickness. In this formation are found several extinct molluscous animals and Saurian remains. The river then cuts its way through the *lower green-sand*, again distinctly marked by the characteristics of its fossil remains. The *gault* is next traversed by it, and it passes the *upper green-sand* at Wallingford.

The gault consists of a dark blue marl, and is palæontologically characterised by the forms of *Cephalopoda* found within it. The upper green-sand has been regarded as the littoral deposit of that ocean in which our chalk rocks were formed. It derives its name from containing green particles of sand coloured by a chloritic mineral. Those two formations have lately been rendered of great commercial importance, from the abundant excrementitious and other remains of fish which are so rich in phosphate of lime, as to make the agriculturist eager to obtain these coprolites, &c., for fertilising his soil.

Leaving Wallingford, the Thames passes through the chalk formations until it reaches Reading, whence it is found winding its way, still through chalk, to Henley and Beaconsfield, and round to Maidenhead; it then passes, for a short distance, through the sands and mottled clay of the lower tertiary strata, and, entering upon the London clay at Windsor, it makes that formation its bed, until, sweeping past the great metropolis, it again meets the lower tertiary sands at Deptford, a little below which the chalk once more appears; and until the river empties itself into the ocean, it is found with sands and chalk alternating upon its banks.

A few words upon the London clay formation may not be without interest. It consists of a tenacious brown and bluish-grey clay, with layers of concretions called *Septaria*, which abound in some parts, and are collected for the manufacture of Roman cement. The principal fossils of the London clay are found at Highgate Hill, in the Island of Sheppey, and at Bognor, in Hampshire; from these localities 133 species of fossil shells have been obtained. The Island of Sheppey abounds with fossil fruits and seeds, which have been very carefully examined and described by Mr. Bowerbank. Thirteen fruits of palms have been discovered of the same type as the *Nipa*, now found only in the Molucca and Phillippine Islands, and in Bengal. "These plants are allied," says Sir Charles Lyell, "to the cocoa-nut tribe on the one side, and on the other to the *Pandanus* or Screw pine. The fruits of other palms, besides those of the cocoa-nut tribe, are also met with in the clay of Sheppey; three species of the Custard apple (*Anona*), and fruits of the gourd and melon family in considerable abundance. Beyond these, fruits of various species of Acacia are in profusion—all implying the existence of a warm climate." Those remains of an ancient flora must not be supposed to have all grown on the Island of Sheppey, they were brought down by some large river—the parent of Father Thames—and were deposited upon the accumulated mud-banks of a large delta, as at the present day. We are informed by Dr. Hooker, that in the Delta of the Ganges are seen such numbers of the large nuts of the *Nipa fructicans*, that they obstruct the paddle-wheels of the steamboats.

Among the animal remains which have been discovered in the London clay, are the teeth and bones of crocodiles and turtles, and a sea-snake some thirteen feet long; strange animals allied to the hog, and a pachyderm, called *Coryphodon cocanus* by Owen, larger than any existing tapir.

"These"—we again quote Sir Charles Lyell—"animals seem to have inhabited the banks of a great river, which floated down the Sheppey fruits. They imply the existence of a mammiferous fauna, antecedent to the period when nummulites flourished in Europe and in Asia, and therefore before the Alps, Pyrences, and other mountain chains, now forming the back bones of great continents, were raised from the deep; nay, even before a part of the continent rocky masses, now entering into the central ridges of these chasms, had been deposited in the sea."

As the Thames flows below London it passes over the more recent accumulations of drift, in which the mammoth and the rhinoceros have been found; there have also been discovered, at Brentford, the bones of an hippopotamus; here lie mingled with those of aurochs—a short-horned ox—red deer, and a great cave tiger or lion. At Grays, near Gravesend, exists the celebrated *elephant bed*, from which have been derived bones and teeth in immense quantities. From these facts we learn an instructive lesson of the earth's mutations; and that the bosom of that river which now bears upon it the wealth of the old and the new continents, to add to the luxury of the greatest city in the civilised world, once swept a mighty torrent through forests of palms, and bore the fruits which had fallen before the storm, in countless myriads, down to its wide-spread delta, there to be preserved as memorials of a mighty past. The hippopotamus laved in its waters, the rhinoceros and the elephant dwelt upon its banks. The country through which the Thames now rolls onward to the sea, was, ages ere yet man had existence, similar in most respects to the vast plains of Central Africa—the watershed of a wide swamp, rich in vegetation, excited by the influences of a tropical sun.

* "Cliefden House" was built by Charles Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,—that Villiers so familiar to all who read the records of pernicious follies and degenerating vices during the reign of Charles II.:—

"In squandering wealth was his peculiar art."

The house has been twice destroyed by fire: that which now surmounts the hill was built a few years ago, for the Duke of Sutherland, by the architect Barry.

† It is worth noting that Thomson's masque of "Alfred" was first acted at Cliefden, and that, consequently, within those walls was first sung the national song of "Rule Britannia," composed by him, and set to music by Dr. Arne, on the occasion of its performance.

BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS:
EXHIBITION 1857.

This society opened its usual annual exhibition a few weeks back: the catalogue contains a list of about 540 pictures of all kinds, but not a single work of sculpture. The Emperor of the French contributes four pictures from the Imperial Museum of the Luxembourg:—'Our Lord Jesus Christ, in presence of his Apostles, giving the Keys of Paradise to St. Peter,' by Ingres; 'Edward V. of England and the Duke of York in the Tower,' the well-known picture by Delaroche; 'The Barrière de Clichy, or the Defence of Paris in 1814,' by Horace Vernet; and 'A Jewish Wedding in Morocco,' by Eugene Delacroix; these works must add much interest to the exhibition. Several of our own collectors, too, have denuded the walls of their mansions for the benefit of the society. Mr. W. Holmes has lent Horsley's 'Hide and Seek—Found,' exhibited in the Royal Academy this year, Lauder's 'Christ Teaching Humility,' and T. Faed's 'The Toilet;' Mr. Butler, Anthony's 'Coming Storm;' Mr. Bagnall, a 'Head of a Rabbi,' by Etty, 'The Cherub,' by Sant, and F. Goodall's 'Swing;' Mr. R. G. Reeves, Sant's 'Gentle Student,' and 'The Haunt of the Fairies,' by that extraordinary but demented artist, the late R. Dadd; Mr. Gillott, Leslie's 'Fencing Scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme;"' Mr. R. Lloyd, Creswick's 'Windmill;' Mr. W. Sharpe, Maclise's 'Spirit of Justice;' Mr. G. Briscoe, Stanfield's 'Bay of Baiæ, from Lake Avernus;' Mr. E. A. Butler, a 'Cottage Interior,' by J. Philip; Lord Northwick, E. M. Ward's celebrated picture of 'The Fall of Clarendon,' of which the original sketch is in the Vernon collection.

Of the most important works, the property of the respective artists, we may point out,—'Under the Mistletoe,' by J. E. Walker, secretary of the Birmingham Society; 'Guy Fawkes Day,' by T. Brooks, in the Royal Academy last year; 'The Chamber Scene from "Hamlet,"' by W. S. Herrick, in the Academy this year; 'The Excommunication of King Robert and Queen Bertha of France,' by L. W. Desanges;—we knew this artist in London, principally, indeed solely, by his excellent portraits, but he seems in this work to have produced a historical work of some pretensions, to judge from the price—£500—marked against it in the catalogue: we can offer no opinion of its merits, as we have been unable to visit Birmingham this season;—but to continue: 'A Black Frost,' C. Branwhite, in the British Institution last year, if we remember rightly; 'Otter Hunting at Pont-y-Pare, Bettws-y-Coed,' J. P. Petitt; 'The Rehearsal,' J. D. Wingfield, in the Academy this year; 'Scene at a Ghaut, on the Banks of the Ganges,' M. Claxton, also in the Academy this year; 'The Arrest of John Brown of Ashford,' A. Johnston, in the Academy last year, and engraved in our notice of this artist; 'The Burial of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel,' C. Lucy, in the Academy this year,—this and the preceding picture are not, we believe, now in the hands of the artists; 'Datimi in Mezzo Bajocco,' E. Williams; 'The Tell-tale Bird,' A. Rankley; 'The Post-Raphaelite,' and The Pre-Raphaelite,' H. O'Neil, in the British Institution this year; 'Sophia Western,' A. E. Chalon, R.A., in the Academy this year; 'An Arab Sheik,' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; 'Bruce in his Adversity,' H. C. Selous, in the Academy this year; 'From the Cradle to the Grave,' A. Rankley, in the Academy last year; 'The Haunted House,' E. Niemann, in the British Institution this year, we believe; 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' C. Earles; 'The Cherry Seller,' G. Smith.

The above list plainly indicates that the strength of the exhibition lies in works with which we are already acquainted, and which have passed our critical notice: doubtless we should find much among the pictures we have not seen to call for commendation, for there are many "good men and true" among the other exhibitors, whose productions we have spoken favourably of once and again,—Messrs. Lines, Hancock, H. H. Horsley, Henshaw, Buss, A. Wivell, Bridgeford, R.H.A., Vickers, Bates, C. W. Radclyffe, Perrigal, D. Cox, A. Clint, Davidson, Stark, J. J. Wilson, W. Hall, Woolmer, Fahey, Horlor, Chase, Fripp, Vacher, Weigall, Callow, Mrs. Harrison, Tennant, Bartholomew, Miss Corbaux, Kidd, Underhill, Parris, &c. &c.

The portraits in the exhibition are comparatively new, and many of them have formerly been seen in London; as for example, Sir J. W. Gordon's portrait of Mr. George Combe, J. P. Knight's, of Mr. George Dawson. E. Williams exhibits a portrait of the late Moretz Retzsch, the German artist, whose death took place a few months ago.

A large proportion of previously exhibited works must always be looked for in the provincial galleries: the majority of artists have not time to paint expressly for these, and therefore they send either unsold pictures from the London exhibitions, or such as the purchasers can be prevailed upon to lend. With these aids, and a tolerable sprinkling of new works, by such painters as we have just mentioned, it would be strange indeed if the Birmingham rooms, as well as others in various parts of the country, did not once in the year attract a goodly assemblage of visitors, and offer much well worth looking at.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal."

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

We have had the promised competition for the Wellington Monument. The prizes have been awarded. Both the competition and the award have been fully considered, and fairly criticised: nor have illustrations been wanting, for the special behoof of those to whom a visit of inspection to the original designs was denied. And the feeling both of the press and of the public has been singularly, or rather, felicitously unanimous on the subject of this competition. Even the artists of *Punch* and of the *Illustrated London News* in this matter have evinced an unwonted sympathy. You have indeed, after your fashion, taken up a position and put forth views of your own; but, as you have proposed that a second competition should be organized amongst the prizemen in the first, I hope you will pardon me if I leave competition No. 2 to be considered with the New Reform Bill. And, meanwhile, I would submit to you a few observations on the Wellington Monument itself. This, in my opinion, is a different thing altogether from the Wellington Monument competition, whether No. 1 or No. 2. I venture also to consider it to be quite time for the monument to have *its* turn of public attention,—certainly before a second competition "stops the way."

I have felt both surprise and disappointment that no suggestion for a suitable and worthy national memorial of our greatest fellow-countryman should have been put forth by the same writers, who have so conclusively demonstrated the unfitness and unworthiness of the competition designs. The design which a favoured foreign sculptor *did not exhibit* furnishes no fresh suggestions. To it the severest things which have been written or spoken respecting the competition designs are strictly applicable. This design, then, I classify with its compeers; and a certain rumour which has been associated with it, I refuse to notice, until there is proof that in this country *Art may be associated with dishonour*.

The authors of the competition designs went astray, because they took their first step in a wrong direction. Instead of a sepulchral memorial to be erected in a Christian church, the Wellington Monument of these gentlemen was a commemorative structure suited to a metropolitan park, a palace court-yard, or a military parade. They mistook a trophy for a tomb. They may plead that such designs as theirs have been before adopted for monuments properly so-called—for such monuments as they now were invited to produce. This is unhappily but too true. Still, this fact furnishes not one tittle of an argument in their favour. We asked from them a design for a monument for us to erect to the memory of our Wellington: we did not ask for such a monument as might and probably would have been erected, had the career of the great Duke closed about the period of the battle of Assaye.

The subject of sepulchral monuments has engaged my special attention during the last ten years, and I have all along studied the monumental relics of past ages, no less with the view to derive from them some practical suggestions for the present and the future, than because of either their historical value or their intrinsic interest. I hope, accordingly, that I may be acquitted of presumption, if I offer to you some suggestions for a Wellington Monument. I shall endeavour to deal with the subject as concisely as will be consistent with clearness.

It will be well, in the first place, to make the following preliminary statements:—

1. The object required is such a monumental memorial as the British nation would be expected to erect to Arthur Duke of Wellington.

2. This monument, accordingly, must be both *appropriate*, as the memorial of the Duke of Wellington, and also *worthy* of the British nation.

3. The monument required is to be placed in the Metropolitan Church of St. Paul,—an edifice in the *classic style* of architecture: consequently, with the classic style of architecture this monument must be in perfect harmony. It ought to be added that in this cathedral the mortal remains of the Duke are buried.

4. The sum of money actually appropriated for the production of this monument is sufficiently large to leave to artists unrestricted freedom of action.

In entering upon the preparation of a design for this monument, the first consideration will be the *leading idea* which will govern the general character of the composition. This "leading idea," as it bears upon the present special memorial, will be greatly influenced, if not actually determined, by the *type* which may have been recognised as applicable to *every* Christian monument of the highest order. This type I believe to be the oblong, raised, rectangular sarcophagus-monument of the middle ages, surmounted by a recumbent effigy; and this type I also believe to be equally consistent with every style and expression of Art.

From amidst a very numerous series, the monuments to the Black Prince and to the Emperor Maximilian, may be selected as very noble authorities for such a memorial to an illustrious warrior and statesman. Hence, the sentiment of the required design, with its accessories, will appear to be conveyed, after a manner at once the most appropriate and effective, under the form of groups of historically-symbolical portrait-statues, with heraldic insignia and classical architectural details, associated with a recumbent portrait-effigy. Always a most valuable and a most eloquent form of monumental symbolism, in the composition of a monument to the Duke of Wellington, heraldry may expatiate with unprecedented power.

In accordance with such views, I now submit a sketch for a design, as follows; the design to consist of four orders, or divisions:—

1. The first, or lowermost order, to constitute the plinth of the entire composition, and to be formed by two broad, but shallow steps of polished grey granite. At each angle, on the upper of these two steps, standing clear, a group of two statues of soldiers, with reversed arms and downcast looks, as sentries, on duty before the tomb of the great general. The eight military figures, which would make up these groups, would represent each arm of the British army: thus—1. Heavy Cavalry; 2. Light Cavalry; 3. Engineers; 4. Artillery; 5. Grenadiers; 6. Highlanders; 7. Rifles; 8. Infantry of the Line, represented by a soldier of the 73rd, the regiment in which the Duke held his first commission.

2. The second order to consist of an oblong rectangular block of warm-coloured granite, polished, having a third step as a plinth of its own—the entire order constituting the *plinthiform member* of the general composition. At each angle of this block a group of English flags, indicative of the "hundred fights" of the deceased hero; these flags to be executed in brass. Ranging from each of these angle-groups of flags, towards the centre of either side of the composition, a group of historical portrait-statues of life-size. Of these four groups, two would consist of distinguished officers, and two of no less distinguished statesmen, the brethren in arms of the great Duke, and his associates in statesmanship. Each group might contain five, or perhaps six figures; the groups would be set alternately about the granite block and close to it, standing upon the third step; they would be executed in bronze. Amongst the military statues would be those of

Picton, Napier, Londonderry, Crawford, Beresford, Hill, Lynedock, Hardinge, Raglan, Anglesea, and Gurwood. The statues of statesmen would represent those who flourished about the Waterloo period in one group, including in their number the Marquis Wellesley; in the other group would appear Peel, Lansdowne, and other statesmen, colleagues of the Duke in more recent times. One of these statues would be a portrait of the present premier. At the head, and also at the foot of the composition, the historical portrait-groups would be continued by statues of eminent foreign princes, generals, or statesmen, who had co-operated with the Duke; here there might appear Alexander of Russia, Frederick William of Prussia, the Prince of Orange, Bernadotte, Blucher, Metternich, &c. In the face of the third step, beneath each statue, the shield of arms of the person represented might be introduced. In the centre of either side, between the groups of statues, an inscription—the one commemorative and the other historical; these inscriptions to be on plates of brass fixed to the granite, or cut in the granite itself. The granite-block to be represented as being covered with the union-flag of England, which would be sculptured in the granite itself, and would partly fall over its uppermost portions.

3. Upon this union-flag would stand the third order of the composition, a second and smaller oblong block of white marble, rising from a base of Purbeck marble, and supporting a slab of black marble, both upper and lower slabs being richly wrought about with pure classic mouldings. Each side of this block would be divided into four compartments by a column, with which two smaller columns would be clustered, and would carry rounded arches. At each angle, a cluster of the principal columns. All these architectural members to be executed in serpentine, porphyry, or other precious marbles. Beneath each arch would be the arms of one of the countries in which the Duke (an unprecedented distinction) held the military rank of *field-marshal*, with his knightly and military orders depending from each achievement of arms. At the head and feet the arms of the Duke himself, and those of his father and mother, each under a similar arch, and with appropriate accessories. All this heraldry to be studied with the utmost care, and expressed in noble sculpture, or rendered in enamel —due care being taken to show that heraldry is an *art* as well as a science.

4. Upon the black marble slab would rest the fourth, and uppermost order of the composition. This would consist of a thick plate of fine bronze, parcel gilt, and boldly diapered with heraldic and military devices, mottoes, &c., and supporting the *effigy*, which would be recumbent, the head uncovered, and the hands upraised and clasped. The figure would be represented in the full uniform of an English field-marshal, having thrown about it the mantle of the Garter. About the effigy there might be introduced the cocked-hat, the ducal coronet, the sword, the sword of state, with a volume of the "Despatches," one also of the statutes of the realm, and a Bible. The effigy to be of the finest bronze. Over all *a canopy*, if any canopy be needed, of open work, richly wrought throughout in bronze and polished brass.

In conclusion, I revert briefly to the models of designs which were sent in for the competition. While several of these possess many high artistic qualities, and exhibit the sculpturesque feeling of their authors, not one appears to have emanated from a just idea of the monument required, and accordingly, it would be easy to subject them all to such critical tests as would demonstrate, either from their unfitness to their unworthiness, that they fail absolutely to realise a national Wellington Monument. In these designs the ideas, when not either commonplace or inappropriate, have already been repeated *ad nauseam* under some form or modification, and the allegorical and symbolical imagery is precisely of that kind which, while essentially worthless, and indeed, often highly objectionable, is directly opposed to the simplicity and earnestness of the great Duke himself, and to the strict reality of his character. In these designs, also, heraldry and historical portrait-sculpture, as forms of expression of the utmost power and value, have been overlooked and omitted, or at best adopted in a subordinate capacity only. The *knightly* rank and character of the Duke have also been passed over without notice. The imperfections, errors, and failings which characterise the competition designs, and render them unfit to be actually adopted, will imperatively demand a similar decision in the case of *every* design which may be conceived in the same spirit, and which it is proposed to treat upon the same principles.

London, September 12. CHARLES BOUTELL.

A TEMPLE OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR,—It was my happy privilege for many years to create amusement and cause merriment amongst the musical and general public, and I can assure you I have a very pleasing recollection in my old age (forty-seven!) of the ringing laugh of the fair daughters of England. Now it is a difficult thing to make the public laugh *en masse*, and I was *not* always *quite sure* of doing so; but what I am about to name to you will, I am *quite sure*, raise the risible faculties of many in the artistic world, at my even presuming to have *such* an idea. Not being an architect, and not being a mechanist, not being an artist, and not having studied any qualifications which would be essentially requisite for my purpose, I have—(will my nervous system permit me to write the title?)—I have boldly erected, to scale (on paper), "A TEMPLE OF THE FINE ARTS." This would at first appear a pretty amateur idea, but I am certain of one thing, I have done what is *really wanted* in an exhibition-room—a good sight of each individual picture and piece of sculpture. My ideas are not chimerical, they are founded upon the experience of thirty years close intimacy with the Fine Arts; and not being, as I said before, architectural, &c. &c., perhaps I am not conventional, and my drawings, with all their numerous faults, I am not afraid of showing, for the reasons above stated, "hoping" (as I was sometimes obliged to say to the public on "influenza" nights) "the kind indulgence," &c. &c.

I hear already the thanks of every artist and sculptor for having at all events *endeavoured* to do something for their noble and elevating art, by letting their works be *thoroughly seen*, and consequently appreciated. Now, Sir, in this I fancy I have fully succeeded, when I tell you by my plan (which, by the bye, can be qualified or modified to any extent) that, were there sixteen hundred pictures, *each* painting is within the range of, and the larger ones at a proper distance only from, the eye of the spectator; also several persons can, in some parts of the hall, see the same picture at the same moment, though "on the line:" and the sculptor will be pleased to hear that by my contrivance, that is, in MY "Temple of the Fine Arts," each piece will be individualised, and all its merits shown, by the kind of light best suited to his subject. I have made my building also a silent public monitor, by its form *exteriorly*, and its purely and essentially devotedness to its object, the Fine Arts. I do not call mine a "Palace" (we are rather tired of the name); I do not call it "*National Gallery*," for fear of being thought presumptive just at the present moment, but it is, or rather would be, a national instructor interiorly and exteriorly. It would cost some money to carry my ideas out, but *that* money would be bestowed, not on unnecessary mouldings, &c. &c., but upon mechanical contrivances and *effects* to benefit the artist and sculptor in every sense of the word. You see I don't tell you *how* I would do all this, but it would give me the greatest possible pleasure to explain myself more fully, and to lay my views (or my "idea") before the public, should you approve; remembering I have no other object in view than a love, a *very* great love, of Art (I believe many thousand persons can attest the truth of this statement), and also thinking that if one is vain enough to suppose he has hit upon *something*, he ought not to keep it all to himself. I want nothing beyond the kind word of the artistic profession when they shall see "*the idea*;" and they may say if they like, with my friend Charles Mathews (in "Used Up") "*There's nothing in it*," if they will only add, "But he *meant well*."

JOHN PARRY.

P.S.—I send this to your excellent Journal, as I am sure of a "just and impartial hearing:" in fact, I look upon your volumes with a reverential and *referential* eye, having gained nearly all my artistical knowledge from its pages, it being in my library from its birth, February 15, 1839. I shall not fill up this long postscript with a long commentary on "the service this Journal has," &c.; "the great and unknown good;" "the poor artist;" "fostering care," &c. &c.; the world and public at large acknowledge these things by the extensive sale of your admirable and instructive work.

St. Andrews, Southsea.

THE HUNTER.

FROM THE GROUP BY T. CRAWFORD.

THE sculptors of America are beginning to occupy an honourable place among the distinguished artists of our time: at the head of them are Hiram Powers and Thomas Crawford. Ives is another who is rapidly winning a name for himself; and Bartholomew, whose "Hagar and Ishmael" we engraved in our last year's volume, bids fair to run a good race for priority with the best of his contemporaries: we have lately seen some photographs of his works that evidence genius of no ordinary character. These sculptors either have studied, or are now studying, their art in the best school, that of Rome. "The American school of Art, as developed at Rome,"—we quote from an article published in the *Art-Journal* two years since, from the pen of a resident in the city,—"evinces excellence, earnestness, and true feeling for Art; it is a school of promise, bidding fair to take its place, and hold its head aloft, in the great artistic republic. . . . . Untrammelled by the dogmatism of any particular school, ranging at pleasure through the accumulated treasures of bygone centuries, spread before them in the woudrous galleries of Italy, they faithfully and earnestly propose to imitate all that is beautiful, without considering whence it comes or whither it may lead them. They surrender up their souls to the guidance of their artistic conscience, and like true republicans, refuse to bow down before any graven images of conventional tyranny." The writer does not refer to sculptors only: the remarks are intended to include painters also.

Crawford is a native of New York: he was born in 1814, and having at an early age a strong predilection for the art he has subsequently practised with so great success, he placed himself, as a preliminary step, and almost the only one then within his reach, under a wood-carver. In 1834 he went to Italy, and entered the studio of Thorwaldsen. His first work which attracted general notice was a statue of "Orpheus;" but a beautiful group, "The Babes in the Wood," executed some time afterwards, gained universal admiration: "Words," says the writer already referred to, "cannot describe the touching pathos of those sleeping children. I was glad to turn away: the life-like expression was too painful." Casts from two of Crawford's productions, "Flora" and the "Dancers," are among the sculptures in the Crystal Palace. His great work, however,—great in character as well as in size,—is the monument to Washington, to be erected at Richmond, the capital of Virginia. Another fine work, on which he has been occupied for the last two or three years, and which, we believe, is incomplete, is a pediment for one of the new wings of the Capitol at Washington: of this pediment a detailed description appeared in the *Art-Journal* of February, 1855.

"The Hunter," which we have engraved, certainly verifies the truth of the observations quoted in our first paragraph: it is a group of sculpture "untrammeled by the dogmatism of any particular school:" it is bold and unconventional, deficient in the graces of Greek Art, and in the refinement of the productions of all those who regard as heterodox whatever is not based on the principles of the old Greek sculptors. But as a "set-off" to what is lacking in grace and refinement, we have originality in conception, and vigorous, *manly* modelling: the hunter is one who evidently has followed the chase from his boyhood; his limbs are well set and firmly knitted together, and there is a strength and a compactness throughout the whole figure which are demonstrative of fleetness of foot and endurance of toil.

We regret to add that Crawford has been compelled to rest awhile from his labours through impaired eyesight, induced by incessant devotion to his work: his residence is in Rome, but we heard he was in London during the past summer, whither he had come for a little relaxation, and for surgical advice. Let us add our hope that he will soon be restored to his work; for all lovers of Art, and those among his own countrymen especially, can ill afford to lose the services of this gifted sculptor, who is yet in the very prime of life.



THE HUNTER

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE STATUE BY J. CRAWTON

ON CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BY DR. FRANZ KUGLER,

PROFESSOR IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS IN BERLIN.

The subject of Church Architecture has of late years excited great attention, and given rise to much discussion. It has been a matter of reproach that, in the present age, our ecclesiastical edifices are deficient in that correct and consistent style, which, corresponding to the popular feeling and spirit of the age, should constitute a lasting monument of its existence. All the sacred edifices of the early periods of history survive, in this manner, as speaking witnesses of the spirit and temper of the people who erected them, which readily and invariably found a *form* to give it expression: in modern times, on the contrary, this form is wanting. History directs our attention to the tendencies and the ultimate object of this mental energy, regardless of the form which it may unconsciously and naturally assume. Art, however, cannot entirely acquiesce in these views; it is her province to co-operate in the mental development of age, to the elicit the spirit, to call it into life, and to assist in clothing it with a form. Art has for some time laboured with creditable zeal to introduce into church-building a reform corresponding to the spiritual requirements of our times; the subject is of sufficient importance to merit close attention.

Architecture, in its elements of design, takes two opposite directions: in one view, the creations of former ages appear wholly foreign and remote; this school limits itself to its own individual productions,—at the same time adopting as its standard, on the one hand, the simple subjective or individual feeling, and, on the other, the outward conditions—as of space, composition, and connection in the building materials. This school lays down its own laws, and adheres exclusively to their guidance; its principles profess to give perfect expression to, and to satisfy fully, the necessities of our age; while, nevertheless, if followed in this one-sided direction, they suggest points of grave doubt and question. The monuments of architecture which were erected hundreds, and even thousands of years ago, bear the distinctive impress of the respective ages and peoples to which they belong; in this light they have, to us, an appearance perfectly strange and foreign, and yet it must be remembered that they embody and represent the universal principles of form, while the progressive development and operation of these general principles and laws are exhibited and illustrated in historical succession. Architects who give themselves up entirely to the guidance of their own fancy, only manifest the weak presumption of pretending to accomplish by hasty individual caprice those vast results in Art which have engaged the study and labour of the first minds for centuries.

The second principal tendency or school in architecture takes an opposite direction: instead of aiming to create any new system, it follows exclusively laws and systems already in existence, after having satisfied itself that these laws have developed what appears to be the most perfect form attainable by man. According to this view, it is conceived that there is ample room for the application of such a pre-existing system to the conditions and requirements of the present state of Art. One particular system is selected,—for instance, the Greek,—which is exclusively followed; or a transition is made from one school to another, according to the character and object of the structure: for example, whilst the Greek style is adopted for a theatrical edifice, the Gothic may be preferred in the erection of a church. These views, however, are opposed by the consideration, which has been mentioned above, that all the various architectonic systems and schools, whilst adhering to their general principles, have been in all ages and countries, subject to the conditions of time and place, and that their style has consequently been dependent on influences which are now obsolete or invalid. It is obvious that we are not at the present day surrounded by many of these external elements or conditions of style; and as our own individual mode of conception must exert a natural influence, the imitation introduced into our present architecture can seldom claim the merit of entire purity.

Between these extreme tendencies in architecture there is likewise an intermediate one, which aims at seizing all that is correct and true in the two others, and avoiding all that is incorrect. This school recognises the general principles, that form and structure must be determined by the laws of space, and that these are variously exhibited in the series of architectural systems; it recognises, moreover, the existence of a standard in nature, an intrinsic law involving certain conditions of necessity, and this law it seeks to follow and appropriate, in opposition to local and historical peculiarities and accidents. It maintains that from every architectural system—even the rock-tombs of ancient India, and the grotesque monuments of the Chinese—some things may be acquired capable of improving our own scientific labours. But the most important part of these eclectic views is, that instead of any servile imitation of particular models, they advocate the adoption and the adaptation of all these fundamental elements to our own modes of feeling. A firm historical basis is thus laid, without any danger of our becoming mere copyists of a past age; and the architect retains the independent freedom of his own scientific views, and modes of conception, without abandoning internal consistency, or becoming the sport of the capricious play of fancy.

Admitting the general correctness of this eclectic direction in architectural science, we obtain just views of the attempts at the restoration of church edifices, corresponding to the spirit of our times—indeed, the only correct point of view for that which must always constitute the basis of these attempts. Much is indeed gained by the determination of this groundwork, which gives a standard and measure to the labours of artistic expression. Through successive centuries the European nations have devoted an earnest attention to the erection of their ecclesiastical edifices, in a manner commensurate with their purpose of receiving the assemblies of worshippers, and of awakening in them an elevated spirit of devotion consonant with the objects of their cult. In this endeavour they have laboured to impart to these structures the character of their age and nationality, and at the same time to carry out those laws of Art which are intimately blended with the internal spirit of the building, in as varied and developed a manner as possible.

Varied and multifarious as are the systems and styles in architecture transmitted to us in the history of Art, they may all be ranged under two principal classes, designated by the most characteristic architectural features,—the Columnar style, and the Arched style. The column presents the first contrast and break to the stiff and heavy mass of material: it rises from the ground freely and independently, singly or in rows, regulated by its own artistic conditions, and at the same time subservient to general purposes of utility or effect pervading the entire building: it rises to meet, and to support, the superincumbent rafters or entablature. But here again, the entablature, however ornamented, presents necessarily a stiff and heavy mass, which terminates the idea of rising, of aspiring, inherent in the column. When, however, the arch takes the place of the entablature, this abrupt termination ceases; the continued line of the column is unbroken, but divided, and springs on either side with mathematical precision and artistic beauty, to meet and unite with the corresponding arch springing similarly from the nearest point or column. The arch is the principle of completion and combination in architecture; and is further carried out in the vaulted roof, which imparts coherence, regularity, and freedom of elevation to the whole building. The simple columnar structure is found in all the architectonic systems of the ancient world; but, noble as it appears singly, and however beautiful in its use by the Greeks, it yet exhibits the limited elevation of spirit found among the nations of the ancient world. It is true that instances of the introduction of the arched and vaulted forms are occasionally met with, as in the grotto temples of ancient India, dedicated to the Buddhist worship, as well as among the Etruscans, and especially the Romans. But in these instances, this form is not independently adopted or carried out, while, on the contrary, the strict columnar style appears predominant, to which the arch is subordinate. The appearance of the latter, indeed, can at most be regarded as early indications of the development of a later age. The true cultivation of the arch belongs to the times of Christianity, and is one indication of that higher spiritual elevation by which that age is distinguished from antiquity.

We shall now consider the principal features of Christian church architecture, as they have successively arisen. The subject is a very extensive one, and I shall restrict my remarks to the most important and distinctive forms. It may suffice here, to enter only upon the artistic arrangement of the *interior* of the edifice. As the erection of churches is calculated with reference to the multitudes which assemble in them, the interior must naturally be the most important subject for consideration, and must, to a certain extent, regulate the forms of the exterior.

The general introduction of the Christian religion, and the consequent requirement of churches for the celebration of the new worship, were coeval with the decline of civilization in the ancient world. The invention of an entirely new style of building, corresponding to the purposes of the new religion, was not to be expected in such an age, which was content with imitating the styles of architecture already existing, especially as they appeared to satisfy one chief requirement—their adaptability to accommodate large assemblages of people. The *temples* of the ancients were not suited for this purpose, as in general they did not contain any extensive inner space: the people used to remain in the court of the temple at their religious festivals, and the attention of the architect was consequently directed more to the external decoration than to the interior of the edifice. The space, however, which was wanting in the temples, was found in another description of building—the basilicas. These edifices were intended for the reception of a large concourse of people; they served as the *exchange*, for mercantile transactions, and at the same time as courts for the administration of civil justice: in every part of the Roman dominions they were met with, and Rome itself boasted many, ornamented with the utmost splendour. It is much to be lamented that so few remains of these buildings have survived to our times; we learn from the descriptions of ancient writers, that they formed one long hall, with colonnades on either side, supporting galleries, and that at the end of this hall, opposite to the principal entrance, was a large semi-circular niche, or recess, the tribunal, in which was a semicircular seat for the judges. It appears that in the chief basilicas, the large open space was generally uncovered; and we must conclude that the internal plan was in strict accordance with the laws of ancient columnar architecture.

The churches which the Christians erected after the model of the basilicas were designated by the same name; and the colonnades, as well as the recess of the tribunal, were retained. In the latter the priests took their seat, and in front of it was erected the altar. Unquestionably here also the laws of the ancient columnar architecture were at first retained, although important changes were soon introduced. All the basilicas belonging to the early Christian times, still existing in Italy, especially those in Rome and Ravenna, exhibit peculiarities in plan, quite at variance with the ancient columnar structure, and consequently decided innovations. The galleries over the colonnades disappeared almost entirely; and in place of the upper row of columns which formed these galleries, walls were built up, enclosing the upper portion of the central nave, which was lighted from the windows in this wall, the building being always roofed. This is an undoubted deviation from the antique arrangement, and this upper wall forms a weight out of all proportion to the columns which support it, and this pressure is the greatest on the straight entablature, which runs along the columns in the antique manner. Some of the early basilicas in Rome illustrate this remark. The majority, however, have, in place of this entablature, arches spanning from column to column, which more effectually support the superincumbent weight. One of the most beautiful specimens of this early Christian basilica is the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, outside the walls at Rome. This church was erected about the year 400 B.C.; it was burnt down in 1823, but has been rebuilt entirely in its ancient form: the walls of the central nave, over the colonnades and under the windows, were ornamented with paintings.

The early Christian basilica thus exhibits ancient and modern elements in combination; but the recent innovations mar the ancient portion, and in any

attempt to erect basilicas expressly for Christian churches, at the same time adhering to the pure style of the antique, these innovations, however conceived, must be abandoned. Nevertheless, these comparatively modern changes have important advantages to recommend them; by the removal of the galleries, the entire space acquires a more imposing effect, the nave appears more lofty, connected with the side aisles. The arches surmounting the columns give the effect of increased lightness, combined with strength, and harmonise with the grand form of the arched recess of the altar. Nevertheless, the pressure of the upper wall upon this arcade remains, and the flat roof of the nave and aisles has a cold and stiff appearance, contrasted with the elegance and lightness of the arcades. The roof of the early Christian basilicas was undoubtedly flat; and in many of the Italian basilicas (as the Church of S. Paolo, at Rome) are still seen the open rafters, which, without doubt, belong to the latter part of the middle ages. This flat roof is often artistically ornamented in an interesting manner, but the effect is only of a decorative character, and deficient in architectural repose. An examination of the new features introduced into the early Christian basilicas shows clearly that they form the basis of a new architectural development.

The basilica was the predominant style of church building for many centuries in all countries of the Christian world; in Germany it was very general, and studiously cultivated. Basilicas were erected in great numbers as late as the thirteenth century, and numerous examples remain to the present time, although these remains seldom exhibit the original plan in its entire purity. Saxony, and especially the northern frontier of the Hartz, are rich in such architectural remains. Many of them have modifications in their details, derived from the peculiar feeling for form of the people or race by whom the edifices were erected, and the peculiar spiritual tendencies of the age to which they respectively belonged,—one while the style being rude and confused, at another fantastic and irregular, or again rich in a luxuriant play of form. One of the most important modifications of the original design, occurring frequently in Germany, is the substitution of square pillars for the columns. These pillars form a firmer support for the walls above the central nave. At the same time the lightness and elegance which impart to the column its peculiar effect is entirely wanting in the pillar; the pillars produce only a heavy and rude impression, which is imparted to the basilicas where they are found: a considerable number of these edifices still exist in the Rhenish provinces and elsewhere. It is, however, more frequently the case, that the advantages of both plans are combined by an alternation of pillars and columns, one or two columns being placed between the pillars, and imparting accordingly a more or less open effect. In some rare instances, where the pillars alternate with a single column, the former are connected by large arches, spanning over the smaller ones which spring from the capital of the column. This disposition exhibits, perhaps, the most perfect and characteristic development of the style of the basilica,—the two arches, large and small, presenting together a much stronger support to the superincumbent weight of the wall, and equalising in the most beautiful and effectual manner the proportion between the weight and its supporters. It is strange that such an admirable plan has been so little adopted; I have seen it scarcely anywhere but in a few basilicas on the northern limits of the Hartz, of the date of the end of the eleventh century: the best example is the church of the former Convent of Huysburg, at Halberstadt, one of the best-preserved basilicas in Germany.

We must pass over some other not unimportant modifications in the structure of the basilica, as the introduction of the transepts, which give to the whole building the cruciform ground-plan, the arrangement of the choir, and its elevation above the floor of the church, the plan and structure of the crypt, &c. All these features, however important and interesting in other points of view, do not essentially affect the fundamental law of architecture.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries another change was introduced in the structure of the basilica, so rich in its results as to form the basis of a new architectonic system; this was the employment of the vaulted roof. At certain equal distances large transverse arches (similar to those which had already appeared in the flat-roofed basilicas at the intersection of the nave and transepts) stretched from one wall of the nave to the other, filling the intermediate space with transverse vaulted roofing, resting upon the cross arches. This perpetual variation, and at the same time connection in the architectural forms, led the eye upwards and onwards at the same time; the roof was divested of its rude stiffness, the sides of the building were brought into immediate connection, and the upper end of the area was raised, and thus acquired a solemn and significant meaning. The application, however, of this change in the plan of the interior was not limited to the roof; the change involved others, and the rest of the building had necessarily to be made to harmonise with it. The increased weight of the vaulted roof required the support of pillars, almost exclusively, for the wall above the central nave. The heavy massiveness of the pillar, however, soon yielded to the introduction of articulations, fluted pillars, and half-columns, which were carried upwards and along the pillar and upper wall; and from these sprung the origin of the arches of the roof, imparting to the solid and heavy masonry of the pillars and walls a character of elegance combined with grandeur, which well harmonised with the rounded and majestic forms in the arched roof. This conception of the vaulted basilica was carried out in the most varied manner; an infinite number of secondary changes were introduced, according to the articulation of the columns, their fulness and ornaments, their connection with the arches and the roof, and the plan of the upper wall and the galleries surmounting the columns. I will mention only one example, in which the treatment of the forms appears, it is true, heavy, severe, and dry, and yet in which the fundamental principle of the structure exhibits a clearness, proportion, and dignity scarcely seen in any other edifice of the period: I refer to the interior of the Cathedral of Speyer.

The introduction of the vaulted basilica appears, as we have observed, in the eleventh and especially the twelfth centuries. The architectural style which characterises this period is usually, but inappropriately, termed the Byzantine; recently, however, the more correct name of the Romanesque style has been substituted. To this succeeded, in the thirteenth century, the so-called Gothic style, the external groundwork of which appears to be of an Oriental cast, characterised by those intersecting arches usually designated as the pointed arch, and which, as far as we can judge, were extensively used in Arabian architecture. In Sicily, which was for centuries under Arabian dominion, the pointed arch was first combined with the forms of the simple basilica, being introduced over the columns of the nave. In Western Europe the artistic spirit of the age was marked by this combination of the pointed arch with the vaulted basilica, which gradually acquired a harmony of structure, and led imperceptibly to an essentially new class of forms. The characteristics, however, of the pointed arch, as at first introduced, exhibit only one side of those features which distinguish the Gothic style—a character of historical transition; but there is another point of view from which it may be considered separately, although at the same time intimately connected with the general features of this style, and in this light it presents the highest perfection which architecture has ever exhibited. I have adverted above to the vaulted basilicas, upon which were grafted the more perfect development of the Gothic style: in these the heavy mass of the pillar and wall still remained, but in combination with the lighter forms which were subsequently added, the pillars acquired again a more columnar form, and small half-columns and fasciated shafts were introduced, while every trace of heaviness disappeared from the upper walls of the nave. The whole architecture of the interior acquired an expression of strength combined with lightness, which led the thoughts of the beholder involuntarily upwards, whilst a perfect symmetry combined an effect of motion with the most elevated repose, and a sentiment of strength with the noblest majesty. The edifice in which the multitude were assembled, became the direct outward expression of the spiritual worship which they met to celebrate,—one universal hymn of prayer.

The beauty and rich development of the Gothic style appear, in the most finished church edifices, carried out in a great variety of ways, aided by the national and local influences of different periods. The noblest specimens of this style are found in Germany, and among these the Cathedral of Cologne undoubtedly stands preeminent.

The Gothic style lasted only for two centuries. The period of the revival of learning witnessed its decline, not only in those features which may be said to characterise the individual mediæval spirit, but the entire law which regulated a higher development of architectural life. The predilection for those fantastic elements which had been intimately blended with the Gothic style, yielded to a taste for the simplicity and clearness found in the classical works of antiquity, which harmonised with the learned tendencies of the age. These classical forms, however, seldom corresponded with the requirements of church-building. In occasional instances, simple basilicas were erected with columns, as far as possible, in accordance with the laws of the antique: pilasters, half-columns, and single columns, with friezes, &c., were introduced, similar to those in ancient architecture,—perfection in the art was sought in mere decoration. The interior of St. Peter's, at Rome, offers one of the principal examples of this modern style of church architecture, which is certainly imposing, but almost exclusively so from its vast and grand dimensions. This modern style of building has existed for several centuries, with many variations.

I have already mentioned the Byzantine Cupola style. In connection with this, I may remark the introduction, in early Christian times, of the *baptistry*, which was exclusively intended for the baptismal service. The baptistry, after the model of the antique, had a circular or polygonal ground-plan, usually octagonal; it was partly flat-roofed, and partly vaulted with a cupola. One important peculiarity distinguished the baptistry; a passage running round the central space, standing in the same relation as the side aisle of the basilica to the nave. This structure was grandly conceived in the Byzantine style, particularly that of the time of Justinian, and was introduced in large churches, sometimes retaining the polygonal ground-plan, and sometimes lengthening this in the style of the basilicas.

A new problem in architecture had now to be solved,—the construction of a cupola to roof over the pillars and arches. This the Byzantine accomplished in the grandest manner, and the noblest example of such an edifice is the cupola of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. To this principal cupola, however, were soon after added others in various ways—semi-cupolas, cylindrical vaulted ceilings, and so forth, giving a peculiar and complex aspect to the entire roof; whilst the space beneath was occupied with columnar arcades. One of the most remarkable buildings of this description is the Byzantine Church of S. Vitale, at Ravenna, of the age of the Emperor Justinian.

The Byzantine vaulted style of architecture was at a subsequent period combined with the basilica style of Western Europe, and a cupola surmounted the large arches at the intersection of the nave and transept, giving an increased grandeur to the choir. With the Gothic style the cupola almost entirely disappeared, but was again introduced in modern architecture, and is seen with a peculiarly grand effect in St. Peter's, at Rome; rows of cupolas were also supported on arches. Some of the most beautiful ecclesiastical designs of the greatest architect of modern times, Schinkel, are based on the combination of the principles of the baptistry and the cupola.

In the above remarks I have been able only to survey generally the leading features in the various styles of church architecture, without entering upon their manifold modifications; it would lead us too far to examine these details; but a subject for serious and interesting reflection is, the rich inheritance we possess, from the fifteenth century, in the long series of ecclesiastical monuments, which it is our duty, as well as privilege, to study and profit by. The great secret of accomplishing this, is simply to discriminate between the general æsthetical principles of the art, the local and historical accidents of its treatment, and the impress of style and spirit marked by successive ages; this constitutes the great historical interest of the art. In aiming therefore to attain a fixed basis and a correct judg-

ment, and to apply these to the erection of our churches at the present day, it appears to be necessary, not to adhere to the imitation of any one of the existing styles, even with modifications, but rather to collect from the sum of all past experience those general laws of form and design, which impart to such edifices dignity and elegance, with rythmical solemnity and elevation; the development of these elements of style in the noblest manner, will most worthily create, and transmit to posterity, the impress of our age, its feeling and its spirit.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Edinburgh.—The annual meeting of the "Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland," took place on July 18th, in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh. The Report—drawn up and read by the secretary, Mr. J. A. Bell—stated that the subscriptions of the past financial year had reached £5400, showing an excess of income over the preceding year of £426, and of £1133 over the subscriptions of 1855. The committee, out of this sum of £5100, have purchased seventy-eight works of Art, of the estimated value of £2409: these works were all selected out of the recent exhibition of the Scottish Academy, and were sent to London for exhibition: a notice of them appeared in the *Art-Journal* for July. Each member of the association for the past year receives an illustrated edition of Burns' "Soldier's Return," containing six line engravings from drawings made expressly for the society by J. Faed; while every subscriber who, between the years 1854 and 1858 inclusive, shall have paid the amount of five shares in one or more payments, will receive an additional engraving of "Christ teaching Humility," from the picture by Scott Lauder. Macculloch's painting of "Inverlochy Castle" has been purchased by the association for £200, with the view of placing it in the Scottish national collection, in accordance with the regulations of the Board of Trade, under the charter of incorporation. With respect to the future operations of the society, we learn that Burr's picture of the "Politicians" is to be engraved for the subscribers of 1858; and arrangements have been entered into with G. Harvey, R.S.A., for the execution of a series of illustrations of Burns' song, "Auld lang syne," for the subscribers of 1859. The Scottish Association seems now to have a fair "headway;" we wish it a prosperous voyage, and —a long one.

Cork.—We regret to hear that Mr. Raimbach, the head master of the Cork School of Design, has resigned his appointment. To judge from the Report of the past year, recently issued by the committee of management, Mr. Raimbach was a most zealous and efficient officer, and we trust his secession may in no way militate against the continued success of the institution.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—At the recent annual meeting held, on the 24th of August, for the purpose of awarding prizes to the students of the School of Art in this town, it was stated that, out of the six Schools of Design comprehended within the northern district of England, the number of prizes gained by the pupils of the Newcastle school was larger than the whole number awarded to the pupils of the other five.

Birmingham.—We understand that Mr. Thomas, of London, and Mr. P. Hollins, of Birmingham, have sent in models of a statue to be erected in the latter place to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas Attwood, M.P. The committee had not made their decision when we went to press.

Brighton.—The town-council of Brighton have received plans, offered in competition, for converting certain portions of the pavilion into apartments suited respectively to the purposes of a music-hall, a winter-garden, public library and reading-room, picture-gallery, and museum.

Ipswich.—A School of Art will, we expect, be opened, ere very long, in this town, and with good prospects of success.

Doncaster.—Before this number of our Journal is published, an important archæological meeting will have been held at Doncaster, of which we purpose hereafter to give a detailed notice. The noble church which has arisen so auspiciously, under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, from the ashes of its predecessor will, on this occasion, be thoroughly examined and carefully described. The high character of this edifice, and the various difficulties which have been overcome by the architect, will thus be generally understood, and the success of the work will accordingly be more fully appreciated.

LECTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At length the authorities of the Crystal Palace have determined on an experimental course of popular lectures upon the Fine Art department of their wonderful edifice. These lectures are to be delivered in the palace itself on alternate days, commencing early in the present month of October. It has been a subject for much regret to ourselves, in common with almost every friend of the Crystal Palace, that lectures have not long formed a regular component of the arrangements in that remarkable establishment. They have long been greatly needed there: they are greatly needed, indeed, wherever Art or Science address themselves to the public at large. The experiment has but to be tried in a fitting manner at the Crystal Palace, and its inevitable success will demonstrate, not only the value of regular lectures there, but also the necessity that similar lectures should be associated with all our more important exhibitions. We are all well aware of the many difficulties which have to be overcome before such a system could be introduced; at the Crystal Palace it has been the difficulties that surrounded the execution of a project for lectures, and not indifference to the lectures themselves, which have hitherto been the real cause for their not having been adopted. But these difficulties are greater in appearance than in reality, and they will be found to yield before a resolution to surmount them. On the other hand, the results of such lectures will prove to be more satisfactory than might have been expected; provided, that is, the exhibition or institution with which they are connected, be really of an intellectual character. And in such exhibitions or institutions, popular lectures of the kind of which we are now speaking, are liked, not merely because they are both didactic and suggestive, but also because they concentrate and give a definite form to the sentiments of visitors. A short time ago, one of the merchant princes of Manchester, sent all the people connected with his establishment to inspect the Art-Treasures Exhibition, of course paying all expenses, and, indeed, doing all that might conduce to render the day a holiday in the best and happiest sense—a day of cheerful relaxation, combined with intellectual cultivation. If the preparations were great, still greater were the anticipations. The visit in due time was made; but what were the results? For a couple of hours the visitors wandered about those wonderful saloons, gazing with puzzled anxiety; and then, eagerly and with a mixture of apprehension and weariness, they inquired "when the exhibition would begin?" Obtaining no such answer as they desired, they gradually dispersed, to seek consolation for themselves in the neighbouring places of "good entertainment." Now had these people been told, that if they assembled at such a part of the building at 11 o'clock, they would be spoken to on the subject of the exhibition, such an address—if one of the right kind—would to them have been the "beginning of the exhibition;" and from that beginning they would, without doubt, have gone on, so long as the day would admit, towards its completion. An incident, bearing on the same point, occurred to ourselves during one of our own visits to the Art-Treasures Exhibition. While resting for a brief space, a party of intelligent-looking, but evidently disappointed artizans, took their seats beside us, and presently one of them asked of us whether there was *any machinery* to be seen there? We replied, that though there certainly were no steam-engines in the exhibition, there was much which would show how skilfully iron and steel and brass had been worked by the smiths and artizans of this country in times long past away; having then briefly described to our new friends some of the armour and other works in metal, we had the satisfaction to see them examine many objects which before had failed to attract their notice, and on leaving the building we received their thanks for having taught them that, all they wanted to make them interested in the exhibition, was just a few plain words which would lead them to understand something about it. We do not pretend to suggest that in *all* exhibitions—particularly in all Art-exhibitions—the case of the visitors is directly illustrated by these incidents; but we are prepared to maintain that visitors to the Art-Treasures Exhibition, and the Crystal Palace, and to other Art-Exhibitions also, would be glad to have provided for them such lectures as would suit their various conditions and their varied requirements. Popular lectures would have (as we believe) secured the pecuniary success of the Art-Treasures Exhibition; they will accomplish much (as we both believe and hope) for the prosperity of the Crystal Palace. In the Crystal Palace we trust that for the future, at least one good, simple, effective, popular lecture will be to be heard daily; might they not even yet be introduced, with beneficial results, into the Art-Treasures Exhibition while it continues to exist?

We are glad to observe that, besides the regular series of more formal lectures, there will be courses of popular lectures in the Architectural Museum at South Kensington. Free admission to these lectures (which will be given on the evenings of alternate Wednesdays) may be obtained by applying to any subscriber, or to the honourable secretaries, and we strongly recommend all students of Art not to neglect such opportunities for gaining valuable information. The ensuing lecture-season will also produce various other lectures on Art, and we anticipate an important step in advance in this direction. The London Institution has set a good example in having chosen the Art-Treasures Exhibition as the subject for one of its courses of Lectures. In our next journal we hope to be able to notice many similar announcements.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The twenty-seventh meeting of this association for the Advancement of Science has recently been held at Dublin. It has hitherto been our custom to notice these re-unions of the scientific minds of our country, and to extract from their proceedings such matters as bear, even remotely, upon Art or on Art-manufacture. The meeting in Dublin has been an eminently successful one, yet we mark in it a very distinguishing feature—the entire absence, with one solitary exception, of any communication having a relation to those subjects which are the province of the *Art-Journal*.

Many valuable communications were made in all the sections, and there were some which possessed high interest as bearing directly upon the improvement of Ireland. Many of the papers read in the section for *Economic Science and Statistics* were striking examples of this. Among others we might especially refer to Mr. James Kavanagh's "Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and present prospects of Popular Education in Ireland;" Mr. Bianconi's paper "On his Car Establishment," illustrating, in a remarkable manner, the power of an earnest will in overcoming obstacles, and to achieve a great success; and Dr. John Strang's communication "On the advantages arising from the Improvement of Tidal Rivers, as exemplified in the present state of the Clyde." It is to be hoped, that the observations made in the section, upon the reading of this paper will not be lost, but that the result may be apparent in the improvement of the navigation of the Liffey. The geology of Ireland,—the economic products obtainable from her peat bogs,—and many other matters of interest, formed subjects of discussion. An evening was devoted to a lecture by Professor Thomson, on the Atlantic Telegraph. This has failed, but no doubt the difficulties, purely mechanical ones, will be overcome, and eventually the Old and the New World will be united by this wonderful electric nerve. A copper wire, coated with gutta percha, or some other insulating substance, will no doubt be eventually laid from shore to shore, and America will respond to the pulse-beat of Europe — while Europe again will send back to America the echo of her young thoughts. "I do not know," says Professor Thomson, "the name of the man who first used gutta percha to insulate under the sea; but he will have a monument more lasting than bronze, when the Atlantic cable lies along the Atlantic in its quiet ocean depths." Beautiful were the concluding remarks of Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, in returning thanks to the lecturer,—"Let them return him their thanks for what he had done, and join with him in the heartfelt prayer, that the expectations with which he concluded would be realised; which

was, that when they next met again in that parliament of science, the glorious result would be achieved, and that the great link would be completed of that golden chain, which would one day join the whole of mankind in the brotherhood of Christian love."

The solitary exception to which we have alluded, is the communication of the Abbé Moigno, of some improvements in the electrotype processes: one was the employment of platina instead of copper in the battery, and, a somewhat imperfect description of a mode by which busts, statues, and groups, in full relief, could be obtained by one operation. The second was for galvanising or coppering iron, and cast iron, to any thickness required without the cyanide bath, and its employment in commerce and in the navy. We have already described some of these processes in a former number of the *Art-Journal*. The last branch of the paper treated of Messrs. Christofi and Ronillet's process for strengthening electrotypes. The process consisted in fusing brass by means of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe over the back of the thin electrotype, which could be done, the abbé stated, without injuring it in any way.

The Abbé exhibited some microscopic photographs by M. Bertsch:—a method of exhibiting by photography the phosphorescence and fluorescence of bodies by Niepce de St. Victor; and he showed some improved photographic copies of oil-paintings by Mr. Bingham.

Dr. Daubeny, it is true, in addition, explained the process by which parchment paper is made, and exhibited some of it to the section.

We have said the meeting was eminently successful, and it was so in every sense but one. The attendance was large, the attention of the authorities in Dublin was worthy of all commendation; the excursions were well planned and well carried out, and everything went "smiling as a summer day." But there was sad evidence of the absence of that spirit of deep inquiry which has distinguished some of these gatherings. The time of many of the sections was taken up by communications which have been published to the world long ago; and some things were brought forward as novelties which have been patented, tried, and proved worthless. In the Physical and in the Chemical Sections there were several communications of this class; surely the sectional committees should avoid things of this kind. We hope when, next year the British Association meets in the centre of our manufacturing districts, Leeds, that we shall have to record many communications which will have a direct bearing on the special industries by which they will be surrounded.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Professors of the Royal Academy.—Our readers will remember that, more than a year ago, we called their attention at some considerable length to the defective scheme of this association as an institution affecting to represent the embodied arts of the nation; and such instances of its action and inaction, alike injurious, continue to be brought constantly before us, as make it imperative that ere long we should return to the argument. We believe, that the time is not far distant when the relations which the Academy has with the country will have to be discussed; and it is important, therefore, to keep the public alive to its rights in the matter. Nobody can assume such an attitude as that taken by the Royal Academy, without incurring obligations to the society in which it is placed, even if the nation did not make a direct and formal contribution to its housekeeping. By that contribution, however, the nation recognises the position assumed, and is bound to see that the interests and dignity of the national arts suffer no neglect, and no injury, in the hands of those whom it permits to affect the character of their keepers. As an instance of their sluggish action, their want of earnestness in the cause of which they are supposed to take charge, we need go no further back than to the fact which we reported last month—their filling up, at a period so late, of the long-vacant Professorship of Sculpture. At the death of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculpture chair—which had for some years served the late incumbent as a mere easy chair—appears to have been wheeled into a corner as a useless article of furniture, and has been standing up against the wall we scarcely know how long. Now, the Academy keeps, our readers very well know, a *certain* number of professors expressly for show:—officers, the Royal-Academical theory of whose function avowedly is, that they have nothing to do, and who properly discharge their function by doing it. But the Professorship of Sculpture is supposed to be a part of their teaching system, and to have a real action which it should be a loss of some part of their vitality to suspend. Either, the duties which this professor has to perform are of no value,—in which case he may pass at once into the rank of honorary professors,—or, they are valuable, more or less,—in which case somebody is wronged by their being kept in abeyance. The professorship is, at length, as we have said, filled up by the election of Mr. Richard Westmacott, the son of the late professor; and, as that gentleman assisted his father in the work of the office for years, and has been long considered as his designated successor, it is difficult to understand why the nomination has been withheld for such a lengthened period. It was high time, certainly, that the voice of the sculpture professor should be heard in the schools.—Then, has Mr. Cockerell resigned his post of Professor of Architecture? His name does not appear in the list of professors this year as advertised in the catalogue. If he has withdrawn, why? and have the voluntary lectures of Mr. S. Smirke and Mr. Gilbert Scott had anything to do with Mr. Cockerell's retirement?—So much for neglect of trust: but we have instances of the manner in which the trust is *exercised* to bring before our readers on a fitting occasion—instances by which the body itself is discredited in the eyes of European Art at large, and the country is made, as things now stand, to incur a share of the discredit.

Vacancies in the Royal Academy.—By the death of Mr. Uwins, another vacancy has to be filled up in the ranks of the Royal Academicians. This event, and the elevation, during the present year, of Mr. Elmore and Mr. F. R. Pickersgill to the "upper house" will impose upon the members of the Academy the duty of electing three Associates from the list of those who have entered their names on the book as candidates for honours. Who the artists may be that will have the good fortune to secure the suffrages of their seniors we cannot tell; but who they ought to be, both ourselves and every one else out of the Academy who takes an interest in Art might readily point out. One gentleman, Mr. D. Harding, has placed himself *hors de combat*, by withdrawing his name from the list of candidates, after waiting till the last spark of expectation had faded out, and the "hope deferred" made his "heart sick." Mr. Gilbert is also ineligible, as being a member of the Water-Colour Society. But there is a goodly roll of fit and able men from which to choose, and we trust such a selection will be made as will convince the public that the Academy attends more to the interests of British Art than to the whisperings of a clique, or the urgent promptings of a faction. Mr. Uwins's successor, too, ought to be one, whether painter or sculptor, who has done something to elevate the character of the arts of his country,—something which the world has seen and talked of lovingly and admiringly. The Academy just now must look to its doings, for it has no popularity to spare.

Surveyor of Royal Pictures.—This office is vacant by the death of Mr. Uwins, R.A. There are several applicants for the post, which may be regarded mainly in the light of a sinecure, and is probably considered as a boon to an artist in the decline of years, and in the decay of power. It is scarcely necessary to say that the appointment rests entirely with her Majesty, and there can be no doubt of its being worthily bestowed.

The Memorial of the Great Exhibition.—The committee have issued an announcement "to sculptors, architects, and others," inviting models or drawings to be sent to the house of the Society of Arts, on or before the 2nd of February next. "Each competitor is to state the exact sum, including all expenses, for which he would be prepared, if required, to erect the memorial. The sum at the disposal of the committee is nearly £6000, within which sum the cost of the memorial must be confined. The committee hope to obtain the sanction of the authorities to erect the memorial on the site of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. A premium of one hundred guineas will be paid to the author of the selected design, if he be not commissioned to carry it into execution; but it is the desire of the committee that he should be so employed, if found competent to carry out the work satisfactorily, and a site be obtained. A scale of two inches to the foot has been suggested, but the committee, desiring to give the greatest possible freedom to artists, do not insist on this as a condition. The designs will be exhibited to the public." We earnestly hope this invitation will be properly responded to. The amount is not large, but it is sufficient for a worthy memorial of the great year 1851, especially if fitness rather than display be studied. It is, therefore, a "thing settled," that the contributions are to be expended as the subscribers contemplated, and that there will be no attempt to direct the amount collected into a channel for which it was not designed.

Exhibition of English Art in America.—We alluded last month to the projected exhibition, in America, of the works of British artists; we have since then received a catalogue of the pictures which have been collected for the purpose: it contains a list of about 170 oil-paintings, and nearly 180 water-colour drawings; but the committee have evidently found it, as we hinted they would, no easy matter to get together any number of works of the best order, and by our best painters. Among the oil-pictures are examples of Anthony, Archer, Armitage, F. M. Brown, Burton, T. S. Cooper, Cross, F. Danby, Dillon, Gale, Gosling, F. Goodall, J. D. Harding, G. Harvey, G. E. Hering, J. C. Horsley, Hulme, Holman Hunt, Lance, Leighton, James Linnell, Lucy, Maclise, Oakes, J. N. Paton, H. W. Pickersgill, P. F. Poole, Redgrave, Sant, G. C. Stanfield, F. Stone, F. Tayler, E. M. Ward, Wingfield, &c., &c.; but with a few exceptions it seems very doubtful whether these pictures will offer to the American public an adequate idea of the powers of the respective painters. The water-colour artists are, we presume, better represented: the list includes very many of the leading men in both societies; and, inasmuch as drawings are more easily collected than large and important works in oil, the exhibition in this department bids fair to do credit to our school. The commencement of the project is thus far promising, if it is not all we desire it to be. We hope the Americans will view the exhibition, when it is open to them, only as a first and very small instalment of what they may receive hereafter, provided circumstances warrant a repetition of a scheme that deserves success.

The Exhibition of Art-Treasures is announced to be closed on the 15th of the present month: we shall thus be enabled, in our ensuing number, to give a full report of its results; and to subject to detailed criticism many matters connected with it.

The Society of Painters in Water-Colours.—The usual and justly merited success of this institution does not fail it this season; of the 317 pictures exhibited only 73 remained unsold at the close of the rooms on the 25th of July. The attendance of visitors, though somewhat below that of last year, was considerably greater than in previous seasons. Mr. Holland has succeeded to the honour of full membership.

The Society of Female Artists.—If the first season of the existence of this society may be accepted as an augury of its future, the institution may be said to be established. The committee express their gratification in announcing that the success of the first exhibition has fully equalled their expectations, and they venture to hope for yet more advantageous results from their second exhibition, when the existence and the purposes of the society shall have become more widely known, and a proper time given for the execution of works expressly for this exhibition. We earnestly hope that no "apple of discord" may impair its utility.

Lincoln's Inn Hall.—The painting of the interior of this hall was, it may be remembered, undertaken some time ago by Mr. G. F. Watts; but it was suspended in consequence of the ill health of the artist, who, for its re-establishment, visited Constantinople. He has resumed his work, the subject of which is the Lawgivers, from Moses to the time

of Charlemagne. The composition is, of course, in fresco, and the design may be said to have been suggested by the "Disputa" of Raffaelle.

Turner's "Liber Studiorum."—Mr. Love, of Bunhill Row, has favoured us with the following communication relative to the above work, in answer to a question asked some short time ago by one of our subscribers:—"A complete copy of the 'Liber Studiorum,' consists of fourteen numbers, containing seventy plates: the plates are not destroyed, but are in a bad state, in fact, no two printings are alike, all through the work. Turner made continual alterations to suit the subjects as they began to wear. The letter or letters on the top of the plates of the 'Liber Studiorum,' refer to the style of subjects thus:—E. P., Epic Pastoral; P., Pastoral; A. Architectural; M., Marine or Mountains, and so on; many of the plates are without names, but that does not denote their being proofs; to be so, they should have no letters whatever, or occasionally Turner's own scratched writing on them; but he played so many tricks with them as to render it impossible to tell what they are without seeing them. There are seven or eight different states."

Winterhalter has received a commission from the Emperor of the French, to paint a portrait of Alexander II., of Russia, to be placed in the Gallery of Versailles.

The Life School, Langham Chambers.—The weekly sketching meetings of this institution recommence on the first Friday in October. The collection of sketches in course of formation, by contribution from members and visitors; promises as it advances to be of great interest, and contains already examples of every variety of working material—as oil, water-colour, charcoal, &c., with subject-matter sufficiently excursive in poetry, facetiæ, marine, landscape, and *genre*.

Photographs from the Art-Treasures Exhibition.—To the lover and the student of Art, the very contemplation of the breaking-up of the Manchester Exhibition cannot fail to be associated with most painful ideas. When once those varied "treasures" are dispersed, that they again may resume their own old places on walls or in cabinets, situated in almost every quarter of the land, a last farewell to some, at least, of the most treasured objects of his admiration will have been paid by many an earnest student. That peculiar value, also, which the most precious works of Art derive from extended comparison will cease to exist when comparison is brought to an end, because separation will have succeeded to companionship. It is in such a case that photography steps in with the happiest effect. In photography the groups can be perpetuated as they were seen in the verities of actual association: photographs are living memories of these very important and instructive Art-alliances. We must plead for many additions to the photographs already taken, or intended to be taken, at the Art-Treasures Exhibition. More particularly we desire photographs from the mediæval works, such as the ivories; and with each photograph of a group, we would urge the necessity of having a series of representations, on a large scale, of the various individual objects of which it is composed. In the case of the ivories alone, Art-teaching of the utmost value would thus be obtained—Art-teaching not otherwise obtainable. The proprietors of these fine works, who have so generously lent them for exhibition, will not hesitate to sanction their leaving behind them their sun-drawn images; and we cannot anticipate any difficulty arising from the cost of producing the photographic negatives, since the copies of such photographs would in themselves be Art-treasures which so many persons would be anxious to possess.

Messrs. Eld and Chamberlain, of Birmingham, exhibited at the Archæological Meeting recently held in that town some new carpets, of which the patterns were reproductions of the designs of the Assyrian pavements now preserved in the British Museum. There is nothing remarkable in the fabric, except, indeed, its general excellence: but the idea of adapting these ancient designs to the richest carpets now manufactured, appears to claim from us a distinct notice, and the more so since the colours have been determined on and adjusted with the purest taste and the utmost skill, the general results being eminently satisfactory. A sketch of the border, and of one of the patterns, will be found in the *Art-Journal* for August last (p. 246). This same border is made to adapt itself to each pattern, the colours of the whole being uniform, though subjected to various modifications. We shall be glad to know that these beautiful carpets have found their way into many of the mansions in London and elsewhere, in which their Art-quality will be appreciated.

The Wellington Monument.—The work to which we referred (No. 66), is now known to be the joint production of Mr. Durham and Mr. Lawlor: it was, we understand, excluded by the adjudicators in consequence of its having exceeded by three inches the stipulated size. But for this unfortunate mistake on the part of the sculptors, there can be no doubt that to this very meritorious work would have been awarded one of the premiums—to which it was eminently entitled. It is understood that the group contributed by Mr. Gibson, R.A., was excluded for the same reason: and we believe there were other sculptors similarly circumstanced.

The French School at the Crystal Palace.—An exhibition of painting by French artists is now open at the Crystal Palace. The list of exhibitors does not contain the names of any of the leading masters of the school; but nevertheless the collection may be good and instructive. We shall endeavour to bring it under review next month.

"Improvements" in the Temple.—We may express regret that by arrangements in progress for "improving" the Inner Temple, some of the most interesting and venerable of its "memories" are about to be swept away; among others, the rooms once occupied by Samuel Johnson, and those in which Charles Lamb passed so large a portion of his simple and instructive life are about to be removed. It is rumoured also that the time-honoured fountain will cease to play after a brief while; the dulness of these courts and alleys will then be unrelieved by associations with the honoured past.

Picture-dealing.—A case of alleged fraud in picture-dealing was recently brought before the sitting magistrate at Bow Street. Mr. Henry Smart, of Tichbourne Street, and Mr. Thomas Closs, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, were summoned "for conspiring to defraud Mr. H. Fitzpatrick, of Sheffield, carver and gilder, by obtaining £120 from him under false pretences;" or, in other words, by selling the prosecutor a copy of a picture by John Linnell as an original. The matter was still *sub judice* when we went to press, and therefore it would be premature now to pronounce any opinion upon it: which, however, we shall assuredly do next month.

The Sculpture Room of the Department of Science and Art, at Brompton, has recently received two additional works, both by Mr. John Bell; his statue of the "Maid of Saragossa," which we engraved in the *Art-Journal* a few months since, and his design for the Wellington memorial to be erected in Hyde Park,

Photography has now become so far popularised that its practice may be at times considered a public nuisance. In the suburbs of London, particularly at the east end, the streets are impassable with "touters" of rival establishments, who, with showy gilt frames in hand, intercept all passengers, and almost drag them into their dens. An enormous trade is carried on upon Sunday at all hours, in defiance of public decency. It has really now become a matter for police interference, both on the grounds of propriety and public comfort.

The Architectural Museum Conversazione.—Earl de Grey, K.G., the President of this important institution, presided at the conversazione held, in accordance with annual usage, on Saturday, July 18th. The noble earl was supported by the committee and many of the other warm friends of the museum, and he received a cordial welcome from a very large general assemblage in the new galleries at the South Kensington Museum Buildings. In the course of the proceedings, the various objections which have been made in certain quarters to the removal of the Museum from Canon Row to its present location were fully considered and most conclusively answered; indeed, the spacious and commodious gallery in which the meeting was held, in itself was the best reply to every objector who could remember the crowding and the inconvenience of the conversazione when held in Canon Row. The collections of the museum can scarcely be considered to have yet illustrated the great advantages which they derive from their change of galleries, in consequence of their not being yet completely classified and arranged. We have much pleasure in being able to state, however, that a most careful classification and arrangement is in progress, and that this museum will shortly receive most important and practically valuable additions. Now that they have space in which to work, the committee will not be found wanting in energy to avail themselves of every practical means for establishing and confirming their claim upon the architectural profession, and also upon the public at large, for a far stronger and more widely extended support than has hitherto been accorded to them. It must not be forgotten that this museum depends absolutely upon its own subscribers for support, as it is entirely under the control and direction of its own committee of management. In its present position, it is capable of conferring the most valuable advantages upon all who are in any way connected with, or interested in, architecture in England: it is the first institution of its class which has been formed amongst us, and it owes its existence to the liberality and carefulness of a comparatively few individuals, who have devoted themselves to an arduous work, because they felt that such a work must be productive of great benefits, and because they relied upon such an appreciation of their labours as would ultimately render their museum a national institution. A national institution the Architectural Museum may now be justly considered; we are convinced that it will be found to be worthy of such a title in every respect. This museum will continue open throughout the autumn, and the committee will shortly announce a series of lectures to be delivered when open for study in the evening.

The Architectural Photograph Society.—We observe, with much satisfaction, that this society is making such a steady advance as gives promise of a complete, and also a permanent success. While scarcely a day passes without an accession to the number of subscribers, the committee, with their able and zealous secretary, Mr. Hesketh, are no less continually occupied with some practical measure calculated to produce beneficial results. Thus, local honorary secretaries have been appointed in several provincial cities and towns, and active steps are being taken to add considerably to their numbers. Arrangements are in progress for organising distinct yet associated committees in both Scotland and Ireland. The sanction of the Secretary of State for War has been obtained for the co-operation of the photographers of the Royal Engineers—a sanction already warmly seconded by both officers and men of that distinguished corps. Nor has the distribution of copies of photographs among the subscribers failed to receive its due share of attention. Overtures have been made to several photographers of the highest eminence both at home and abroad, and with such success that the committee have already secured several series of admirable works, of various sizes, and illustrating edifices in different styles of architecture. The formation of collections to be kept in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and of other collections which may from time to time be sent to different places for exhibition, is also in the course of progress; and it is intended that in the metropolitan cities there shall be an exhibition of these interesting works always open for inspection and study. We have reason to believe that the second issue of the Society's photographs will comprise more than one series, prepared expressly for the society upon a plan which will ensure the most effective and complete illustration of the edifices selected. General views will be accompanied by details on a large scale, the whole having been photographed from points of view chosen with the utmost care. We may add that, in the selection of subjects for distribution, the committee have wisely determined to admit many of a popular character, their object being to extend the operations of the society as widely as possible beyond the range of the architectural profession. From the intelligent interest thus excited in their Art, the architectural profession cannot fail to derive signal advantages; and, on the other hand, many and important are the reciprocal benefits which are certain to be developed by such an alliance between architects and the general public.

REVIEWS.

Noah's Sacrifice. Engraved by W. H. Simmons, from the picture by D. Maclise, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of Glasgow.

The council of the society for which this print has been executed is upholding the high character of the institution by the publication of so fine a work. We much question whether any private publisher would have ventured his capital in such a speculation; but there cannot be a doubt of the fact that the subscribers to the Art-Union of Glasgow during the current year will possess the noblest engraving of its class which has appeared in England for many years: we see such produced sometimes in France and Germany, but they are of rare occurrence indeed among ourselves. Mr. Maclise exhibited his picture, if we remember rightly, about nine or ten years ago, at the Royal Academy, and though painted in a low and flat tone of colour, very similar to fresco-painting, without glazings or varnishes of any kind, and brought into proximity with pictures brilliant and powerful in colour, and therefore damaging to it when these qualities of Art are regarded as of paramount importance—still the sublimity of the subject, the grandeur of the composition, the accuracy of the drawing, and the care bestowed upon every detail of the work, impressed the spectators with the assurance that they stood before a picture which only an artist of the highest intelligence and executive power could produce. Now, in the print we lose sight of that quality—colour, which many considered the weak point of the picture, but its other characteristics are retained: if it had been painted solely for the purpose of engraving, a more effective result could scarcely be attained than that found here. The subject is one presenting vast difficulties: whether Mr. Maclise has surmounted them all is a point determinable only by the conditions which the taste and judgment of every one attach to high Art, and according to which all estimate it more or less. The artist may not have fulfilled some of the conditions we, perhaps, should require; for example, we had rather he had omitted those angelic figures that appear amidst the rainbow; they are not necessary to the subject according to the narration which Moses left upon record, and they are not agreeable to the eye viewed artistically, nor essential to the composition: there are mysteries, especially in sacred themes, which no art can successfully deal with; and therefore it would be wise never to attempt them. The foreground of the picture is that part where the artist's triumph is complete; it is throughout solemn, grand, and impressively sacred; a beautiful, though ideal, representation of such a sacrifice as—save *one*, nearly two thousand four hundred years after—man never offered nor witnessed.

Mr. Simmons has engraved the plate admirably in mezzotinto; it comes out very brilliantly: he would have improved it, we think, by lightening the upper portion of the smoke that rises from the altar, which catches the eye intrusively, and seems to "cut up" the composition.

Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society. Part I., Vol. I. London: published for the Society by J. H. and J. Parker, 1856. Distributed gratuitously to members.

It was in December, 1855, that a meeting was held at Crosby Hall, in the City, for the purpose of forming a society, of which the operations would be specially and exclusively devoted to the archæology of the metropolis and metropolitan county. And now we have before us the first of what we well may hope will prove a prolonged series of the Society's "Transactions." That no association or institution should long ago have been formed with precisely the aim and object of this society, is at once a subject for deep regret, and a most singular omission. There is that peculiar historical interest attached to all that our own London either preserves for us, or discloses from time to time of the London of times long past away, that a metropolitan Archæological Society for the metropolis would seem to have been but the involuntary result of an universally acknowledged requirement. One by one, however, most of our counties have framed associations, which should devote themselves to antiquarian research and all kindred duties, within their respective limits, but not so Middlesex. The antiquarian institutions which have their home in London, are cosmopolitan in their range, or, at least, imperial—they deal either with universal archæology, or with the archæology of the British empire. London and Middlesex are by them regarded precisely on the same terms with Nimroud and Central South America, or with Malta and Delhi, with Glasgow, Chester and Glastonbury. That London should be their *habitat* is simply a consequence of London being the capital city of England; it does not imply that they devote any special attention to London archæology, nor have they actually done so. The necessary consequences have been precisely such as must ensue from the non-existence of an accredited and recognised Archæological Institution *in* London *for* London. Many precious relics of the past have, in one way or another, been lost altogether; many (and often such as would derive a special value from comparison) have been dispersed, and for public purposes are become almost, if not absolutely, inaccessible; and still more have been either grievously injured, or treated with neglect and indifference. At length an effort has been made to fill so palpable a void. A "London and Middlesex Archæological Society" is in existence, and at work. And it has entered upon its duties in the right spirit; it invites to its meetings all who can sympathise with what it desires to accomplish; and it puts forth, even before a single year has passed since its establishment, the commencement of its publications.

We confess to having taken up this first publication with no ordinary feelings of anxiety. The Council of the Society must themselves have felt that these sheets would determine whether their Institution should stand or fall; that to them an appeal would be made to give a reply to the questions—Is this Society equal to its work? is it strong enough for its place? It was a wise and a judicious determination to publish at an early period of the Society's career—that is, provided the publication would endure the test to which it would assuredly be subjected. We can best express our opinion of this first part of the Society's "Transactions," by declaring that now we are no longer anxious respecting the future of the Society itself. These pages are characterised by that quiet, business-like earnestness which, beyond any other quality, bespeaks the commencement of an important work. However important the work may eventually prove, here it will possess a worthy opening.

This Part I. touches upon many topics, and it shows that the Society enters upon its duties with a full consciousness of their comprehensive nature. Mr. C. Roach Smith supplies a highly interesting communication on Roman London. Mr. Sydney Smirke and Mr. G. G. Scott show that the Society has secured their valuable co-operation. The Rev. Thomas Hugo, besides several minor notices, has an excellent paper on Crosby Hall. Mr. Deputy Lott brings forward some curious and instructive records; and Mr. Crosby communicates an equally remarkable document. The Rev. C. Boutell commences a series of papers on the monumental memorials of London and Middlesex, and, with his descriptions, he associates a memoir of singular interest; and Mr. Mogford opens the way to a thorough investigation of "reminiscences of Westminster." Illustrations are introduced with liberal freedom; and they all are well selected, and executed in the most masterly style: one of them—a chromolithograph—represents a singular (and probably unique) portion of a monumental slab, of which the surface, in addition to parts of a cross and of an inscription in brass, is enriched with an incrustation of glass-mosaic, composed of small tessaræ of gold, crimson and white: the original is in Westminster Abbey, and has been preserved through being covered over by a step leading eastwards from the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. It was discovered by Mr. G. G. Scott, and is here described and figured by Mr. Boutell.

We shall rejoice to welcome a second part of these "Transactions," and we hope that at no distant period it will confirm the satisfactory anticipations produced by its predecessor.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Edited by R. A. Willmott. Illustrated by E. Corbould. Published by G. Routledge & Co., London.

This book is offered to the public as a "popular" edition, which, in the present day, means a cheap edition, therefore we have no right to examine too closely into its defects; these, however, are only apparent in what is of least comparative importance—the type and the illustrations; and of them we will only say that we wish they were better, only because we prefer our old friend Percy in the best dress that can be provided for him. The editor has cleared away much of the "lumber," as he terms it, which appeared in the original edition, because "since the time of Percy, ingenious scholars have diligently traversed the paths which he trod, lighting up many dark places in their way. But the claims of Percy deserve respectful deference: I have never talked when he might talk for me, and phrases in harmony with the old colouring of the verses are constantly preserved." Percy's "Glossaries" are considerably improved and enlarged in this edition, the more obscure words been explained in foot-notes at the bottom of each page, so as to be of easy reference: in every way the utmost care seems to have been given by Mr. Willmott to render his book an intelligible and "popular" edition of the "Reliques." We too wish with him that he had "gratified his judgment by the omission of two or three of the compositions of which the merits and the fitness are extremely doubtful:" their "fitness" for popular reading could scarcely be "doubtful:" it was a pity to mingle a few drops of deadly poison with so much that is pure and healthy.

Maps of India. Published by J. Wyld, London.

Little more than a year has elapsed since we, as doubtless many others did, rolled up the maps that hung on the walls of our library, and on which we had traced through so many weary and anxious months the movements and progress of the armies and navies engaged in carrying on the war with Russia: and, as we laid them aside, it was not without a hearty wish and prayer that we might never again be called upon to consult charts associated in the mind with so much of sorrow and suffering. But the war-cry is again floating over the land, and the forces of England are hastening onward to take vengeance on those who have outraged every feeling of humanity, committing deeds that would put a savage, uncivilised race to shame; and we who remain behind are again consulting our maps, and marking the sites of villany and bloodshedding. We have before us two maps just published by Mr. Wyld, with an express reference to recent events in Hindostan: one, rather large, in which all the civil and military stations in India are indicated, and tables appended of the distances between all places of importance: the other, a smaller map of India and Burmah, with a table of distances through the overland route. Either of these charts will be found most useful for reference in the present juncture of Indian affairs.

The Youth's Magazine. Published by J. F. Shaw, London.

We remember, in the day of our boyhood, a periodical that used to be put into our hands every month, called the "Youth's Magazine;" and a very amusing book it was, though, we must confess it, containing a great deal that did not quite suit our taste: it was, in a word, too "good" for us; we should have been better pleased with more stories, and histories, and anecdotes, and less of moral teachings and religious instruction. Is Mr. Shaw's publication a lineal descendant of the other? with the freshness and bloom of a young life upon it, animated with the same spirit as was its progenitor, entertaining, instructive, and "good" also, but after a fashion somewhat more attractive? We presume our conjecture as to its origin is not far from being correct, for the volume we have received is lettered on its bright blue cover, "Vol. IX., New Series," in letters of gold: and there are inside words of wisdom that deserve to be printed also in letters of gold, and amusing tales, and chapters on natural history, and well-written poetry, that every youth and maiden may read with pleasure and profit. When so much foolish and almost noxious literature is offered to the young mind, as one sees at the present day, it is well to find an antidote in such an excellent little periodical as this.

Collectanea Antiqua in the possession of Hodder M. Westropp, Esq., of Cork. Printed for private circulation.

Many men collect antiquities, but few publish the results of their gatherings; hence collecting often becomes a mere selfish gratification, which deprives the student of relics that might elucidate his researches. Every collector knows that "few and far between" are the visits of connoisseurs to his museum, and hence he does good service when he sends to them what they cannot travel to see. This is well done by such plates as are now before us, which truthfully and cleverly depict the best specimens of Mr. Hodder's collection. This opening part is chiefly devoted to Etruscan antiques; but we hope to see others more intimately connected with Ireland, for there is much yet to be done for our native antiquities, which can only be effected by individual enterprise—an enterprise that cannot fail to honour all who persevere in it.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. Published by A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

In one compact volume, encased in a cover of emerald green and gold, Messrs. Black have issued the whole of Scott's poetical writings, in small but clear type, and on good paper, with numerous illustrations on steel and wood. As a cheap edition of the poetry of the "Wizard of the North," it must find, as it deserves, its way into many households.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1857.

THE REPORT ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

"IF asked a question which you *must* answer," prescribed a great authority in polemical philosophy, to one who suffered under an uncommon form of malady—a doubt of his own wisdom,—"content yourself with giving the answer simply, in its Yes or No. On no account be betrayed into stating your reasons. The chance is only equal against your answer being right; but there are fifty chances to one in favour of your reasons being wrong." Now, if to give or to withhold their reasons had been,—as, of course, it was not,—in any degree optional with her Majesty's Commissioners for determining certain questions connected with the site of the new National Gallery, it would have been wholly unaccountable how they should have ventured on the publication of the evidence attached to their present Report. To us, no reconciliation between the two seems logically possible. Standing alone, the answer given by this Commission might, perhaps, have contrived to sustain itself, on the authority of the names subscribed to it; but it goes down inevitably, if every name had been ten, the instant the Commissioners produce their reasons. If the evidence here printed be right, the Report *must* be wrong:—if the Report be right, the reasons here given are, unquestionably, the wrong ones. The Blue-book before us embodies an elaborate *non sequitur*. Its problem is worked out by an algebraic law singularly contradictory of that of the schools. The sum of many affirmatives is made therein to yield a negative. The rule of evidence is reversed, for its use. A cloud of witnesses testify, each and all, with scarcely an exception, to the fact that, where the national pictures now are, they are subjected to a process of deterioration, whose end is of course destruction; and the inference drawn by the Commissioners is,—that they ought not to be removed! The constant need of the picture doctor, with the great danger of death, and the certain eventual loss of constitution, in his hands, are shown to be *necessities* of their present site:—*therefore*, say these Commissioners, using a logic emphatically their own, we "recommend," that the new National Gallery "should be on the same site as the present!"

If we could have thought it possible, that six gentlemen, selected as commissioners on a public question, could have agreed in the peculiarity of ratiocination necessary for arriving at the conclusions of this Report by the path of this evidence,—if it had been credible that these half-dozen authorities, met at this point, had all united in the idiosyncrasy which paints the hand on the guide-post with the finger pointing exactly the wrong way,—then, we should have had more difficulty than we now have in asking our readers to turn their backs resolutely on the direction there indicated, and carry the national pictures anywhere rather than to the spot designated by the Commissioners' Report. We will produce for them, by-and-by, ample reasons why they should do this, on the authority of others than the Commissioners; but, meantime, we undertake to show that, notwithstanding the Report, the authority of the Commissioners themselves is *not* so directly opposed to the evidence before them, and to the views which we have to maintain, as on a hasty view must seem to be the case. *What* our views on this question have hitherto been, our readers know well,—and that we have to a great extent exhausted the subject by anticipation, as far as its merits were then understood by us, in our articles in this journal for August of the last year, and for August of the present. We have now to tell them, that we find nothing in the document before us but what is strongly confirmatory of the conclusions at which we had already arrived; and that we are prepared to stand now to all our previously expressed opinions, not in the face, but on the strength of this very volume which embodies the Commissioners' Report.

We begin, then, by denying that this Report is the report of a majority of the Commission itself, in the sense claimed,—or in any sense which could give it weight to override the serious considerations that we find therein pointing another way. In its original constitution, this commission included six members. Of these members, one, Mr. Ford, was disabled by illness from taking a share in its deliberations; and it remains, therefore, to be known what particular view he would have adopted of the heavy responsibilities that hang on the decision. As he took no share in the inquiry, his name is not attached to the conclusions arrived at:—a course clear and consistent,—and certainly more intelligible than the attachment of signatures by parties who *did* take a share, and *that* share directly opposed to the conclusions thus vouched. Throughout all the discussions of the Commissioners, we find another, and a most important, member of their body, Professor Faraday, practically arguing, as will be seen hereafter, on our side of both the leading questions raised: and, after being beaten in his attempts to give effect to his arguments, dragged into signing the Report as it now stands only by the formal necessity of his signature to enable the Commission to report at all. "As the royal warrant," say these Commissioners, "requires that five" (the precise number to which Mr. Ford's secession had reduced them) "signatures should be affixed to our Report, we have been compelled to frame a statement to which all of us could agree." That we are entitled to claim Dr. Faraday as supporting our views, in a sense which renders the possibility of his agreement in the statement before us unintelligible to ourselves, we shall, as we have said, proceed presently to show:—but Mr. Richmond must have had a yet greater difficulty in complying with the practical absurdity involved in the literal necessity of his position. About *his* opinions there is neither vacillation nor misapprehension. They are all on the same side as our own,—and emphatic in the highest degree. Step by step, throughout the progress of this inquiry, and with an energy, a knowledge, and a talent which are remarkable, did he support the views which he finally surrenders by a single stroke of the pen. Such a Report cannot, in common reason, be taken seriously, or acted on practically. In point of fact, the recommendations which it contains are, under any view, the recommendations of one half only of the Commission. And this is not the only—or even the principal—point of weakness impeaching the authority of the Report itself. Taking it as it stands, with all the five signatures attached for the form's sake, its recommendations, as we will show, are accompanied by such admissions and qualifications on the part of all the Commissioners themselves as should determine the matter against them, even if those recommendations had represented the spontaneous and unquestioning verdict of the whole.

We are dealing, it must be understood, for the present, only with the proceedings of the Commissioners themselves, and the final Report to which these brought them:—leaving the evidence which they had before them, and with which these proceedings assume to deal, to be examined by-and-by. One of the grounds, then, let us observe, of Dr. Faraday's express reluctance in the matter of this Report was, precisely that on which we have, ourselves, laid so much emphasis, and which we find so much additional reason for emphasizing in this Blue-book,—the danger to which the pictures in the National Gallery are exposed from the atmospheric influences by which they are surrounded in the heart of London. On such a subject, Dr. Faraday should be a considerable authority himself,—and better qualified than most men to weigh the evidence of others bearing on the practical questions which it involves. It was moved by him, in the committee, and seconded by Mr. Richmond,—"That the presence of the National Gallery within the smoke and atmosphere of London involves, from the consequent extra dirtiness and necessary cleaning of the pictures, an amount of wear and tear which would occur only in a smaller degree in clearer and more airy situations." This proposition was negatived by the majority which, under the circumstances, we have contended is no majority at all. Once more let us insist, that where doctors disagree on a question directly affecting the life or death of a patient so important as the national collection of pictures, we cannot speculate at our ease on the possible negation which arises out of the balance of their differences. The quantities on the two sides of the equation do not, we repeat, destroy each other, because the figures are not of equal value. The fears of Professor Faraday and Mr. Richmond should weigh with us more than the confidence of Lord Broughton, Mr. Milman, and Mr. Cockerell,—even in the event of Mr. Ford's taking the side of confidence, to back them. Where there is so much even as a doubt, were it no more, a treasure so precious as these national pictures must have the benefit of that doubt. "The removal of the pictures," say the Commissioners, by a majority of three to two of their acting five, "to a clearer, but distant place, takes away that accessibility which the present site, *although no doubt with a great amount of wear and tear*, provides." Now, we say, that we cannot afford to sacrifice clearness of atmosphere to even so important an object as accessibility,—and that we will not consent to pay for it in "wear and tear." The life of the pictures is a question paramount to all questions of their use, and the accessibility will be of little value when the wear and tear shall have done its work.—But, this is not all. In this very Report, which recommends that the National Gallery shall remain on its present site, the *five* Commissioners sign their names to the following important admission:—"In regard to atmospheric impurities it is, as has been previously admitted, inferior to the site of Kensington."—If "atmospheric impurities" be a term of dangerous significance where pictures are concerned, then, we earnestly hope the nation will reverse a decision which comes before it on appeal, accompanied by a hint so suggestive as this.

So much for the one strongest ground on which the argument for the removal of the national pictures rests; and which, if all other considerations pointed to an opposite conclusion, must yet outweigh them all, supposing it to be established by the evidence laid before this Commission. But, on the second important question also—that of space—on which our argument for removal was founded, we find new reasons in this Blue-book for urging our views on the public against the Report of the Commission, and, *in spite of* the Report, we find allies amongst the Commissioners themselves. On this point, as on the other, we have, their final signatures notwithstanding, Dr. Faraday and Mr. Richmond with us,—and Mr. Ford, in virtue of his non-signature, not against us. Our readers will remember, that, of all the questions relating to the proper constituents of a great Art-collection which we argued at length in our number for August last, the only one submitted to this Commission, as supplementary to its inquiry into the question of site, regarded the desirableness or otherwise of "combining with the new National Gallery the Fine Art and Archæological Collections of the British Museum." On this point, the committee have come to the conclusion, that "it is *not* expedient to break up or remove the collections of ancient sculpture and archæology" in the institution in question. As this decision would seem to have been arrived at, however, solely on considerations affecting the British Museum itself, and did not necessarily decide—as, in fact, the question had not distinctly raised—the more important proposition of the wide scope and range proper to a National Gallery,—Mr. Richmond made an attempt to save the general principle for future use. He moved, and had, as

usual, Dr. Faraday's support,—"That though the Commissioners think it undesirable to break up the Collections of Ancient Art and Archæology in the British Museum, and for the present inexpedient to remove them, they are yet of opinion that the future combination of Sculpture with Painting should be provided for in the new National Gallery,—a primary use of which should be to provide examples of the Art of past ages in all its branches, in the order best adapted to exhibit their beauty, and to illustrate their sequence and character." This proposition, says the Report, significantly,—*very* significantly,—we challenge the attention of our readers to it,—"the other three Commissioners *did not think it neeessary to adopt*." It should seem, then, that the views, not of these Commissioners, as we have pointed out, but of their pseudo-majority, in respect of the sufficiency of space to be obtained on the present site, proceed on the ground of a narrower scheme for such an institution as a National Gallery of Art than the expanding intelligence and growing desires of the nation are certain one day to demand. But it is important to bear in mind that such are not the views of Dr. Faraday and Mr. Richmond; and that the Report before us, though signed with their names, wants in all important respects the sanction of these two Commissioners,—as it wants the sanction of the most important portion of all the evidence on which it professes to be based.

That most important portion of the evidence refers, as we have said, to the health of the pictures in their actual place of abode; and that this was the most pressing point for inquiry, seems to have been recognised by the Commissioners themselves, when, at their first meeting, on the 30th of January, they determined to commence their labours by considering—"How far the conservation of the pictures of the National Gallery is compatible with its present site in Trafalgar Square." Let us see what the nature of the evidence is, out of which they have been able to extract a recommendation that these treasures shall not be removed. If in the terms of the question stated, for the word *eonservation* be substituted the word *destruetion*, the logic of the Blue-book, we shall find, is at once restored, and the evidence and the Report are finally reconciled.

In turning, however, to the evidence for examples, there is one remark which we will make at the outset, that we may get quit of it at once, and divest it of every character of offence which, on its first statement, it might seem to bear. It is impossible, on going over this evidence, not to be struck by the fact, that while, of all those examined, every artist, save perhaps one, (and even he makes admissions which bring him into the same category,) who is not professionally a picture-cleaner, testifies to the injury which pictures sustain from the incidents of the London atmosphere,—every picture-cleaner, on the other hand, maintains that this charge of destructiveness is a calumny on the London smoke, save only Mr. Smart. Now, certainly, we mean no impeachment whatever of the picture-cleaners as a body, or of any individual of them who gave evidence before the Commission, when we make this remark. The fact comes before us, *as* a fact,—and it is impossible to overlook it. Neither is it possible, in connexion with the other evidence in the case, to overlook its significance. The argument of the picture-cleaner for keeping the pictures in London becomes actually, as we see it, evidence in the opposite sense to that for which it is given, and reinforces the testimony of the artist to the injury which they there sustain. In all this there is, assuredly, no charge,—no imputation beyond the imputation of average human motive. Mr. Smart, for his part, frankly avows his belief, that he should not be so much wanted in his capacity of picture-cleaner, if pictures generally were kept out of London. The men who thrive on calamities—and who are, by the very fact, among the most useful, as they may be amongst the most honourable, members of the social body—cannot have the same hearty eumity to the calamity as *they* have to whom it brings no profit. The "ill wind" will have its partizans as long as it "blows *anybody* good;"—and the dislike of the many, and the welcome of the few, are alike evidence that it *is* an "ill wind." The physician, though a lover of his kind, cannot be expected to be indifferent to the prevalence of disease,—nor the picture-cleaner, though a lover of Art, to the unwholesome exposure of pictures. On ordinary human principle, a strong argument for the removal of pictures from any given locality should be inferred from the eagerness of picture-cleaners to keep them there. Nor is the professional bias, in this case, made up wholly of the vulgar motive of pecuniary profit. The picture-restorer, like the restorer of human bodies, has the pride and excitement of his art,—and a certain dignity which he arrogates to himself out of the mystery with which he surrounds his calling. It is true, in the one case and in the other, the mystery lets in the quack;—but then, each man knows, that if there be any quack in the matter, it is his neighbour, and not himself. Some of these gentlemen are strong in their sense of the universal applicability of their art, or their science, or whatever it is. If there is anything the matter with a picture, in the city or elsewhere in London,—if it is too dark or too white, or seems to have sustained an injury of one kind or another,—it is only, and always, according to them, that it wants subjecting to some one or other of the various processes of picture-cleaning, or restoring. Some appear to go pretty nearly the length of thinking, that the cleanings effect an improvement even on the original picture itself:—a rather suggestive moral! Some of them give their evidence with an unction which it would be difficult not to admire,—and some are oracular to an extent at which it is impossible (in reference to the patients on which they practise) not to tremble.—Mr. John Mountjoy Smith, for instance, is strong for the London dirt:—sweeping in assertion, but economic in reasons. There are answers of his, which might have taught the Commissioners before whom they were given a closer logic than, so far as this Blue-book is evidence, they seem to possess. Questioned, for instance, by the chairman, Lord Broughton, as follows:—"Are there not parts of the country in which the atmosphere is much less dry than in others; such, for example, as places near the sea, or on a high land?"—he replies, "I should imagine, that in a place situated on a high land the atmosphere might be more dry; but speaking of the difference between the country and the town, *the atmosphere is much drier in the country than in the town*." And then, asked further, by the Dean of St. Paul's, "What do you think is the cause of that?"—"I should imagine," he says, "*it is from the dryness of the atmosphere itself*." Now, here is a witness to whom the warning at the head of this article does not apply. Mr. Smith may be trusted to give his reasons, because there is no compromising quality in them. He rides his "argal" so steadily, and holds it so well in hand, that it is scarcely possible it should throw him. His reason keeps so close to the side of his assertion, that it cannot stray. A witness who contents himself with answering a question touching the dryness of the atmosphere by a reference to the dryness of the atmosphere itself, may abide calmly the cross-questioning of a whole commission.

Let us, then, pass on from the class of witnesses in question, with this repeated remark:—that, they are, one and all, with the exception of Mr. Smart, of opinion, that pictures contract no injury from the smoke of London beyond the necessity of being handed over to the picture-cleaner.—We shall see, from the evidence of the artist in general, what amount of injury is considered by him to be involved in that necessity itself. These witnesses, who are unanimous in their belief of atmospheric injury done, may be themselves divided into two classes:—those who believe that the injury is a mechanical injury, done to the body of the picture itself,—and those who think that it is an injury confined to the surface, and within reach of the remedies which the picture-cleaner has at his command. They seem all, however, to think, that it comes to pretty much the same thing in the end,—that at the point of deterioration at which the atmosphere leaves the picture, the cleaner is very likely to take it up,—and that though the picture should not die of the disease, it may possibly die of the doctor.

The first of these witnesses examined before the commission was, Sir Charles Eastlake, Director of the National Gallery, and President of the Royal Academy,—well acquainted with all the incidents of the locality, and long accustomed to watch the effects of the influences to which works of Art are there subjected. Sir Charles is distinctly of opinion, "that pictures in London *must* suffer more or less from the London atmosphere."—Very curious, we may observe, is much of the evidence given throughout this Blue-book, as to the peculiar and pernicious character of that London smoke (not the smoke of towns in general, though that will be bad everywhere,—but the smoke of "London by itself, London,"—London "particular") which, according to Mr. Glaisher, blackens the clothing of sheep as far as Eltham, and puts all the sparrows of the London streets into perpetual mourning,—and which Mr. Denning, of the Dulwich Gallery, knows whenever he meets it, in the air or on the snow. The sorrow of Mr. Denning's life, is the London "blacks,"—and his grievance is, that the wind should ever blow from London.—But, to come back to Sir Charles Eastlake.—"I find," says the Dean of St. Paul's, "that in the Report of the Committee of 1852, M. de Klenze says, that the smoke is particularly thick and offensive in the neighbourhood of the National Gallery, from the chimneys of the Baths and Wash-houses, and from the river, and from the other side of the water, from which there is a constant emission of very thick smoke. Do you think the site of the present National Gallery worse than most parts of London?" *Answer*. "It certainly is very objectionable on those grounds. The most decided evil, because the nearest, is that of the Baths and Wash-houses. * * The smoke [from them] always passes more or less over the National Gallery. * * It is necessary to keep the sky-lights open. The heat, when the rooms are full, is very great in summer, and there is no mode of excluding the smoke that comes in from the open windows."—"Generally speaking," pursues Dr. Milman, "if there were more space, and if the space were better ventilated, would not the objection with regard to smoke and dirt be diminished in proportion?" *Answer*. "Undoubtedly. If the space were larger, if those Baths and Wash-houses were removed, and if the present evils were diminished, the pictures would suffer less:—*but they would still suffer*, in my opinion."—"Did you not say," asks Professor Faraday, "that the pictures were certainly injured in their present place by the conditions arising from their being in London,—that there was a *certain* injury, not a problematical one?"—*Answer*. "Yes."—"With regard to newly-painted pictures," Sir Charles says elsewhere, "I am perfectly sure that they are not only obscured by the substances deposited on them, but chemically injured."—Asked by the chairman, in reference to the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery,—"Do you conceive that those pictures are in a better state of preservation than the pictures that are to be found generally in the metropolis?"—Sir Charles Eastlake answers,—"They are much freer from the effects of smoke. * * Some of them had suffered from time when they were first placed there; but I do not imagine that from the effect of the atmosphere they have suffered since they have been there."—"I believe it possible," says Sir Charles, when pressed by the Dean of St. Paul's, "with great care to remove those effects of smoke which injure the appearance of a picture, so that it shall be, after such cleaning, what it was before. But, as I have already said, *I think the operation is always a hazardous one*, and that *any state of things which compels the repetition of such operations is to be avoided if possible*."—"The cleaning of a picture," he says, "is *always* more or less dangerous."

From Sir Charles Eastlake, pass we on to Mr. John Nieuwenhuys:—and he says,—"The London atmosphere is particularly injurious to pictures." "When I return to my home," he says, "after three months' absence, I am always obliged to remove the dirt occasioned by the smoke from my pictures. * * The accumulation of smoke spoils everything, but more especially works of Art. * * If you wipe a picture constantly, it cannot do it good. * * The repeated cleaning is calculated to materially injure them. * * * The London smoke penetrates through everything. When an old picture gets cracked, the smoke will get into the cracks, as well as on the face, and in time it will deteriorate the picture and depreciate its value."—"Is that peculiar to London, or to England in general?" asks Mr. Cockerell;—and Mr. Nieuwenhuys answers,—"Not to England in general, but particularly to London." He concludes his evidence with this summary:—"The atmosphere occasions the dirt, and the dirt causes the repeated

cleanings, and the cleanings injure the picture in its substance.—That is what I mean."

Mr. John Prescott Knight is, our readers know, a Royal Academician,—and has had good official opportunity for learning all the atmospheric secrets of the precise locality to which some of these Commissioners are willing, and the rest have consented, to entrust the national pictures. "I have observed," says Mr. Knight, "that the pictures belonging to the Royal Academy, both those which have been exposed upon the walls for many years and those which were exposed more recently, have come into a much more decidedly deteriorated condition than could have been expected, or than I have seen in any pictures exposed for a similar time in the country."—As, however, we shall have to return, by-and-bye, to the evidence of Mr. Knight, for another purpose than our present, we will content ourselves with quoting from him, just now, a word or two of opinion touching the extremely hazardous nature of the practice of picture-cleaning, even when practised in its most simple form, on a collection of old pictures like those in the National Gallery.—In referring to evidence of this kind, and in what else we have said, and have to say, on the subject, it may be well, for the sake of escaping misapprehension in the meantime, to state here, what will appear more fully hereafter, that our object is by no means to deny either the necessity or the utility of the picture-cleaner's office. We desire simply, to enforce, at the sacrifice of every opposing consideration, any measure which may reduce a necessity so calamitous to its minimum form, and contract a utility so perilously conditional within the narrowest possible sphere of action.—"I was once present," says Mr. Knight, "when a picture-cleaner was cleaning two very fine pictures by Gaspar Poussin, for a nobleman, and he was describing to me the process as he went on. 'See,' he said, 'how I will bring this out.' And he certainly went on to such an extent, that he brought out one of those feathery trees standing against the sky, so that it completely vanished."—Here was picture-cleaning, with a vengeance! To use a colloquialism, especially expressive in this case, one of Poussin's trees planted for immortality was *clean* gone! An immemorial tree, with its root far in the past of painting, and the consecration of ages on its head,—in whose hallowed shade our modern student was to lie down and dream of Art,—cut down by an acid! It takes a hundred years to grow a forest tree, on the ground where a forest tree was felled; but who shall replace, and when, the tree that Poussin planted and the cleaner blotted out? *Anathema maranatha!*—This feat of conjuration was, of course, effected by one of the "strong means" which the picture-cleaner has for use:—come we, however, to the simple process of "moistening and washing."—"If there were cracks in the picture," says Mr. Richmond, "even although they had been painted upon an oil ground, should you trust to this process, or should you think that the water penetrating under the paint through the crack, would be likely to separate the paint from the ground?" *Answer.* "There is no question, that, if any water or any moisture could penetrate under the upper surface, it must have an injurious effect upon the picture."—"Is there not a picture in that collection attributed to Giorgione, which is painted upon a plaster ground?" *Answer.* "Yes."—"Would you submit that picture to the same operation that was being performed upon those pictures which were oil pictures, and painted upon an oil ground?" *Answer.* "I should be very tender of trying anything upon that picture."—"Would you not think, that, as most of the Italian pictures in the National Gallery have their surfaces more or less cracked, and are for the most part painted on plaster grounds, the application of a sponge and water, or whatever else is used to other pictures, would be a very unsafe mode indeed?" *Answer.* "Yes."—"For the Francias, for instance, would you not think it utter ruin?" *Answer.* "I should consider, that it would be highly dangerous to apply water to any picture painted upon a plaster ground."—Surely, then, if the Francias and other Italian pictures in the gallery cannot be cleaned, it is of the most vital importance that they should be removed beyond the action of such influences as are rapidly contributing to make them dirty!

Mr. Edward William Cooke, an Associate of the Royal Academy, can see no safety for pictures within the central action of the London smoke. No man, save only Mr. Denning, gives that smoke a worse name than does Mr. Cooke. There are "two different kinds of injuries to pictures from it," he says,—a mechanical action, and a chemical one. They suffer, according to him, at once from "the sulphurous acid, which is evolved from chimneys, and the sulphuretted hydrogen which arises from the decayed animal feculа and vegetable matter in the river."—"I went this morning," he states, "to the Linnæan Society, to examine the coloured prints of plants in some of the books; and I found that some colours were invariably changed by the action of the air. It even penetrated the books which were closed. I saw to-day one plate of a ranunculus (in which the yellow was I presume, a chromate of lead); it was so grey, that the plant presented quite a different character. * * * * I saw another plate in which white was used,—which was changed to a dingy, silvery colour."—"Then, you object," says Dr. Faraday, "to a London atmosphere, both on account of the dirt which adheres to the pictures from it, and also on account of the chemical change which it produces?" To which Mr. Edward William Cooke emphatically answers, "Yes."—"Would it be possible," says the same querist, "to keep either your pictures or any others in London without cleaning?"—"They *must* have," Mr. Cooke answers, "a great deal of cleansing, because the atoms of smoke in the atmosphere are so small, that if they fall on the sky of a picture, there is no means of getting them off successfully."—"Is there any mode of cleaning pictures," then asks Professor Faraday, "either by the application of some dry material, or by moistening them with water, or by hand, which will remove the dirt without some degree of injury to the picture?"—and Mr. Cooke replies summarily, "The picture *must* suffer."—Nearly every artist examined repeats, after Mr. Cooke, these two first terms of the syllogism which we are most earnestly seeking to complete. If the pictures are dirty, say they, as a major, they *must* suffer in the cleaning. If the pictures remain in London,—is the minor,—they *must* get dirty. *Therefore,* say we,—we should be almost ashamed to state our conclusion seriously, but for the false inference of the Commissioners,—the pictures *must* be removed from London.

Mr. Edmund Thomas Parris offers the single exception—above hinted at—among the artists examined, to the evidence which ascribes a pernicious influence of a peculiar kind to the atmosphere of the metropolis; and that exception, before it can be received as such, must be qualified in two several ways. In the first place, Mr. Parris practises largely, himself, the profession of a picture cleaner,—as appears by his own evidence given before this commission; and, in the next, we get even from Mr. Parris himself the following admission.—"It is only the oil that changes; but I think that light and air have an immense deal to do with retarding that change."—*Dean of St. Paul's.* "The brighter the light, and the purer the air, the less, generally speaking, is the change?"—*Answer.* "There can be no question of it."—"Then, the change would be less rapid in the country than in London?"—*Answer.* "Decidedly; because we have less of those injurious influences which we have in London."

Mr. Mulready, the Royal Academician, believes "the London atmosphere is as unfavourable to the healthy colour of pictures as it is to our own healthy colour." He thinks that the pictures in the Royal Academy "would have been more like what they were originally, if they had been further removed from London;" and he has heard, "that Sir Joshua's pictures are very much darker and less brilliant in colour than they were when he left them."—A question was put to Mr. Mulready, which he has answered with great temper and moderation: but under that moderation it is impossible not to see the artist wound, and judge very clearly what is felt. The whole matter is highly suggestive.—"With regard to your own pictures," says Dean Milman, "some of which, no doubt, are in the collections in London, and others in the country, do you consider that those which have been kept ever since you painted them in London collections have suffered from the dust?" *Answer.* "They are darker a great deal."—"Is that a darkness," follows up the Dean, "that might be removed without damage to the picture?"—"That," says Mr. Mulready, "I do not know. The pictures of my painting, that have remained in London a great many years, and that have been cleaned, have not been cleaned under my direction. I cannot say whether what was upon them *might* have been removed safely or not. I cannot tell how far I am responsible for *what has happened to them. I may have painted some portions of them very ineautiously.*"—"Is not cleaning," he is asked, "always more or less a source of injury?"—and he replies, "There is always more or less danger in it."—One extract more from the evidence of Mr. Mulready bears directly on the question of the gain to be expected from a removal of the national pictures beyond the influence of the metropolitan smoke. "I remember," he says, "when Lawrence painted the portrait of Sir H. Englefield [for the Dilettanti Society]; I remember that picture in the Royal Academy, and I know how it looks now. There are other pictures by Lawrence, and by Shee. I remember those pictures very well; and they are decidedly darker and flatter than they were when Lawrence painted them. I remember the look of a picture which Sir Thomas painted about the same time as one or two of his Dilettanti pictures. I believe it has never been in London since it was exhibited. It is a portrait of 'The Countess Grey.' I saw that picture in Northumberland long after Lawrence painted it, and I could not perceive any change in the picture. There were three other pictures by Lawrence in that collection. They had been long painted, and they appeared to me to be unchanged. The pictures painted at the same time for the Dilettanti Society are greatly changed. The flesh looks flat and faded."

Mr. S. P. Denning is curator of the valuable collection of pictures kept at Dulwich College, and has held that office for thirty-seven years. Seven and thirty years have, one after the other, fed and intensified the enmity which exists between Mr. Denning, as a keeper of pictures, and that great destroyer of them, London smoke. Mr. Denning hates and despises the "blacks," as if he were a man from Missouri. Loud and emphatic is his testimony against the meteorology of London. "I do not think," he says, "that any care or attention could get rid of the evil that would arise from an atmosphere like this. I do not pretend to understand the nature of the atmosphere; but I distinctly know the result of a dark murky atmosphere like that which we see this morning, in the course of three or four years. I know what effect it produces on pictures." Mr. Denning would, if he might, carry his pictures far away beyond the possible flap of the wing of the dark spirit that broods over London; but he thinks every single mile a gain—two or three miles a great gain,—and thanks God for Dulwich, since it may not be Florence. "I have looked back," he says, "to the works of Art, many of them pictures of a fine character, that I knew in London forty years ago. They become dark and dirty, and dingy and dull. They are then consigned to the cleaner. The cleaner may have taken off what appeared to be a bad colour, and may have taken off dirt; but the process is one attended with such risk, that I believe that no picture, however much injured by the smoke of London, ever can be cleaned without injury to the picture itself. And two or three times cleaning a picture, and subjecting that same picture to the same chance of dirt and discolouration, would, I feel convinced, go a great way to take the picture away altogether." Referring to the care bestowed by him on his own collection,—the comparative good condition of which is conceded on all hands,—he is asked:—Supposing the pictures in the metropolis "had had the good fortune to be under your care, might not a good effect have been produced, if they had been in an equally happy condition?"—and his answer is,—"I could not have undertaken to keep them so."—"I would not," he says, "undertake the responsibility of the national pictures at this moment, if it were offered to me: and this is the reason why I would not. Evil has arisen in them. I know the pictures very well—no man better; for I was for years with the pictures before me, painting from them, and I know that they were fine beautiful pictures then, though now many of them are destroyed. I would not take the pictures as they stand, with the probability of greater evil showing itself within a short time, even though a memorandum were made of every picture as it is now, on account of the risk of finding other evil

going on which has not been seen."—"Would you not," he is asked, "undertake the care of those pictures if they were sent to Dulwich?"—"No," he replies, "I would not become responsible for the safe custody of any pictures that had been, as they have been, in London forty years."—On the subject of picture-cleaning, Mr. Denning is equally clear and emphatic; and he spares neither others nor himself, in the cause which he has at heart. Questioned generally as to the effect of the practice, he says, "It is dangerous in the extreme."—"Have you ever yourself personally tried to clean a picture?" *Answer.* "I have done it constantly in my present situation."—"Are you in the habit of cleaning the pictures as they may require it at Dulwich?" *Answer.* "Yes; it is my duty to do so."—"Do you think, that with all your care, you cannot clean a picture without injury?" *Answer.* "Of course, I think it may be done much better by a good cleaner than by a bad one; but I must speak of even those who perfectly understand the subject. *I do not believe I ever cleaned a picture in my life as to which I did not, at some point or other, find that I had done injury.* I have done that which has been thought successful—and I know that it *has* been successful; but any way which should exist of removing the old varnish as well as taking off the dirt, may here and there move a portion of the paint that is on the surface, and in that respect it does injury."—"Have you cleaned the greater part of the pictures at Dulwich?" *Answer.* "I have done something to almost all the leading pictures."—Evidence like this naturally exposes the witness to the following adverse syllogism; but he shows that he has never had the slightest intention to evade it.—"You said, that you never cleaned a picture without, to a certain extent, injuring it?" *Answer.* "I believe I never did; but I believe it would have puzzled anybody who was not a very good judge to find out where the injury was. But I left the injury as I made it, without attempting to paint it out; for I think it is an outrage to touch an old picture."—"You have also said, that you have cleaned the greater part of the pictures at Dulwich?" *Answer.* "I have done something to almost every one of them."—"That being the case, of course the greater part of the pictures at Dulwich must have been injured?" *Answer.* "To the extent of the assertion I have made, it would be so. If I had been a very prudent man, I should have drawn a curtain over my own sins, but I did not wish to do that. And I think that, though an injury may be done in the manner which I have stated, yet I believe it is so done that I can leave it to the eye of the spectator to find it out—and I think it would puzzle him."—It is to be understood, that these reparations which the pictures have required at the hands of Mr. Denning were demanded by injuries which they had contracted before they came into his custody, or occupied their present abode. In Mr. Denning's hands, and where they are, the Bourgeois pictures thrive well.—Of course, it is not to be expected that he whose earnestness for the protection of these treasures of Art prevents his sparing himself, should spare others. "I think," he says, "pictures are subject every day in London, more or less, to injury. I have a clear conviction on my mind as to that:"—and he thus gives a summary of the mischievous influences at work for the final ruin of these priceless treasures,—all having their origin in that enemy to his peace and their own prosperity, the London smoke.—"They [the custodians of pictures] have been driven, I believe, to the necessity of trying to remove the cause of that gloomy surface on the pictures; and the pictures have been cleaned,—put in the same place again, and discoloured again,—cleaned again, and again,—and (as I know in some cases to be the fact) half wiped away.—But, this has been done, also; in many places paint has been put on, to cover up the mischief done by injudicious cleaning."—"Does it appear to you," asks Mr. Richmond, "that any length of time in a clear atmosphere will bring the varnish to the deep colour to which in a few years it is brought in London?"—and Mr. Denning replies as follows:—"Certainly not. I have a conviction in my own mind that any length of time will not greatly alter it. For instance, I have always been accustomed to pictures from a child, and I think that in an atmosphere like Dulwich, which is pure and unchanged, varnish may remain with even but a trifling alteration. Thirty or forty years' intimate acquaintance with the varnish on the pictures in question enables me to say, that it is nearly pure now,—so pure now, that any man acquainted with the subject would say that it would be a great pity to remove it. In London, in three or four years the pictures would require attention."—Surely, there is no possible escape from the inference which is suggested by evidence like this,—accredited as it is by long experience of the most practical kind, and coloured by no instinct save that one instinct which must be the public's own in the matter,—a desire for the preservation of the treasures of picture which the country possesses.

Mr. Richard Thomas Smart is an eminent picture-cleaner in London; and he illustrated the practice of picture-cleaning before the Commission by working, in their presence, on a portion of one of the diploma pictures belonging to the Royal Academy. These diploma pictures had been "solicited for exhibition" by the committee of the then approaching Art-Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester; but they were found to be in such a filthy condition when taken down for the purpose, that the previous office of the picture-cleaner was absolutely necessary for the purpose of making some of them even visible. If, then, we find Mr. Smart—himself a picture-dealer, and certainly thriving on the smoke of London, just because, and in proportion as, the pictures do *not*—honestly taking up his parable against that smoke, and joining his testimony to the testimony of so many other competent witnesses affirming its fatal action,—we may very conveniently close our extracts from this overwhelming body of evidence with one or two of his significant answers.—"What is the cause," says Dr. Faraday, referring to the operation which the Commission had witnessed, "of the difference between the parts of this picture which have now been cleaned, and the part that is not cleaned?" *Answer.* "I should think it has arisen from the fires of London, from the accumulation of smoke from the fires, and from the gas."—"How long will it take for the exposure of the picture to the same circumstances which it has been under—namely, the gas in the air of London—to bring it back to the state from which you have cleaned it?" *Answer.* "*Ten years*, in the building from which it has come."—"You think that *in ten years it would be necessary to clean that picture again?*" *Answer.* "Unless it were protected."—"By glazing?" *Answer.* "Yes."—"Have you any idea that a picture would be better off two or three miles out of London, on the one side or the other, than it is in London?" *Answer.* "I should say decidedly so."—"Would it be better on the west than on the east of London?" *Answer.* "Certainly, if you reckon from some central point in the metropolis. I do not know, however, that it would make much difference which way you took it, so that it was out of London." *Chairman.* "When you say out of London, what distance do you mean?" *Answer.* "I think *perhaps a mile from the outskirts would be sufficient*, if it were as much as possible away from all dwellings." *Professor Faraday.* "You would wish to keep it away from the gas and the smoke." *Answer.* "To keep it as far as possible from the gas and the smoke of London."

Can any reader who has followed us thus far understand how, in the face of such evidence as we have produced, extracted by us from a host more of the same kind, it has been possible for these Commissioners to arrive at the inference, that "the evidence hitherto adduced, considered collectively, does not lead to any decisive conclusion against placing the new National Gallery within the metropolis?"—"Considered collectively!"—and "decisive conclusion!" In what part of the "collection" do the Commissioners find anything to destroy the effect of passages like the above, if the evidence of the picture-cleaner be excluded?—the picture-cleaner, whose profession, as we have said, has its actual foundation in the maladies to which pictures are exposed, whose own good condition depends on the bad condition of his patients, who lives by what, it is testified by all competent witnesses but himself, must in the end be death to them, and who, Mr. Smart candidly avows, will be less needed when the national pictures have left London! Why, that last clause, if true, settles the whole question by itself. The judges who would give to the testimony of parties thus interested—though as honest as the rest, it is not for a moment doubted—the effect of overbearing the testimony of men as well informed as themselves, and having no personal bias, are the very men to put an undertaker at the head of a sanitary commission.—But the case need not rest even here. Notwithstanding the professional instincts of the picture-cleaner, and all the reluctance which, quite fairly and naturally, arises out of them, let us see what kind of admissions, in relation to the subject in hand, we get occasionally from these very gentlemen themselves,—and all the significance of such admissions when the reluctance *is* allowed for, and when these admissions come in enforcement of evidence so emphatic as that which we have produced from other quarters.

Mr. Smart's avowals as to the perilous quality of the art which he practises, were made, as we have seen, with frankness and unreserve. To Mr. Bentley, we believe we need not go for so much as an admission. At the very opening of his examination he unfurls the picture-cleaner's flag,—and he stands by it manfully and unflinchingly to the last. On no summons, and on no persuasion, is it ever lowered by him for a moment. To every possible form in which a question affecting the infallibility of his art can be put, he presents the same unmoved front. According to him, nothing is—or can be—wrong with pictures, so long as they can be cleaned. To need cleaning, and *be* cleaned, he looks on as the natural condition of pictures. He would seem to think, that most of them are painted for the express end of being cleaned. He believes in any amount of restoration, short of actual resurrection,—in case he does *not* believe in that. As he was not formally asked if he could restore a picture which had been consumed by fire, we have no distinct assurance that he puts even that limitation to the power of his art,—while the general tone of his evidence would suggest the inference that he does not.—But, let us see what we get from Mr. Henry Farrer,—one of the most eminent members of the same body of practitioners, and certainly a reluctant witness in the same sense as Mr. Bentley. Mr. Farrer seems, however, to think that he best accredits the strong points of his calling by admitting its weak ones,—that he enhances the virtue of its use by conceding the extreme peril of its abuse. And Mr. Farrer is right:—yet, we gather from his evidence, notwithstanding, the moral, that we had better do without the picture-cleaner, if we can. In the following extract from one of that gentleman's answers, we have presented to us the two horns of the dilemma to which pictures are exposed,—unless means can be found to prevent their getting dirty so fast:—a condition which brings in *our* term of the syllogism once more. "There has been," says Mr. Farrer, "in the public mind, a great want of confidence in the persons who have had anything to do with the cleaning of pictures,—and, perhaps, rightly so; because a great number of pictures have been injured by being intrusted to *the hands of those who did not understand them*. And the consequence of that want of confidence in cleaning pictures generally is, that people have gone to the opposite extreme, and have allowed their pictures to be covered with soot, so that often you can scarcely see the beauties which the artist intended." Of course, the words in this quotation which we have marked in italics are qualifying ones in a sense perfectly natural and fair,—words of self-reservation, in fact, out of the sweep of an adverse admission. It is the moral of the old Greek story over again,—each man writing his own name in the best place, whichever of his neighbours he may choose to place second. But, besides that Mr. Farrer *is*, as we have said, at the head of his profession, we would certainly rather trust to the practice of a picture-cleaner who knows, and admits, its peril, than to that of one who looks on the agents which he employs as the natural and constitutional food of pictures.—"From all your observations of pictures," says Professor Faraday, "whether in this country or abroad, whether in town or in the country, have you any evidence to show that there is any deteriorating effect in towns which does not appear in the country, other things being the same?"—and Mr. Farrer, in answer, admits this much,—"Yes: I should say that pictures in the country are not apt to chill so much as pictures in town."—"Does it not come to this," says the querist, "that in the

town more care should be taken of the surface of the pictures than in the country?"—and Mr. Farrer answers,—"Just so." Now, this very care of the surface, with all the processes that it implies, is the one thing to be dreaded, as our readers have so abundantly seen. Why are we needlessly to expose the varnish of our pictures to be discoloured, or their pigments to be oxydised,—or, as Dr. Faraday prefers to call it, "sulphuretted,"—on the faith of an art whose practice its own advocate is driven to stigmatise as follows:—"I am sure, that picture-cleaners have done a great injury to Art. I am one myself,—but I am obliged to admit it."—"Pictures," says Mr. Farrer, in another place, "certainly *get black sooner in London than they would anywhere else*:"—and he thus hints, elsewhere, at the progress of degradation which they undergo in the cleaner's hands:—"The reason that a picture requires *repairing* is, that it has been over-cleaned or injured,—and therefore, he who has the charge of pictures, if he is a wise man, will not clean them more than he can help." Of course, it is the ignorant or unskilful picture-cleaner only who is intended to be indicated in all these admissions as responsible for the injuries which pictures sustain; but let us take the most eminent practitioner of the class,—take Mr. Farrer himself,—and the evidence in this Blue-book makes us tremble before the obvious uncertainty of the processes which he employs. "We have our secrets," says one of these witnesses,—meaning, that they are the picture-cleaner's secrets as against the world; but it is only too manifest, that his own operation is often a mere guess at the solution of a painter's secret, where the annihilation of the quality secreted and sought, is the probable penalty of the guess being wrong. Mr. Farrer himself, for instance, tells these Commissioners a little anecdote, which strikingly illustrates the empirical nature of the picture-cleaner's practice. "A most extraordinary thing," he says, "happened to me on one occasion, with regard to a blue. It was in a very fine picture of Canaletti. The whole of the blue appeared to have flown,—or, at least, it had gone to a grey, instead of being a brilliant blue. I frictioned off a little of the varnish. I wanted to bleach this picture by putting it in the sun. I feared that perhaps there was a portion of oil in it, and I did not wish to clean the picture if I could avoid it. That portion of the picture from the surface of which I had taken off the varnish, after being in the sun came into one of the most beautiful blues I ever saw. But the part that was covered by the varnish was not changed in any way whatever,—it remained a dull heavy colour. The operation of the light upon the paint which had been cleared of all the varnish changed the blue in that way. I was so delighted with this effect, that I cleaned half the picture, and the blue in that half became brilliant. *I cannot account for it. I do not know what was the cause of the change, or what colour was used:—but I dare say it could be accounted for chemically.*" Probably it could:—and where this little story of a picture came from, we dare say there are more with the same moral,—and some, perhaps, in which the manner of inculcating that moral was less welcome. To this sort of experimental handling, which is surprised at its own effects, must we be compelled to commit at times the inestimable treasures of our national collection, so long as that collection remains where it is. Less pleasing surprises than this may well be expected to have their turn, in the course of a practice which at one time rubs out a tree by inadvertence, and at another starts a blue where it was least expected.—In another place, Mr. Farrer says, speaking of a work by Correggio,—"Where a picture is painted in that way, it is utterly impossible to know what is under the paint, or to say whether the party who restored it had not done too much to it." Struck by the sort of uncertainty of practice betrayed in much of the evidence given in relation to this delicate matter of picture-cleaning, Professor Faraday puts a significant question to Mr. Farrer:—"May we not suppose that a great deal of what you, or any person, might say to us upon this subject, must be a matter of opinion, and not matter of fact?" To which Mr. Farrer—not very logically—replies:—"I consider that what I state is fact." But Dr. Faraday sticks to his doubt,—as we do,—and repeats it in another form. "Would not any other person who agreed with or differed from you consider the same?"—"I am obliged," says another witness, Mr. Bentley, speaking of a Turner which he is restoring, "to protect the birds in this picture, because they are put in in water-colour:—they would go away if I put a sponge upon them." Well, then, we can only say, we are very glad the birds are in Mr. Bentley's hands, and will be taken care of:—but what if they had happened to roost in Poussin's tree!

So much, then, for the "no decisive conclusion" to be gathered from the evidence repeated in this Blue-book "against placing the new National Gallery within the metropolis!" A host of evidence to show that so long as the pictures remain in the metropolis, they must be constantly in the cleaner's hands,—and a host of evidence affirming, what the cleaner himself does not deny, the perilous nature of the processes to which they are in his hands exposed! No decisive conclusion! Never was a case for removal more pressingly made out. We have ourselves not hitherto been half sufficiently alive to the peril of delay. This Blue-book, which shows the Commissioners so calm and unmoved, has fairly startled us with its revelations. Our only consolation out of such a reading would be, that it points distinctly to the remedy. Why must our pictures—*such* pictures—the priceless works that we have, and the priceless works that we hope to have—be exposed to this constant rough handling, fatal to their constitution in the end, when the necessity for it might be to a great extent obviated by locating them in a better air? The matter will admit of no compromise. All other considerations must make way for the consideration of climate. If the question of a new National Gallery were not actually in hand, it would have to be raised to meet this evil. The case is one which upsets an old proverb, so far as an exception can:—a *non*-removal will, assuredly, be worse in this matter than three fires!

And be it observed, that all other remedies, short of the one remedy of removal, which have hitherto been devised, only temporise with the question. They are mere evasions of a better thing than themselves, and practised at a cost of their own. They might be resorted to on the large scale, where the true cure could not be had—and may have to be resorted to on a limited scale, even where it can; but, in addition to their essential sin of being inferior to the remedy which they would replace, they have the accidental one of obscuring or distorting the Art which they would protect. Take, as an example, the proposal to cover the oil pictures of the old masters by glazing. Glass, by all means, and at all sacrifices, if the pictures cannot be saved without it:—but, see, at any rate, what the sacrifice *is!* The glass yields, of course, reflections of its own,—and, as a consequence, something more will occasionally be found in the picture than the painter put there. The different conditions of the light at different times of the day make of the picture what may be called an inconstant one; and this mode of getting several pictures at the price of one, will scarcely be recommended as among the practices suitable to a National Gallery. Sir Charles Eastlake gives an instance of the inconvenience of glass as affecting the appearance of a picture. "It is weak," he says, "in effect; yet, as the lights of the picture are low, the mirrored objects are almost as distinct as the picture. The conditions under which glazed surfaces act most as mirrors should be taken into account, in considering the expediency of protecting pictures with glass. Undoubtedly, a very dark picture acts more as a mirror than a light one; and where the lights of the picture are low, and the whole effect weak, glass is also prejudicial."—What strange effects, for a gallery of Art, and a circulation of spectators, is suggested by a passage like the following:—"I have always considered that the effect of pictures under glass depends very much on the objects temporarily opposite to them. The presence of a person in a light dress, for example, will frequently destroy the effect by reflection." Really, this method of getting one's self projected into a picture embodying some scene which happens to take the fancy, is not without its ingenuity,—but it could scarcely be expected to have met with the original painter's sanction. The man who throws himself by reflection into a Claude Lorraine, and gets therefrom the pleasing sense that "he too has been in Arcadia," would do well to question whether his presence there had not changed the characters of the scene itself, and made "Arcadia" a misnomer.—In a word, a Raphael seen under a glass is *not* Raphael's picture.

Evasive in a sense infinitely more prejudicial than even this, however, is the notion entertained by some—generated out of an intense horror of the picture-cleaner,—that the true method of dealing with an old picture, after it *has* become dirty, is to leave it under its cloud. It is curious to observe, how many questions were directed to the witnesses, seeking to ascertain if the injury which pictures sustain from the London atmosphere be essential injury, or injury only on the surface,—prompted apparently by some strange mysterious notion that, if, under the "London crust," the integrity of the picture be intact, all is well, provided the picture-cleaner will only let it alone. Now, we confess, that we are unable to share in this sentimental reverence. In the matter of pictures, we want to live by sight, not by faith. If a picture by Raphael under a glass be not *Raphael's* picture,—a picture under a thick coating of London smoke is not a picture at all. "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" It is idle to assure us that a picture is not dead, if it be buried. What do we gain by being told that the picture in its coffin of cloud is undergoing no process of corruption, if it is never to come out of its coffin? If pictures be dirty, we admit that they *must* be cleaned. The loss which a picture may sustain in the cleaner's hands is problematical, and perhaps partial:—the loss sustained by leaving it uncleaned and invisible, is certain and total. Whatever injury the cleaner may do, he can, at any rate, do nothing worse than shutting up the work altogether. The gentleman who rubbed out Poussin's tree, made it, of course, a dead letter in Art:—but he would have done just the same thing if he had walled it up for ever.

In the progress of a picture towards this final state of extinction, too, it is curious to observe how it is constantly shifting its character, and baffling the connoisseur as to the integrity of its readings. There is some evidence in this Blue-book to show how sensitive a matter this is, and how difficult it may be to know when we have the true text of the painter before us. Of course, we are not sure of it, even with the editing of the picture-cleaner. "I imagine," says Mr. Mulready, speaking of certain pictures to which his attention is called,—"that, at the rate at which they were going on during the first four or five years that I saw them, *their small parts would hardly be discoverable by this time.*"—"I have been watching," says Mr. Knight, "the operations that have been going on," with the diploma pictures; and, as the washers brought out the condition of the pictures, "I was very much surprised to see what the pictures were. Now that they are cleaned, *they are very different from what I had conceived them to be.*"—"There was one," he says, "which I examined the other day, which I was curious to see because it had frequently fallen under my observation. It has been cleaned; and I must confess that it quite *astonished me to see the colours that there were in that picture. I had no idea that they were there before.*" So, with Reinagle's picture of 'The Eagle and the Wolf.'—"Before it was cleaned, you could scarcely discern what the colours were. I find, upon its being cleaned, that it is rather a brilliantly-coloured picture."—All this, it will be seen, is ticklish work. But, if the pictures be sick, they *must*, we repeat, have the physician:—and the point is to insure, that they shall, for the future, have less need of him.

Supposing, then, the question of removal to be finally determined—as we earnestly trust it will—in the affirmative, it is important to remark, that much of the evidence in this Blue-book points directly to the very locality in which the people happen to have already an estate of their own, waiting for some such appropriation as this, in part paid for with a large sum of money by themselves, and ample for all the possible purposes that an institution like that in question should include. We have seen what Mr. Smart said as to the short distance at which an escape from the worst influences of the London smoke may be secured.—"I have observed," says Mr. Denning, "the subject of the winds with great care; and I think that for seven or eight months in the year the wind would blow more or less from the west, and therefore I should think the mischief caused by the London atmosphere would be less in the west than in the east."—"I think," says Dr. Milman to Mr.

Mulready, "you reside at present in Linden Grove, Bayswater: do you find that the influence of the London atmosphere extends as far as your present residence?"—"I know," answered Mr. Mulready, "that my pictures suffer very little change in my own house during the time that they remain in it; and those pictures that have been out of my possession and have returned to me very dark, have not increased in darkness since. I live a few hundred yards from the main western road. * * My pictures suffer more in Grosvenor Street than in Linden Grove."—Mr. Cooke, speaking of the distance to which the influence of the London atmosphere more or less extends, says,—"I consider that even at the distance of two miles from the general mass of the buildings in London there is a great difference." "There is an amazing difference," he says, "in the tone of the air in the west of London as compared with the north-east and east:"—and in answer to a further question, he says, that he lives and works at Kensington himself.—"Would you consider," he is asked, "that the best site for a National Gallery, whether in London or in the neighbourhood, would be to the south or the west of London?" and he answers, "Yes. I think that the west is even better than the south, as being further from the river Thames."—All these conditions sought by the artist for his own pictures, meet, it most fortunately happens, with others of an importance only second to them, in the national estate at Kensington Gore.

Once more, then, we repeat, we dissent from all the conclusions of this Report:—so, we think, will the public—and so we trust, will the Government. The question of climate is of such paramount importance over all others in this matter, that we have for the present confined ourselves principally to that:—but there are in the Blue-book before us many particulars of great interest bearing on the question of space, and on the nature of the scheme which should determine the amount of the demand in that respect,—to which we may perhaps think it desirable to return for another article, on some future occasion.

PSYCHE.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. VON HÖYER.

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN.

How or when this statue came into the possession of the Queen, we know not; nor have we been able to get any information concerning the sculptor, except the brief notice given in Count Raczynski's "*L'Art Moderne*," published in 1841, in which his name appears among the German artists then studying in Rome, and as the author of two plaster figures—a "Psyche," and a "Young Girl returning thanks to God for the cessation of the Cholera:" we presume that the marble statue engraved here is from the former of these two plaster studies.

Psyche has long been, and we suppose will continue to be, with modern sculptors a kind of "stock" subject. There are few who have not attempted to realise this beautiful fabulous conception, but how rarely are such attempts successful! the best, so far as our recollection serves us, is that by the late Sir R. Westmacott, which is the property of the Duke of Bedford, and ornaments the gallery of his grace at Woburn: an engraving of this really exquisite work appeared in the *Art-Journal* nearly ten years ago. Von Höyer has adopted in his work—or it seems so to our reading of the subject—a different moment of the narrative from that employed by the English sculptor.

As the work of a young sculptor, for we regard it as such, there is in the statue by Von Höyer much to be commended: the story is faithfully narrated, and though the figure does not quite reach the true Grecian type of feminine grace and beauty, it is elegant and easy in its pose. The wings, those of the butterfly, are too solid and substantial, and are deficient in graceful outline; and the drapery, considering the mission whereon Psyche was sent, is too cumbrous; but the quantity which the sculptor has thought proper to introduce has afforded him the opportunity of arranging its folds with much taste, and displaying them to great advantage.

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alessandro Bonvicino—Birthplace of Il Moretto—Works in Brescia—Frescoes—Paintings in England—In the Louvre—At Berlin—In the Leuchtenberg Palace—Madonna in the Städelsche Gallery—Girolamo da Santa Croce. Works in possession of the Liverpool Institution—Lord Northwick's Collection at Thirlstaine—Hamilton Palace—Foreign Galleries—Early Masters—Gentile da Fabriano—The Bellini—Marco Basaiti—Vittore Carpaccia—The Vivarini—Gentile Bellino at Constantinople—An imperial demonstration—How the cities of old received their Painters—Diary of Marino Sanuto—Drawings in the British Museum—Portrait of Giovanni Bellino—Early Masters in the Dudley Collection.

THE Brescian painter, Alessandro Bonvicino, better known as Il Moretto, is usually accorded to Venice; yet he was, in fact, the disciple of his compatriot Fioravante Ferramola, and but slightly attached to the Venetian school, since the influence of Titian on his manner, whatever that may have been, was, without doubt, surpassed by that of Raphael, or rather was overruled by the force of his own beautiful nature. Sometimes given to Rovato, this excellent master was without doubt born at Brescia. Let us remember it: many are the woes of the noble city, very deep her wounds, and they rankle sorely still: let us not deprive her of her glories in the past, and here is one of her sons not unworthy to be named with that yet earlier child of her love, the martyred Arnold,—with him whose voice was raised in the cause of Christian truth even before that of our own Wickliffe had gone through the world,* and whose ashes, cast into the shuddering Tiber, were denied—even they—to the sorrowing city of his birth.

The authorities are, as usual, divided as to the exact time of Il Moretto's activity; some declaring him to have painted the well-known Magdalen, now in the Venetian Academy, in the year 1515, while others maintain that he was not born until the year preceding the supposed production of that work, which, according to these disputants, was not painted until the year 1530, two years, that is to say, before the St. Nicholas, also called an early work of the master, and painted for the Church of Santa Maria de' Miracoli, in the year 1532.

More interesting than these questions is the fact that no painting, of whatever period, was undertaken by Il Moretto before he had first made reverent preparation of heart and mind, by prayer and meditation, as is known to have been the practice of Fra Angelico, and perhaps one or two other masters of the Florentine and Umbrian schools. This could not fail to produce its effect, and accordingly the authentic pictures of Il Moretto may take place beside those of Il Beato Angelico himself, for deep religious feeling and for purity of purpose. Nor is Bonvicino less remarkable for the elevation of his characters; their grace and tranquillity, their stateliness and holy repose, will be remembered, by those who have seen the master in his native Brescia, with a respect accorded but to few even of the greatest names in Art.

Admirable as a colourist also, but here, too, giving proof of entire freedom from all servility, and exhibiting a character essentially original, Il Moretto's works are not confined to the oil paintings, by which he is best known, in fresco also he has distinguished himself; and the writer has to regret the loss of two fair opportunities for the examination of one example in this kind, known to few, perhaps, among the more youthful of our readers. We allude to the frescoes of the Villa Martinengo, which we might have seen, but failed to do so,—ah! *maxima culpa mea!*—in the year 1842, when a merely nominal acquaintance with the master caused indifference to works requiring more than ordinary pains to discover their existence and whereabouts; and a second some years later, when circumstances, beyond the travellers' control, presented impediments that were not to be overcome within the time permitted to their stay.

Of Il Moretto's works in our own country there are but few, and among these perhaps not the least important is the picture in possession of Sir Archibald Campbell, and long attributed to Pordenone, as was the more renowned picture of Santa Giustina, with the kneeling figure of St. Cyprian, now in the Palace of the Belvedere, at Vienna. In what was called the "Tribune of the Talbot Gallery," at Alton Towers, there was a picture of "Our Saviour appearing to the Virgin after his Resurrection;" with the portrait of a senator: the head and hands of the latter are carefully painted, but neither hand nor head exhibit much character. A third work lately in that collection also bears the name of Moretto; but this last is certainly not by his hand, nor is the "Resurrection" by any means a fair example of the master.

Chiefly executed for his native city of Brescia, many of Bonvicino's works are still to be found there. The picture of the high altar in the Church of San Clemente, representing the Assumption of the Virgin, with Saints, is among them; as are also a Coronation of the Madonna, in the Church of SS. Nazario e Celso, and a San Giuseppe, in that of Sta. Maria delle Grazie, all of priceless value. Some few pictures have been taken elsewhere, and these are to be found in cities more immediately within our reach: there are two in the Louvre; four, or perhaps five, in the good and friendly gallery of Berlin, and one in the gallery of the Leuchtenberg Palace, at Munich. In the Städel Gallery, at Frankfort, is a Madonna enthroned, with the four Latin Fathers: St. Jerome points to a passage in his translation of the Bible (the Vulgate), which Pope Gregory I. holds open before him; St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, bears the cord of discipline in his hands, in allusion, says Passavant, to the severity of the rule maintained by that prelate. This picture, long the pride of San Carlo-in-Corso, was removed from the Roman church to ennoble the somewhat indiscriminate collection of Cardinal Fesch, on the dispersion of whose gallery it was secured by the fortunate city of Frankfort.

Of the Bergamasco, Girolamo Rizzo,—called and better known as Girolamo da Santa Croce, from the place of his birth—the master who most of all perhaps of his period clung affectionately to the then fast-fading traditions of the past,—we are not absolutely without examples in England. There are two in the Liverpool Institution, transferred at this moment to the neighbour city, and adding to the treasures so richly garnered there. The collection of Lord Northwick, at Thirlstaine, has also two—a Virgin and Child, with St. John (a child) and four Saints. In this picture, as well as in the second, a Resurrection of Christ, there is a landscape, the last-mentioned one of great interest. Equal to any of these in many respects, and in some perhaps superior to all, is a portrait with landscape at Hamilton Palace; but in the case of Girolamo da Santa Croce, as in that of so many other masters, your best friend, as a single gallery, will be the Royal Museum of Berlin, where there are no less than five pictures by that worthy follower of Giovanni Bellino, all of great if not of equal interest. Three at least of these works present examples of those angels for which Girolamo da Santa Croce is renowned, and all should be carefully examined by him who would study the transition of the period.

In Venice there are pictures of Girolamo that none who visit the city will fail to see. There is a Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, for example, in the Church of San Francesco della Vigna; but the Last Supper, in the same church, sometimes attributed to Girolamo, is scarcely worthy of his hand, nor do the best judges believe it to be by him. The Church of San Martino has a Cenacolo, said to be a work of this master; and there is a Madonna with Saints in the Venetian Academy. But it is in the Church of San Silvestro that the best work of Santa Croce, now to be fully authenticated, will be found; the subject is St. Thomas of Canterbury, with St. John the Baptist and St. Francis.

The picture of the Last Supper, still in San Francesco della Vigna, and named above as there attributed to Girolamo da Santa Croce, is by Francesco Rizzo, also of Santa Croce, and a relation of Girolamo, but whether father or elder brother has not been ascertained. He, too, was a disciple of Giovanni Bellino.

More attaching in themselves, and in their works of yet more touching interest than are even the best of those already alluded to,—some one or two only excepted,—is a group of masters, now and lastly to be mentioned. Lastly named, but by no means

* Arnold, of Brescia, was burnt in Rome by Pope Adrian IV., as our readers will remember, in the year 1155. John Wickliffe first saw the light in 1324. Richmond, in our own broad Yorkshire, lays claim to the distinction of being his birthplace.



J.H.BAKER SC.

PSYCHE

FROM THE STATUE BY W.TON HOYER, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN

JAMES S. VIRTUE

last to be thought of, they are, indeed, but rarely absent from the recollection of the present writer whenever the beloved and noble Arts are in question. And when are they forgotten? those fair lights of a world else groping in darkness, those friends never chilling nor changing, save only to become ever dearer and more dear, although change be the law of existence as regards all beside.

Gentile da Fabriano, the Bellini, with their excellent follower Basaiti, and the good disciple of Giovanni, Cima da Conegliano; with Vittore Carpaccia, and Vincenzio Catena, are among those first rising to recollection. Of a somewhat earlier period than the last-named, nor always equal, Luigi excepted, in the force of their appeal to our sympathy, although yet well beloved, the Murano family of artists, the Vivarini, come next—Antonio, Bartolommeo, and Luigi, are they called, the last-named master a charming painter, of whom one grieves to speak in haste or as of one in a crowd. Carlo Crivelli, accounted in his own day among the best masters of the period, though but little talked of in ours, and those other disciples of the Bellini—Cordegliaghi, a follower of Giovanni, and Mansueti, a careful observer of the elder brother, Gentile Bellino, whose disciple he was, and to whom his works have been sometimes attributed—claim also their part, and have it gladly allowed. Mansueti is said to have likewise studied under the greater artist Carpaccia. Of many among these masters we are wholly without example in our country; few of them are worthily represented, the Venetian painters suffering in this respect even more than do their Florentine brethren of the same period, some of whom—and Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, unapproached in his own sweet and heavenly sphere of action, is happily of the number—have received at least a portion of their praise at our hands.

Paris is more fortunate; Dresden less so than might be hoped and expected from the extent of her galleries. In Munich the lover of these old Venetian painters will meet little but disappointment; there is a Madonna by Giovanni Bellino in the Leuchtenberg Gallery; and at Schleissheim, a palace some few miles distant from the capital, as most of our readers will remember, is a Judgment of Solomon, by the father of Gentile and Giovanni, Jacopo or Giacomo Bellino: the works of the last-named painter are rarely seen beyond his native city of Venice, within whose precincts only some others, among the masters above-named, are to be found.

But for him who must yet defer his intention of making long abode in Venice,—the hope and desire of every artist,—there is Berlin for consolation, as regards these excellent masters: in that collection only will he be presented with examples of all; but since some among them have found place in a few of our own galleries, let us first see where these are to be sought by those who stay at home. Beginning with Gentile Bellino, as the elder brother, rather than for any better cause—unless, indeed, you will allow that such may be found in the interest of his subject—there is a drawing by this master in the British Museum,* and it has the rare privilege of being unquestioned as to the genuine character of its claim to be called a work of his hand. The persons represented are the then reigning Emperor of the Turks, Mahomet II., with the Sultana-mother, and the time is that of Gentile's residence in Constantinople. The drawing is a pen-and-ink sketch, manifestly taken from the life, and a note is made of the colours to be used by the master, in the dress of the Sultana, when he should subsequently paint from the sketch.

And as regards that mission of Gentile Bellino to the "Signor Turk," who had seen certain Venetian pictures with great admiration, and desired to have something similar for the decoration of his own palace, the matter is related in his "Diary," by Marino Sanuto on this wise: —"*August 1st*, 1479. —To-day there came a Jewish orator, with letters from the Signor Turk. He would have the Signoria send him a good painter, and invites the Doge to the marriage of his son." In a subsequent notice we find, "The Serenissima Republica has replied to the Grand Turk, thanking him for his invitation, and the Signoria has sent Zentil Bellino, an excellent painter, who has departed with the galleys of Romania." †

The effective lesson bestowed by the "Signor Turk" on the Venetian painter, when the question was how best to depict a man with his head cut off, will be fresh in the memory of all readers, and needs no repetition here. Ridolfi, by whom it is related, adds that Gentile much desired to put the seas between himself and his imperial instructor from the moment when he beheld the decapitation of the slave on whose hapless neck the Grand Seigneur had made his "demonstration." He returned to Venice, therefore, as speedily as might be thereafter, having been dismissed with many honours, and bearing a letter to the most Serene Senate, wherein the emperor's approval of him was very cordially expressed. A massive chain of gold was among the many gifts added by the Sultan, and this, says Vasari, "is still in possession of Gentile's heirs." All the city met the painter with glad welcome on his arrival, and the senate conferred on him a pension of two hundred scudi, "which was paid yearly for the remainder of his life."

The name of Gentile was given to his firstborn son by Jacopo Bellino, says Vasari, "per la dolce memoria che teneva di Gentile da Fabriano, stato suo maestro e come padre amorevole," * a circumstance not of unusual occurrence in those cordial days, be it remembered to their credit, when the disciple himself very frequently took the name of his master from the love and reverence ever afterwards borne by him to the guide and friend of his youth. Of this fact numerous instances will recur to the memory of all; but to go no farther than that before us, look at the portrait of Gentile da Fabriano, you who have the good fortune to be acquainted therewith, and see if you do not find promise of all the goodness implied in the passage just cited, from the earnest gaze of that serious and expressive countenance.

There is a painting, by Gentile da Fabriano in the collection of Mr. Labouchere, at Stoke, near Windsor, and among those invaluable portfolios in the British Museum, containing impressions of niello plates on paper, is an Adoration of the Magi, from a work of Maso Finiguerra, for which, Dr. Waagen declares, the artist has taken "the exquisite picture by Gentile da Fabriano, now in the Academy at Florence," as his model. This is proved by the richness of the composition, which all who are acquainted with that profoundly interesting collection, the gallery of the Florentine Academy, will recall with admiring pleasure.

Returning for a moment to Gentile Bellino, for whom we confess an old affection, we find the following, quoted from the "*Diarii Veneti*" of Marino Sanuto, in a note to the English translation of Vasari:—"*November 15th*, 1516.—We hear this morning that Zuan Belin, an excellent painter, is dead. His name is known through the world, and, old as he was, he painted most admirably. He was buried in Zanzenopolo (St. Giovanni e Paolo), beside his brother, Zentil Belin, also an excellent painter (*optimo pytor*)." †

Two drawings, said to be by Giovanni Bellino, are also in the British Museum, and there is a Portrait of a Doge in the National Gallery, which is without doubt by his hand; but in the great gallery of the nation one would fain have something better than a solitary specimen of a master so truly admirable, and there is reason to hope that we may one day be more richly endowed "in that sort." In the Royal Institution of Liverpool there is a portrait of Giovanni Bellino by his own hand. This work, not known to the present writer, is said to bear indubitable marks of authenticity.

But it is to the private collections of our great nobles and high gentry that we must have recourse, here, as on other occasions, if we would make acquaintance with some of the best of the early masters: to the Dudley Collection, for example, our English world of Art is largely indebted; we have there examples of Venetian as well as of Florentine painters of an early period, to say no word, at this moment, of other schools, or of the unrestricted liberty with which the public is permitted to profit thereby, although the benefit is one that must needs be held in grateful remembrance by all who desire to see the humanising influence of Art extending among us.

Of the Bellini, Lord Ward's collection does not present us with more than one example, a portrait from the hand of Giovanni; but in the works of another old Venetian, Carlo Crivelli, the gallery is richer—it has three, all characteristic of the period no less than of the painter: but we refrain from description, and the rather as these pictures are happily open to the study of all. Not so easy of attainment, but well meriting a visit, is that Pietà of the Vatican—sole work by his hand in the gallery—wherein Crivelli has so admirably depicted her great sorrow in the face of the Virgin. Once seen, this head can never be forgotten. There was a figure of St. Bernard at Alton Towers, but this work, although given to Crivelli, is not worthy of his hand. Of higher interest is the Virgin and Child, with four saints, in the collection of Sir Charles Eastlake: of that picture Dr. Waagen affirms, that "both in the noble expression of the individual heads, and in the earnest, deep, and full harmony of the colours, it belongs to the best works of the master;" a passage here cited all the more readily because it touches on precisely those qualities for which it is that the early Venetian masters are most beloved by the present writer, in common perhaps with all who look at paintings with the eyes of their hearts rather than with those of the learned head.

Mr. Miles is in possession of a truly valuable work by Giovanni Bellino, an "Adoration of the Magi," probably forming part of an altar-piece painted for the brotherhood of San Girolamo, and the loss of which is still bewailed in the native city of the master. Mr. Miles's picture is a predella, and is considered not unlikely to have been that of the San Girolamo altar-piece, which represented the Nativity of the Saviour, and the figures of which are declared to have been "molto lodate" at the time of their execution. The collection of Mr. Miles—always courteously exhibited to applicants, as many of our readers will have pleasant cause to remember—is, as most of them know, at Leigh Court, within a moderate walk of the lovely Clifton, and of those "hot wells," so dear to the memory of our mothers—grand, great-grand, and even earlier. The house stands on a fair plateau, in the midst, or rather on the summit, of the beautiful Leigh woods, among whose soft green beamy slopes, exquisite depths, and far-stretching vistas, the landscape-painter might profitably expend more lifetimes than commonly fall to the share of any one artist.

There, before him, as he luxuriates in the grounds of Leigh Court, or, better still for his purpose, as he lingers through delicious days among those dream-like woods of Leigh, rise the bold bluff rocks of St. Vincent; and these may serve him well to vary his theme, though they be not all that our good friend Evelyn would fain persuade us they are: for do but listen to what he says respecting them. He is slightly touching on the diversions he found at Bristol, where, with his "company," he had "a collation of eggs fried in the suggar furnace." But what was most stupendous to me," adds our beloved guide in the woodlands of home, and through many a foreign land beside, "what was most stupendous to me, was the rock of St. Vincent, the precipice whereoff is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in ye most confragose cataracts of the Alps, the river gliding between them at an extraordinary depth. Here we went searching for diamonds, and to the hot wells at its foote. There is also on the side of this horrid alp"—this horrid alp!—"a very romantic scate, and so we returned to Bathe in the evening." *

After that, is it any marvel that the descriptions of travellers should be taken with certain grains of allowance? and this too from a man who had seen the Swiss Alps! nay, who had traversed them not once only, but many times, and that at the utmost peril of his life. Here is a proof of it. With a son of Sir Christopher Wray, and "others of his company," Evelyn is crossing "Mount Sampion," which is no other than that Simplon, now the familiar acquaintance, or rather the often-sought, if not

* Bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Payne Knight.

† See Morelli, "Notizie d'opere di disegno," p. 99, as quoted in Mrs. Foster's Translation of Vasari, vol. ii. p. 167, *note*. This "Notizia" is the work so frequently cited by writers as "L'Anonimo."

* "One of Jacopo's sons was called Gentile, a name given to him in memory of the tender affection borne to Jacopo by Gentile da Fabriano, his master, who had been as a kind father to him." See Opere di Giorgio Vasari, tomo seeondo, p. 368, also English Translation, vol. ii. p. 157.

† Mrs. Foster's Translation of Vasari, vol. ii. p. 165.

* "Memoirs and Diary of John Evelyn," vol. i., p. 275.

always very gentle, friend, of us all. But then things were different; no bowling-green pleasaunce for the idling summer tourist were then the passes of the Alps, and accordingly Evelyn truly declares his route to be "by wildes covered with snow ever since the creation; and where the perpetual freezing flaw'd ye very skin off my face." Yet does he talk of St. Vincent's rocks as worthy to be compared with the Swiss Alps!

But there is more: a horse slides "down a frightful precipice, which so incens'd the choleric cavalier his master, that he was sending a brace of bullets into the poor beast; but just as he was lifting up his carbine, we gave such a shout, and so pelted ye horse with snow-balls, as, with all his might plunging thro' the snow, he fell from another steepe place into another bottome, neere a path we were to pass. It was, as we judged, *almost two miles that he had slid and fallen*."

Very likely, provided you are not meaning in perpendicular depth, Evelyn of our hearts; but then what becomes of your comparison with "that horrid alp" of St. Vincent, delightful old companion? Why, after that, we shall hardly know when we may trust you. Fortunately the poor horse "took no harme beyond the benuming of his limbs for ye present, but with lusty rubbing and chafing he began to move, and after a little walking did well enough." *

We return to our masters. Woods or mountains alone could wile us from them, but to the mountains and the woodlands even they must yield. There are two pictures by Giovanni Bellino in Lord Northwick's collection at Thirlstaine House; the one is a Madonna holding the Divine Child, with St. Peter and St. Sebastian to the right and left: "Serious and noble in the characters, and of a deep glow of colour: in these qualities, and in the admirable completion, we recognise this inestimable artist." The second work is a Repose of the Holy Family: this also is highly praised by Dr. Waagen, whose words are those quoted above. Nor does he do either work more than justice, both are indeed characteristic of the master; the last-mentioned more particularly, presenting—among other excellencies, if the recollection of the writer may be trusted—one of those broad, and beautiful, and hope-inspiring skies peculiar to the older painters. Clear and serene, these skies soothe you into forgetfulness, while basking in their golden light, of the fact that clouds and storm go to make any part of their being; so slight seems the veil they interpose between the visible heaven itself and the desiring gazer, as to make one almost pause in hope of further revelation. One, and not an unimportant element, is this, of their enchanting skies, in the strong attraction exercised over heart and spirit by the works of the early masters. Many and most precious are the examples that rise to the memory, in attestation of this truth, whether we think of the Florentine or Venetian schools—provided always that care be taken to go back far enough.

Some few of these are to be found in the mansions of our nobles and gentry, but we have not space for separate mention of them—a circumstance the less to be regretted, since very many of the masters to whom Art is *most* deeply indebted, have been made known to such as worship at her best and purest shrines, by the great gathering at Manchester.

Of works by the Bellini in the Louvre, where there are the portraits of both brothers, with the "Reception of a Venetian ambassador at Constantinople," by Gentile, I will but indicate the place, desiring to reserve the remainder of my narrow limits for some two or three painters less known among us. The galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Milan, must be treated in like manner—a necessity for which I am sorry, as regards the last-named, where there is a work of great interest by Gentile Bellino, the "Preaching of St. Mark," namely, which the traveller will find in the Brera. In Berlin too would we very gladly linger; Berlin, where, among other works by Gentile and Giovanni, there is a portrait by the former of his brother and himself. You do not admire the choice of costume, and in the somewhat hard features of Giovanni you look in vain for any very eloquent expression of that kindness which made *him* the friend and defender of Albert Dürer, when against some among the Venetian painters of that day the excellent father of German Art was warned that he must be on his guard, "nor eat nor drink with them save with caution," as he tells his dear friend Pirkheimer in words of quaint and quiet simplicity. Looking at his face, you would scarcely perhaps give Giovanni credit for the softness of heart that rendered his own few remaining days unendurable to him, save as he lightened their dreariness by the exercise of his beloved art, when, "rimaso vedovo di Gentile, il quale aveva sempre amato tenerissimamente," he went sorrowing towards the grave wherein they were happily soon to be united. "Left bereaved of his Gentile, whom he had ever most tenderly loved," says our Vasari—who "paints himself," as Ludwig Schorn says people generally do, while he thought only of depicting others—Giovanni did not long sustain his loneliness; and, touched by all the Aretine biographer's words imply, you feel reluctant to turn from the gallery, were it only because you must first bid adieu to that portrait. Still more difficult is it to pass rapidly before the appealing works assembled in Venice by her noblest masters, as they rise clearly before you, while—the memory pleasantly awakening—you find yourself by turn in the palace, the academy, or the church, wherein picture after picture stands ranged, and regarding you, each presenting the delightful aspect of a friend revered no less than beloved. Yet can we do no more than look at one and all with eyes of love; merely to name their names will be permitted to us but in very few instances.

Among these few the most important is the Madonna enthroned, by Giovanni Bellino, in the sacristy of Santa Maria Gloriosa, a church better known perhaps as that of the Frari. Of a later period, but equally beautiful, and in some parts even more striking, is the altar-piece in the Church of San Giovanni Grisostomo, where the grand and noble figures of the saintly fathers—St. Jerome, seated and reading, St. Augustin, and St. Christopher—are contrasted with exquisite effect by that of the child whose hand is raised caressingly, and who seems not unsuccessfully to have called the last-named from his contemplations of that heaven which is yet remaining reflected on his benevolent face, as he bends it towards the infant. Go to Venice, student of the good and true, were it but to give golden hours to the study of those two priceless treasures, and then to return with the riches thus accumulated.

Invaluable works by the Bellini, the Vivarini, and other masters, were destroyed in the deplorable conflagration of the Ducal Palace in 1577; others, once enriching different palaces, have been alienated by the necessities of the owners, or by other causes, and must be sought in distant galleries, but many still remain. In the Academy there is an altar-piece, executed for the Church of St. Job, the subject a Madonna with the Divine Child in her arms; saints are around her, and beneath are children with instruments of music. There are also works by Gentile in the Venetian Academy, and to the present writer these were of themselves a sufficing reason wherefore the gondolier should turn his "barca" very frequently towards that gallery. You can scarcely have enough of looking at the beautiful city, as she appeared in those days when the faithful hand of Gentile depicted her portrait; and here has he given you that portrait to perfection. In the "Procession of the Cross," borne across the Piazza di San Marco, you have the rich quaint beauty of that better day, preserved with so much love and care, that you feel almost tempted to believe the truthful master to have had some secret presage in his mind of the consolation he was thereby preparing for us—who were to come sorrowing after—and you half persuade yourself that he worked with a pitying exactitude accordingly. Yet if your belief be such, it but deceives you; he thought only of exhibiting the miracle recently witnessed by all the city, with the ceremonies consequent thereon, and depicted things as he saw them, because it was in the truth of his nature so to do. Let us be thankful nevertheless; the works are ours, although not painted with a view to our consolation, and if the Venice of these present times be afflicting you beyond your patience—if you be driven from the Piazza di San Marco by all the various impertinencies, and worse than they, so grievously deforming it in the days that are—you have but to seek these chambers of the Academy, and may there live in the days that are past.

* See "Evelyn's Memoirs," vol. i. p. 221.

THE HORSE FAIR.*

It is more than singular that the leading publisher of prints in England is a Frenchman: although M. Gambart has so long resided in London, and is so closely identified with British Art, that he may be almost considered an Englishman. We cordially wish him success in his many liberal undertakings: and if in this instance the exhibition of the picture, and the production of the engraving, have been largely profitable to him as commercial speculations, he is eminently entitled to the advantages he has obtained, by a degree of forethought, enterprise, and liberality, we shall rejoice to see emulated, as well as rewarded.

We have so frequently noticed this great work, and the public are so familiar with it, that it cannot be necessary to describe it in detail. When first exhibited, it excited admiration amounting to astonishment; it was difficult to believe so masterly a painting was the production of a woman. It manifested so thorough a knowledge of Art, and so intimate an acquaintance with nature—afforded so many proofs of matured study—was so entirely satisfactory to the most competent critic of the animal especially pictured, and was so admirable in composition, arrangement, and execution, as to create but one opinion—that the present century had not produced a work so altogether excellent.

Those who knew personally the lady who painted it, were no little surprised to find in the artist a remarkably *petit*, delicate, and graceful woman—full of animation and energy, but one who seemed more likely to devote her mind to picturing flowers, than to the production of works of magnitude, which involved labour, thought, time, and patience. Undoubtedly, Rosa Bonheur has done more than any woman of her age to assert and maintain the supremacy of her sex. There is no man who could have painted a better picture than "The Horse Fair."

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux, March 25th, 1822. She remained there till she had attained her fourth year, when her father, a promising young artist, removed to Paris. At the age of ten she showed indications of extraordinary talents, but her father, much as he loved Art himself, was unwilling to make his daughter a painter. The workings of her mind were, however, too strong to be turned aside from their object, so he at length admitted her into his studio, and cultivated her genius with the most assiduous care. In due time he sent her to the Louvre to copy the works of the old masters, and admirably were her tasks performed. At the age of seventeen she commenced the study of animals, to which her taste inclined from its earliest dawn; and, young as she was, she had the moral and physical courage to undergo a daily attendance at the Roule slaughter-house, in the study of Nature. What else could be expected from so much enthusiasm, united with such natural gifts, but that they must produce pictures like "The Horse Fair?"

The subscribers to this print—and they are to be found in all parts of England—have been expecting it with some anxiety. They will not be disappointed. It has received ample justice at the hands of Mr. Thomas Landseer. At first sight it will seem to require greater force; and we ourselves may desire, perhaps, that the lights and shades were more *prononcés:* but it will amply satisfy those who examine the skilful drawing and careful manipulation, and can appreciate the harmony that prevails throughout.

The production of such a work is important at a time when so many tawdry productions are filling the windows of our "print-shops"—making us ashamed that we are so far behind our neighbours in all that really merits the name of Art: and it is no wonder that we find the critics of Germany and France deploring our decadence, when they judge of us from the "half castes" exhibited to their view as the productions of British painters and engravers—considering them such as the British public will only buy; yet it is notorious that when a really good print is engraved in any part of the Continent, its principal buyers are found in England.

* Painted by Rosa Bonheur. Engraved by T. Landseer. Published by Gambart & Co., London.

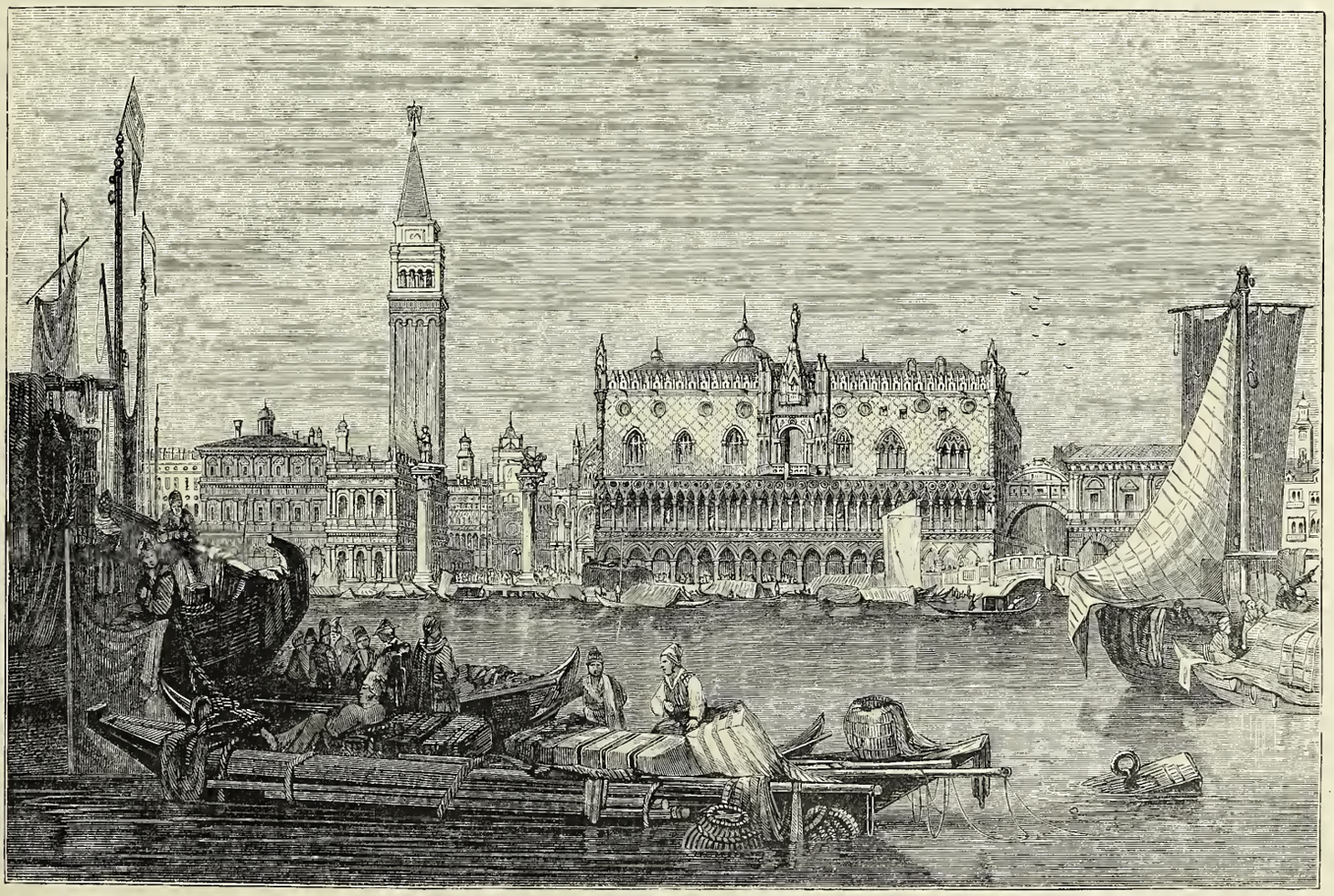
BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXX.—SAMUEL PROUT, F.S.A.

STRANGE as it may appear to many, among all the numerous illustrations of every kind which have been published in the *Art-Journal* since its commencement, there has never been introduced a single example of the works of Samuel Prout—and yet none hold them in higher esteem than ourselves. But Prout painted in water-colours only, and the Vernon Collection is restricted to oil-pictures, while the Royal Collection, which we are now engraving, though it combines works executed in both kinds of materials, unfortunately does not possess a specimen of this artist's pencil. If, therefore, an apology were necessary for including him in this series of biographical notices, no other, it is presumed, need be offered than a desire to supply an omission which has arisen from circumstances beyond our control, and which we are only too glad of the opportunity of filling up.

Samuel Prout! how this name is associated in our mental vision with the mediæval ecclesiastical edifices that are scattered over the greater part of the European continent—with the old domestic architecture, so quaintly picturesque, that abounds in Flanders, Normandy, and the German provinces—with ruined abbeys, and time-worn towers, and Venetian palaces—and, to go back to many of his earlier works, with sea-stained hulls of ships that have carried thousands of brave English hearts safely through the battle and the storm, or have brought home the wealth of the Indies to the shores of Britain—and with the low thatched cottage, whence the sailor and the fisherman went forth to face the perils of the deep. These are the subjects in which the pencil of this excellent painter made, at one period or other of his life, entirely his own, and in which it had no equal. Taking up, by chance, a day or two before we sat down to write this notice, Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet entitled "Pre-Raphaelitism,"—which, by the way, we had not looked into since it was published, more than six years ago,—we met with the following passage: it so entirely speaks the thoughts that have frequently occurred to us when contemplating Prout's pictures that we quote it; and with the more readiness, for the sake of our readers, because no language of our own would half so well become the subject:—"I have in various other places expressed my sincere respect for the works of Samuel Prout; his shortness of sight has necessarily prevented their possessing delicacy of finish or fulness of minor detail, but I think that those of no other living artist furnish an example so striking of innate and special instinct, sent to do a particular work at the exact and only period when it was possible. At the instant when peace had been established all over Europe, but when neither national character nor national architecture had as yet been seriously changed by promiscuous intercourse or modern 'improvement,'—when, however, nearly every ancient and beautiful building had been long left in a state of comparative neglect, so that its aspect of partial ruinousness, and of separation from recent active life, gave to every edifice a peculiar interest—half sorrowful, half sublime, at that moment Prout was trained among the rough rocks and simple cottages of Cornwall, until his eye was accustomed to follow with delight the rents, and breaks, and irregularities which, to another man, would have been offensive; and then, gifted with infinite readiness in composition, but also with infinite affection for the kind of subjects he had to portray, he was sent to preserve, in an almost innumerable series of drawings, *every one made on the spot*, the aspect borne at the beginning of the nineteenth century by cities which, in a few years more, rekindled wars, or unexpected prosperities were to ravage or renovate into nothingness."

It seems to us, who often had the pleasure of holding familiar intercourse with Prout,—and who had this privilege without deriving benefit and enjoyment from it?—as if we were unlocking "the prison-gates of death," and calling the sleeping captive forth, when we talk of him again—for it appears scarcely longer than a few months back since we sat by his side in his small, "snug" studio, watching his progress on a large drawing of Venice; and yet nearly six years have passed since it was our sad duty to record his name on the "Obituary" page of the *Art-Journal*, adding thereto a few brief lines in honour of his memory—for his friend Mr. Ruskin had, two or three years previously, favoured us with an article on the works of this artist, brief, but so comprehensive as to make any further comment unnecessary at the conclusion of an intervening period so comparatively short in its duration. It may, therefore, possibly be considered by some a superfluous task to re-write his history, or repeat what has been already published concerning him; but inasmuch as the pictures which Prout painted must always take their place among the most original and beautiful examples of water-colour painting produced in this or any other country, so, whatever is written that may tend to exalt both the artist and the man, and to lead those who knew him not, rightly to value both him and his works, can scarcely be deemed intrusive and uncalled for; still, we shall find it necessary to consult our former pages for what we have now to record.



Engraved by] THE DUCAL PALACE: VENICE. [C. and G. P. Nicholls.

Samuel Prout was born at Plymouth, September 17, 1783. Whatever success he might have achieved in another profession,—and his general intelligence and high moral character would in any position have tended greatly to his advance-

ment,—it was clear nature intended him for an artist, though his friends were much opposed to such a pursuit for their child, who, almost from his birth, showed extreme constitutional debility. Before his tiny fingers had strength enough to hold a pencil steadily, he would employ every minute, not otherwise engaged, in attempting to draw. "Reproofs were affectionately repeated, and every effort made to dissuade the boy from what was considered an 'idle amusement,' but it was soon discovered that opposition was unavailing, and the attachment too strong to be checked. It might perhaps have been otherwise, but for some rays of encouragement received from the observant kindness of his first schoolmaster. To watch the direction of the little hand when it wandered from its task, to draw the culprit to him with a smile instead of a reproof, to sit him on the high stool beside his desk, and stimulate him, by the loan of his own pen, to a more patient and elaborate study of the child's usual subject, his favourite cat, was a modification of preceptorial care as easy as it was wise; but it had, perhaps, more influence on the mind and after-life of the boy than all the rest of his education together."

He had scarcely passed the fourth year of his age when an event occurred that for a time endangered his life, and from which may be dated the many, many hours and days of suffering experienced almost to the end of his career—aggravated, as this first malady was, at a future period, by another, if possible as distressing both to mind and body. One sultry autumnal morning he went out alone, armed with a hooked stick, to gather nuts: towards the close of the day he was carried home by a farmer, who had been attracted by his moans to the spot under a hedge where he was lying, prostrate and insensible, from the effects of a sun-stroke. From that day forward he was subject to attacks of violent pain in the head, recurring at short intervals; and until thirty years after marriage, not a week passed without one or two days of absolute confinement to his room or to his bed. "Up to this hour," he sometimes said to his friends, towards the close of his life, "I have to endure a great fight of afflictions; can I therefore be sufficiently thankful for the merciful gift of a buoyant spirit." "That buoyancy of spirit," writes Mr. Ruskin, "one of the brightest and most marked elements of his character, never failed to sustain him between the recurrences even of his most acute suffering; and the pursuit of his most beloved Art became every year more determined and independent." The marvel to us, whenever we have thought of Prout with reference to his works, and to his distant and prolonged sketching expeditions, was that he could accomplish so much, and do what he did so well, under circumstances that seemed likely to paralyse effort, mental and bodily.

His earliest essays in sketching from nature were made in the company of Haydon, his school-fellow and fellow-townsman, and about three years his junior: we could pause, had we space for such observations, to comment upon the ultimate fate of these two artists respectively, but must forbear. When Prout first began to draw, his only examples, or studies, were the mediocre prints of that period, so that he acquired a cramped and mannered style, from which nothing but a constant and close reference to nature extricated him. "Whole days, from dawn till night, were devoted to the study of the peculiar objects of his early interest—the ivy-mantled bridges, mossy water-mills, and rock-built cottages, which constitute the valley scenery of Devon and Cornwall;" they who remember the elementary books of instruction published by him at a subsequent period, will recollect how many subjects of this character were included in the examples. The only teachings Prout ever received, consisted of a few lessons from a drawing-master in Plymouth, of the name of Williams.

It happened that, in the winter of 1801, John Britton, the late well-known antiquarian, visited Plymouth on his way into Cornwall, for the purpose of collecting materials for his work, the "Beauties of England;" and at the house of Dr. Bidlake, master of the Grammar School, under whom Prout had been educated, and who took a lively interest in his doings, Britton was shown some of the sketches made by the young artist; he felt so pleased with them and their author, as to desire to have the youth as his travelling companion, and to assist him in the work on which he was engaged. Having obtained the consent of his parents, they set out on their journey westward, but after getting as far as Truro the travellers parted, Prout to return home, as his employer found that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the intricate details of architectural drawing to make his service available; the mutual introduction, however, was not without advantages to both at a future time. About eighteen months afterwards, Britton, who had returned to London, received from his young friend—for they separated with all good-will and mutual esteem—some sketches recently made; these manifested such improvement as to induce him to have some of them engraved in his "Beauties of England," and others in another publication, called "The Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet:" but still more important results to the young artist followed; Britton invited him to London, and took him into his house, where he remained two years, employing himself chiefly in copying architectural drawings by the early water-colour painters, Turner, Hearne, Alexander, Mackenzie, Cotman, &c. In 1803 and 1804, he engaged his young *protégé* to visit the counties of Cambridge, Essex, and Wiltshire, to sketch; many of his drawings are engraved in the publications of the antiquarian.



Engraved by] SWISS COTTAGES AT LAVY. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

But this kind of work by no means satisfied Prout's ambition; what he had seen and copied in London, though at the first he felt greatly discouraged, stimulated to greater exertions and more careful study, when he returned home, in 1805, chiefly on account of ill-health. Happily, he was able in a short time to resume his labours, but on subjects totally distinct from those that afterwards occupied his attention; for, as yet, his range of subject was undetermined, and seemed likely to have been very different from that in which he ultimately became pre-eminent. The shipping and picturesque marine material that abounds in his native place afforded prolific and agreeable themes for his pencil, and to these he assiduously addressed himself. Long after his second return to London, whither he had been invited by many most promising offers of encouragement, by far the larger number of his pictures were marine subjects. But other work was in store for him: about the year 1818 his health, which, as we have seen, had never been vigorous, showed signs of increasing weakness, and a short tour on the continent was recommended. The route by Havre to Rouen was chosen, and soon Prout found himself in the grotesque labyrinths of the Norman streets, and "among those objects with which the painter's mind had the profoundest sympathy: . . . . his vocation was fixed from that hour."

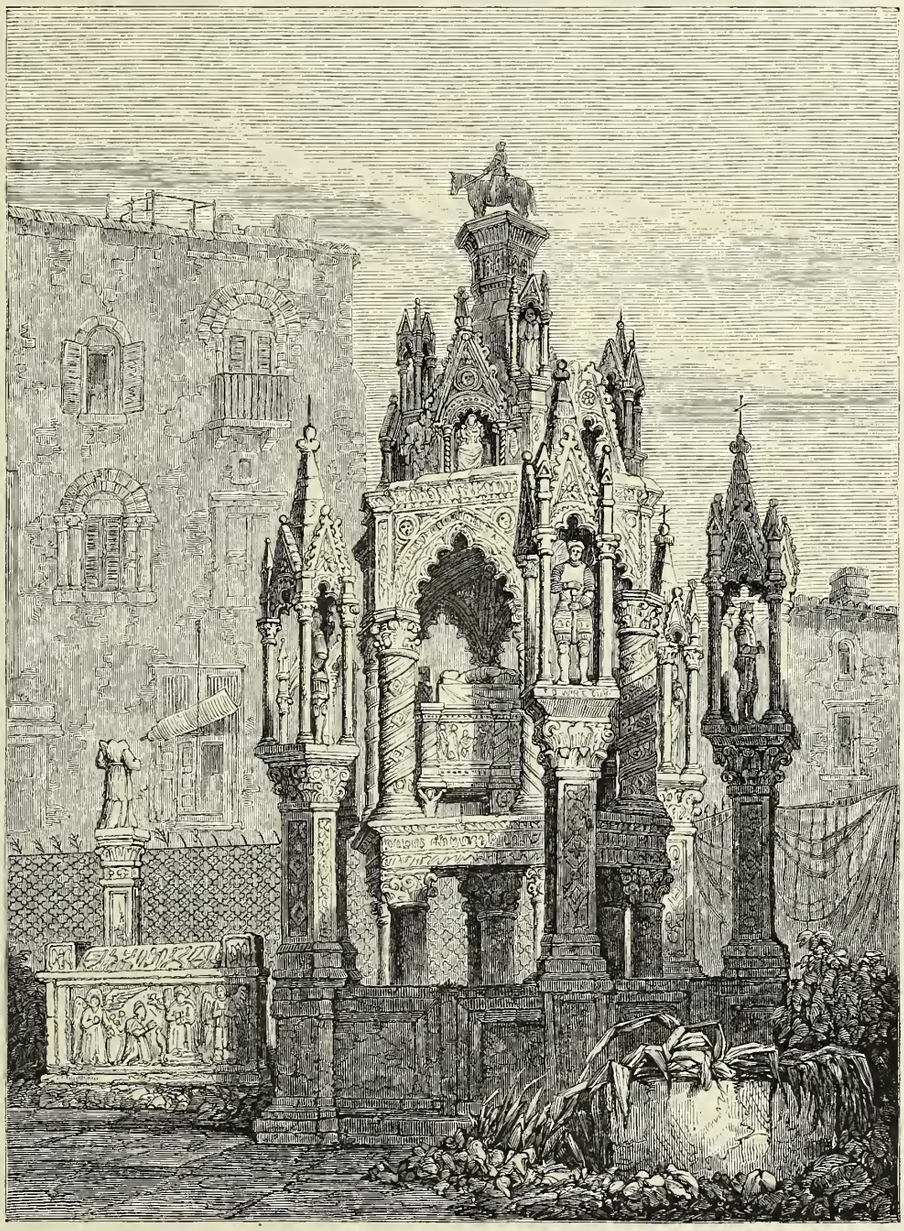
This journey was the first stage, so to speak, of the many continental excursions made by Prout, as its results produced the first instalment of the large array of drawings which, for more than thirty years delighted, as well by

their originality as by their beauty, the lovers of water-colour painting, for "he ransacked every corner of France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy, for its fragments of carved stone."

Mr. Ruskin places Prout first on the list of architectural painters. "We owe," he says, "to Prout, I believe, the first perception, and certainly the only existing expression of precisely the characters which were wanting to old art, of that feeling which results from the influence among the noble lines of architecture of the rent and the rust, the fissure, the lichen, and the weed, and from the writing upon the pages of ancient walls of the confused hieroglyphics of human history. . . . . Numerous as have been his imitators, extended as his influence, and simple as his means and manner, there has yet appeared nothing at all to equal him; there is *no* stone drawing, *no* vitality of architecture like Prout's. . . . . Faults he has, manifold and easily detected, and much declaimed against by second-rate artists; but his excellence no one has ever touched." Further on, in allusion to composition and colour, he says,—"Prout's streets are the only streets that are accidentally crowded, his markets are the only markets where one feels inclined to get out of the way. With others we feel the figures so right where they are, that we have no expectation of their going anywhere else, and approve of the position of the man with the wheelbarrow, without the slightest fear of his running against our legs. One other merit he has, far less generally acknowledged than it should be; he is among our most sunny and substantial colourists. Much conventional colour occurs in his inferior pictures (for he is very unequal), and some in all; but portions are always to be found of quality so luminous and pure that I have found these works the only ones capable of bearing juxtaposition with Turner and W. Hunt, who invariably destroy everything else that comes within range of them. His most beautiful tones occur in those drawings in which there is prevalent and powerful warm grey, his most failing ones in those of sandy grey." *

It is very easy to understand from the extracts we have introduced from Mr. Ruskin's writings, in what consists the superiority of Prout's drawings over those of most other artists; looking at the architecture one generally sees in paintings, it may as readily be assumed that it was reared within the present century as five hundred years ago: there is little in its aspect to testify—we are speaking, of course, of ancient buildings—that generations have come and gone since the stones were fashioned and piled in forms of beauty, that the hands that sculptured and raised them have long mouldered into dust; but Prout's edifices are hoary with age, they show the wrinkles that time has engraved on their faces, and the rich colourings with which the suns and storms of centuries have tinted them; whether we walk with him through the old streets of Flemish towns, or glide in his gondola beneath the palaces of Venice, or sit with him in the shadow of some ruined archway, we feel to be surrounded by objects unmistakably venerable, the living, speaking memorials of ages and histories that go far back into the records of the past.

The introduction of the art of lithography very soon attracted the attention of Prout; turning over the other day the contents of an old portfolio in our possession, we came upon some of his earliest essays in this kind of work; they are chiefly sketches of shipping, and seem as if executed with a large etching needle. To these succeeded examples of a far better character, bolder in manipulation, with broad masses of light and shade: of this description are the cottages, bridges, and old buildings sketched in the west of England. At a later date, and after he had paid two or three visits to the continent, appeared the first of his large lithographic publications, "Sketches in Flanders and Germany," containing a rich collection of glorious old architectural studies made in Brussels, Louvain, Cologne, Nuremberg, and other places. In 1839 he published another large work, "Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy," a fine work in every way, but the subjects, admirable as some are, have not, as a whole, the interest which the artist's genius had thrown into the former; certainly they were less adapted for the development of his peculiar powers: he does not seem, to use an Art-phrase, to have *felt* them. In the same year too he put forth other works, books of instruction: "Hints on Light and Shadow," a work from which we remember to have derived, at the time of its appearance, much profit; and before the year closed, he published his "Young Student's Drawing-Book." Two other publications in lithography were produced at a later period; one called "Exteriors," the other, "Interiors," both containing a number of excellent studies for the amateur and student.



Engraved by] THE TOMB OF THE SCALIGERS AT VERONA. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

But in speaking of publications with which the name of Prout is connected, the "Landscape Annual" must not be forgotten. The volumes for 1830 and 1831, contain engravings from his drawings—the former Swiss and Italian subjects chiefly, the latter Italian only.

In 1836, the state of his health compelled him to quit his residence in the vicinity of London, and remove into the country; but he was not missed from the exhibition-rooms of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he was one of the earliest members; year by year the walls of the gallery testified to his industry and to the charm of his pencil: ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty pictures, and not a few among them of large size, were generally contributed by him annually. Shortly after her Majesty came to the throne he was appointed "Painter in Water-colours to the Queen," and a few years afterwards was honoured with a similar appointment by the Prince Consort. He was also elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians.

After an absence of eight years from the metropolis Prout returned hither, and took up his abode at Camberwell; his health had been partially restored, so that for a time he was able to resume his labours as assiduously, and almost as free from distraction, as was his wont; but increasing age by no means tended to diminish the bodily weakness and physical ailments that had been all through life his constant companions; outwardly his lamp burned brightly, inwardly it flickered and "waxed dim," for to the end his powers, as an artist, exhibited no signs of decay, and his cheerfulness and serenity of mind never forsook him, even when—to use his own words spoken to the writer of this notice, but a short time before his death—"the dark cloud was apparently not far distant." It came, and very suddenly at last; on the 9th of February, 1852, Prout closed his well-spent life—well spent in every way, as an artist, a man, and a Christian; if there was ever one whom to know was to love and admire, such a man was Samuel Prout.

* "Modern Painters," vol. i., pt. 2, sc. 1. ch. vii.

BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

Part VI.

We now proceed to notice the leaf, which, though an object of such high interest, is one which can readily be seen: and as that feature of this organ which is most essential to the ornamentist is its form, a few general considerations relative to this development is all that is necessary. Botanists divide leaves into two classes, one of which they term simple, the other compound. The simple are characterised by being invariably formed of one piece, though it does not matter how much this piece may be cut up; thus the leaves of the Lilac and the Vine are alike simple. The other division, namely, that of compound leaves, is characterised by being composed of more than one piece; thus the Horse-chestnut leaf is compound, as is that of the Rose and Laburnum. Now it will be noticed that at the union of the leaf with the stem there is usually a slight contraction, giving rise to a kind of joint, which contraction is usually situated at the base of the leaf-stalk, where the leaf separates from the stem when it is shed by the latter; but in those leaves which have no stalk, it is obvious that if this contraction exists, it must be situated immediately at the base of the blade of the leaf. Now this contraction is not only found at the base of the leaf, but in compound leaves at the base of each of their parts: and at this point the component members (leaflets) of the compound leaf often separate from the leaf-stalk before it separates from the plant. The presence of this contraction between the blade and the stalk of the Orange leaf has caused it to be regarded as compound, though composed of but one leaflet. All leaves, however, are not thus jointed to the stem by which they have been generated, examples of which are the leaves of Palm-trees. Now this is a distinctive character in trees, and as the leaves of all exogenous trees have this contraction, their leaves are shed annually; but those of endogens have not, therefore their leaves are permanent, separating from the stem only by decay. Although leaves are simple and compound, the only difference between them is, the compound leaf is more developed than the simple; this will be readily perceived by observing the progressive development from simple to compound of the leaf of



Figs. 54, 55, 56.—Nightshade.—*Solanum Dulcamara.*

the Nightshade (*Solanum Dulcamara*), Figs. 54, 55, 56.

For ornamental purposes a second classification will also be found expedient, the characters of which are even more obvious than those of the simple and compound. Leaves are formed in two ways, the majority have the blade of the leaf extending on each side of the mid-rib of the leaf, which mid-rib is a straight continuation of the leaf-stalk (if it exists) into the leaf, as, for example, the Apple and Plum. The other is that in which the blade of the leaf is perpendicular to the leaf-stalk, as in the Nasturtium (*Tropæolum*) and the Castor Oil plant (*Ricinus*). To trace out the variations in these two varieties is extremely interesting to the ornamentist; we may accomplish this in a simple and limited way—which must suffice for our present purpose—by following the progress of development in various leaves.

Starting with the former class, we observe first the Lilac; here we have a leaf without divisions, and hence *entire*. From this we proceed to the Violet, where we have a leaf whose edges are somewhat saw-like; in the Stinging-nettle this is carried to a greater extent; in the Elm we have a leaf the teeth of which are toothed; in the Hawthorn this is carried further, and in the Chrysanthemum further still, the secondary teeth being toothed; whilst in some species of Poppies the leaf is divided into distinct segments: these, however, are all long leaves.

Starting again with a short leaf, a member of the same class, we notice first that of the Asarabacca (*Asarum europæum*), which is a reniform (kidney-shaped) leaf, entire or undivided; from this we pass to the Mallow (*Malva sylvestris*), which is a lobed leaf; from this to the Ladies' Mantle (*Alchemilla Alpina Conjuncta*), which is cleft about half-way down; and from this to the Potentilla, which is cleft into a number of segments, thus introducing us to the compound leaf.

Taking up the second division, let us start with the Nasturtium (*Tropæolum*), the blade of which leaf is perpendicular to the leaf-stalk; here we have again an entire leaf. From this proceed to the leaf of the Castor Oil plant (*Ricinus*), which is lobed; while in the Horse-chestnut (*Æsculus*), it is divided into distinct segments, and is therefore compound. Without entering into further detail on this part of our subject, we proceed to notice a few points which present themselves in compound leaves. Compound leaves, as we have already said, are those which are composed of a series of leaflets or little leaves; now these leaflets (little leaves) are arranged in two ways, one of which is that in which they all radiate from a common centre (the top of the leaf-stalk), as in the Horse-chestnut, and the other is that in which they are arranged along the sides of the stalk, as in the Robinia and Rose. To trace out the modifications of these varieties, we notice first a few of the most common of those arranged along the side of the leaf-stalk, or mid-rib of the compound leaf. Thus the Sweet-pea has two leaflets, the Scarlet-runner three, other peas four, the Rose five, the common Pea six, the Jasmine seven, and so on; this could probably be traced uninterruptedly up to about twenty by careful observation. We must notice, as we pass along, that all those leaves which have an odd number of leaflets have one situated at the apex of the mid-rib of this compound organ, while those with an even number have not; this produces a decided difference in the effect. In those cases where there is no terminal leaflet, the leaf-stalk is oftimes prolonged beyond the leaflets in the form of a tendril, as in the Pea, which may be branched or entire. These necessarily give diverse characters to the foliage of plants. Diversity of effect is also produced in this class of plants by the leaflets being in some cases placed opposite each other, while in other instances they are alternate. Also in some leaves the leaflets are all of one size, while in others they are of different magnitudes, as in the Geum and Agrimony. To follow out those which are radiated, we commence with the *Bauhinia racemosa*, in which there are two leaflets; in the Clover there are three; in the Four-leaved Shamrock there are four; in the Potentilla five; while in the Horse-chestnut there are seven, and in one of the Lupins nine. This also could probably be completed up to about fifteen. One more remark is all that space will permit us to make on the general form of the leaf, which is, that not only are these diversities traceable, but also others, which are the result of the shortening of the leaf. Thus the apex is extremely long in the *Ficus religiosa* (a species of fig); it is shorter in the Lilac; it is blunt in the Bladder-senna; it is as if cut off in the Tulip-tree (*Liriodendron*), and concave in the centre in the *Passiflora medusa*. The number of the segments of simple leaves is also well worthy of notice: thus some are divided into two parts, as the *Bauhinia aculeata;* and some into three, as the *Hippatica*, and so on. However, this part of our subject we must now leave, and notice the margins of leaves.

The margins of leaves are extremely diversified, and give different characters to the entire structure, but of this, as well as of the texture of the leaf, we will speak when considering the general effect of the structure. We shall here notice the margin considered in reference to form only. Botanists are in the habit of distinguishing several varieties of margins: thus the edges of some leaves are said to be *entire*, that is undivided (ex. Lilac); others are said to be *serrated*, that is saw-like, all the teeth pointing to the apex of the organ (ex. Violet); others are *dentate* from the fancied resemblance of these marginal projections to the teeth of an animal (ex. Melon),—the character of the dentate margin is when there is a series of teeth which are directed outwards, and not towards the apex of the leaf; others are *crenated*, or as if segments of circles had been cut out (ex. Holly), and so on. These four are, however, the principal varieties, their modification and transitions, one from another, forming the margins of most foliaceous appendages to the axes of plants.

We shall next notice the nerves of the leaf. The nerves, or more properly ribs, or veins of leaves, though sometimes inconspicuous, most decidedly mark the characters of these developments, and as they furnish marks of internal organisation, they demand paramount attention. A cursory examination of plants will show that veins are disposed in two distinctly different ways, and a more scrutinising research will detect three varieties, of which two only are common in our land. The first, or principal group of which consists of those leaves which have a reticulated venation, that is, the veins are so distributed as to form a kind of anastomosis, or net-work over the entire organ; modifications of this variety, however, occur in which the external veins are only branched two or three times, as in the Oak, therefore the best character is, if the veins are branched, the plant belongs to this class. Now, this venation of the leaf corresponds with the exogenous stem, and the seed possessed of two seed-lobes—that is to say, the seed, the embryo of which has two or more seed-lobes, produces an exogenous stem, which stem develops those leaves only which have a reticulated venation, this leaf therefore characterises the group of exogens. A popular test of this division is to tear a leaf; if it tears zigzag, it is an exogen. The second group consists of those leaves whose veins are parallel—that is to say, all those veins which are external, hence visible, are not branched, but run side by side from the base to the apex of the leaf. This leaf is characteristic of the group of endogens, hence is produced by a stem which is endogenous, and which has been generated by an embryo possessing one seed-lobe. This leaf will tear straight. The other division is characterised by a forked venation, each rib dividing regularly into two branches, which again become bi-forked, which forking may be carried to any extent: this venation characterises the group of acrogens.

Although the preceding marks furnish distinctive characters of large groups of plants, and are therefore worthy of special attention, there are yet other points which are as characteristic of individuals as these are of groups, and are therefore in certain cases of equal if not of greater importance. We can here allude to one example only. The leaves of the Vine and Plane are alike five-lobed, and have therefore five prominent ribs, one passing up the centre of each lobe; but the origin of these ribs is not similar;

thus, in the Vine leaf (Fig. 57), it will be observed that the five ribs radiate from a common centre, whereas in the Plane (Fig. 12), three only proceed from one point, the remaining two separating from



Fig. 57.—Vine.—*Vitis.*

the two other lateral ribs at some little distance from the base. Not only have the Vine and the Plane these characteristic features, but each leaf has its own particular venation, which is characteristic of the individual.

The leaf-stalk also demands notice. The forms of the leaf-stalk are almost as diversified as those of leaves, though not so conspicuous. It is usually flattened and distended at the base, or where it is attached to the parent axis. Now, upon the form of the base of this organ depends the form of the scar found on the stem after the leaf is shed; and it will be noticed that on this scar, as well as on the base of the leaf-stalk, there is usually a number of dots, formed by the woody matter passing from the leaf to the axis; their number and form are of high importance. Sometimes the leaf-stalk assumes the character of a flat, leafy expansion, as in the Orange, at other times it is of quite an anomalous nature—thus the far-famed Pitchers of the Pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes*) are modifications of this organ, the lid only being the blade of the leaf. Having thus alluded to the leaf-stalk, we proceed to notice the union of the leaf with the stem, and upon this point it is extremely difficult to offer any remarks which would prove serviceable, although it is a point of very high interest. The difficulty of giving a pleasing union of lines must be well known to all ornamentists, and the beautiful manner in which this is accomplished in many members of the vegetable kingdom is just as manifest. This union is necessarily influenced by various circumstances, as, for instance, the form of the organ uniting with the axis, as well as the form of the axis itself; and this union is oft-times so characteristic as at once to enable the practised eye to detect the individual. If the object (say a leaf) is large which is united with the stem, strength is required, therefore this is considered in this union (Fig. 58); but we shall notice this when considering the constructive principle of the vegetable. In some instances a peculiar character is given to this union by the leaf, instead of terminating at this point, passing down the stem in the form of a membraneous expansion. Modifications in this union are innumerable, therefore we merely proceed to notice one general feature, which is, that there is a strong tendency manifested on the part of nature to hide the actual point of union of contiguous

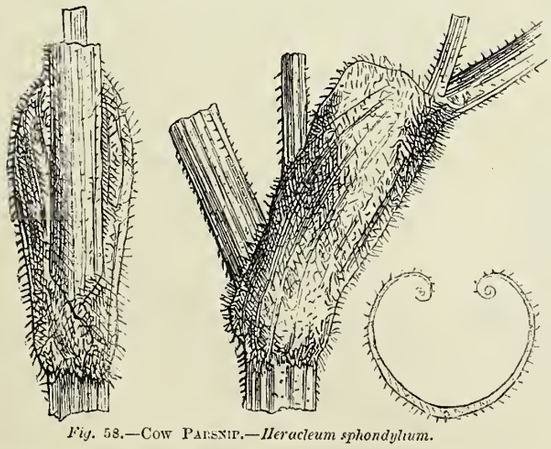


Fig. 58.—Cow Parsnip.—*Heracleum sphondylium.*

organs, therefore small leafy expansions are often situated at this junction, as in the Hawthorn (Fig. 59), and Passion-flower: the axillary appendages are not, however, always leafy, thus in the Robinia they



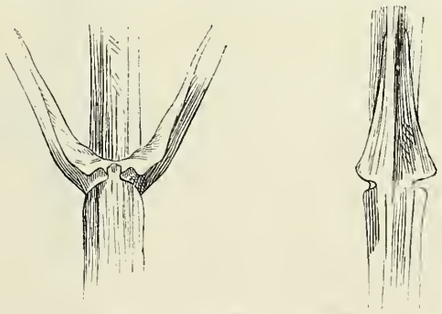
Fig. 59.—Hawthorn.—*Cratægus.*

are spiny, in the Elder awl-shaped, and in the *Smilax latifolia* they are tendril-like. In some cases they adhere more or less perfectly to the leaf-stalk, as in the Strawberry Angelica (Fig. 60), and Scrophularia (Figs. 61, 62). They are usually two in number, one of which is situated at the right, the other at the left of the base of the leaf-stalk, therefore, when opposite leaves are furnished with



Fig. 60.—*Angelica.*

these appendages, there are four at the union of the bases of the leave-stalks, two belonging to each leaf. Sometimes, from the union of each contiguous pair, two only appear to exist, which then occupy a central position between the bases of the two leaves;



Figs. 61, 62.—*Scrophularia nodosa.*

this occurs in the Hop. These appendages are called by botanists *stipules*. A similar development to that of the stipule occurs in some instances at the bases of the leaflets of the compound leaf—thus, at the bases of the leaflets of the Scarlet-runner (*Phaseolus multiflorus*), little leafy members are found which are of this nature. Before leaving our present subject, we must glance at a point

of great interest connected with these foliaceous developments, which is, the variation of the leaf from the base to the apex of the structure. This subject has been already alluded to when speaking of the germination of the seed, therefore a passing notice must suffice. We have observed that the first leaves developed by plants are often of a very rudimentary character, and that, as development progresses, they become more and more perfect: this continues till the energy of the plant arrives at its maximum, and as long as this maximum of vital energy remains, the organs developed are similar; but at a given period the energy begins again to subside, when the foliaceous organs gradually diminish, till ultimately they assume the same simple form as those which were the first developments of the axis. This can be well followed in the Lilac, where, as we have noticed, the scales surrounding the bud are of a rudimentary nature; but each successive development assumes more of the nature of the leaf proper, and if this is followed out, it will be observed that when we arrive at the flower-head, there are at the bases of its branches little leaves which are precisely similar to those possessed by the young axis when it first evolves from the opening bud. The influence of the decline of the vital energy upon the leaf we illustrate by the Garden-mallow (Figs. 63, 64, 65 66, 67).

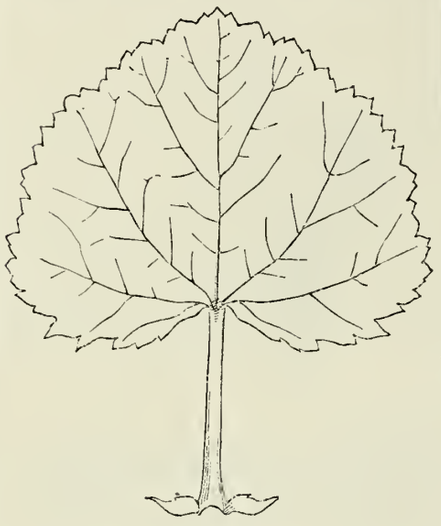


Fig. 63.



Fig. 64.



Fig. 65.



Fig. 66.



Fig. 67.

Having now noticed those particulars relative to leaves which have seemed to us to be of the greatest importance, we proceed to notice a leafy appendage to the axis, which is usually situated near its apex, and is called by botanists a *bract*. A bract is a leaf of a somewhat rudimentary nature, varying in form, colour, and situation; but is characterised by a flower-bud being developed in its axil, and not a leaf-bud, as in the axil of the leaf proper. The bract varies in so many particulars that it is extremely difficult to define it, or its habits; and the gradual transition from the true leaf into this organ often renders it impossible for the limits of either bracts or leaves to be determined. The little scale-like leaves which we have just alluded to, found in the head of Lilac flowers, are bracts, as are those from the axils of which the flowers of the Veronica proceed; also the upper smaller leaves of the Mallow (Figs. 66 and 67). It sometimes happens that many flowers are developed from one bract, as in Polyanthus Narcissus, and the Lily of the Nile (*Arum*), where the great white leaf, which is vulgarly called the flower, is the bract, which encloses a series of rudimentary flowers. At other times bracts are aggregated in whorls or rings, in which case the whorls usually enclose a series of flowers; thus, in the Sunflower there are two or more rings of bracts, which enclose a number of small flowers (florets): this also occurs in the Thistle head, where the bracts are spiny.

Passing from leaves, with their various appendages, we proceed to glance at other organs, which, for artistic purposes, may be classed as appendages to the axis, although their origin would demand for them a different position in a botanical treatise. Among these we may notice those organs which act as the supports of feeble plants, when they are not sustained by the twining of the stem, as in the Convolvulus, which twines to the right; and the Hop, which twines to the left; or by the clasping of the leaf-stalk, as in the Canariensis (*Tropæolum*).

Among the organs which we must here notice, the tendril is conspicuous, as it is one of the developments most commonly employed in the vegetable kingdom as a support for the structure. The tendril, which is a wiry organ, varies in form and habits, and is produced from various parts of the organism; its botanical origin is also diverse, but on this part of our subject we cannot dwell. Tendrils are either simple or compound—that is, branched or unbranched: in the Bryony and Passion flower they are unbranched, and are of a flexible nature, and wind round the supporting body in a spiral manner. In the Virginia Creeper (*Ampelopsis*) the tendrils are branched, and the extremities of the ramifications are more or less hooked, and in some species they are furnished with little suckers; the object of these contrivances being to penetrate the crevices of rocks, walls, &c., and thus to sustain the plant in the required position by a secure adherence to the structure climbed; little scale-like members usually exist at the separations of these lateral tendrils from the primary, which must not be lost sight of.

In the *Bauhinia racemosa* we have a tendril of an interesting character which divides into two arms, each of which forms a regular volute by its precise spiral curvature. This is not the only point of interest in this tendril; it also develops a bud from between the origin of these two arms; and as these arms are hard and enduring, they ultimately appear as two volutes, one on either side of the axis, the axis being formed by the developed bud and the thickened, unbranched portion of the tendril. In this latter example, although the tendril only forms one or two revolutions round the supporting body in order to sustain itself, the grasp is extremely secure, as the tendril, after having assumed this position, becomes extremely hard: so secure is its grasp that it is almost impossible to separate it from its support without destroying it altogether.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we may just notice, as we have already hinted, that all tendrils are not adapted for supporting the plant in the same situation. Some are particularly adapted for adhering to rocks, and are sufficiently secure to support a weighty structure in this position, whereas others are adapted to sustain plants among other members of the vegetable world stronger than themselves.

Other supporting structures are the root-like, aerial developments of certain plants, as the Ivy; these, though root-like, are not roots, properly so called, but appear to be developed for the purpose of support only: they are usually small succulent members, protruded copiously from that part of the stem which faces the surface to which the plant has to be attached; the means of adhesion appears to be penetrating the supporting surface, and forming a vacuum, ofttimes between a concavity in the root-like development and the supporting plane.

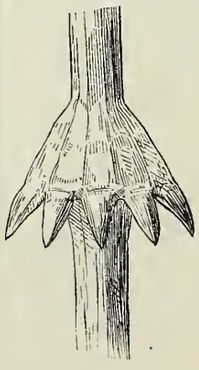


Fig. 68.

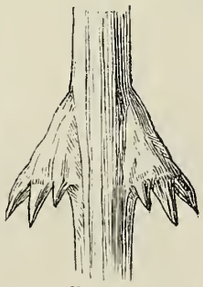


Fig. 69.

Certain other means of support are also employed by vegetable structures besides the root-like developments, or more properly the sucker, and the tendril. Thus the Goose-grass (*Galium aparine*) climbs hedges by means of little hooks, with which the four corners of its stems are furnished, as well as the backs of the mid-ribs of its leaves. More complex hookey appendages are found on the Plectocomo Palm (Figs. 68, 69); they are best seen on the mid-ribs of its enormous compound leaves; these hookey appendages, which are of a compound character, by their great strength enable the plant to lean most securely on others for support. The structure of these organs is extremely pleasing, when we remember the fact that the plant must ascend by growth; therefore, these hooks must in no way interfere with this ascension, but only sustain it in its elevated position; a glance at our sketch will show the manner in which this is accomplished.

PICTURE DEALING.

BOW STREET.

THERE has occurred during the past month another of those cases which ought to act as impressive and salutary warnings to those who buy pictures—no matter from whom, unless it be from the artist. Continually, during the last twelve years, have we been endeavouring to induce conviction that dealing with dealers is at all times hazardous; while often the chances are as many against a purchaser as they would be against a player at one of those houses, with an objectionable name, at which people stake their money upon the colour of a card for the benefit of the establishment. We take for granted—indeed we know—that our warnings have not been without effect; "old masters" now bring prices only as furniture pictures. This "trade" has been destroyed. There is as little probability of "a genuine Raffaelle," or "a veritable Titian," bringing a large sum, as there is of a jaded horse being passed off at Tattersalls for a scion of Blink Bonny. But there are people who, though they turn from dirtied and smoke-dried specimens of ancient schools, imagine they are not likely to be "taken in" by examples of modern artists, with whose styles they are familiar; and so they buy from "best-known and most respectable men in the trade," in full confidence they have that which they have paid for; not often discovering their mistake at all, or when discovering it, finding it very difficult, if possible, to obtain a remedy—for the chances are many and great in favour of the seller and against the buyer.

Now and then, however, there does occur a case, such as that to which we here direct attention.

Let us not be mistaken: there are many honest and honourable men dealers in pictures, in London and in the provinces—men who are incapable of fraud, and who are useful to the artist, while serviceable ministers to the wants of the collector; but they are few in number compared with those whose business is to cheat. In this commercial country, trade is a wholesome as well as a legitimate pursuit, and is undoubtedly to be fostered and encouraged when conducted upon principles beneficial to both the buyer and the seller. In these remarks—as in those we have so frequently made, and may have often to make hereafter—we hope to be understood as placing a distinction as wide between the upright and the fraudulent dealer in pictures, as we should do with reference to any other vocation which implied traffic;—there are some who may be dealt with as safely for pictures as Dr. Chambers for a prescription. But cases such as that which has recently been heard at Bow Street, and is appointed to be, in due course, heard at the Old Bailey, are of such frequent occurrence, that it behoves all buyers to be over, rather than under, cautious at all times; they have usually the risk of being wilfully and deliberately imposed upon; and not unfrequently this danger also—that the honest dealer may be himself taken in, and so innocently wrong a customer.

In dealing with this case we shall be naturally—necessarily—prudent: our readers will not, any more than ourselves, have forgotten, that we have paid a heavy penalty for the part it was our duty to take in reference to picture-dealing. The wound is not yet healed inflicted upon us, by Mr. Louis Hart, at Warwick; or to speak more correctly, inflicted not by Mr. Louis Hart, but by the judge (now dead as well as the prosecutor) before whom we were tried for libel. We confess we have no desire to appear again in court, under similar circumstances and at a like expense; but this becoming disrelish for nominal "damages" and excessive "costs," shall not prevent our discharging our duty whenever it is to be done: and in observing upon the case now under notice, although we can say little more than we have said a score of times, we supply to our readers and the public another warning.

It appears then that a Mr. Henry Fitzpatrick, a carver and gilder (and we imagine a picture-dealer also), at Sheffield, summoned to Bow Street, Mr. Henry Smart, of Tichborne Street, and Mr. Thomas Closs, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, for obtaining from him £130, under false pretences: the result being, that the first-named accused was discharged and the other committed for trial. A Mr. Frederick Adams was, it appears, the go-between; and by his evidence we learn (it being previously understood that Mr. Fitzpatrick had been shown, by Mr. Smart, a picture by Linnell, for which he asked £200, and that this little incident occurred on the 20th or 21st of July) that Mr. Closs called upon him on the 24th of July (*three days afterwards*) to say he had a picture of Linnell's for sale. Being asked by Mr. Adams, "Is it the picture that Mr. Fitzpatrick has seen at Smart's?" he answers, "Yes it is." Being again asked, "Is there anything wrong in it?" he gives the assurance that it is *an original;* and under these circumstances it was offered by Mr. Adams to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who purchased it for the sum of £130—Closs having previously agreed to sell it for £120, adding, that when he (Closs) took that sum, "he should lose £40 by it." Mr. Fitzpatrick, who seems to have acted with proper prudence in the affair—whether he had his suspicions, or desired to make assurance doubly sure—after he had purchased the picture took it to Mr. Smart: "I placed it in a good light," he says, "and I asked him if that was the picture I had seen in his house?" He replied, "*Yes; there can be no doubt about it.*" "When I first called at Mr. Smart's," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "I saw in the shop a man *who I now believe was Mr. Closs.*" Three days afterwards the forged picture was delivered to him. Can it be possible that the copy was made during these three days?—or is it impossible? "It had no appearance of being freshly painted," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, "and therefore I thought it to be the same I had seen at Smart's." When the forged picture was submitted to him, "it was in the same frame and box that he had seen it in at Smart's." "I feel," he says, "confident of this, although I could not swear to it positively." That is the transaction, let the reader infer what he will.

It is said in the report—we know not on what authority—that on the same day that Closs sold the "copy" to Mr. Fitzpatrick, through Mr. Adams, he sold the original to another picture-dealer, who sold it to another picture-dealer, who sold it to another picture-dealer, by whom probably, ere this, to another picture-dealer it has been sold. It is added, that the "copy" also was passing through a variety of hands—not, we imagine, in London, but somewhere in the country, where detection is not quite so easy as it would be in town. Whether this is the *only* "copy" of this picture in circulation, or whether it is one of several "copies" made by the hands of the artist whose feelings (as we shall presently see) were, or ought to have been, "hurt" by the small value put upon his work, who shall say? For our own parts we believe there is more than one "collector" who may now consult his acquisitions, and who will apply (when the Old Bailey has adjudicated) to have his money back, to be answered, as of old, "no money returned: *Vivat Regina!*" But will this case be ever heard within the walls of the Old Bailey at all? We much doubt it. The *exposé* is already very "disagreeable," and it will be still more so if there be more "stir" about the matter. It may not be convenient to Mr. Closs to refund; but there will be no great difficulty in making up the money to repay Mr. Fitzpatrick, or rather to get him back his acceptances, *only one of which was indorsed by Mr. Closs.* The chances are ten to one that the public will hear nothing more about the matter—except in so far as the *Art-Journal* is concerned.

Some two years have passed, we believe, since the fraudulent copy of Mr. E. M. Ward's picture was the subject of investigation; we then heard much about actions at law and so forth. No action was brought by any one against any one; somebody made something out of the affair, and we suppose somebody lost something: at any rate, all parties concerned seem content not to worry the public any further with the matter. We shall marvel if in this case it be not exactly as it was in that; we do not observe there has been any binding over of witnesses. There are, however, one or two points arising out of the Bow Street examination, which may or may not "be continued" at the Old Bailey, to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers. A passage in the report, worthy of special notice, is this: Mr. Fitzpatrick having been asked what he considered the worth of the picture for which he had paid £130, answered, he would not give £5 for it: upon which the lawyer observed—"Don't hurt the feelings of the gentleman who painted it!"—Probably "the gentleman" was in court; be he who he may, we do not hesitate to say, that rarely has a darker culprit stood within the bar of that police-office. When he made that copy he knew what he was doing as well as does the forger who signs a copper-plate imitation of a bank-note, which another hand is to get changed into gold. The two pictures—the original and the copy—were precisely alike, so alike that if Mr. Smart's attorney is not in error, Mr. Smart himself did not know the one from the other—alike in size and in character, as nearly as possible touch for touch: both were exhibited in court, where the copy was considered "exeeedingly skilful." Mr. Linnell himself (being examined) said, that although he should know it was not his painting *upside down* (thereby having a large advantage over Mr. Smart), the colouring had been well imitated, and it might deceive an inexperienced eye." He added, "*the signature to it was a forgery.*" * The artist who painted it may not have been aware that his copy was to be sent to the buyer in the same frame and box in which the original had been displayed before his admiring eyes, or at all events, in a frame and box so nearly resembling them, that Mr. Fitzpatrick says, "I feel confident they were the same, although I cannot swear to it positively;" the artist may not have been a party to any "doctoring," which enabled Mr. Fitzpatrick to say, "it had no appearance of being freshly painted;" nor may the artist have had any participation in the bills, for £15 at two months, for £40 at three months, for £50 at four months, or the present payment of £25, which his copy was to bring to its then fortunate owner: but we repeat, he *knew* full well that his copy was to be by some one substituted for the original; he is as guilty as any "receiver" who receives stolen goods knowing them to be stolen, and for him six months at the tread-mill, or picking oakum, would be a small punishment compared with his offence. If we knew his name, we should publish it, for the information of the profession he has dishonoured and degraded as far as in him lay.

The attorney for the defendant Closs—acting no doubt according to his instructions—did not hesitate to say in the presence of a large number of picture-dealers, that "it was notorious that half the pictures which adorned the walls of titled collectors throughout Europe were nothing but very good copies." Perhaps Mr. Smart and Mr. Closs have enlightened him as to the whereabouts of some of them. He added, that "in *this* case the copy was really so good that Mr. Smart himself did not know the difference" (unfortunately Mr. Smart neglected to repudiate this gross attack on his professional repute); the inference of course being that the victim might have been content without making such "a row," because he received a copy when he had paid for an original:

> "He that's robbed, let him not know it,
> And he's not robbed at all."

The following little "side-bit," like my Lord Burleigh's shake, says much: we copy the report:—

"Mr. Abrahams, Smart's solicitor, said his client was one of the best known and most respectable men in the trade, and such a charge against him was most preposterous."

Mr. Metcalfe (who conducted Fitzpatrick's case). "*Don't compel me to state what has come to my knowledge in reference to Mr. Smart in other transactions.*"

Both lawyers may be in this instance correct. Mr. Metcalfe, perhaps, may not be aware that Mr. Smart may be "one of the best known and most respectable men in the trade," and yet that he might have a deal to say concerning what has come to his knowledge "in reference to Mr. Smart in other transactions."

Having, as we have said, a salutary fear of the law of libel, we shall not inquire relative to these "other transactions," although we do not think it likely that the bench supplies a fitting successor to the late Baron Alderson, who, in the case of another of the "best known and most respectable men in the trade"—the late Mr. Louis Hart—absolutely prohibited all reference to "other transactions" in which that worthy dealer in pictures had been concerned previous to the ease in which a jury was induced to convict us of libel.

If Mr. Smart's solicitor describes his client as one of the best known and most respectable men in the trade, Mr. Closs's solicitor claims a similar character for *his* client, whom he describes as "equally well known and respected in the trade." It may be so!

If collectors of pictures will give no heed to the warnings they so often receive, but will be cheated "with their eyes open," they merit little sympathy. They have learned—many of them by dearly bought experience—to distrust the dealer in "modern" as well as in "ancient" pictures; and it cannot be requisite to tell them, yet again, that there are manufactories, notoriously well known, in which spurious imitations of British painters are fabricated daily—the forger usually receiving as "hire" shillings where pounds are obtained by the employer, who pays him for his crime.

We might say very much more on this subject, and probably shall do so ere long; at present we leave this case of Fitzpatrick *v.* Smart and Closs for the consideration, the guidance, and the "warning" of our readers.

* We say nothing here of the heavy grievance sustained by Mr. Linnell, who it appears painted the original picture *expressly for Mr. Smart.* Unhappily, in this country the artist has no remedy, however much he may suffer in reputation and in money by these forgeries, which substitute copies for his actual works. It appears they manage these things better in Belgium. We copy the following from the *Literary Gazette:*—"The Belgian courts of law have just decided a cause of considerable importance. A picture-dealer sold a landscape, frame included, for thirty francs, which he said was by Kutyntronwer, one of the most celebrated landscape-painters of Belgium. Herr Kutyntronwer brought an action against the dealer, alleging that the picture was a work of such inferior merit as for it to be impossible to be mistaken for one of his. The tribunal decided that a man pretending to be a picture-dealer was bound to understand his business, and to have recognised an original of Kutyntronwer's, and awarded heavy damages to the artist."

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GATE OF THE SERAGLIO: CONSTANTINOPLE.

F. Danby, A.R.A., Painter. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., Engr.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 7 in. by 2 ft. 6½ in.

Looking at pictures of eastern scenery, as they are generally presented to our notice, one is almost led to conclude that one or other of the prismatic colours of the rainbow tinges every object that is placed before the eye of the painter; gold and azure, vermillion and purple, are the gorgeous hues overspreading the landscapes of the eastern world; while the inhabitants, as if with the desire not to be outshone by the brilliancy of nature, clothe themselves in garments—so far, at least, as their means will allow—whose colours are scarcely less dazzling in their brightness. Everything, in truth, assumes an aspect of splendour which must be almost oppressive to the eye of an European, but especially so to that of the English artist, to whom the more sober, but not less beautiful, tints in which the hills and valleys of his native land are dressed, can scarcely fail to prove a most agreeable relief after a protracted absence, and must impel him to give a cordial greeting, on his return, to the island of his home—

"Rich queen of mists and vapours."

We have sometimes tried to imagine what sort of pictures Turner, in his later time, would have shown us, if he had ever been allured into the countries of Western Asia; or, like David Roberts, had made a pilgrimage through Palestine and Syria; for if, as he seems to have done, he almost exhausted the resources of his pigments on the realisation of European scenery, it is next to impossible to conceive what treatment he would have adopted, or what colours his eyes would have seen, in the landscapes of the East. Artists less likely to go astray—or, to speak more correctly perhaps, with different powers of perception—have not unfrequently made us sceptical as to the truth of nature in their works. Turner's poetical feeling, depth of imagination, and knowledge of colour, would, in all probability, have beguiled us into a belief that the world he painted was not that which mortals inhabit. Perhaps it is well for his reputation that he never landed on the Asiatic shores: we are quite content to see Europe as he has showed it to us, and the East as Roberts, Linton, Lewis, and a few others, have presented it.

Danby's eastern subjects are, we believe, purely ideal; he has never, so far as we have been able to learn, travelled further from his native country than the banks of the Rhine; his "Gate of the Seraglio," therefore, is only a "fancy," an artist's dream of a place which has the character of being pre-eminently picturesque and lovely. But though he has taken a painter's licence with the subject, it is only with that portion of it which appears as the "Gate;" the position of this, relative to the city, and the view of the latter, are sufficiently correct to be accepted as pictorial truths.

This picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1845, from the gallery of which it was purchased by command of the Queen: the catalogue offered the following remarks, by the artist, to the reader:—"The effect intended is that of the full-orbed moon rising at sunset, while the sun, behind the spectator, is reflected on the palace windows of an eastern city." Notwithstanding, however, that both sun and moon form a union of light, the picture is dark as a whole; all the shadows are of intense depth: in fact, darkness, and not light, seems to be the rule and principle of the composition. Yet the general effect is rich and gorgeous to a degree,—this richness being produced chiefly by the surface of the water being stirred into gentle ripples, the crests of which are tinged with the crimson hues of the setting sun, and, in the distance, with the pale tints of the "full-orbed moon:" it is altogether a work that shows the peculiar genius of the artist in a most favourable point of view, but the peculiar treatment of the subject presents so much difficulty to the engraver, that none but an artist of more than ordinary talent and judgment could have transferred it into black and white with any chance of making it effective.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

THE WATER-COLOUR DEPARTMENT OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

May we hope that the Turner sketches in water-colour at Marlborough House will one day assist in the formation of a collection of British water-colour art? May we venture to hope that such a collection will ever be formed? In answer to such a question it can only be said, that if we have a national feature in Art, it is our school of water-colour; and the formation of such a collection is certainly due to the *prestige* it enjoys. But whenever such addition is made to our museums, it is earnestly to be desired that it will appear as well in the form of a progressive and circumstantial history as in that of an illustrative collection. In little more than half a century this branch has been carried from a thin raw wash, to its ultimate perfection. When the fresco question was introduced in reference to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, foreign professors and learned amateurs were in despair that British painters knew nothing of fresco-painting. But because fresco-painting was, after all, but water-colour painting, the surprise was great that mural painting was not only not difficult to members of our school, but that they became at once so excursive in execution as to essay in fresco the various means of effect to which they had been accustomed in water-colour. How eccentric soever may be some of the pictures in the Poets' Hall, there is at least one to which we can point, the greater part of which was five times cut out before the artist could satisfy himself. The earnestness of Michael Angelo, the fastidiousness of Correggio, or the severity of Raffaelle, never did more than this. But to return to our pictures on paper: whatever may be said of their origin, much of the earlier excellence of the art is due to those professors who spent their lives as teachers, and that at a time when water-colour practice was deemed only within the extreme list of Art, and an invention cultivated only for the amusement of young people. And that is what Mr. Ruskin still considers, as he says, when he aims at teaching his pupils to paint the grandest phenomena of nature, "Make frequent memoranda of the variegations in flowers; not painting the flower completely, but laying the ground colour of one petal, and painting the spots on it with studious precision. . . . . Be careful to get the *gradated* distribution of the spots well followed in the calceolarias, foxgloves, and the like," &c. This is very much the kind of instruction that the same master gives in proposing to instruct tyrones to register the grandest moods of nature, which he has elsewhere discussed eloquently but unprofitably. It is to be regretted that the water-colour exhibition at Manchester does not contain a greater variety of the beginnings of the art, showing the excellence it attained very early in miniature—some of the monochrome sketches of the great masters, and an example or two of fresco practice (which are to be had framed); for all these must be comprehended in any history of water-colour art. Thus it would be seen where the practice was left by foreign schools, and where our own painters found it. The degree of splendour to which it has been carried is sufficiently shown at Old Trafford. The earliest instances contained in the collection are entitled, "Man and Dogs," by Jacob Jordaens; "A Girl leaning over a Gate," by Rembrandt; "Exterior of a Cottage," by Van Ostade; Dutch Interiors, by Dusart; "Exterior—Garden and Portico," by Moucheron; "Poultry," by Shenstenburg; "A Female Head," by Watteau; and various sketches of flowers by Van Huysum, who died in 1749. Of the works of Paul Sandby there are sixteen, the subjects of which are views in various localities in England, Wales, and Scotland, as "Bothwell Castle, Clydesdale:" "Carnarvon Castle;" "View near Virginia Water;" "Hyde Park," &c. &c. It is generally considered that Sandby did much during his long life (he died at the age of eighty-four) to advance water-colour practice; and it is undoubtedly true that he did. From the dates affixed to his drawings exhibited here, we learn that they were all executed within a space of twenty-five years, commencing from 1770, when he was forty-five years of age. We have never before seen so many of Sandby's works, and though their merit is comparatively great, we are in some degree disappointed at their want of enterprise, and the crudity of their forms, especially those of the trees. The means and appliances were not then what they are now; but we think that instead of a thin wash, more solidity might have been obtained. Nothing, however, can deprive this master of the honour due to him as the father of the British school of water-colour landscape art. There are two drawings by Reynolds, "The Triumph of Sculpture over Painting," and a portrait of Reynolds himself; but it will be at once understood that as figure sketches they have no reference to that particular branch which we are considering. By Gainsborough there are four sketches—"Cattle near a Pool," "Study," pen-and-ink wash for Sir T. Baring's picture; "Water Party in a Park;" and "Lady walking in the Park;" the last really an interesting work, with much of the feeling of his large oil portraits. John Cozens, who died in 1794, seems to have had opportunities of seeing continental scenery, of which he successfully availed himself. His views in Italy, especially those of Florence, the "Isola Borromeo," and the "Villa Farnese," are productions of great truth and earnestness. Passing Byrne, Wheatley, Hamilton, and Rowlandson, we come to Girtin, to whom honour is due as one of our most distinguished pioneers: and with him worked a friend rejoicing in no less than four names, the last of which was his great patronymic, the other three being little known to the world—and this was Joseph Mallard William Turner; and we would rather have seen Turner's early works in their place by the side of Girtin's, and the men of the last quarter of the last century, than placed apart, as if the progress of the individual were independent of that of the school. The class of subject painted by Girtin may be understood from the titles of a few of his works, which are "Interior of Exeter Cathedral;" "Ely Cathedral;" "Helmsley Castle, Yorkshire;" "Carew Castle," &c.; and among his studies are some which will never be surpassed in natural truth. Near these works are several figure compositions, simple in subject, but highly meritorious in execution, by Thomas Heaphy, of which some of the titles are, "Quarrelling at Cards;" "The Mother;" and "Stealing the Tarts." At the commencement of the present century teachers of drawing multiplied rapidly, and a knowledge of water-colour execution began to be considered an elegant accomplishment. But in those days exhibitions were not so popular as they have become since, and the taste for, and education in, Art, were not so extensively cultivated as in our time. Though the reputation of these artists was limited, it may be justly said that their works ought to have won for them a higher distinction than they enjoyed during their industrious lives. There are some admirably spirited drawings by Bonington, who, such was his skill in either craft, claims to be regarded as a painter of high pretension in both oil and water. His works here are, "A Felucca;" "Coast Scene;" "Verona;" "Venice;" "On the Scheldt;" and "Sea Piece and Pier." His manner in small works is extremely playful, yet decided, having produced, as is evident in his sketches, precisely the effect he desired frequently with one sweep of his brush: and notwithstanding what our French neighbours may say about the characteristic points of their school, they have clearly learnt much from Richard Bonington. John Constable is another of our originators to whom the French school of landscape is deeply indebted. For ourselves, we have gone on our way rejoicing, the good old rule, *quisque pro se*, ever prevailing among us.

And now we arrive at a period when what Mr. Ruskin calls the "pestilent" practice of sponging, or washing, becomes common. Turner washed and sponged, and Mr. Ruskin has vehemently lauded some of Turner's finest effects, produced only by this process. When Varley was asked by a well-known patron of Art how he produced such an exquisite effect in a certain work, he replied that it could be only done by this process, and the drawing had been washed at least fifteen times. It is generally found in water-colour practice that half measures are not successful; the most effective and spirited works result either from repeated washes, or decisive execution without washes. Among these drawings there are many which are not the productions



F DANBY A R A PINX[T]

J T WILLMORE A R A [SCULP]

GATE OF THE SERAGLIO — CONSTANTINOPLE

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON PUBLISHED [illegible] BY THE ART UNION

of professed water-colour painters; at these, therefore, we do not look as indicative of the progress of the art. By Robson there are three drawings, they are, "On the Donne;" "London Bridge—Sunset;" and "Durham;" an insufficient representation, we think, of this painter. Neither Flaxman, nor Cruikshank, nor Bewick, have any claim to be here, but they are nevertheless represented; and of Stothard there are no less than nineteen examples; and he is succeeded by Austin, Westall, Constable, Clennell, Chambers, Danby, and Wilkie,—the majority of whom were professors of oil painting, their productions in water-colour being only intended as subsidiary to their larger works. It was Wilkie's tours in Spain and in the Holy Land that compelled him to water-colour practice, for which purpose he used paper slightly tinted, employing Chinese white with his flesh colours. George Barret is represented by six drawings, some of which are of extraordinary beauty; the warm effulgence of his best works was produced by washes: and there are eight drawings by Varley, mannered, but full of poetry and touching sentiment. It was, we think, Constable who indulged in much pleasantry at Varley's brief recipe for execution, which was, "the warm grey, and the cool grey, and the round touch." With any such abiding rule of practice, no painter can avoid becoming a mannerist. Varley is followed by Reinagle, West, Callcott, Owen, Haydon, Collins, and others, who did nothing to advance the art. From the portfolios of Müller there are thirteen sketches, the majority of which were made during his tour in the East; some of his most finished works were his studies for his Renaissance series, but none of these are here.

In the room No. 2 we find the works of some of the giants of the art. There are a dozen drawings by Dewint, who painted nothing but British scenery, here and there free in execution, but most natural in colour; of these examples may be named "Lowther Castle;" "Lincoln Cathedral;" "Sketch on the Wye;" "Neath Abbey;" indeed, all are worthy of most honourable mention. In the early and more finished works of Dewint nothing is more enchanting than his Welsh subjects; the breadth, tone, and feeling of those landscapes are beyond all praise. For Samuel Prout we have ever had the highest respect; how eccentric and mannered soever he may be, his works possess high artistic excellence; but we cannot go the length that Ruskin does, in recommending them to the imitation of students, after which he proceeds to say,—"Then work from nature, not trying to Proutise nature by breaking smooth buildings into rough ones, but only drawing *what you see* with Prout's simple method and firm lines. Don't copy his coloured works; they are good, but not at all equal to his chalk and pencil drawings; and you will become a mere imitator, and a very feeble imitator, if you use colour at all in Prout's method. I have not space to explain why this is so—it would take a long piece of reasoning; *trust me for the statement.*" It is not at all surprising that Mr. Ruskin should venture to print such precepts as his book contains, since he has already sent forth matter much more censurable. Can it be supposed that if the manner of Prout were fitted to be a basis of imitation for a school, that there is wanting the sagacity among painters not to have discovered this before. Prout's works—that is, his earlier pictures—are charming; but that he is not followed is, because it would be most unsafe to imitate any manner so loudly pronounced. So much of late has been said of Turner that we shall say of him here as little as possible. Of his works there are upwards of eighty examples, from the first exhibited drawing to the last sketch—the former being "The Ruins of Malmesbury Abbey," and the latter "An Alpine Pass," the property of H. A. J. Munro, Esq. This series alone contains an epitome of the progress of the art; for Turner tried all known resources and availed himself of everything which he believed would assist him in expression. We find him, therefore, now intensely jealous of the disembodied purity of his colours; now mysteriously opaque, with white tinted with every colour of his palette; now hastily—peremptorily—finishing everything with a touch, and leaving it with one flood of colour of many rugged outlines;—or, again, finishing with consecutive washes which seem to have dissolved the paper into the picture. Oil painting is not susceptible of such a substantive variety of manner; and no professor has ever in his life-time seen any branch of fine Art arise and flourish in mature bloom as Turner has seen—(*parsque cujus fuit*)—water-colour painting. We look here on the practice of one man during a term of at least half a century, with all its vicissitudes and eccentricities. The truth of very much that Ruskin has written about Turner must be admitted; but it can never be received that he was the only painter that ever understood nature. The best productions of the master require no written eulogy; the praise of all who see them cannot be expressed otherwise than by a burst of enthusiasm—for who unmoved could look on such pictures as, "Llanberis Lake," "Durham," "Daren Castle," "Arundel Castle," "The Bass Rock," "Florence," "Lucerne by Moonlight," "Kussnacht"? These we mention especially, because in all collections of one man's productions there is inequality of merit. Copley Fielding enjoyed an enduring and well-earned popularity, even to the end of his successful career: he is represented by twenty-one admirable drawings, in which his feeling for the sunny downs of Sussex, and the stormy North Sea is sufficiently patent. By John Absolon there are nine drawings of great merit; and a few by George Dodgson, each of which has an inwrought strain of the sweetest poetry.

When we look upon the drawings of George Cattermole, it is but to renew our lament that he should forsake these inimitable things, and seek to disguise himself in oil. There never was a wider range of subject than he takes, for from history and poetry down to the arithmetical zero, he makes pictures of everything and nothing. There are no less than thirty-one of these most ingeniously composed drawings, and among them is the famous "Sir Biorn surrounded by the armour of his ancestors." John Gilbert, another most fertile designer, is represented by only three drawings, of which "Richard II. resigning his Crown" is one. Then comes David Cox, who now for nearly fifty years has been constant to the Royal Oak at Bettws; for he, like Copley Fielding, is content to paint home scenery. By Carl Haag there are some exquisite compositions, and some of Louis Haghe's best pictures; and a long list of the bright studies of William Hunt, painted from anything, but especially those spadefuls of turf cut from under the hedgerow of some green lane; and different views of the boy who cut them, in "The Attack," "The Defeat," "Too Hot," &c. Hunt, like others whom we have mentioned, is an originator, and his excellence is of a kind that places him beyond the reach of imitation. The examples of Harding do not show him as he ought to be seen. His life has been a long career of exertion as a master, and we know of none whose manner and feeling have been more extensively imitated, not only at home but throughout Europe. His innumerable lithographs have been most profitably studied, and the results of such influence are recognisable in oft-recurring instances. The masterly treatment of "The Falls of the Tummell," "Sunrise on the Bernese Alps," "On the coast near Marseilles," a "Viaduct and Landscape near Llangollen," shows a decision of manner which is the very perfection of water-colour execution. Bartholomew has reached the limits of flower-painting in water-colours—nothing can be more brilliant and natural than his "Convolvuli," "Hollyhocks," &c. There are many minutely-finished examples of Joseph Nash; and, by J. F. Lewis, a selection comprehending studies from his oriental sketches, and others of an earlier time—Spanish and Italian subjects. The Breton incidents of Jenkins, highly finished, and qualified by the most effecting expression—will be seen with increased interest by all to whom they are already familiar in engraving. The selection from the works of David Roberts is very numerous, presenting scenes in various parts of Europe, and also in the East. Many of these drawings are of exquisite beauty, having been very highly wrought for engraving.

But we have not space in any wise to do justice to so many precious works, any of which might supply a chapter in the history of water-colour art, a volume of which might be written on the productions of Frederick Tayler, F. W. Topham, Duncan, G. A. Fripp, Holland, W. Lee, T. M. Richardson, Pyne, Corbould, Bennett, Davidson, Poole, Warren, Wehnert, &c., &c.; and these we have mentioned are only a portion of the painters whose works are contributed to this superb exhibition. But it will be observed that we have mentioned principally the works of men distinguished as purely water-colour painters, though the catalogue abounds with the names of gifted men highly distinguished in oil painting, which is the department wherein they have achieved their reputation.

It is difficult to believe that any further improvement can be accomplished in water-colour execution. We have seen everything done in pure water-colour painting—its power of depth, richness, harmony, atmosphere, and, above all, luminous quality, can never be surpassed, and with white and opaque colour every imaginable result has been obtained. All effects procurable by means of oil painting were exemplified centuries ago; but it has been left for our school to bring to perfection painting in water-colour. The collection at Manchester is such as we may never see again; it contains certainly a great proportion of the best works in this class; and, by an assemblage of the labours of each artist, the amateur is materially aided in the just conception of the taste and compass of each painter. And it must not be forgotten that the labours of the painter have been most efficiently seconded by the colour-maker. Never was so much ingenious and unwearying enterprise manifested in the production of the ancillary auxiliaries of Art, as we have of late years seen promoted for the advancement, especially, of this branch of Art. It is not enough to say that our colours and papers are of transcendent excellence, but every other aid that science can devise has been introduced for the furtherance of the quality of these pictures. If any other provincial city propose to form another collection of "Art Treasures," we know not whence they could be gathered together. It is to be feared that the stores have been exhausted by the men of Manchester.

THE APPLICATION OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. II.—ON SOME PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL PECULIARITIES OBSERVED IN DYEING.

INDIGO.

Is there not a natural law regulating the distribution of colour, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, over the surface of the earth? Is not the delicate appreciation of colour—the feeling of achromatic harmony, so strikingly evidenced by some races—a psychological phenomenon mainly dependent upon the influences of external nature?

In the organic world we may, upon careful examination, discover zones of colour, which are regulated, to a great extent, by the influences of LIGHT. This is most strikingly shown under those conditions where we have, as in the ocean, the luminous power diminishing in a regular order. All those plants and animals which inhabit the region between high and low-water mark, and are consequently exposed to the full influences of the solar radiations, are varied in colour, and rich in the hues with which they are adorned. As we descend zone after zone in depth, we find them becoming less and less perfect in their organisation, and their external colours gradually fade, until eventually we find every plant and animal assuming either a dull neutral tint or becoming purely white.

If we examine the prevailing colours of the terrestrial zones, we find that the plants and animals of the Arctic regions exhibit but little variety of colour; and the birds and the flowers of even the temperate zone are less brilliant in their plumage, and less deeply tinctured in their leaves, than those which rejoice in those climes where the sun is ever

> "Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
> Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour."

Some one has proposed to represent those chromatic phenomena by the colours of the prismatic spectrum: the most refrangible rays, the indigo and violet, representing the colours of the colder climes; the brighter blue, and the lively green, the region of tempered light and heat; while the least refrangible rays, or the yellow, orange, and red, were regarded as typical of the equatorial realms,

where nature rejoices in "one unclouded blaze of living light."

Within the same zones may be found man in widely different stages of civilisation; yet whether we examine

> "The poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,"

or the inhabitant of those kingdoms where the highest order of civilisation has spread its humanising influences, we shall still find that the ornaments with which the human form is decorated have a prevailing colour, and that that colour varies in character or in degree with the latitude. There is a deeper philosophy in this than appears at first; it is one of those fine clues which, if followed through the windings of the maze, will lead to a development of some of the mysterious influences of matter upon mind, of physical force upon psychological phenomena. In time, as in space, we find the same conditions prevailing: from the earliest ages the oriental peoples have been addicted to the use of the decided primary colours, while the inhabitants of the northern climes have chiefly indulged in secondary combinations, or in varieties of neutral tint.

The art of dyeing dates from the most remote antiquity. The relics of Babylon, Assyria, and Egypt,—especially the mummy cloths and ornaments,—show us the high perfection to which the art of dyeing had arrived amongst these nations. The Phœnicians introduced, to Europe and all the countries with which those merchants of Tyre traded, the use of the Tyrian purple, and, in all probability the Kermes,—the Alkermes of, and derived from, the Arabians.

The first-named colour was derived from a shell-fish found abundantly in the Ægean Sea, belonging to the family *Entomostomata*, the particular species employed being the *Buccinum Lapillus* of Linnæus, the *Purpuræ Persica* of De Blainville. Many of the *Purpuræ* produce a fluid which gives a crimson dye; it may be obtained by pressing on the operculum. The *Purpuræ Lapillus* abounds on the British coast; this is the species known as the *Whelk*, so commonly exposed for sale in the streets of London. From this common variety the colour may be obtained; and, in 1684, we find Mr. William Cox of Bristol describing in the *Philosophical Transactions* the process by which a purple dye, analogous to the purple of the ancients, may be obtained. His description is so curious and interesting, that no excuse is made for quoting it:—

"The shells being harder than most of the other kinds, are to be broken with a smart stroke with a hammer on a plate of iron or firm piece of timber (with their mouths downwards), so as not to crush the body of the fish within; the broken pieces being picked off, there will appear a white vein, lying transversely in a little furrow or cleft next to the head of the fish, which must be digged out with the stiff point of a horsehair pencil, being made short and tapering. The letters, figures, or what else shall be made on the linen (and perhaps silk too), will presently appear of a pleasant light green colour, and, if placed in the sun, will change into the following colours—*i. e.* if in winter, about noon; if in the summer, an hour or two after sunrising, and so much before setting, for in the heat of the day in summer the colours will come on so fast, that the succession of each colour will scarcely be distinguished.

"Next to the first light green it will appear of a deep green, and in a few minutes more it will alter into a watchet blue; from that, in a little time more, it will be of a purplish red, after which, lying an hour or two, supposing the sun still shining, it will be of a very deep purple red, beyond which the sun can do no more. But, then, the last and most beautiful colour, after washing in scalding water and soap, will (the matter being again put into the sun or wind to dry) be of a fair bright crimson, or near to the prince's colour, which afterwards, notwithstanding there is no use of any styptic to bind the colour, will continue the same, if well ordered, as I have found in handkerchiefs that have been washed more than forty times, only it will be somewhat allayed from what it was after the first washing. While the cloth so writ upon lies in the sun it will yield a very strong and fetid smell, as if garlic and asafœtida were mixed together."

With the exception of the reds produced from Kermes, and the cochineal, it is very seldom that any animal dye is now employed. Most modern blues and purples are obtained from vegetable productions—such as indigo and logwood—and from mineral compounds—such as Prussian blue. Our purpose, at present, will be best served by restricting attention to one of these "dye stuffs," and indigo appears the most suitable.

Indigo belongs to a species of leguminous plant found in India, Africa, and America. This shrub never grows more than three feet high. It nearly resembles our broom in its seeds and branches; its small leaves are blue green; it is sown in the summer, and cut down at Christmas. The plant is triennial, and produces three sorts of indigo. That of the first year, while the plant is young and full of sap, is very coarse and heavy, of a brownish cast, and sinks in water. This is one test for indigo, the fine varieties floating on that liquid. When the plant is two years old it yields the best Spanish indigo, of a purple cast, floating lightly upon water, and when rubbed between hard substances becoming bronzy. The product of the third year is seldom so good as that even of the first.

There are two methods by which the colouring matter can be extracted from indigo. The first is by fermenting the leaves, and the second is by allowing the leaves to change colour by exposure to the sun. The fermentation process is that which is usually adopted. The indigo plant, when cut, is tied up in bundles about five feet in circumference, and conveyed as quickly as possible to the vat. When the vat is sufficiently filled with the vegetable, a bamboo grating is placed over it, and fastened down, and cold water is poured into the vat, until it rises to within three or four inches of the upper edges. In a short time fermentation commences, and is completed in about twelve hours. Before drawing off the liquor, and while the fluid is flowing from the vent-peg at the bottom of the vat a process of beating is adopted, the object of which is to separate all the indigo from the liquor. The blue precipitate is collected, and, after undergoing two or three kinds of treatment, which it is not necessary to describe, it is cut in small cakes, and dried, forming the indigo of commerce.

Indigo appears to exist in the plant as white indigo, and in the process of fermentation it changes to the blue. Upon this Sir R. Kane has some excellent remarks. "The indigo is secreted in the cellular tissue of the leaf in a form (white indigo) which can be artificially produced; it is then colourless, and remains so as long as the tissue of the leaf is perfect. When the leaf begins to wither, oxygen is absorbed, and the indigo assuming its colour, the leaves become covered with a number of blue points, the first appearance of which shows that the period for collecting them has arrived. The fresh leaves are thrown into large vats with some water, and pressed down by weights. After some time a kind of mucous fermentation sets in. Carbonic acid, ammonia, and hydrogen, are evolved, and a yellow liquor is obtained, which holds all the indigo dissolved. This is separated, mixed with lime-water, and then exposed to the air until the indigo becomes blue and insoluble, and is completely deposited as a precipitate. The theory of this action is, that by the putrefaction of the vegeto-animal matter of the leaves, the indigo is kept in the same white soluble condition in which it exists in the plant; and a clear solution of it being thus obtained, it is precipitated, according as it absorbs oxygen, in a much purer form than otherwise could be effected. The putrefying pasty mass of leaves, obtained from the *Isatis tinctoria*, constitutes the *woad* or *wad* employed in the hot indigo bath for dyeing cloth. Blue indigo, obtained by the above process is still a mixture of several bodies—as indigo red, indigo brown, and indigo gluten, which are removed by repeated treatment with alcohol and dilute acids and alkalies. When pure, precipitated indigo is a rich blue powder, which, when rubbed by a knife, assumes the colour of metallic copper, it is perfectly insoluble; when cautiously heated, it sublimes in rectangular prisms of a dark purple colour and metallic lustre."

By the gradual oxidation of indigo, a substance is formed which crystallises in large red prisms, and is termed by Laurent *isatine*. If we treat indigo with nitric acid, two new and remarkable bodies are formed, called the *anilic* and *picric* acids. The chemical composition of indigo is, according to M. Dumas and Mr. Crum,—

Carbon	32
Hydrogen	10
Oxygen	4
Nitrogen	2

Here we have a colouring matter of the greatest intensity, from which we prepare several peculiar and beautiful blues and purples, by some modification of the following combinations:—

Saxon Blue. A pound of best Spanish indigo is mixed with eight pounds of strong oil of vitriol, and digested together with agitation for a few days.

Royal Purple. This is a mixture of *madder* dye with indigo, the whole rendered alkaline by pearl-ashes.

Dark Royal Blue is a combination of orchil with indigo.

Mazarine blue, a mixture of indigo and cochineal.

The importance of indigo has led to a very careful examination of its chemical qualities; and hence we are acquainted with several remarkable peculiarities in connection with this substance. If indigo is brought into contact with any body having a powerful affinity for oxygen, it is turned *white*. White indigo is soluble, blue indigo insoluble; the chemical difference between these two indigoes being, according to Dumas:—

	Blue.	White.
Carbon	32	32
Hydrogen	10	12
Oxygen	2	2
Nitrogen	2	2

the only difference here represented being that white indigo contains two proportionals of hydrogen more than the blue variety. This is not, however, in strict accordance with what we find taking place with other colouring matters. *Chlorophyl*, the green colouring matter of leaves, and the colouring matter of flowers, we know to be due to the oxidation of colourless carbon compounds. Liebig holds a view in many respects different from that of Dumas; but the essential difference is, that Liebig supposed the existence of a substance in the indigo plant containing no oxygen, which he calls *anyle:* white indigo is anyle, with the addition of one proportional of oxygen and one of water; while blue indigo is anyle, with two proportions of oxygen, and no water. A knowledge of these facts enables the dyer to prepare a solution of dyeing matter from white indigo, which he could not obtain, without the use of strong acids, to an injurious extent, by any other means.

We give a solid dye of indigo blue to wool by plunging it into an alkaline solution of *indigo white*, and then exposing it to contact of the air; thus we have a beautiful exemplification of the effect of oxygen in giving colour. Prior to leaving this peculiar substance, indigo, it should be noticed that there are two preparations which promise to be of great importance to the dyer. If we add common nitric acid to powdered indigo, and apply heat until the blue colour disappears and a yellow solution is formed, from this we may obtain crystals of isatine, which are beautiful, splendent, reddish-brown, hexagonal prisms, with a rhombic base. These crystals are volatile, slightly soluble in water, and very soluble in alcohol or ether. If isatine be heated with potash, we form *aniline;* and from this aniline one of the most beautiful permanent purple dyes is now obtained. When it is remembered that we are dealing with compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in certain proportions, and that the physical character of the substance is altered by the slightest variation in its chemical constitution, we can understand how the chemist may make in his laboratory, by artificial treatment, those colouring-matters which nature has eliminated, under the influences of the physical forces, in the organic world. Aniline, therefore, may be obtained by distilling *oil of coal tar*, first heating the oil with chlorohydric acid, which unites with the basic oils. These form the lowest layer, which is to be neutralised with milk of lime, or an alkali, and the oil which separates is to be distilled. A white fluid condenses in the first instance, containing aniline and *leucol*. This mixture is purified by treating it with acids and alkalies successively: and lastly, by heating it with oxalic acid, and decomposing the oxalate by

potash. Aniline may also be obtained from *nitrobenzide*, one of those hydro-carbon compounds which have their popular representative in benzoic acid, or the aromatic flowers of Benjamin. Aniline is readily detected by its producing in minute quantities, with solutions of chloride of lime, a fine *violet blue*, resembling the ammoniacal oxide of copper—that intense and beautiful blue which ornaments the windows of our druggists.

From the offensive refuse of our gas-works we are now obtaining the aromatic benzoic acid, and several other most fragrant perfumes; and from the dark and dirty oil found in the gas liquor, we obtain one of the most beautiful and brilliant dyes. The question naturally arises in the minds of reflecting persons, how is the colour given to wool, silk, or cotton? Does it exist as fine particles distributed through the fibres, or is it a combination of colouring matter with the animal or vegetable material? Bergman was the first to show us that something like affinity between the fibre and the dye stuff existed. Having plunged wool and silk into two different vessels containing a solution of indigo in sulphuric acid, diluted with a great deal of water, he observed that the wool abstracted much of the colouring-matter, and took a deep blue tint, but that the silk was hardly changed. He ascribed the difference to the greater affinity subsisting between the particles of sulphate of indigo and wool, than between those and silk; and he showed that the affinity of the wool is sufficiently energetic to render the solution colourless, by attracting the whole of the indigo, while that of the silk can separate only a little of it. He thence concluded that dyes owed both their permanence and their depth to the intensity of that attractive force. Dyeing must, no doubt, be considered as a play of affinities, not exactly chemical, but rather of a mechanical character—an exertion by the fibres, whether of cotton, wool, and silk, of what has been called by Professor Graham the *osmose force*. Every intelligent reader is now acquainted with capillary attraction, with the condensation of gases in the pores of charcoal, with the phenomenon of the Doberiner instantaneous light-lamp, and with the peculiar actions of porous walls of clay, or of animal membrane, known as *exosmose* and *endosmose*. These are all operations of some similar mechanical force, residing upon the surface of all matter; and to the exertion of this power we have, no doubt, to refer the operations of dyeing. Dufay says, we have to consider in dyeing the play of affinities between the liquid medium in which the dye is dissolved, and the fibrous substance to be dyed. When wool is plunged into a bath containing cochineal, tartar, and salt of tin, it readily assumes a beautiful scarlet hue, but when cotton is subjected to the same bath, it receives only a very feeble pink tinge. A cloth woven of woollen warp and cotton weft was manufactured by Dufay: this cloth was exposed to the fulling-mill, in order that both kinds of fibres might receive the same treatment. He then exposed it to the scarlet dye; he found that the woollen threads became of a vivid red, while the cotton continued white. By studying these differences of affinity, and by varying the preparations and processes with the same or different dye stuffs, an indefinite variety of colours may be obtained. For the purpose of extending this power, and indeed of calling in the action of chemical in addition to mechanical force, *mordants* are employed. These bodies were supposed, in the infancy of the art of dyeing, to seize the fibres by an agency analogous to that of the teeth of animals, and were hence called mordants, from the Latin verb *mordere*, to bite.

Mordants may be regarded as not only fixing, but also occasionally modifying the dye, by forming with the colouring particles an insoluble compound, which is deposited within the textile fabric. Dyes which are capable of passing from the soluble to the insoluble state, and of thus becoming permanent without the addition of a mordant, are called *substantive*, and all the others have been called *adjective* colours. Indigo and tannin have been regarded as substantive colours; but probably atmospheric oxygen so modifies these colouring agents in the process of fixation, as to remove those also to the list of adjective colours, the oxygen playing for them the part of a mordant. It is not possible at present to enter on the examination of the peculiarities exhibited by different mordants. This may probably form the subject of another paper, as it is our intention to return to the consideration of some other dye stuffs, to describe the modes in which they are employed in giving colour to various textile fabrics, and to illustrate some of the peculiarities of calico-printing.

The chief point, in conclusion, to which attention may be drawn, is the important part played by the oxygen of the air in giving colour to various substances, as indigo, colouring matter of leaves, &c.; and, again, to the fact that in every case of the destruction of colour under the influences of light or heat, it is oxygen which becomes the discolouring agent. This all-important gaseous element, in the first place, gives that beauty to nature which is due to colour,—and to it all the brilliancy of Art and of Art-manufacture are due: yet this same agent no sooner produces that which is brilliant and beautiful in the highest degree, than it begins its work of destruction. That which has been called *eramacausis*—from the Greek words, signifying slow combustion—commences with the germination of the seeds of the cotton-plant, and, checked through the whole period of the growth of the plant by the exercise of vegetable vitality, it again exerts its power the moment the plant ceases to live; and in every stage, until the textile fabric falls to dust, the oxygen is slowly and surely destroying both colour and texture. The active agent of life is an equally active agent in the process of decay.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE FOREIGN PICTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE portion of the building which is allotted as a picture gallery, is extremely well adapted for the display of such works. The light is broad and unbroken, and the amplitude of the space admits of each work being hung in a place suitable to it. The large pictures are numerous; they are advantageously seen, being removed from the eye; and with respect to smaller productions of elaborate manipulation, their most subtle pencilling is perfectly distinguishable. We notice now only the foreign art, although the gallery contains pictures by Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Ansdell, Leslie, Cross, Knight, and a long catalogue of well-known British Artists. Many of the works by which they are represented are among their most celebrated productions; and from a long list of French painters who give their support to the gallery, we select at random the names of Deveria, Le Poittevin, Flandin, de St. François, Schopin, Jacquand, Comte de Balleray, Kiorboe,—but the catalogue extends to some seventy names, which it is not necessary to detail.

It is rare to meet with a miscellany of foreign pictures without seeing numerous examples of what we call historical art treated according to the principles of the grand style. Of this class is "The Recantation of Galileo," by F. Reichert, of Berlin,—the philosopher being, of course, the prominent figure of the composition, the left of which is occupied by his persecutors, among whom are conspicuously a cardinal, a bishop, and a group of inferior ecclesiastics, while on the right are the soldiers and officers, in whose charge he has been brought before the tribunal. He has turned from the court, and we may suppose him to be enunciating his unbroken faith in his theory "*Nondimeno —muove.*" But the artist has not had a good portrait of Galileo: there are three in the gallery at Florence, two of which we believe have been engraved. It is, however, a fine picture, the impersonations are full of life and character, and the subject bespeaks its source. "The Decadence of Italy," T. Couture, is also a composition of life-sized figures, rather poetical than allegorical, conceived in the efflorescence of the sentimentalism of the art and literature of our French neighbours. The idea is embodied in a party of voluptuaries, who might constitute a foreground group of the party of ten, who retired to that famous garden at Fiesole during the plague at Florence. The figures are attired in what is called mediæval costume; the prevalent expression is that of exhaustion from sensual indulgence, there is no political element; we read, therefore, that Italy, during its decadence, was one universal *Capua*, and thus the work is impressive in its description of the *abandon* of pleasurable excess. The subject of "Tintoretto Painting his Daughter after Death," has been several times treated by foreign painters; it is a subject especially suitable to the feeling of the French school. The picture here, which is by Louis David, is composed of two life-sized figures; the daughter extended in death upon a couch, and the far-famed painter standing by her with his hand on her heart, as if doubting that it had ceased to beat. This version of the story is extremely simple, there is nothing in the picture to detract from the importance of the figures to which the narrative is entirely confided. Perhaps the stately red robe of the painter might have been dispensed with,—it is an investiture not becoming to the sad circumstances of the incident, the detail of which is simply in the relation between the figures. "The Death of Tasso," by Jos. Betteman, is also a picture of historical dimensions, painted with a full and nervous touch, and very elaborately studied as a chiaro-oscuro effect. The dying man is extended on a couch, and grasps in one hand a scroll, inscribed "Gerusalemme Liberata," and the other is held by a physician, as if to learn the moment of the departure of the spirit—a light is cast on the features from a torch held by a monk who stands by the bed-side; the effect is suitable to the subject, being solemn and mysterious.

"The Death of Louis the Ninth," E. Bewer. This event took place in the year 1270, somewhere near the site of Carthage, and on the occasion of a second crusade undertaken by this king, notwithstanding the disastrous results of a similar enterprise undertaken by him some years before. His death was occasioned by a pestilence, which destroyed also numbers of his followers. He lies upon a lofty couch in the open plain, or rather near the sea-shore (though this is not apparent in the picture), surrounded by all the pomp and military circumstance of the time, and regarded with a veneration of one worthy of canonization in the middle ages. It is an historical work of the class of those that record the earlier history of France at Versailles, and it is quite equal to the best of them. Another work similar as to the material of its composition, though differing in sentiment, is "The Battle of Antioch," by Zwecke, which represents a gorgeous *mêlée* of Christian and infidel knights. If the painter be of a northern school, we may suppose that he paints here—

> "La gente candida e bionda,
> Che tra i Franchi e i Germani e'l mar si giace,
> Ove la Mosa, ed ove il Reno inonda,
> Terra di biade e d'animai ferace;"

and nothing can be more chivalrous than the bearing of these soldiers of the cross. Tasso describes men who are beyond all human wants, and the artist has succeeded in giving to both sides much of the elevation of the verse, and power enough to accomplish the fabulous feats attributed to Godfrey, Robert, and others of these irresistible chiefs. "Roland Græme," by Deville, is a large picture, in which the wayward *protégé* of the Lady Glendinning is presented in association with the knightly accessories of the time. When Roland declared himself a gentleman, Mistress Lilian added, "Such a gentleman as I would eut out of a bean-pod with a rusty knife:" but the artist is more just in his impersonation, for he places Roland before us strictly according to the text.

"The Captivity of Babylon," by Mdlle. Louise Guimard, is a good subject, but it has been so frequently painted, and by men of the highest rank in Art, that unless it be brought forward with points of rare excellence, each ulterior version loses by comparison with these more signal efforts. "Episode of the Retreat from Moscow," C. Verlaet. There is undoubtedly much of fearful truth in this picture, for, we believe, that the horrors of that retreat cannot be exaggerated. It is a large picture, and the "episode" turns on the fate of a solitary charger, that has sunk in the snow, which covers far and near the boundless steppe. We may suppose that the rider has fallen a prey to wolves, which are now about to attack the horse. This fearful passage of French history has been fruitful in subject-matter to the painters of the native school, but the truthful simplicity of this work is equal to the best of those that have preceded it: there are no figures, it is consequently entirely free from a certain conventional affectation, which even vitiates sometimes the best

productions of the French school. "Gipsies," Diaz. There are many of the continental painters who yet adhere to a free and sketchy manner, and not the least successful of these is Diaz; he is certainly assisted by his subjects, but this, and all others of his works, sufficiently testify to his knowledge of form. We would scarcely expect that such freedom of execution would linger so long in a school in which a severe academic discipline in education admits of nothing approaching any laxity of manner. "Constantinople from the Golden Horn," by Eugene Flandin, is a large painting, presenting from the water a view of that part of Constantinople—including also the palace of the Sultan—which rises like an amphitheatre from the water's edge. The entire field of view is covered with buildings, all as accurately realised as if they had been painted from a photograph. It is a remarkable production, and so circumstantial in its detail, as to afford a succinct epitome of Turkish life. The picture is large—bearing everywhere evidences of patient and resolute labour.

Of the single figure pictures there is one which we cannot pass without notice, it is entitled "The Orphan," and is painted by D. F. Laugée; the subject is embodied by a child, so disposed, with regard to expression and circumstance, as to describe the lowest depth of human destitution. Towards destitution the result of crime, the heart is not moved; but this is clearly a picture of innocence in affliction, and it appeals at once to our better feelings. There is very little colour in it, and it is very low in tone, but it nevertheless evidences masterly power, with convictions contrary to much of the charlatanism of Art.

There are several works by Eugene Le Poittevin, especially a charming production entitled "The Farm," consisting of a piece of rural scenery, apparently painted on the spot, into which are introduced two foreground figures, a woman and a country lad. The work contains more of the character of nature and less of the ideal than we usually find in the works of this painter; the figures are exquisitely finished, and the picture altogether is among the freshest we have ever seen by the painter. Another by the same hand, is entitled "The Coast of Brittany," in which are seen boats and figures—a class of subjects that Le Poittevin has much cultivated. In a cattle picture by Troyon, may be recognised those characteristics of nature which distinguish all his works. This is a large work, containing only a few cows, and describing a race of cattle which has not been refined by what is called "breeding." The fine limbs and shining coats of our own oxen are not here, but we have what we recognise as nature, unqualified by the arts of man. It is really an admirable work, valuable for that kind of simplicity which it is so difficult to attain. "Tickling with a Straw," H. de Beaumont, will be at once understood as a *genre* picture: it shows a girl who has fallen asleep at her spinning-wheel, and some children take advantage of the circumstance to "tickle her with a straw." A very simple subject, entitled "An Algerian Marabout," by J. de St. François, is a work of a high degree of merit: it represents only a solitary building in an open country, but the effect under which it is brought forward is admirable; in ordinary hands such material would be stale and unprofitable, but as it is here presented, it constitutes a production of much excellence. The artist has, we observe, other works here, but this by many degrees excels the others. Koeckkoeck contributes a marine picture of much merit; the subject seems, from the low shore, to be on the Dutch coast: it contains boats, figures, and an effectively painted rough sea. There is another marine subject by Gudin, but of a different character: it represents a sea fight. "The Housewife," D. F. Laugée, is a very simple but a very attractive study, although only of an old woman stooping and taking a loaf of bread out of a chiffonnière. We have already mentioned "The Orphan" by this artist, and there are other works by him, executed in the same taste and with little show of colour. "The Reverie," G. de Jonghe, is a study of a lady in modern attire, seated in an attitude of thought; the figure tells forcibly against a broad light background; the dress, a dark silk, affords a perfect imitation of the material. "The Intercepted Letter," by the Baron Jolly, is a composition very much in the feeling of the earlier Dutch school: the draperies in this picture are really most meritorious. By H. Leys, a "Battle between Huguenots and Spaniards in Antwerp," illustrates a street *mêlée*, the combatants being equipped in the picturesque military garniture of the 16th century. An artist, named Jeroslav Cernak, exhibits a view at Ostend—simply some figures on the beach near the entrance to the harbour: it is very felicitous as a sunny effect. Some of the German landscapes are productions of high character, we regret that we have not space to describe them. Thus the works exhibited here are numerous, varied, and many are of great excellence; such a collection, therefore, cannot fail to be interesting and attractive, as the pictures are being continually changed.

OBITUARY.

JAMES LEGREW.

On the 15th of September last, the Art of Sculpture lost one of its most amiable professors in the person of James Legrew. Two years before his death he became affected by strong mental delusions, the symptoms of which, however, were much mitigated through the care of his family, and travelling abroad; indeed, although he never recovered his true tone of mind, he usually appeared, latterly, to all but his family and a few intimate friends, perfectly himself; and but a few days before his death he attended the funeral of his friend and former neighbour, Mr. Uwins, without showing any signs of peculiarity. Meanwhile, however, the successive shocks which he had received since the time of his first seizure, viz., by the deaths, in rapid succession, within a little more than one year, of his father, his only brother, and his niece, to all of whom he was tenderly attached, was doing its work on his sensitive and affectionate mind. About four days before his death he was attacked by a severe accession of mental delusion, amounting to complete insanity, and in spite of medical attendance, and the care and watching of his sisters, he, in an unguarded moment, put a period to his existence. The verdict was "unsound mind."

His father was the rector of Caterham, in Surrey, in which parish the subject of this brief notice was born in 1803. In early childhood he evinced a decided attachment to the art he afterwards followed, by modelling a variety of little works, chiefly animals; insomuch, that after giving him an excellent education, his father placed him with the late Sir Francis Chantrey. In 1822 he received the silver medal of the Society of Arts, for a copy in plaster of a single figure; in 1824, the silver medal of the Royal Academy "for the best model from the antique;" and in 1829, the gold medal of the same institution, for the best original model of an historical subject. Shortly after this he travelled abroad, and spent a considerable period of time in his professional studies in Rome. On his return to England, his studio was for some time in Pimlico; but for the last eleven years of his life, he resided and carried on his profession in his house in St. Alban's Road, Kensington, where he died.

Among the best known of his works, are his statue of "Samson breaking his bonds," a fine vigorous conception, and a group of the "Murder of the Innocents," or rather of "Rachel Mourning for her Children," a composition full of most touching sentiment, of both of which there are copies in the collection of British Sculpture at the Crystal Palace. He also produced a large figure of Ajax, unquestionably fine in modelling, and in the display of the male form, and a full-sized and graceful group of "the Blind Bard of 'Paradise Lost' dictating to his Daughters;" also various female figures, most of which, however, from the small amount of encouragement given to that class of art in this country, never found their way into marble. He executed, in addition, various monumental and portrait works.

His taste was purely classical, and his criticism on his own art, which was most excellent, was always extended to his brother artists in the most liberal manner. Although, as regarded encouragement, his own professional career was not successful, he in no degree allowed this to affect his feelings towards his professional brethren. In the studio of a brother artist he would ever strive to do all the good he could by the most careful suggestions, and his excellent, and kind, and thorough criticism was as valuable as it was uncommon. He would not offer a remark, however, unless it was requested; as in this, as in all other respects, he was naturally of a reserved disposition, and it was only his intimate friends who knew fully what a wealth of kindness existed in his nature. He was deeply impressed with the truths of religion, was exemplary in its duties, and was very charitable to persons in distress, especially to those in his own profession; and in the whole of his worldly career he showed himself a person of strict integrity, of honourable and liberal feeling, and as one that could not endure the least shadow of meanness.

Besides his acquirements in his profession, he was highly educated in other branches of the liberal arts. He was in the habit of reading, not only French, Italian, German, and Latin, but also Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. In 1855 he published a small work on the Ancient Sculpture of the Jews, displaying much research, which however was only intended as the precursor of a larger work, that was to embrace the sculpture of all times. He wrote also a short life of Flaxman, which has been published. He had great talent for music, and was especially fond of the organ, having had one built under his own direction, on which he was in the habit of playing up to within a short time of his decease.

Although of a most affectionate disposition, Mr. Legrew never married. He was in easy circumstances at the time of his death, and is universally regretted by all who knew him.

MR. THOMAS CRAWFORD.

With much regret we record the death, in London, of Mr. Crawford, the distinguished American sculptor, whose statue of the "Hunter" we engraved last month. In the remarks then made it was stated that Mr. Crawford was in London, seeking surgical advice, but we had no idea that his general health was so affected as to lead to the result we have announced. He died on the 10th of September.

The introduction of that engraving afforded us the opportunity of writing a short biographical notice of the sculptor: we have now only to lament his death as a calamity to Art—to the United States especially; the works he has produced not only gave him fame, they added to the renown of his country. Yet America has happily many worthy sons to replace this one it has lost. It is indeed singular that sculpture, the most difficult of all the arts, and that which receives everywhere the least encouragement, should be the art in which the Americans excel. We have continual evidence of this, and anticipate much more. While referring to American sculpture, we may remark, that among the meritorious contributions to the competition for the Wellington Monument, there was one which, although small in size, and "lost in the crowd," possessed many claims to notice: it was the production of a sculptor in "the far West,"—Columbus, in Ohio,—Mr. John B. Earnshaw. We have no doubt his name will be famous hereafter. We should have offered some comments on this work in our notice of the exhibition, but that the plan on which we proceeded, and the space to which we were limited, prevented our doing justice to many productions that, examined apart, would have demanded and deserved criticism. Mr. Earnshaw, however, may be assured that he occupied a prominent place in the collection.

W. E. SCHORN.

The German papers announce the recent death, at Bonn, of W. E. Schorn, director of the Cabinet of Engravings at Berlin. He was an intimate friend of Alexander Von Humboldt, and associated much, and corresponded, with a large circle of the most eminent literati and artists of his country. It is said that he has left behind him a vast mass of correspondence, which may hereafter come before the public. The present arrangement of the print-room in the Berlin Museum was completed under the direction of Schorn, who also compiled the elaborate catalogue of its contents. He died at the age of fifty-one, of a disease of the heart. His life, had it been prolonged, would have been most usefully employed for the advantage of the art he loved, and of which he was so distinguished a professor.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XI.

MAIDENHEAD is a small town, at some distance from the bridge—a structure of much elegance, built in 1772, from the designs of Sir Robert Taylor. The name is said to be a corruption of that which it bore so early as the reign of Edward III.—Maydenhithe—*hithe* being the Saxon word for haven or port: Camden, however, fancifully derives its title from the veneration paid there to the "head" of a Virgin, one of the "eleven thousand" whose bones may be now seen at Cologne! The view from the bridge, both above and below, is very beautiful: on the one side the trees rise from the river-bank to the wooded heights that surround Cliefden; while on the other the pretty islet, the Church of Bray, the bridge of the railroad, the near meadows and distant hills, attract the eye, and tempt the passenger to linger awhile in admiration.

In this district, indeed, are to be found all the several advantages which the noble river so abundantly supplies: a channel of depth sufficient for any required traffic, a populous and flourishing town close at hand, pleasant cottages,



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

comfortable inns, and villas, grand or graceful, scattered at convenient intervals, by the bank-sides, on the slopes of adjacent elevations, or crowning distant hills in the midst of "patrician trees" and "plebeian underwood;" while the heart-cheering turrets of Windsor Castle occasionally come in sight, to add to



VIEW FROM MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

the interest of the scenery the lessons and the pleasures of association. The land is thus fertile in themes, and the water is hardly less so: the barges, the punts, the gay wherries, the racing boats, are everywhere; and perhaps in no part of the world are there to be obtained enjoyments so many or so full—at once so quiet and so active—as are to be found in this part of the Thames, where the venerable Father leads us to classic Eton and regal Windsor.

The voyager will surely go ashore at Bray, not only to examine the venerable church, but to speculate concerning that renowned vicar who has obtained a larger share of immortality than any of his predecessors or successors. The vicar has indeed no tomb in his church to perpetuate his memory, but his fame is preserved in song; and its application is not uncommon, even now-a-days, to those who find it convenient to change opinions.* BRAY CHURCH is a large and interesting structure, exhibiting that mixture of architectural features so frequently observable in buildings which have survived many ages of change.



BRAY CHURCH.

Inside are several old monuments, the best being the brass of Sir John Foxley and his two wives (of the early part of the fourteenth century); the figures occupying a sort of shrine, based on a column, which is again supported by a *fox*, in allusion to their names. Another fine brass to members of the Norreys family is dated 1592, and there is a very interesting one to Arthur Page, "of Water Oakeye, in the parish of Braye," and Sesely his wife, 1598, which shows that the name of Page was known in the Windsor neighbourhood when Shakspere chose it for one of the chief characters of his immortal drama. The tomb of Henry Partridge, of the same era, is remarkable for the enumeration of the virtues of the deceased, the chief place being given to the assertion that he

"Next to treason, hated debt."†

Soon after leaving Bray we step ashore at "MONKEY ISLAND:" the fishing-lodge built here by the third Duke of Marlborough is now "a house of entertainment;" and the grounds, although limited in extent, are famous for "picnics" in summer seasons. The room which gives a name to the island is still preserved unimpaired; the monkeys continue, on canvas, to do the work of men—to hunt, to shoot, and to fish: and no doubt the "monkey-room," which is the *salon* of parties, is an attraction profitable to the landlord, although he may not be successful in conveying assurance, as he seeks to do, that these

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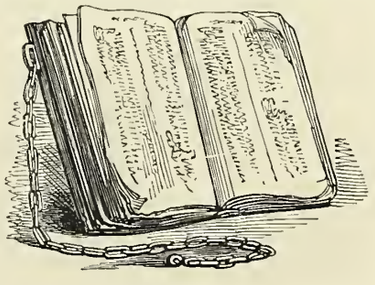
* The vicar was named Symond Symonds: the authority for his history is Fuller, who says,—"The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling—'Not so,' said he, 'for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die the Vicar of Bray.'"

The popular ballad is essentially incorrect in all its details, and by changing the true period of the vicar's residence here, has represented him even worse than he was. It makes him commence his career in the time of Charles II., and continue a series of changes, religious and political, until the accession of George I. The song is, therefore, chiefly political, its concluding lines being the declaration—

"That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray!"

Ritson, who was such an industrious collector of our English popular songs and their music, has given the words and tune of this song in his "Select Collection of English Songs," 1783; but he was not able to say who was its author, although it was evidently written not more than sixty years before that period. It was most probably the production of one of the men of talent who visited Tonson at his house, close by Bray.

† In this church is still preserved one of those chained books commonly placed in the sacred edifice for general use in the days of the Reformation. The custom began with the Scriptures, which were thus chained to a desk for the consultation of the laity, "free to all men." The Bray specimen belongs, however, to a later period, the days of Elizabeth, after the power of the Roman Catholic church had gained a temporary supremacy in the days of her sister Mary, and had, by her excess of severity, given greater stability to the reformed faith. The record of those who had suffered in the struggle was published by John Fox, and his "Book of Martyrs" became second only to the Bible in general interest. It was placed with the sacred book for general perusal in our churches, and the folio still preserved at Bray is a tattered and well-worn copy of the famed record of the struggles of the early disciples of the Protestant faith.



pictures are the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* "Marlborough's Duke" must have expended large sums upon this "fancy," for the lodge is built of cut stone, and is evidently of a costly character; moreover, there is a detached building, now used as a billiard-room, but in which, in the palmy days of the island, the guests probably had their banquets: it is a structure of much elegance, and no doubt was a charming retreat when fittingly furnished.



MONKEY ISLAND.

Of the many villas that intervene between Maindenhead and Windsor, the only one that requires especial notice is DOWN PLACE, once the residence of the famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, the first of his fraternity who took an enlarged view of the trade, and succeeded in achieving a celebrity and fortune previously unknown. "Genial Jacob," as he is termed by Pope, succeeded in gathering around him the chief talent of his day, and the famous "Kit-kat Club" was formed in his house: it consisted of noblemen and gentlemen, with the Earl of Dorset at their head, and under the plea of literary joviality they banded for a higher purpose—the defence of the House of Hanover. They took their name from one Christopher Catt, who originally supplied them with a simple



DOWN PLACE.

dish—"mutton-pies," which always appeared upon their table. They had thirty-nine members, all distinguished for rank, learning, and wit, many holding important offices under government. Tonson acted as their secretary, and Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits of the members, which were afterwards engraved and published.* Down Place is now a mansion of large size, to which many additions have from time to time been made; our engraving is of the older part, where the wits and men of learning assembled under the protecting wing of the great bibliopole.

We are now approaching Windsor; its stately towers have long attracted the eye of the voyager: before we reach it, however, and while the boat is delayed to pass through Boveney Lock, let us step ashore for a brief while, to visit yon "wee" church, half hidden among lofty trees; it is the CHURCH OF BOVENEY, and is the last of its class we shall encounter; for, although we may meet some more aged and many more picturesque, there will be none along the banks of the great river that so thoroughly represents the homely and unadorned fanes where the simple villagers have been taught to worship. It is very small, and



BOVENEY CHURCH.

of the most primitive construction, consisting of four walls merely, the chancel end being railed off by wood-work; the font is large and simple in character, and there are traces of early mediæval work in the external walls; the pulpit is Elizabethan, but the open seats of oak may be much earlier; the roof is arched, but has originally been supported by open timber-work, the cross-beams now alone remain.† We have engraved the interior as an interesting example of one of our ancient sacred edifices, where, through many ages, sate

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet."

After inspecting the interior, and wondering why so small a church was ever built, we returned to the church-yard, and stood for some little time beneath the shadow of a glorious old tree, whose boughs and foliage formed a protection against rain or sunshine. The old withered woman who had opened the church-door followed, and regretted the gentry should be disappointed, as there was "nothing to see." We differed from her, saying there was a great deal that interested us—could anything be more picturesque or beautiful than the church-yard? She shook her head. "The church-yard was thick with graves, some with stones and some without, like any other place of the sort—a poor, melancholy place it was. She thought it so lonely and miserable, and yet sketchers were always making pictures of it; and she had seen a printed book once with a picture of it, and its history all done into print. She could not but think the gentry had very little to write about. Yes, there were stories about those who lay there—many stories: there was a story of two brothers—wicked men, she called them—who died, she could not well tell how; and as to the things cut upon tomb-stones, she set no count by such grand words—she knew her own know! People could get anything they liked cut on stones if they paid for it. There was a cold, proud man who lived at the Hall when she was a child—a bad, cruel man; his shadow would wither up the young grass, and the look of his eye was as bad as a curse. He died, as he had lived, full up of bitter riches: he was not buried in this church-yard—it was not grand enough for him, but in a fine new one; where so much was put on his tomb about his charity—he who would steal a halfpenny out of a blind man's hat—about his justice, who would rob a foot off the high-road to add to his own field—about his being a *meek*

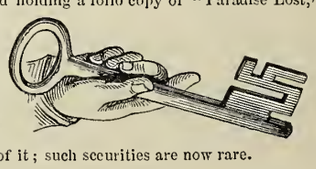
* In Westall's "Views on the Thames" the paintings are said to be the work of "a French artist named Clermont:" although clever in design, they are of no great merit in execution. One of the best of these groups we engrave—it represents two of them awkwardly carrying home fish, the eels escaping from the basket. The most ludicrous scene occupies the centre of the ceiling, and is a burlesque on the triumph of Galatea; even the Cupid attending her is represented as a winged monkey with fluttering drapery, strewing flowers on the nymph, who, with her attendant tritons and sea-nymphs, are also represented as monkeys.



The room is very inviting to the numerous picnic parties by whom the place is visited throughout the summer season, and it is deservedly popular.

* These portraits were long preserved at Down Place, and were all painted of one uniform size, which is still remembered, and the term used to designate a certain canvas, *kit-kat size*, measuring 28 or 29 inches by 36. The whole of this fine and interesting series of portraits are now in the possession of a descendant—W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury: they are all in excellent condition, pure and clear; but the finest is certainly the portrait of Tonson himself, who is represented holding a folio copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he had the copyright, and by which he greatly added to his large fortune. His features exhibit a combination of shrewdness and inflexibility very characteristic of the man.

† The key of the church is one of those massive pieces of metal-work constructed when strength was believed to have been the chief security in locks. As a curious specimen of a bygone fashion, we append a cut of it; such securities are now rare.



Christian!" the woman laughed, scornfully; "meek! meek! the haughty reprobate! Well! a poor little lad, who had but too good reason to know the falsity of the whole, from first to last, wrote under it, 'It's all lies!' and though every one in the place said the lad was a true lad, and a brave lad, yet he lost his situation, and not one in the place dared give him food or shelter, so he left the neighbourhood, did the lad; but as sure as that sun is shining above us, so sure is there One who sifts the tares from the wheat—yes, indeed, the tares from the wheat. And I forget how it was, for I married out of the village, and just came back ten years ago, like a crow to the old nest,—only he grew rich, through honest labour and fame, and his son is in the Hall now; and the great tombstone was cleared away, and nothing to be seen now but a broad slab, with never a word on it, over the bad man's dust and ashes."

She was a strange, weird-looking old creature, with odds and ends of information: like an artist who can paint a distance, but not a foreground, the past was with her light and bright enough, but the present was already her grave—she could tell us nothing of the present. She still leant against the old tree, and we were so soothed by the silence and tranquillity of the scene, that we lingered among the tombs, when suddenly we heard a quick, light step behind us, and before we could turn round to ascertain whence it came, a thin hand rested on our arm, and a pale face, the lips parted over white and glittering teeth, and the eyes, deep sunk and restless, were advanced so close to our own that we started back almost in terror. "Can you tell me the grave?" she inquired eagerly, but in a low voice: "oh! if you know it, do tell me! I know he is buried here—they all own *that*, but they will not tell me where; do tell me—I am sure you will—come, make haste!"

The lady was dressed in faded mourning, the crape was drawn and crumpled, and the widow's cap beneath her bonnet did not conceal a quantity of fair hair, which looked the fairer from being streaked with grey.

"What grave?" we inquired of the pale, panting little creature, who wrung her hands impatiently, "what grave?"

"Oh! you know—my husband's! Round and round, across, along—from the first tap of the *reveillé* to the last drum-roll at night, I seek his grave. I throw myself down and talk to the dead and buried, but they tell me to let them alone: and then they say he is not here, but *I* know he is. We went out in the same ship, and returned in the same ship, so we must be both here, you know. We went out in the same ship, and returned in the same ship," she repeated, mournfully, "and they buried him here. Oh! have pity—have pity, and help me to find his grave!" She hurried us on, pointing to each green mound we passed—"It is not that, nor that, nor that—no, no! do not look at the tombstones, there was no time to put one up—the enemy was too fast on us for that!" She cast herself on her knees beside a grave close to a bank, murmuring "Charles!" into the long grass, and holding up her finger to indicate that we should keep silence, expecting an answer.

At the instant, a tall, venerable gentleman entered the lonely grave-yard—"Jane, my child—my darling," he said, tenderly, "here again! Come, my child, we can look for the grave to-morrow." The old man's eyes were filled with tears; but she did not heed him, murmuring amid the grass. "Forgive her," he said, "my poor child's mind wanders: her husband was killed at Inkerman, and she fancies he is buried where they were married!" It required some little force to raise her from the sward, and then, after a little struggle, he raised her in his arms, her head resting quietly on his shoulder—the large tree the next moment hid them from our sight.



BOVENEY LOCK.

Boveney Lock is now reached, and, while the boat is passing through, we may look about us, and give consideration to some of those peculiarities which add interest and beauty to our noble river.

There are few objects which so essentially contribute to the attractions of the Thames as the swans, which are met at intervals in all parts of the river, but are encountered more frequently as we approach the villas that ornament its slopes and banks. The bird is so well known that to describe it is unnecessary: few of the calmer waters of England are without this special grace and ornament: with the poets of all ages it has been a favoured theme:—

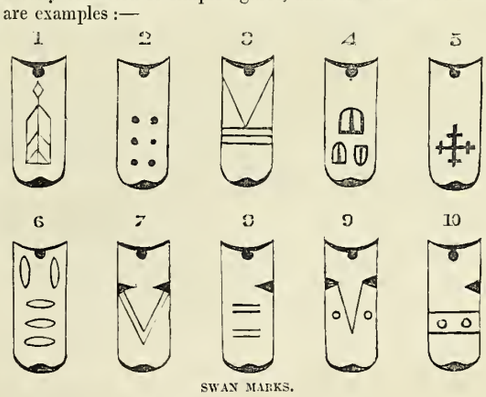
". . . . . The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet."

With this charming portrait "drawn from nature" by the poet Milton, we may associate that by the poet Wordsworth, when describing the calm and solitary quiet of a scene he drew with so much delicious fidelity:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double—swan and shadow."

Happily, too, the swan is a very long-lived bird: Willoughby writes of some who were reported to be three hundred years old, and though this is probably an exaggeration, there are satisfactory proofs that many "paddled" the same waters for more than a century. Few sights are more pleasing than that of the royal bird, followed by her cygnets, either among the rushes or into midstream of the Thames; to note the courage which the parent displays in defence of its young; to observe now and then the mother taking her new-fledged offspring on her back, while sailing proudly and majestically through a current more than ordinarily rough and strong. We would almost as soon part with the trees which border its banks as with the swans that grace the surface of our noble river. The parent usually makes her nest in one of the aits or islands where the tide rarely reaches it; this nest is composed of "reeds, rushes, and other coarse herbage," but is seldom chosen with a view to shade, and is usually found rather in exposed than retired spots, as if the beautiful bird was conscious of its right to protection, and knew it was under the guardianship of special laws that secure its safety.*

The swans, which appear somewhat abundantly on the Thames between Staines and Putney, are chiefly the property of the companies of Dyers and Vintners of London; those about Windsor and Eton belong to the Queen and the college, although the Vintners enjoy the right of keeping them in this neighbourhood—beyond the jurisdiction of the city of London. It was the custom at the close of the last century, to send six wherries as far as Marlow, manned with proper persons, to count and mark the swans; it has of late years been made a festive journey by the citizens as far as Staines, and the voyage is termed "swan-hopping," a corruption of swan-*upping*, or *taking up* the young swans to mark them. Thus the orders for the game-keepers of the reign of Elizabeth show this clear use of the term, when they ordain "that the *upping* of all those swans, near or within the said branches of the Thames, may be all upped in one day." The swan was considered a royal bird, and was protected by laws of a peculiar kind, and it was the privilege granted to certain persons only that allowed them to be kept. In the reign of King Edward III., it was ordained that no person who did not possess a freehold of the clear value of five marks should be permitted to keep them. The right of marking was also subject to a fine of 6*s.* 8*d.* paid into the king's Exchequer for each swan; and any person driving away swans in breeding time, or stealing their eggs, was liable to one year's imprisonment, and fine at the royal pleasure; and any person found carrying a swan-hook, by which the birds may be taken from the river, he not being an authorised swan-herd, or not being accompanied by two swan-herds, was liable to a fine of 13*s.* 4*d.* It is also ordained that every year the swans be examined and numbered on every river, and "that every owner that hath any swans shall pay every yeare, yearely, for every swan-marke, foure pence to the master of the same for his fee, and his dinner and supper free on the upping daies." A large number of similarly minute laws regulate the "Order for Swannes," which became the law for the protection of "the Royal Bird;" the grant, therefore, to the city companies was an especial compliment from the crown to the city—one of those concessions given at a period when the trade of England began to assume importance, and rival that of the Low Countries, when it became the wish of the crown to conciliate the wealthy traders, and accord to them various privileges once held by nobles only. The rule adopted for the marks was thus:—the bird, when young, was taken up in the presence of the king's swan-herd, and a mark was cut in the skin of the beak, the same that was upon the beak of the parent bird. These marks were entered in a book, and kept as a register of swans; any found without such mark were seized for the king, and marked with the royal mark. No new marks were permitted to interfere with the old ones; and all generally consisted of simple figures, and some few were heraldic. The following are examples:—



SWAN MARKS.

1. Eton College.
2. Queen of Charles I.
3. Charles I.
4. Cambridge.
5. Oxford.
6. Queen Victoria.
7. Vintners' Company (modern mark).
8. Dyers' Company (modern mark).
9. Vintners' Company (ancient mark).
10. Dyers' Company (ancient mark).

* Recently we visited the swannery of the Earl of Ilchester, at Abbotsbury, within a few miles of Weymouth. The scene is a low series of swamps of salt water, which forms the land border of the isthmus which is divided from the ocean by the singular pebble ridge that runs from Portland Island for about eighteen miles inland. The number of swans here collected amounts, it is said, to seven hundred: but they have been much more numerous. Walking in and out, for upwards of a mile, through this morass, in which various channels are cut for ingress and egress to water, we continually met the nests of the birds, now deserted; they were generally shaded by tall reeds and rushes.

No. 6. is the royal swan mark of Queen Victoria. This mark has been used through the reigns of George III., George IV., and William IV., to the present time. According to Mr. Yarrell (to whom we are mainly indebted for this information), the whole number of old and young swans belonging to her Majesty and the two Companies, at the swan voyage in August, 1841, was as follows:—

	Old Swans.	Cygnets.	Total.
Her Majesty	185	47	232
The Vintners' Company .	79	21	100
The Dyers' Company . .	91	14	105
	355	82	437

Probably they have not since increased: but the numbers were formerly much greater; at one period the Vintners' Company alone possessed five hundred birds.* In the language of swan-herds, the male swan is called a Cob, the female a Pen; the black tubercle at the base of the beak is called the berry. The nest of the swan is built of reeds, rushes, and coarse herbage on the edge of the river; and instances are given by Yarrell of singular instinct in cases of floods, when the birds have beforehand raised their nests two feet and a half above the level of the stream, to protect the eggs from the inundation. He also notices the attention of the parent bird to the young, which are sometimes carried on the back of the female as she sails about the stream. Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings of Natural History," also notes this; he says:—"Living on the banks of the Thames, I have often been pleased with seeing the care taken of the young swans by the parent bird. Where the stream is strong, the old bird will sink herself sufficiently low to brink her back on a level with the water, when the cygnets will get upon it, and in this manner are conveyed to the other side of the river, or to stiller water. Each family of swans on the river has its own district; and if the limits of that district are encroached upon by other swans, a pursuit immediately takes place, and the intruders are driven away." Yarrell says, "their food consists of the softer part of water plants, roots, aquatic insects, and occasionally small fish: a swan has been seen to eat a small roach; they also eat grain and bread."

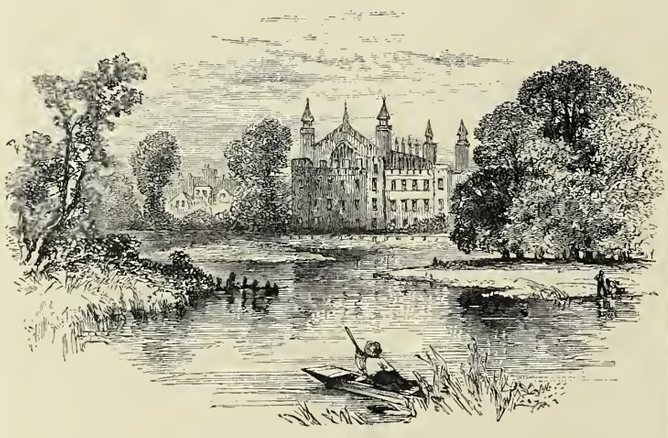
Having passed the lock, we are at once in the midst of "a bustle." We are ignorant that "the rule of the road" is not the law of the water, and run much risk, in our comparatively unwieldy barge, of upsetting one or more of the tiny cockleshells in which a youth is seated, rowing up the stream; we cross rapidly over and give free passage—not without an audible reproach for our want of skill in Eton boat lore—to those

> "Who foremost now delight to cleave
> With pliant arms thy glassy wave."

The youths are on the banks, as well as on the water of old Father Thames:

> "A sprightly race,
> Disporting on thy margent green,
> The paths of pleasure trace."

And the associations of those who look upon the scene, and think!—are all of them happy, though they are all of the future: out of this "careless childhood" or heedless youth must issue much of the after-renown of England—upon them mainly rest the hereafter of her fate. The embryo statesman is here; the philosopher in the bud; the hero in the *eruca;* the germ of that greatness, the high destiny of which is to preserve the honour and extend the glory of a



ETON COLLEGE.

kingdom upon which the sun never sets; and as boy after boy passes—the father of the man—one can scarcely fail to murmur a hope, with a faith, in his career, or to exclaim:—

> "Hail to thee who shall be great hereafter!"

In the lives of a very large portion of the foremost men of our country, it is an incident that they were "educated at Eton;" and to have been an "Eton boy" is the proud boast of many who have gathered laurels in peace and in war.

Eton is in Buckinghamshire, Windsor is in Berkshire. The river divides the counties—a very pretty bridge joining the towns. The College at Eton owes its birth to Henry VI.,—

> "There grateful Science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade,"—

the charter of incorporation bearing the date 1440. The buildings consist of two quadrangles, in one of which are the chapel and school, with the dormitory of the foundation-scholars; in the other are the library, provost's house, and lodgings of the fellows. The chapel is a handsome Gothic edifice, and is that which "tells" so well in all pictures of the place. A statue in bronze of the royal founder occupies the centre of one of the quadrangles. Few buildings are more happily situated; "the meadows" adjoin it, the Thames rolls its refreshing waters immediately in front, while always in view are the towers of "regal Windsor," inciting to that loyalty which is ever the associate of virtue in the young.

The college, as originally founded by Henry VI., was, in accordance with the feelings of his age, charitable as well as scholastic; having also a number of priests to properly perform religious services in this "College Roiall of our Ladie of Eton," as it was first termed. It then consisted of a provost, ten priests, six clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, with a master to instruct them; and twenty-five almsmen, who lived upon the foundation. The king granted the lands of the dissolved monastery of Deerhurst, in Gloucestershire, to the college; but this led to disputes with the powerful prelates of the Abbey of Tewkesbury, which lasted until the reign of Henry VII., when, by way of peaceful conclusion, an exchange was made with them for other lands. Even during the progress of this suit, the lands originally granted were taken by Edward IV. to bestow on a more favoured college at Fotheringham, in Northamptoushire, founded by one of his ancestors. When Henry VI. had decided on this establishment, he incorporated two small colleges, or hostels, at Cambridge, one of which he had founded two years before; and thus King's College, Cambridge, originated, to which, as Lambarde remarks, "Eton annually sendeth forth her ripe fruit." The college was especially exempted in the act of dissolution, and its revenues were then valued at £1101 15*s.* 7*d.* It was by the command of King George III. that the scholars are termed "King's scholars." They are eligible from the ages of eight to fifteen years, and are required by the statute to be "indigentes" (which they now never are), and skilled in reading, chanting, and grammar. There was a curious old custom here, known as the "Montem," which has been discontinued only a few years since: on which occasion the boys dressed in fancy costume, and "begged" on the first Tuesday of Whitsun-week of all passers by. The money was termed "salt," and the gatherers "salt-bearers;" the proceeds were generally large, and were given to the senior boy to defray his expenses at Cambridge. The ceremony was usually very gay, there being always among the spectators the relatives and friends of the aristocratic scholars who levied the "salt;" and who were little scrupulous in assailing the purses of their connexions, in their eagerness to make up the largest possible sum "for the honour of the college." The practice has been very properly discontinued; although rendered in some degree respectable by time, and certainly venerable by age, the usage was derogatory and humiliating. It is now only a matter of history, having passed away as one of the evidences of the "wisdom of our forefathers," which society has benefited by abrogating altogether: like many other matters of a gone-by age, it was

> "A custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Collier, in his Map of Windsor, 1742, thus notes concerning Eton in his time:—"A woden bridge over the river Thames joins Windsor to Eton, so call'd from its low situation among the waters; for Eton is the same as Watertown, but, as they are running waters, and it is a gravelly soil, it is observed that no place is more healthy than this. It is well known for the college, founded here by Henry VI., 1440,* and for the great number of the sons of noblemen and gentlemen that are sent to the school here for their education." The college at this time consisted of a provost, seven fellows, a master, usher, seventy scholars and sixteen choristers.

The library is extensive, and contains some curious books; its principal contributors were the Bishop of Chichester, Sir Thomas Reeve, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Dr. Richard Mead, whose collections included those of Mr. Richard Topham of New Windsor.†

* The marks are termed "nicks:" the Vintners' mark is two nicks; hence the well-known tavern sign, "the swan with two *necks*."

* Our engraving exhibits the seal of the college used in the reign of Edward IV., it is termed upon it "The Royal College of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and her assumption is depicted in the centre, above the arms of the sovereign. She is represented in royal robes, surrounded by glory, crowned and supported by angels from an aureole of clouds. There is much that is curious and instructive in the study of these old seals, irrespective of their interest as historic documents to the antiquary. Thus the conventional religious picture afforded by the present example, is so very characteristic of a certain era in the art of design, that a date is not necessary to determine its age by the eye accustomed to examine such relics. The regal dress in which the Virgin is wrapped, and the peculiar arrangement of the angelic host in the sky, are all indicative of a phase in the art of the mediæval era; an art, however, wanting in elegance, yet never without a certain earnestness and love of truth.



† The greatest rarity in the library is a copy of "Ralph Roister Doister," the earliest comedy in the English language. It was written by Nicholas Udall, before 1550, who was one of the masters of Eton school, and is noted by Tusser, the author of the "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," as his master when there, and as a very severe one to him and others.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS AT MANCHESTER.

An exhibition of prize designs obtained by students in the several schools of Art throughout the kingdom has been held at Manchester during the past month; and on the 9th of October a meeting was held in the Town-hall of that city, in order, with all due ceremony, to distribute the various prizes to which successful competitors were entitled. The president on the occasion was the accomplished Earl Granville. Mr. Cole and Mr. Redgrave were in attendance; and there was a brilliant assemblage of the *élite* of Manchester to witness a ceremony more than usually impressive and instructive.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Redgrave to explain the circumstances under which the meeting was called together; and his duty was discharged with considerable ability. He commenced by endeavouring to convey to his auditors the conviction by which the directors of the schools are guided—a truth we have been endeavouring to impress on the public mind as long, and perhaps with as much effect, as the Department of Science and Art: viz.,—

"It was necessary, if we desired to improve the public taste, that we should educate all classes, and especially the consumer, who was to purchase the articles manufactured, as well as the designer and the artizan, who were to execute them. It was discovered that drawing, if properly taught,—the elements of drawing, at least,—exercised a very great influence on general education; that if we taught a boy drawing, it enabled him to see better, to compare better, and to have a better sense of things altogether than he would have by the mere rote learning which had previously been in practice."

These are simple truths, now universally admitted. We can, however, recur to a time, not very distant, when such ideas were pronounced absurdities, their advocates being considered visionary speculators upon idle fancies. "The Department of Science and Art," the successor of the old "school" at Somerset House, has unquestionably been labouring, and with good effect, to instruct both the producer and the consumer. Other elements have been at work also; and those who compare the present with the past will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that an immense amount of good has been achieved, during the last ten or twelve years, by the practical working of the schools in the metropolis and in the provinces.

The medal (which is not yet ready) for distribution to the students is, it appears, the work of M. Vechte, of Paris, an artist, unquestionably, of high renown. But it must have been somewhat humiliating to the various successful prize-gainers to learn that a foreigner has been engaged to do that which his employers believed an Englishman could not do. It is another of the memorable facts which operate as "heavy blows and great discouragements" everywhere in England, but especially in Manchester, where an enormous sum is annually paid to French designers for cotton printers—an evil, however, which we hope and believe is gradually becoming less and less.

The great attraction of the day was the speech of Earl Granville. It is so sensible, and withal so eloquent, while calculated to be extensively useful, that we shall subject it to but little abridgment.

His lordship stated that, in visiting Manchester for the third time this year, he had peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as the occasion was "the first illustration of a principle which the Department of Science and Art had endeavoured to establish—that is, as much as possible to de-centralize the action, except where absolutely necessary to centralize it, of the department in London."

His lordship continued,—

"About fifteen years ago a very great popular feeling existed, and at last manifested itself by appeals to Parliament and the Government, to take some steps in reference to a deficiency which was too painfully apparent. Manchester, which is apt to be foremost in pointing out that which requires reform, and is not slow to suggest a remedy, was, I believe, almost the first town to make this appeal to Parliament and the Government. There is no doubt that the facts fully warranted any appeal of the sort. While we were superior to all other nations in advantages for manufacture, both in regard to the enormous accumulation of capital and to the cheapness of the material we required, with regard to our maritime position, and with regard to the immensity of our mineral wealth, at the same time we thought—and, I believe, not unjustly—that we equalled, if we did not surpass, other nations in energy and love of honest labour. But there was one point in which our manufacturers were certainly deficient, when compared with those of some of our continental neighbours, more especially the French. It was in that finish which Art alone can give, and which often imparts greater value to an object than the intrinsic value of the material, or even the common labour that is displayed upon it, can effect. Now, this was a thing Englishmen surely ought to feel was to be remedied. Parliament met the question, committees sat, and the result was that 'schools of design,' as they were first called, were established. I believe some mistakes were made at the outset, but it was felt that some steps were necessary to counteract what had been the course of this country. Now, what was the reason of our inferiority to our French neighbours? I am quite willing to concede the great imagination of the French, their great cleverness, and the advantages of a very bright climate, but I deny that there is anything natural in our constitution or our temperament which makes it impossible for us, if our talents are properly developed, to excel also in Art. For more than a thousand years the Government of the French nation have encouraged and fostered in every way the Art-education of the people. They have done it in every sort of manner. Their kings, some of them possessing very great taste, have done it in a manner which I believe was most baneful to the nation in other respects. While erecting enormous palaces, lavishing upon them all the treasures of Art, they forgot that they were doing it for their self-glorification, and draining the pockets of the people they ought to have encouraged to sustain themselves, to raise themselves; and, I believe, a bitter penalty was afterwards paid, in that first revolution, for these very extensive oppressions. But when you take it in the point of Art, it is impossible not to feel that it did give a great advantage, and that by these institutions, the ornamenting of great public buildings, and the collections that were amassed, a great opportunity was given to educate the taste of every Frenchman of every class in that great country. Our own history was of a different kind. For some time there was encouragement to Art from our kings in the same way. In the middle of the last century there was a great movement, and some of our admirable painters who then appeared, our admirable sculptor Flaxman, and other distinguished people who were in the habit of travelling on the continent, having wealth and leisure enough to do so, brought back a strong feeling for Art. But that was never applied to manufacture; and the result, I believe, was perfectly true, and most certainly proved at the Exhibition of 1851, that in that respect, and, I believe, in that respect alone, our manufacturers were decidedly inferior to the manufacturers of France. Those are some of the reasons which created the necessity of schools of design. I believe it to be of the greatest importance to provide the best copies and examples for every school in the country, and I believe that a provision of this sort can much more easily be made, and much more cheaply made, by a central body than would be possible by individual efforts. I believe, again, that the training of masters, to supply one of the most important deficiencies at this moment felt, and which was still more apparent a few years back, is what a merely central authority can do. There is another object, which is to encourage the general taste by the making of collections which may show what the principles of good taste are. I quite admit that this is a point which may be very much abused. I entirely deny that London has a right to monopolise advantages of this sort. But we try as much as possible to avoid that evil, by disseminating through the country parts of the collections, in whatever way may be most useful to the country; and we endeavour to extend to every district the good which we disclaim wishing to retain exclusively to ourselves. There was another point alluded to by Mr. Redgrave which I believe to be of the utmost importance to all; and I am more inclined to dwell upon this, because there is, perhaps, some deficiency in this respect in the progress which has been made at Manchester—I mean with regard to the teaching of elementary drawing generally, not in the schools of Art, where the pupils are of a higher order, but in the common schools of the country. I believe all that has been said about the advantages of teaching drawing to be perfectly true, and all the objections that are made to be perfectly false. I met yesterday in the Exhibition a friend of mine, and one of the most munificent, intelligent, and judicious promoters of education I know, who objected to the universal teaching of drawing, admitting that drawing was good for men, that it was good for carpenters and joiners, for persons employed in manufactures, but saying that it was bad for a very large class of those brought up in our schools—namely, those girls who were destined to be domestic servants. I believe, even here, that there is no doubt the objection is a fallacy, and if you consider what Mr. Redgrave said about the sort of education which drawing confers, the precision and neatness it leads to, then the advantage of this kind of instruction must be very apparent. I believe, after all, there is a design in the cutting out of a frock; and a friend of mine went still further, and suggested that to lay a knife and fork perfectly parallel to one another required the sort of eye which was perfected by a drawing-lesson or so. And still further is the fact agreed to by the general assembly of all the schoolmasters at Marlborough House, that so far from drawing taking up time which might be more advantageously employed, they found the children who had half of the allotted number of hours given to drawing, and half to writing, progressed more rapidly in their writing than those who were occupied in learning to write during the whole of those hours. I believe the advantage of this instruction is great in every class of life. * * * I think there is nobody here who will deny that our present Sovereign, together with Prince Albert, has shown an interest in this subject; and I remark just now that it is singularly characteristic of the spirit of the present age, and of the just appreciation by the Sovereign of that spirit, that whereas former monarchs worked almost entirely either for the gratification of their individual taste or for their self-glorification as to their regal state, I trust that in the encouragement from the Crown which has been given to Art, while there is great individual enjoyment of the thing itself, an encouragement has also been given to education, and there has been an endeavour to make every class of the community co-operate in every manner in the work which was in hand; and I believe there is nothing more evident, or that has done more good, than the example set by the Queen herself, of the very generous use of any object of Art in her possession, by circulating it as widely as possible, and letting it be known in every possible way. The example has been followed, I must say, in a very marked manner. I may instance the fact of the public institutions being open to the people, and established more for the people, and also the very fact of this great Exhibition of the Art-Treasures of the Kingdom, which, I believe, would have been impossible some years ago. The very fact of some of the leading men of Manchester having originated that Exhibition, and the readiness with which they have been met and been able to collect from every source the treasures which have been entirely concealed from the eyes of the people for centuries, shows the sort of impulse which is now given to the public taste. The spread of education tends very much to it; and there are also other things. I was reading the other day an account of most interesting words used by a Frenchman on the union of Arts and Commerce, and he particularly dwelt upon this point, that he did not mind our rivalry when carried on by exiles of his own country, because there was something not fully vital in that, but that he did foresee great danger to their supremacy in what he remarked was taking place in England now, which was the recurrence to the old simple principle of Art, and a determination to adapt the ornament and the design to the parts of the object which was ornamented or designed. But, with regard to these schools of Art, I believe it is possible that, in this sort of institutions, the indirect effects are much greater than the direct effects. I believe it is perfectly possible to point out some very tangible results. I believe it is a result to find that the students in these schools in the last ten years have become exactly ten times more numerous than they were ten years ago. I think it is a result to find that our education costs exactly one-fourth of what it did seven years ago. I think it is a result to find, as a positive fact, that almost all the most eminent porcelain manufacturers, almost all the most eminent cabinet-makers, and upholsterers, and paper-hangers, and almost all the most eminent ornamental metal-work men, have got in their establishments at this moment men whom they have drawn from schools of Art in different parts of the country. I think this is a great result, and that from those local examinations, referred to by Mr. Redgrave, you will find that there are not merely many persons now learning to draw, but that you have a positive proof, in the drawings they produce, that they have profited by the lessons."

AN ARTIST'S NOTES.

"A SHILLING A HUNDRED, NEW WAA-NUTS!"

In fine weather Nature is better than Art; in bad weather Art is better than Nature. Many an artist feels this. In the cold gloomy days of November, when Nature seems rolling herself up in a fur of fog for her winter quarters, what a delight it is to have a brisk fire in one's studio, and live in one's dreams! There is nothing to distract one then. One feels, "Well, this is the best place in the world!" and there is no bright sun shining in at the window, and invitiug one out, like a merry companion, to go and play truant. Then one feels thankful to have resources in one's art to bid defiance to the frowns of the cold months, and one wraps oneself round with one's art as with a prophet's mantle, and one dreams dreams, and sees visions, and paints pictures, and makes statues. O divine Art, what a resource you are in yourself to the true enthusiast! but, oh! diviner still, inasmuch as you teach us the more to worship Nature, from which you draw your iuspiration!

All this is a bright prospect for winter; and how many of us are trusting, hoping, and believing—and we are quite right in believing, as nothing good is done without belief—that we are going, this next winter, to do something much better than we have ever done before; something more up to our own views of Art; something even to astonish our best friends! But just now I am interrupted by that before-mentioned bright sun, which is showering his beams into my room, and I look out, up into the clear sky, which makes lakes of blue amid those fleecy white islands, and bears me off on the wings of imaginings to scenes more in accordance with its bright ceiling than the crowded deeds of man around me—Bricks and mortar! mortar and bricks!

What is that I hear? "A shilling a hundred, new waa-nuts!" That is an autumn cry! No one but a resident in London can fancy how much the various metropolitan street cries of the year mix themselves up there with the associations of the seasons. That cry tells me at once a number of things. For instance, it tells me that the trees in the country are beginning to take the varied hues of the later months, and that there pervades in the woods now that pleasant smell of fallen leaves, exhilarating, and sharp, and aromatic, which seems to smack more of promise for the next year than of the decay of this. That cry, too, tells me that "Rotten Row" and the parks are now deserted by fair equestrians (*amazones*, as the French call them), and noble-looking men and horses, and that only the "last rose of summer" still lingers in the clubs, or on "the shady side of Piccadilly." That cry, too, tells me that, in spite of all my love of Nature, I have lingered in town until the brightest hours and longest days have past.

Oh foolish fashion of England that year after year dooms the great, the wise, the beautiful, the rich, the powerful, and all that hang thereto, and depend thereon, to spend the genial days of delicious summertide in the great hot city, and entombs the delicate and the fragile in many a country seat in the winter, with the wind screaming like a banshee through the bare branches around! And this is all for the sake of "de sport," as the French now call it. English gentlemen must have "de sport." I presume this is all right and proper, and goes to make up the "stabilities" of this great nation; but in my own small circle I do uot recollect having ever met a great shot who was also a great lover of Nature. Many people live in the country actually without seeing it, and among these, too frequently, is your sportsman. It is quite amazing, and amusing, to myself, the height of superiority from which I, trudging along in a country lane, in my humble way, with my stick, and, perhaps, knapsack, look down upon the mere sportsman—for instance, on the dashing gentleman, in his perfect hunting appointments, as his noble horse carries him at a bound over one hedge into the road before me, and over the other again into the next field; or on the thoroughly got up first-class shot, with his array of dogs and keepers, banging "one two" with perfect precision and success through a turnip-field!

"Poor fellows!" I think, "they do not see the rieches around them—only the fox and the birds!" But there is no point of discord between us. I am beneath their consideration, and I look at them as part of the landscape; that is, I try to do so, for, to say the truth, it is not easy always to hit upon a point of view which will make them in true keeping with the scene. A cherry-cheeked damsel, the prettier the better, or a bardy rustic, even in his best apparel, or an old man in a worked and braided smockfrock slop, or an old woman in the orthodox red cloak, or any groups of merry children coming from school, and scrambling up the bank, and clutching the hedge boughs, after the nuts, always come in the right place in Nature's pictures. They are elements which she has no difficulty in composing in perfect harmony with her delightful scenes; she does it just as easily and happily as she ever makes the leaf and flower compose in colour, but a fresh importation from town is sometimes a hard matter for even her brush to combine.

However, you see I am not at all one of those misanthropic lovers of solitude, who think that man should be left out of a country picture. On the contrary, I think no country is perfect without country people, and feel it a sad gap where *genus homo* is omitted; and thus, when I go and stay in the country, I love to make my head-quarters at the edge of a village. Such a spot affords such varied pictures, and then it is even more unlike town than solitude itself!—at least, if less thoroughly divided, it offers more points of comparison to mark the difference. Take, for instance, as a contrast to the *entourage* of your town home, the wakening up of the little village in the first morning after your arrival. The early bright sunshine streams through the lozenged windows and unspotted white dimity curtains, and, with the twitter of the martins under the eaves, arouses you to open the catch-fastened window, and put your head out into the village street, and watch the proceedings. There is a little boy in fustian coming up the street; he does not see you, for he is only half awake; he is rubbing his eyes with his sleeve, and he opens the gate of the farmyard opposite for the early pigs to go out on the moor. As he goes into the yard the geese cackle. Then the yeoman appears, and he unbars a gate or two, and dives into his stable to see how his horse is, who salutes him with a whinny, and he shakes him down some fresh hay. He is an early man, who, with careful policy, likes to be up as soon as his workmeu are, and to put them to their work; and he trudges off to the field, with his trusty dog after him. Then you see his buxom wife (early too), or perhaps servant girl, undoing the shutters. The latter loiters a bit to have a passing word or joke with the sturdy labourers who are coming down the village street to their daily work, blithe and hearty, with their bundles of provision and brown bottles over their shoulders. They turn round on one foot, and chat awhile with "Mary" and with an old man, the oracle of the village, who, even in white old age, has not forgotten his habits of early rising, and now, supported by his staff, steps slowly from his cottage door across the road to give prophecies as to the weather. Then you hear a lowing, up the street, the matins of sundry cows, which are being driven, saunteringly, out to their daily and day-long feed, to labour for their masters and mistresses as perseveringly as possible, by eatiug all the while,—an easy life on the whole, the only trouble in it being when their calves are being weaned, when they and their offspring rush about complaining loudly to the world at large, with their tails held up, and twisted like one turn of a corkscrew. After this vision has passed away leisurely from under the window, the ear is struck with a vast clatter of trotting hoofs coming down the street, when suddenly rush past a troop of great heavy carthorses, shouldering one another down "to water," driven by a farm-boy of some twelve or thirteen, sitting very back on the last one, and flourishing his arms and heels with great rapidity. Altogether they go along as if they desired to make all the noise possible, and to drive the last remains of sleep out of the little village for this day, in which they succeed.

Now all this, though it must be acknowledged to be very rustie and very homely, suggests to the artist a series of pretty pictures; and to remark them and make much of them is, I conceive, as much to the purpose of a true lover of the country, as to watch the opening of a flower, the effect of the first beams of the sun upon the landscape, or the early habits of the birds in field or wood. I shall be smiled at as an enthusiast when I confess that there is to me something so angelic about early morning in the country, that the commonest thing appears refined by it. Everything then seems so good. Even Hodge, who has had a little too much beer over night (it is harvest time), gives you such a civil "good morning," as he passes you, that he seems no exception to the scene.

I love the village *shop*,—that wonderful place, so small, and yet which supplies the whole country round—in which you can obtain everything you want, from an umbrella to a ham; from pins and bobbins to a pound of butter; from a pound of tea to a straw hat; and from a peg-top to getting your five-pound note changed,—for to his other avocations the respected shopkeeper adds that of being a banker, in a small way, to those who encourage his "emporium." The village shop is the true "multum in parvo;" and among the many things I have seen in it are various very pretty and characteristic pictures, —not on canvas, believe me—but formed by groups of purchasers. Tall men, whose heads reach among the brushes, and coils of twine, and gammons of bacon that hang aloft, buying reap-hooks perhaps; and pretty lasses bargaining for some bits of Sunday finery; and little children with their heads not up to the counter, sent from their mothers (it is astonishing at what an early age children are obliged, I suppose from the pressure of circumstances, to transact business in the country!)—"sent from mammy," to buy three-halfpennyworth of something, with the three halfpennies clutched tight in their little hands. Well, there is poetry in all this, if you will look at it so; and picture-food, too, if you will gather it up.

I love the "politics" of a country village—that is as I see them; and the pleasure I take in noting them is all mixed up with my love for Art. Neighbour So-and-so has bought a new horse; he is going to try it in his old harness. Farmer So-and-so has sold his wheat well, and has a wonderful fine field of turnips and wurzel. I imagine the rustic group of the "neighbour" and the horse, and his difficulties in introducing the new horse to the old collar, over the eye-bones especially; and I see the bluff farmer showing his sample of wheat to the purchaser, and I will assuredly go and see his fiue field of turnips and wurzel. Now all these things may have more or less interest to those who live in the country; but they have seldom, I believe, the same kind of interest as they have with such as I. With me everything in the country possesses a kind of poetry, like a frieze of rustic subjects cut in alabaster. Following a great bard, who saw "*sermons*" in everything, so do I see *pictures* in everything; and I thank God for it: and I like to be reminded of my fellow-artists as I do so, and, as the day goes on, among its various scenes to recognise now a Wilkie, or a Morlaud, a Webster, or a Hunt; and in going further afield to be reminded of the happy pencils of Linnell, of Lee, or of Creswick, *cum multis aliis*.

Loving, as I do, country-people as well as the country, I am very glad to notice among the paintings of the day that the difficulty of uniting, as equal objects of interest, the human figure with landscape seems worn away. Time was when it used to be said that either one element or the other must needs palpably predominate in a picture, or a pleasing result could not be obtained. This always appeared to me a strange dogma. At any rate, if it was a problem, our painters seem to have solved it very satisfactorily. In various of our most charming country pictures now—representing spots you yearn to make personal acquaintance with—the human and landscape elements are pretty equally balanced with the best effect. Redgrave, Hook, and others present you with sylvan, and field, and lane scenes, in which one knows not which most to admire, the figures or the landscape—human or vegetable life: and this is particularly charming to me, inasmuch, as I have said before, in my idea the country is not perfect without country-folks.

Some delicate people, on reading this, may recur to some noisy sceue they may have witnessed at some country alehouse, when the "malt got abune the meal," and will recall, perhaps, the smell of strong tobacco and the boisterous *désagrémens* of a village tap-room; but let them recollect that perhaps chance brought them to the said inn on some Saturday night, at harvest time, when wages and wagers had to be drunk out; while, too, the quiet

landlord and landlady were as anxious as possible that the next few hours should pass off quietly, they drawing as little beer as they could (which honest caution, in opposition to their interest, I have often noticed in the country); and compare this with the gaudy excitements and allurements of a blazing London ginshop, the results of which one hears of and sees but in the police reports.

However, I do not consider a country village quite a celestial city, holding it to be one of those very many things the impression of which depends on the frame of mind in which you look at it—at the kind of mental window through which you view it. There is, or was, a child's toy, in which you look at things through variously coloured pieces of glass. How different they appear through them! One makes the landscape look as if snow were all over the ground, the other as if the world were all afire. Now, of all glasses in the world to look at the world through, for quiet pleasure, commend me to a poetic glass (what is the world without poetry?), or rather, I would say, a poetic and artistic glass. Then all creation appears endowed with interest, and a mere walk or drive in the country will appear a succession of romances. A vast deal of the delight which children have in everything is from the fresh, early bloom of involuntary poetry which they have brought into the world with them, and which has not yet been rubbed off. This forms, as it were, a sort of atmosphere about them, through which they see everything. They are not matter-of-fact, God bless them! and a deal of pure, innocent pleasure they have from not being so. What a bower of romance to them is a hole in a hedge, and what an enchanted forest is a little jungle of underwood, where they can creep through little sly paths to odd nooks, where older people cannot follow them!

Oh let us be children as long as we can, especially in the country! I love to stroll, or ride, or drive through new country in companionship with a child; there is such a constant, quiet excitement of interest ever arising as to "what will come next?" or whither the next turning or glade will lead us; and one always fancies beyond greater beauties than we have yet seen; and then there is a twitter, and one does not quite know the bird to which it belongs; and then one stops and watches, to find out, and at last sees the bird, and then one has learnt something; and then there is the tap of the woodpecker, which we *do* know; and then a startled rabbit runs out of our way across the path; and then one sees a new flower or a new moss, or a butterfly one has not seen before. How very pleasant are such little incidents amid such scenes! what a constant thrill of pure excitement they keep up—an excitement without reaction. One feels it is an excitement that the great Father of all does not disapprove of, and it draws us up to Him instead of putting something, as it were, between Him and us, as so many other excitements do.

Oh! a country walk does one good, mind as much as body—perhaps more. A country walk is a Gospel, and tells us to love our neighbour as well as to admire nature. When one contemplates a charming scene, one wishes all one's friends were there to see it too. Surely no one but a follower of Christ can feel fully the holy beauty of Nature. The chord of universal love which He struck on earth seems almost audibly thrilling through Nature when one stands entranced before some exquisite picture which the Almighty hand has drawn out before us.

Let us be children as long as we can—that is, good children, and obedient children, and loving children, with souls open to Nature, and the endless and exquisite "gays" which she spreads out before us. Let us ever, while we can, keep a green place in our hearts, where, as on a village green, fresh young innocent fancies may bound about in harmless frolic; and to keep us thus, let us love the country, and let us ever, if we can, in sentiment, be poets, even if we don't write, and painters, even if we don't paint.

"Waa-nuts! a shilling a hundred new waa-nuts!" That cry again! I ring the bell, which is answered. "John," I exclaim, "I want my carpet-bag from downstairs, and my walking shoes blacked, for I am going into the country this afternoon."

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Liverpool.—The Liverpool Art-Union Society seems at this time to be in a failing condition, owing, it is said, "in part to the unfavourable season, and, in part, to a difference in the minds of its supporters, as to the privilege now accorded to prize-holders of making their selections at the opening of the exhibition" of the Liverpool Academy of Art. At the annual meeting for the drawing of prizes, &c., held in St. George's Hall, on the 10th of September, the number of subscribers was announced to be 374 only, and the amount of subscriptions £382. This is a very poor exhibition for so large and wealthy a population; a population, too, not usually accustomed to deal niggardly in matters of Art; we shall hope for better tidings another year.

Warrington.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this town, took place on September 26. Since the last preceding meeting, in February, 1856, the pupils have taken possession of the new building erected for their use, which furnishes the most convenient and ample accommodation for the wants of the school. The average number of pupils attending monthly during the past sessional year, has been 43 in the public class, and 23 in the special class; but beyond these, five public schools, and one private, have received instruction through the head school at Warrington; the total number of persons who have thus come within its operations amounted to 848, being an increase of 159 over the list of the former year. The Warrington school is under the superintendence of Mr. J. C. Thompson.

Cork.—The last annual report of the Cork School of Art, read at a meeting on the 4th of September, stated that the attendance for the present term, in the central school, amounted to 121, of which number 40 were female pupils and 81 male, a number that corresponds with the list of the preceding year. In the various national schools, 400 pupils received instruction, the fees paid by them amounted to £28 16*s.* 6*d.* for the term.

Darlington.—A branch school of Art is, we understand, about to be opened in this town.

Yarmouth.—Mr. T. W. Chevalier has been appointed to superintend the Art-department of the "Government Schools of Navigation and Art," in this place, which it was expected would be opened during the past month.

Greenock.—In our number for December of last year, we stated that Mr. W. Stewart, head-master of the Paisley School of Art, had undertaken the superintendence of a new school recently opened at Greenock; but the number of pupils in attendance has now so largely multiplied, that a committee of the inhabitants has just been appointed to organise an establishment altogether independent of aid from Paisley; the duties of the two schools have become too arduous for one staff of teachers to undertake.

Torquay and Brixham.—It is proposed to open a School of Art for the benefit of the residents in these picturesque and improving localities; a provisional committee has been formed for this purpose, of which Dr. Harris, the rector, has agreed to act as chairman, Mr. E. Vivian, as treasurer, and Mr. Edmonstone, as honorary secretary.

Coventry.—The annual meeting of the Coventry School of Art took place last month at St. Mary's Hall. The report congratulated the subscribers and friends of the school that the progress of the institution since last annual report had been steady and satisfactory. The number of students entered on the books during the past year, however, was only 371, against 384 in 1855-6, and 340 in 1854-5. The late exhibition of the works of students had been visited by upwards of 3500 persons. It was now necessary to make an effort for the erection of an adequate building for the accommodation of the school, and a convenient site was being looked out, when a meeting would be convened, and a scheme for raising funds submitted. The finances of the school were now in a better position than they had been in since the government grant for the payment of the masters was withdrawn. The balance in hand, however (£13), was insufficient to meet current expenses, and increased subscriptions were pressed for.

Falmouth.—The annual exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society took place on the 29th of September, and four following days; and it speaks well for its position that the attendance was greater, and the receipts at the door larger than on any previous occasion. Several objects of great interest and novelty were exhibited. A magnificent escutcheon of sculptured granite, intended for the Scutari Monument, adorned the centre of the hall. Clifford's boat-lowering apparatus, a large model of the Albert Bridge over the Tamar, and various other specimens of mechanical skill, excited great interest. Through the exertions of the secretary, Mr. Sydney Hodges, an excellent collection of pictures, ancient and modern, adorned the upper walls. Among the contributors were the well-known names of Lucas, J. Danby, Niemann, Zeitter, T. F. Marshall, &c. The "Dream of the Future," the joint production of Frith, Creswick, and Ansdell, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1856, and is now the property of S. Gurney, Esq., M.P. for Falmouth, who kindly contributed it, occupied a leading position, and excited general admiration. Some interesting lectures were delivered, and the *conversaziones* held in the evenings, passed off agreeably.

Colebrook Dale School of Art.—This school, which was opened in December last, and of which Mr. J. A. Mulligan is the master, is progressing in a very favourable manner, in consequence of which the Colebrook Dale Company are erecting a School of Art in a more central position than the one now in use, in connection with a new building for the literary association. The school, which will comprise two commodious rooms, will be properly fitted up, so as to afford greater conveniences for study than the room now temporarily occupied. The other schools within the borough of Wenlock—also under the mastership of Mr. Mulligan—are progressing in a very encouraging manner.

THE DYING ARTIST.*

These slanting rocks—their shadows best
I love—and this bare rugged strand;
Here let me for a little rest
On this green strip of shaded land,
And look again on either hand
To scenes I loved; still let me be
In sight and sound of yonder sea.

Longer, yet longer, for the sun
With widening orb yet rules the sky;
His godlike course in glory done,
I follow still with glazing eye:
Those fires the coming morn will give
Again—but my long night is nigh;
No vain regrets—I would not live.

Of hope—long past—oh, speak no more;
Of love—alas! I loved in vain;
Your passing words, this lonely shore,
With all I lost, and most deplore,
Revive sad memories again
From clouded years; to me it seems
Life, love, and death, are only dreams.

The glories of a coming day
Are pictured sunlike on my brain,
And from mine uncompanioned way,
And from this mighty source of pain,
My larger soul, and wider sight,
With thankful energy regain
Their fountain-head—the Light of light.

Marvel not, dying I should gaze
On God's own emblem to the last,
Though weak that type—yet, oh, those rays
Are not of earth, though earthward cast:
My soul sweeps onward through the maze
Of whirling passions, and I feel
The "silver cord" is loosed at last,
And broken too life's cistern wheel.

My name? a blank above my grave—
'Twas only charactered on sand;
The eddying wind and blinding wave
Will blot its memory from the land.
Fame loves alone the wise, the brave,
But I—my years were like this strand—
Bare, bleak, and barren, from whose roots
There springs no bud, and bloom no fruits.

Wave curls on wave—how deeply blue
Our Indian skies are imaged there!
And not a cloud to meet the view,
Nor breath to cool the burning air.
O shade of death! if life be fair,
Can one so young then welcome thee?
Thy low voice seems, like my despair,
To mix with murmurs from the sea.

Brussels. William Henry Crome.

* In a note which Mr. Crome, whose name as a painter must be familiar to many of our readers, sent us with the poem, he says—"A very young artist of great promise, after a short sojourn on the continent, returned home to die—his illness a broken heart: after much flesh-weariness he reached the Malabar coast, his native home, and died, as he desired, on the lone sea-shore. I knew him well, and have endeavoured to embody somewhat of the impress made on me by the tenour of the last letter he ever wrote, which was to me."

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE BEAUTY OF ALBANO.

A. Riedel, Painter. L. Stocks, A.R.A., Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 4¾ in. by 3 ft. 2 in.

RIEDEL, the painter of this picture, is a native of the town of Baireuth, in Bavaria: he was born about the commencement of the present century, and entered the School of Munich at the period when Robert de Langer filled the office of Professor of Painting at the Academy; the historical pictures, both in fresco and oil, of this artist are highly esteemed. In his early years Riedel acquired considerable celebrity by the boldness of his designs and the spirit, rather than the grace, of his compositions. About twenty years ago he quitted Munich, and took up his abode at Rome, where he has since resided; at the same time he altered his style of painting, by substituting *genre* subjects for historical, to which he had almost constantly adhered in his own country. He soon rose into public favour at Rome, and has continued to maintain his position, his pictures being much in request. Among those that earliest brought him into notice was a "Mariner playing on a Lute;" it was purchased by Thorwaldsen, and a *replica* was ordered by the Prince Royal of Bavaria, and now forms part of the royal collection at Munich. The figure in the duplicate is, we believe, life-size; in the original it is considerably smaller. Another of Riedel's early pictures, painted in Italy, which attracted attention was the "Bathers."

We cannot avoid thinking that the title of this very charming picture, "The Beauty of Albano," is a misnomer, for the figure seems rather to have had its type in one of the daughters of England than in any of the Roman ladies who resort to the Alban territory, to escape the malaria of the Papal city, during the warm months of summer and autumn. The face of the "beauty" is fair and exceedingly delicate; her hair is of a rich auburn colour, the eyes are hazel, and her dress, though we do not presume to be learned in such matters, seems to us to have been fashioned by the skill of a London or Parisian *modeste:* in truth, were we not told the contrary, the picture might readily be presumed to be a portrait of one of the aristocratic "beauties" that shed a brilliancy over the court of Queen Victoria, and look down upon us from the walls of our Royal Academy. But whether it be a portrait of English or Italian lady, or only the embodiment of the artist's fancy, it is a work of more than ordinary sweetness in conception, and treated with perfectly appropriate feeling, combined with originality: the figure stands in a kind of bower, through which the warm sunlight streams, casting its rays on her face and portions of her dress. The latter is of a pale greyish hue, yet sufficient in depth of tone to give brilliancy to those parts on which the sunlight falls: the truth and purity of colour of these lights are almost magical, and show how closely the artist has studied nature, and his knowledge of the materials with which he works. The background immediately behind the figure is painted of a rich dark brown colour, and although the object is not positively defined, it seems to be the trunk of some enormous tree, to whose sides the convolvulus and climbing roses cling pertinaciously; the deep crimson flowers of the latter, which are seen only in the lower part of the composition, greatly enrich the whole of it with their warm glow: had they been placed higher up, the face of the lady would have lost much of the delicate colouring it now has. Throughout the picture the painter has made a most judicious and effective use of his various pigments.

One rarely sees so realistic a work as this from the hands of a modern German painter; it shows nought of the severity of style we are apt to associate—and not untruly—with this school; and possibly, if Riedel had always remained in Munich, he would not thus have separated himself from his contemporaries. The atmosphere of Italy seems to have wondrous power over the minds of artists, by causing them to shake off the trammels of home-education: or at least it enables them to see with other eyes, and to apply in a new direction what they have learned elsewhere.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The September Exhibition of the prizes awarded by the Academy of Paris, and of the productions of the French students in Rome, has taken place.—The provincial exhibitions are now open, or about to open; those of Marseilles and Lyons are the most prominent.—A hospital for invalid workmen has been inaugurated by the Emperor at Vincennes.—Several antiquities have been found in the Seine lately, in preparing the foundations for the new bridges—rings of the reign of Henry III., pins of Charles IX., a "St. Louis," in ivory, a silver ornament of the period of Louis XIII.; they have been purchased for the cabinet of M. Arthur Forgeais.—The four allegorical statues for the front of the barracks at the Bank have been confided to the care of M. Duprez; the subjects are, "Strength," "Prudence," "Vigilance," and "Order."—On the anniversary of the 15th of August, a number of various objects of Fine Arts were distributed to the Museums and Provincial Libraries; among them, paintings by Moulignon, Goldsmidt, F. Besson, Baron, H. Vernet, &c.—We have to record the death of M. L. Garneray, a marine painter of talent, and of M. G. Planche, a distinguished writer and critic of the fine arts.

JENA.—Her Majesty and the Prince Consort have given a thousand thalers in aid of the fund which is being collected for the erection of a monument commemorative of the pious John Frederick, surnamed the Constant, one of the firmest champions of the Reformation, who in the cause of Protestantism risked, and lost, liberty and all his possessions at the battle of Mühlenberg. Next year the University of Jena will complete its third centenary, and it is upon the occasion of the jubilee proposed, in celebration of this event, that the monument will be inaugurated. The work, which was confided to Professor Drake, of Berlin, is a statue ten feet high, and has been already cast in bronze contributed for that purpose by the King of Prussia.

PERUGIA.—A picture in the Church of St. Augustino, and which has hitherto been ascribed to Domenico Alfani, is presumed, from recent examination, to be by Raffaelle: it has also been attributed to Orazio, the son of Domenico Alfani. The subject of the work is "The Adoration of the Magi," and hitherto no name or inscription has been discoverable on any part of it until lately, when the date 1505 has been found under the hem of the mantle of the Madonna. The beauty of the execution and tenderness of the drawing seemed so far beyond the powers of Alfani, that persons experienced in the Art of the early part of the sixteenth century considered the picture as a production of Perugino; but on the discovery of the date, and after a close inquiry into its merits, it was believed that it could be attributed to none other than Raffaelle. The picture, which is large, is situated over an altar in the left transept. The background consists of a hilly landscape, with slender trees, such as are seen in Raffaelle's open compositions. In the immediate foreground stands a wooden hut, the roof of which reaches almost to the upper extremity of the composition, and from the open door are protruded the heads of an ox and an ass, the latter drinking from a small current of water. The Virgin Mother sits on the right, wearing a drapery of a yellowish red colour, and a dark blue head-dress. In her left hand she holds a prayer-book, and with her right she holds the infant Saviour, whose attention is attracted by the rich offerings held forth by the worshipping kings. Mary is partially turned to Joseph, who stands by her side, and points with a finger of that hand in which she holds the book, to the child. The old king, who kneels, is only seen in profile, holding in the left hand his oriental head-dress, to which is attached a crown, and with his right extends to the infant the golden vessel. Behind this figure, which is masterly in drawing, stands the second king, whose features bear an unmistakable expression of doubt; and between these appears the youngest of the three, a youth of great beauty, and bearing an expression of trustful belief, with which he is desirous of inspiring his companion. Of the attendants only two or three are visible. There is also present a young man of twenty or twenty-two years of age, wearing a red cap; and behind the principal agroupment a negro slave, who shades his eyes with his hand; and on the right two shepherds, with their bagpipes. Above in the clouds appear four angels, singing songs of praise to the music of stringed instruments. The composition is elegant and simple, and the sentiment of all the figures at once intelligible, without the slightest approach to conventionality. The colour, as well as it can be seen in the unfavourable situation in which the picture is placed, is extremely harmonious. Many circumstances and coincidences point to Raffaelle as the author of this picture. The two principal figures of the Holy Family are like those of the early works of the master, and the angels in the clouds are like those of the St. Cecilia. The chapel in which the picture is placed is the property of the family Oddi-Baglioni, and it is known that Raffaelle was patronised by that family.

VIENNA.—The new director, Engerth, of the gallery at the Belvidere has commenced his duties in a manner which it is very desirable were imitated in other collections of ancient Art. The Saint Margaret instead of being, as heretofore, distinguished by the name of Raffaelle, is now more properly attributed to Giulio Romano; and "The Flight into Egypt" is ascribed to Fra Bartolomeo. The charming St. Justine, which has been supposed to be by Pordenone, has now the name of Moretto attached to it. The "Baptism of Christ in the Jordan," supposed to be by Perugino, remains with the name of that master attached to it. The portrait of a youth, which had usually been classed as of the Florentine school, has been determined as a work of Masaccio. This is, it may be conceived, but the commencement of a salutary change with reference to the false attribution of so many of these pictures, among which certainly the names of Letto and Giorgione will be removed from the Entombment and the "Portrait of a Warrior." There are many other collections besides that at Vienna which would rise in estimation by a just attribution of very many of the pictures which are falsely ascribed to painters of the highest class. Some corrections have been made at Dresden, but they have not been carried sufficiently far; and there is also room for question and inquiry in the Louvre, and in the collection at Berlin.—The missal which has been commissioned by the emperor for the Pope will not be finished until next spring. Some of the most eminent artists in Vienna will contribute to it, all the text will be executed with the pen, and each page enriched with a border of elegant design: for the binding, elaborate and beautiful ornaments are in course of preparation.

MEININGEN.—The works of William Kaulbach are well known in England through engraving, but they become more interesting to us when designed from the writings of our greatest poet. Among the historical cartoons which are exhibited at Meiningen are the series of subjects from "The Tempest," "Macbeth," and "King John;" and as all who are in anywise acquainted with the splendid compositions of Kaulbach, at Berlin, may be desirous of knowing what subjects he would select; we give them as follows:—

1. *Ferdinand.* O, most dear mistress,
   The sun will set before I shall discharge
   What I must strive to do, &c.
   Tempest, Act iii., scene 1.
2. *Caliban.* Thou makest me merry: I am full of pleasure, &c. *Tempest*, Act iii., scene 2.
3. What are these,
   So withered, and so wild in their attire, &c.
   Macbeth, Act i., scene 3.
4. *Lady Macbeth.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
   Macbeth. Act v., scene 1.
5. *Macbeth.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
   Give me my armour, &c.
   Macbeth, Act v., scene 3.

The others are from the third and fourth act of "King John," and the third act of "Julius Cæsar."

WEIMAR.—The long-talked of inauguration of the statues of Schiller, Wieland, and Goethe, took place here in September, amid a general expression of enthusiasm. On the day before the exposure of the statues, the busts of these distinguished men, with those of Herder and Karl August, were placed in front of the house in which Schiller lived, surrounded with flowers, and relieved against a red background.

The streets of Weimar were decorated, nearly every house being hung with garlands and ornamented with the busts of these eminent men; and banners were numerously displayed from the houses. The most extraordinary part of the ceremony of the inauguration of these statues was, perhaps, the admission of the public to the vault in which lie the remains of Karl August, his wife, Goethe, and Schiller. It may be supposed that as the crowd of visitors passed through the vault that all eyes were fixed in silent emotion on the coffins which contained the remains of Goethe and Schiller. The ceremonies attracted a numerous throng of visitors from neighbouring cities, and the whole passed off with the utmost enthusiasm. Soon after the inauguration, the municipal freedom of Weimar was presented to the sculptors Rietschel, who executed the statues of Goethe and Schiller, Schäller, the author of the statue of Herder, and Gassert for the monument of Wieland.



A. RIEDEL. PINXT.

L. STOCKS. A.R.A. SCULPT.

THE BEAUTY OF ALBANO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Exhibition of Art-Treasures at Manchester closed "for ever" on Saturday, the 17th of October. A brief speech of the chairman of the Executive Committee, Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., responded to by the hearty cheers of the assembly, terminated proceedings that have been watched with deep interest during the year by a vast proportion of the people of these realms. We shall this month limit our observations to a mere record of the fact; a report will soon be published, and it will be our duty to bring it under detailed review. We rejoice to learn that it has been successful even as a commercial speculation, which we never expected it to be; that a balance amounting to several thousand pounds will remain in the hands of the committee after all expenses are paid—enough certainly to justify that liberality to all parties concerned, which was by no means manifested during the earlier movements of the scheme, the consequence of which has unquestionably been a degree of dissatisfaction which, if suffered to continue, will be a blot on the character of Manchester. When all has been done that ought to be done, there will still probably remain a sum for judicious application; this will, we trust, be expended in some way or other for the benefit of Art in that great city—by preserving a record of the event that shall be a perpetual teacher. There is now the duty of returning to the owners the enormous mass of contributions that formed the exhibition. It is said that up to this time little or no injury has been sustained. We earnestly hope this statement may hold good when all the articles are again at their several "homes;" but we need not add, that to achieve this important object there must be at least as much care in packing as there was in unpacking. This is the duty of policy as well as gratitude, for the result will greatly influence the destiny of all future schemes of the kind. People will be encouraged to lend, or be deterred from lending, according to the experience they derive from the grand experiment. Upon the several points connected with the exhibition we shall have to comment next month.

Original Designs for Manufacturers, Ornamentalists, Artizans, etc.—It is doubtless within the recollection of very many of our subscribers that about six or seven years since we engraved and introduced into our pages a series of original designs adapted to the purposes of manufacturers and ornamentalists of every kind. These illustrations were continued, almost without intermission, during two or three years, and were found to be of signal service to those for whose benefit they were especially intended; even at this distance of time we hear of these pages being now referred to for practical purposes. But although their utility was very generally acknowledged, we deemed it necessary to discontinue the plan, for the sake of giving variety to the contents of the Journal, and because other matters, scarcely less important, were pressed upon our attention. The manufacturing classes constitute neither a small nor unimportant body of our supporters; the withdrawal of these "Original Designs" was to them a subject of much regret, and we have often been solicited to resume them. Applications of this nature having of late crowded upon us, we have determined to commence the next year's volume with a second series of a similar nature, and to continue them through each successive month, so far as is practicable. To enable us to carry out our plan, we now invite the assistance of artists and ornamental designers, from whom we shall be glad to receive original drawings of objects that come within the range of Industrial Art. As it is proposed to purchase such drawings as are offered to us, and of which we approve, they will become, when engraved on our pages, public property, our chief objects being to aid the manufacturer, and to develop the artistic taste and skill of the designer, especially of those who may now be studying in the various Schools of Art throughout the country; to the attention of the latter class we would particularly direct this notice. It would be strange, indeed, if, after all the Art-instruction afforded by these schools during the last few years, some practical fruits of the teachings are not evidenced: it will give us much pleasure to be the medium of exhibiting progress in the "Department of Science and Art."

At the Polytechnic Institution there is exhibited a series of views illustrative of many of the localities which have now, unhappily, attained a "bad eminence" for rebellion and massacre. The pictures are preceded by a map of India, in which sites of the capitals of the presidencies were marked by numbers, to show their relative positions, and the situations of Allahabad, Meerut, Cawnpore, Delhi, &c., were shown in like manner. The first view was that of Calcutta, showing a line of its palaces, a little removed from the foreground. The second is Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, a city most offensive to Europeans, from its filth, and the disgusting odours which continually prevail there. The picture shows a section of the palace. There are two views of the rock-cut temples at Ellora, in the Deccan. The first presents a vista of columns; and the second exemplifies "the Temple of Paradise," with its marvellously carved ornamentation, referring to a state of ancient civilisation of which no other record remains. In the portrait of the hideous idol Juggernaut there is not the slightest attempt at imitation of the human form—the picture is said to afford a correct representation of the moustrosity as it was seen in the house of one of the natives in which it had been lodged. A portrait of Genesa was also exhibited—that deity with the elephant's head, to whom all the Hindoos offer up a prayer for success in their undertakings. The view at Meerut has a prospect over the plain, the scene of the mutiny of the 3rd Native Light Cavalry. Here are seen bungalows on fire, and the sowars riding off in the wildest confusion. There is a subject from Agra, and a ghât at Benares; the parade at Allahabad, and a representation of the outbreak at Cawnpore, with the palace at Delhi, and the Chandy Chowk. The events now passing in India invest such views with a melancholy interest which, under ordinary circumstances, could not attach to them.

Mr. Marshall's Picture of Delhi, exhibited at the Auction Mart, near the Bank of England, is a view of the city from the left bank of the Jumna, opposite the palace, a point whence the entire city and the immediately surrounding country are distinctly seen. In the left centre distance appear the ruins of old Delhi, and on the right the cantonments of the British troops, with the space of perhaps a mile and a half of that debateable land lying between the British camp and the walls of the city, the scene of so many desperate conflicts, and so thickly strewn with the bodies of the sepoys, as to infect the air with the taint of a sickening and poisonous corruption. Delhi is about a thousand miles from Calcutta, and is called by the natives Shahjehanabad, having being built by the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan in 1631. It is seven miles in circumference, and is strongly defended by a granite wall, with a ditch, and glacis, and cut in the fortifications there are seven gates, each built of freestone, and respectively called the Lahore, Ajemeer, Turcoman, Delhi, Mohur, Cashmere, and Agra gates. In this picture the whole of the *enceinte* is most favourably shown, with the position of our small army, and the conspicuous features of the surrounding country.

Busts of Distinguished Englishmen.—M. C. Delpech, a French sculptor, resident in London, has suggested, and is prepared to carry out, if sufficiently encouraged, a project for executing a series of busts of celebrated Englishmen, to be placed in our various public museums and scientific institutions; these busts would be executed by himself, and, according to his plan, he would have them of a uniform size; this may be easily done by his system of reduction, which admits of the most scrupulous fidelity, whatever the dimensions required may be. In his proposed series, his idea is to have them about one-third life-size, as large enough for the purpose of public galleries, and to be made either of bronze, porcelain, or plaster. M. Delpech, since he has been living in London, has executed a reduced copy of the "Clytie," in the British Museum, for the Art-Union of London; of Marochetti's figure of the "Princess Elizabeth," forming part of the monument recently erected to the memory of this daughter of Charles I., in Newport Church, by the Queen; of the bust of the "Prince Consort," by the same sculptor; of Mrs. Thorneycroft's busts of the Duchesses of Kent and of Gloucester; of Foley's "Egeria," and of Monti's bust of "Louis Blanc;" with several others. The project is undoubtedly worth entertaining by those who may have the power to encourage it; for, as the *Courrier de L'Europe* says, in noticing it, that "if such a collection of great Englishmen were formed, not only would the public be able to admire it in our National Gallery, but, by means of duplicates, all provincial museums, libraries, and schools, might possess the same advantages," or at least to such an extent as might be within the reach of the funds at their command.

The Statue of the Poet Moore was inaugurated in his native city on the 14th of October. It is the work of the poet's namesake, Mr. Christopher Moore, and is in all respects creditable to the theme and to the country. We are preparing an engraving of this statue, and much that we might now say we shall defer until our observations can accompany the print. One of Moore's earliest friends, the Earl of Charlemont, was properly selected to perform the ceremony of "the inauguration;" but the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, and much of the intellectual rank of Dublin, formed "the assembly," by whom the venerable nobleman was supported on an occasion so honourable to the capital of Ireland. Ireland has thus rendered justice to one of the most admirable of her many men of renown. Long has it been her reproach (and certainly the reproach is not undeserved) that she is indifferent to the welfare and the glory of those to whom she has given birth—to be a son or daughter of "the soil" has been usually a misfortune. To be "Irish" is perhaps a drawback in England, but it has been, assuredly, a serious disadvantage in Ireland, where there has rarely been a party, or even "a set," to believe that the distinction of an individual is an honour to the country, and that in the success of an Irishman Ireland participates. We earnestly rejoice that the late proceedings in Dublin will contribute *something* to amend this evil. We are compelled to measure the term, for the list of persons in attendance is very limited, and we recognise few among them with whose names we are familiar as belonging to any party except *the one*. Yet that one does not seem to include a single Roman Catholic of note: there were present but two peers, but one judge, and of either hierarchy none. We have no desire at present to go into this irksome part of the subject; for while there is connected with the ceremonial much at which to rejoice, there is also some cause for humiliation and regret. This ceremonial will not be referred to as presenting features which lead to a belief that in Ireland the present differs materially from the past. There were of course several eloquent speeches on the occasion; and at all events there is in the native city of Moore a statue of the poet. Possibly another generation may see such "memorials" more numerous; and those who work for the fame of their country may hereafter look for posthumous honours on the banks of the Liffey. Meanwhile the poet sleeps in that little grave-yard which lies in a sequestered nook in Wiltshire, very near the humble cottage in which the later years of his life were passed, and where his admirable and devoted wife is calmly waiting the summons to lie beside him.

Statue of Dr. Barrow.—The marble population of Trinity College, Cambridge,—already, as our readers know, sufficiently distinguished in its examples,—is about to receive an accession in the person of one of its own eminent masters—Dr. Barrow, the well-known theologian and divine. For this work Mr. Noble, the sculptor, has received a commission from the Marquis of Lansdowne; and the model—which is to be executed in Carrara marble—is now nearly finished in the artist's studio; it promises in all respects well.

Views in India.—The city of the Mogul has always been famous in oriental history, but now it becomes a place of paramount interest to ourselves, as the great theatre of events in which our heroic countrymen are chief actors. Delhi is a subject not likely to be lost upon our spirited panoramic illustrators, to whom the public are so much indebted for communicating form to the descriptions of memorable localities, which are abundantly put forth in the public prints. At the Great Globe in Leicester Square there are three very meritorious dioramic pictures; one of which affords a distant view of the city, another shows a portion of the Chandy Chowk, or principal street, and the third is a view of the palace from the river-side. The point from which

the general view of the city is taken is an eminence, that must be supposed to be somewhere near the British lines. Between the spectator and the red granite walls of the city the space appears to be covered with the ruins of ancient Delhi—a fragmentary wilderness of marble. The picture is treated so skilfully as to show great space: the palace lies to the left, with its multitudinous towers and cupolas, and from the centre of the city rises the grand mosque, Jumna Musjid, where towers a minaret to an altitude superior to that of any other similar erection, we believe, in the world. The course of the granite fortification is conspicuously traceable, and the gates and other striking features of the place are readily distinguishable. The line of the Jumna glistens beyond the buildings, and the distance is closed by a chain of mountains. The Chandy Chowk was the scene of the slaughter of the inhabitants by Nadir Shah, in 1739; and in the second picture is seen the palace from which he gave the signal for the massacre, by holding up a sword: but the old man was not sufficiently strong to continue the signal, to become satiated with the blood of his helpless victims; he called, therefore, to his aid two black slaves, who sustained his feeble arm, that the indiscriminate slaughter might proceed. The palace of the King of Delhi, which occupies a site said to be a mile square, and inhabited by 12,000 persons, is presented to us from the banks of the Jumna. The contrast of the red granite with the white marble is very striking. The river-side in appearance is an irregular construction of small domes and turrets: beyond the right extremity of the building we see the bridge of boats by which the mutinous Sepoys crossed the river and entered the palace.

The Frescoes by Cornelius and his scholars in the Glyptothek, at Munich, which were damaged by the water used in extinguishing the fire that recently threatened the building, have escaped any serious injury. The rooms are again opened, and the pictures are in all their pristine beauty; the slight restoration of gilding, &c., has given new brilliancy to the rooms. A triumphal arch is in process of erection to connect this building with the Pinacothek.

The Mouse Tower, near Bingen, on the Rhine, celebrated as the scene of Bishop Hatto's destruction by the rats, has been recently entirely repaired, the upper part fortified, and a watch-tower added, from which the Prussian flag hangs. This has been done at the instance of His Majesty of Prussia, but it may be questioned whether the lonely old tower, standing in decay, was not more satisfactory to look upon than this semi-antique—"an old friend with a new face" that is not easily recognised.

The Museum of Old German Art, inaugurated some three years ago in the garden-tower of the old castle at Nuremberg, has outgrown the confined limits of that locality, and a building just without the walls of the town has been accorded to it. It is a singularly curious series of relics that has been gathered here; nothing can better illustrate the domestic life of Germany of the time of Luther than this collection. A similar domestic history of England would be welcome to ourselves.

Albert Durer's House, at Nuremberg, is at present undergoing a necessary repair, and it is the intention of the authorities of the old city to make it a shrine to his honour, by exhibiting therein specimens of the art of its great inhabitant; for this purpose drawings, woodcuts, and engravings by him are to be procured, and added to what is already secured, by which the truest idea of his great genius may be formed by visitants.

At Marlborough House, which now contains only the Turner Collection and the Vernon Gallery, we have been somewhat startled to find fixed to the gateway a conspicuous black board, containing in large letters the words, "Ruskin's Catalogue to be had at the lodge within." On inquiry, we ascertained that the catalogues thus advertised "by authority," and so under the immediate patronage of the trustees of the National Gallery, are neither more nor less than the little shilling book some months ago printed by Mr. Ruskin, and which shilling book contains *some* remarks upon *some* of the paintings by Turner exhibited in the building. To call the book "a catalogue" is very like a deception; and although the porters may and no doubt do derive a profit from the sale, those who buy it are justified in complaining that they pay for that which they do not obtain. But this is not the chief ground on which complaint may be urged. It is obvious that to give the sanction of "authority" to a private speculation, and thus to dignify the criticisms of an individual, is a departure from propriety, to say the least, of which the trustees (or whoever is responsible) have not rightly estimated the consequences.

Mr. John Bell's Statue of "Omphale," executed for the Paris Exhibition of 1855, has been purchased by the Manchester Mechanics' Institution—an act of taste no less than of liberality, which entitles the committee of this society to the highest praise. The marble group of "The Babes in the Wood," by the same sculptor, an engraving of which appeared in the *Art-Journal* some time ago, has been bought by Mr. Fitzgerald. His "Guards' Memorial," of granite and bronze, to be erected in Hyde Park, is rapidly progressing in his studio. And if Mr. Bell is thus receiving the reward of his talents and industry, he knows, too, how to be generous to others, for we hear he has lately presented his marble statue of a little girl, called "The Child's Attitude,"—for which, perhaps, a better title might have been found, though this is of little matter,—to the Artist's General Benevolent Fund, in aid of its *funds*.

The Scheme of a great central "place" in the heart of London, uniting, into one vast area, Trafalgar Square, by a broad bridge, with a proposed open space on the opposite side of the water, is now forming a subject of discussion in the pages of some of our contemporaries. Our readers will probably remember that the matter was mentioned by us more than a year since.

The London Stereoscopic Company are amply redeeming the promise with which they set out—to supply examples of this wonderful art, of infinite variety, and to meet public requirements by issues at prices ranging from high to low. They have now produced what they term a "stereoscope for the million," at a cost of half-a-crown; but their latest work of this class is a manifest improvement: it is called "The Archimedian New Patent Stereoscope," and is described as follows:—This stereoscope has the strong recommendation of being approved by Sir David Brewster, as conforming strictly to the optical principles by which clear stereoscopic vision is adduced. The improvement is founded upon highly philosophical deductions, not only as to the refracting and magnifying power of lenses, but in assimilating their powers and action by simple means to the conformation and movements of the human eyes. The lenses are so placed as to move in the arc of a circle corresponding to the frontial arc reversed, and the clear combination of the *two pictures* is facilitated by the action of a compound Archimedian screw, whereby the adjustment is effected to the greatest nicety. So simple is the arrangement, that a child will instantaneously adjust the instrument to its sight, without any instruction, in consequence of the refraction of the lenses, by their moving on a radius, being ever adjusted to the proper angle." Among the recent stereoscopic views are a series exhibiting the Art-treasures at Manchester—the building, with much of its valuable and beautiful contents. These are of great interest, more especially to those who have not visited the great city of cotton and pictures. Two subjects, which seem to have attained large popularity, issued by this company are termed "the ghost in the stereoscope." They are singular and striking; one of them more especially, in which a novel effect is produced, by some mode or other, which is properly kept secret, although probably it will soon be sufficiently well-known to induce imitations. A group is terrified by a shadow which stands in a threatening position; it resembles a white film, with something of the human form, and is made exceedingly and "amusingly" effective. We mention but a few of the novelties recently issued by the Stereoscopic Company, but it will be readily understood that the supply is made to equal the demand, and that hundreds of new subjects are issued weekly at the establishment in Cheapside.

Sir Edwin Landseer.—We rejoice to state that this accomplished artist is comparatively convalescent, so much so, as to be able to resume his pencil. This news will give delight to thousands, not only of his personal friends and admirers, but to all who value the high and excellent in Art, and desire to maintain the supremacy of the British School.

The Princess's Theatre has commenced a new "season," and with good promise of a success equal to that which has attended the past efforts of the manager. It is beyond question the established favourite of the public, at all events of that portion of it which can appreciate excellence in every part of the drama; for while Mr. Kean has paid especial attention to its art, he has neglected no one of its requirements. If he has earned, he has undoubtedly merited, the popularity he has achieved; we trust—and believe—it will be continued so long as this most agreeable theatre is under his judicious and liberal management. The theatre has been entirely re-painted, and is in a condition to sustain its character for elegant yet refined taste. The general tone of the interior is light cream colour and gold. The ceiling displays allegorical figures of the Seasons. The panels under the private boxes present a series of paintings in encaustic, comprising on the Queen's side,—'Falstaff over the Body of Hotspur,' 'Prospero summoning Ariel,' 'Hubert and Arthur,' and the 'Caldron Scene in Macbeth;' and on the opposite side,—'Hamlet and the Ghost,' 'Titania in her Bower,' 'The Trial of Hermione,' 'Richard II. resigning his Crown,' and the 'Vision of Queen Katheriue.' Between the panels, extending also round the dress circle, is a series of Shaksperian kings,—John, Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.,—all at full length, and very well painted. Mr. Kuckuck has executed the work. The chandelier has been remodelled and improved, and Mr. Telbin has painted a new drop, wherein drapery half open discovers a statue of Shakspere on a pedestal.

"Richard the Second."—A series of very admirable stereoscopic views of groups in this drama, as performed at the Princess's Theatre, has been issued by M. la Roche, of Oxford Street, a photographist who has been eminently successful in the several branches of the art, in portraiture more especially. The series exhibits all the leading remarkable incidents of the play, and the several groupings have been studied with sound judgment; but they are chiefly valuable as so many pictures of costume, for it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Kean has placed beyond dispute the accuracy of his revival in this essential particular. The costume is peculiarly calculated for effective display in the stereoscope; it is highly picturesque, and strongly marked, while the backgrounds and accessories are all of great value as contributions to the history of an eventful age. We have thus another evidence of the value of the art. Long after the theatre has closed, its draperies broken up, and the scenery erased, these records will be preserved, to be accepted, as they may safely be, by the artist who shall hereafter paint the acts or the heroes of the period. Mr. Kean will, therefore, have laboured not alone for his own time, but for generations yet to come, who may benefit by his efforts to do his work "wisely and well." M. la Roche has produced a collection of views more clear and, so to speak, "emphatic" than any we have yet seen. The relief obtained is positively wonderful; while every part of the minutest matter is developed with amazing finish and effect.

Continental Art-Instruction.—Professor Donaldson, who has recently paid a visit to Belgium and the Rhenish provinces, says that "Antwerp, Ghent, Liège, Brussels, and Düsseldorf, has each its well-appointed schools, with first-rate professors in all branches, and directors of the highest eminence. At Antwerp there are 1300 (!) pupils in the Art-schools, preparing to carry the fruits of their teaching and studies into the active purposes of after-life, and who are distributed throughout the various productive classes of the community—some to be devoted to the higher objects of painters, sculptors, engravers, or carvers; others contributing to the embellishment and refinement of the manufacturing industries,—all tending to elevate the taste. I venture to call attention to these striking facts." Comment on such a statement as this is needless; it speaks for itself, loudly proclaiming that if our Art-manufactures of every kind are to be upheld in the commercial world, our Art-schools must rival in efficiency those of the Continent. Professor Donaldson has long been advocating, with earnestness, and, we trust, with some effect, the interests of British Art.

The old House (No. 96) in the Strand, so long and so usefully occupied by the Ackermanns, is now in the occupation of Mr. Eugene Rimmel, the famous perfumer, whose repute has gone into all quarters of the globe. We allude to this change, chiefly because in its present position it is not destined to abandon Art; we write less with reference to the "fittings up," which are at once tasteful and elegant, than as regards the improvements he has introduced in the vases and bottles which contain the thousand-and-one perfumes of his manufactory. Few persons have visited the Crystal Palace without admiring the graceful stand where a "neat handed Phyllis" vends his far-famed "vinegar:" some idea may be hence obtained of the manner in which his establishment in the Strand has been arranged. But our chief obligation to him arises from the mode in which he has improved the comparatively minor matters of his trade—substituting for the old vial, which contained essence, a neat and indeed elegant vase of glass; it is really "a pretty thing" to keep, after its contents have been used, and, not many years ago, would have been considered worthy to remain on the chimney-piece of a drawing-room as one of its most agreeable ornaments. The buyer pays nothing for this elegance, thanks to Sir Robert Peel, who relieved glass from a most odious impost, the article is fabricated at a singularly small cost; and thanks also to the growing belief that "beauty is cheaper than deformity," people are becoming convinced that they are not necessarily taxed when they obtain that which delights the eye and improves the mind. Mr. Rimmel will no doubt find his account in this, as he ought to do, for he is a large contributor to that advancement in general *taste* which inculcates virtue; as all men are who practically illustrate the impressive truth, that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Mr. George Scharf, Jun., the secretary to the National Portrait Gallery Commission, is lecturing at Birmingham, on Italian and German Painting.

The Burns Monument, at Ayr.—It is held by many very worthy but unsympathising persons,—and notably by the Rev. George Gilfillan,—that the poet Burns was but a "Ne'er do weel," after all, and such an one as the Church cannot recognise, even in a collection of British poets, without a protest from its own especial point of view. There are others, again,—thousands upon thousands,—who still think the flow of Doon, with its everlasting hymn, sweeter and holier for the memories of Burns that mingle with it,—and do not hesitate to call, with Mr. Robert Chambers, the temple which rises as his monument on its banks "sacred," for his sake. There is no denying, that, to the Church militant, Burns *was* somewhat of a "troublesome customer:"—and, whether by accident or by design, the Church would seem to have taken a curious revenge. Close by "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," stood the lowly cottage where the poet was born;—and near it a new Alloway Kirk is now beginning to rear its proportions, one of whose effects will be, it seems, to "swamp" the monument which keeps his fame. The men of Ayr have taken the alarm, and sent Mr. Robert Chambers to verify the facts. "The banks of the Doon," he says, "are there of unsurpassed beauty; and enshrined amid the finest of the scenery is the well-known monument of the poet, an exquisite Grecian temple, hitherto seen in all directions around. It is scarce credible, but only too true, that the promoters of a church for the district are building it so close to the monument as not only to disturb the pilgrim visitor with an incongruous idea, but block up the latter building from view in the two directions from which for the most part it is approached. Thus, a pretty place, hallowed with softening memories, and annually a scene of pleasing and elevating recreation to scores of thousands, is threatened with a blemish which must deprive it of three-fourths of its attractions and its sentimental effect."—The walls, he adds, "are not yet two yards high; they might, at no great expense, be removed to an unobjectionable site two hundred yards distant."—The Scottish writer grows warm in behalf of the Scottish poet, and threatens the promoters, if they persist in crushing the Burns monument, with an uneasy life, "anywhere within twenty miles of the Brig o' Doon."—Certainly, we trust, for ourselves, and on behalf of many a reader of our own, that means will be found to compromise the matter.

REVIEWS.

On the Banners of the Bayeux Tapestry. By Gilbert J. French. Reprinted, for private circulation, from the Journal of the Archæological Association.

The Bayeux Tapestry is one of those Art-manufactures of an early epoch, which, possessing great intrinsic value as an antiquity of the rarest kind, has also an extrinsic value as an historic monument, second to none of this peculiar nature which have been preserved for modern study. Its history is curious, and though it has been subjected to some rather microscopic cavilling at the hands of a few antiquaries (that body of gentlemen generally being prone to captious criticism), it has stood the test well, and is now fairly considered as the work of Queen Matilda, the wife of our William the Conqueror, assisted by the ladies of the court. It depicts the whole of the events which led to the Conquest, and all the minute incidents that occurred up to the Battle of Hastings. It was a gift to the cathedral of Bayeux, for exhibition at great festivals, when it was hung round the choir. Previously to the commencement of the last century it was completely unknown, except at Bayeux, where it was kept rolled up on a kind of winch, and used once a year as an old hanging on the festival of the relics preserved there. About the year 1724, M. Lancelot found a drawing of a portion of it, among others preserved in the Cabinet of Antiquities in Paris, and he at once saw its value as a picture, illustrative of ancient history. The learned Jesuit Montfaucon was at this time busily compiling his great works on the Antiquities of France, and he made diligent inquiries for the original. In those days it was a much more difficult task than in ours, thus to hunt out the forgotten original of an old drawing; and even now it would be no easy matter to ascertain the locality of such an object, when it was not known whether the original was a basso-relievo, a painting on glass, or a textile fabric. At last it was found to be at Bayeux, and Montfaucon published a copy of the incidents delineated upon it; but it was no copy of the tapestry in the modern sense of the word, inasmuch as it totally lacked *vraisemblance*, and did not give the style and character of the original. This task was reserved for the late C. A. Stothard, eldest son of the more famed Thomas Stothard, R.A., and in the year 1817 he went to Bayeux, and faithfully copied every portion of the tapestry, imitating stitch for stitch some fragments of the work. Upon his return, the Society of Antiquaries, who paid the expenses of his journey, published the whole in a series of carefully executed plates; but they broke down in their laudable labour, and never published any descriptive letter-press. That task has recently devolved on Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has published an elegant quarto volume, with reduced copies of Stothard's drawings.

It may safely be affirmed, that the importance of this curious work, as a contemporary record of history, has increased with the critical attention that has been bestowed upon it. It depicts many minute facts nowhere else to be found, and it is just that free rendering of a great event that might be expected to come from the hands of persons conversant with its minutiæ. The arguments seem to us entirely in favour of the tapestry being the work of Matilda and her handmaidens, to record this great event of her lord, the king, who had made her his own by the roughest of all courtship, scolding her for her coolness towards himself, and then rolling her in the mud of the streets of Bruges, to cure her of her supercilious vanity. She seemed, however, to love him the better for this really "violent" affection; and appears to have been most devoted to him. There is something pleasant in picturing herself and her ladies busy in the palace for long months, plying the needle, to record, as only ladies then could record, the worthy deeds of their masters. The gaunt old figures, with their quaint attitudes and curt Latin inscriptions, told however a striking tale, more useful to the eyes of such as went, on great festivals, to the cathedral of Bayeux, than the pages of the chronicler; all the world could understand the rude tapestry-picture; but how few in those days readers were!

So important an antiquity as this is deserving of every regard; and the greater the amount of investigation it receives the better for its own use and value. Many essays have been written upon it, but they have been entirely devoted to its history and the events it depicts. Mr. French has gone into a new field, and devoted his studies entirely to the heraldic charges which appear on the banners and shields borne by the various figures in this old work. The origin of heraldry is a somewhat vexed question, and any light thrown on its early history is of value. The Crusading era is generally thought to be the birth-time of true heraldic charges; but there are not wanting instances of something like heraldic bearings on the shields of warriors upon Etruscan vases. Mr. French is inclined to consider that "the banners of the Bayeux Tapestry supply indications of some early and very interesting charges." One most interesting point in his argument goes to prove that the flame-like terminations of these banners had a significant religious symbolism, like the glories around the heads of holy personages in painting; and he is inclined to think that the pile in heraldry represents the termination of such banners. It may be here noted, that the old sacred banner of France—the Oriflamme—was similarly "rayed" at the end, a matter Mr. French has not alluded to, but which strengthens his conjecture. There are many curious facts elicited, and many others suggested, in Mr. French's Essay, which is well illustrated with engravings.

Ornamental Drawing and Architectural Design. With Notes, Historical and Practical. Edited by Robert Scott Burn. Published by Ward & Lock, London.

In the compilation of his book Mr. Burn has skimmed the cream off several others of like import, and serves it up in a form that must be palatable to every student of design; but it must be used as introductory to treatises of a more extended character, and for such a purpose it is well adapted.

The examples, amounting to more than two hundred illustrations, are arranged in three divisions—of which the first comprehends four sections, consisting, respectively, of ornament in which straight lines are found; those in which circles with curved lines are used, drawn mechanically; similar ornamentation, but drawn without the use of mechanical aids; and illustrations of ornament as applied to the decoration of textile fabrics chiefly: the second division comprises historical and æsthetical notices of the various principal styles of architecture, European and Asiatic: and the third division comprehends examples of architectural plans and details "for practice."

It is quite evident that much pains have been taken to render this work as comprehensive as the limits of a *cheap book* would permit. The notes generally are short, but sufficiently explicit to serve the purpose of the young student. The illustrations are not of the highest order of Art-work, but, with a few exceptions, as the trusses on the last page, they are well selected as to subject, and correctly drawn. We should take this to be a very suitable book for the pupils of our Government Schools of Art—far more so than many we have seen that are in common use among them.

Instruction in Illuminating and Missal Painting. By D. Laurent de Lara. Published by Ackermann & Co., London.

The title-page of this little book announces it as the "second edition, considerably enlarged;" the first edition, which we have never chanced to see, was published, as we learn in the preface, in 1850; and M. Laurent de Lara, who has the honour of proclaiming himself "Illuminating Artist to the Queen," further informs us that "since that period upwards of three thousand pupils have been under my tuition, amongst whom I have to count some of the first nobility of the land." Now we could never have supposed that the art of illumination, beautiful as it is, could have found so large a number of disciples; it is an elegant and interesting accomplishment, but we imagined that the "spirit of the age," to use a phrase in common use, would be entirely antagonistic to work requiring so much patient assiduity, and so much mathematical nicety. Moreover, the illuminator must be, or should be, an inventor—unlike the painter, he must *create* his subject; he cannot take Nature for his guide, and follow her abstractedly through the infinite variety of forms which she places before him—all that he can do is to mould and adopt them to his own purposes, and this involves enough of thought and originality of idea to deter many among amateurs of Art, we should have expected, from engaging their faculties on a process so exacting.

There is no doubt that the art of illuminating has, after lying buried for more than three centuries, risen to life again, both here and on the Continent. While the printing-press was the great means of extinguishing it for a season, so the printing-press of our own day has revivified it, through the recent introduction of chromo-lithography: the works of Owen Jones, and Noel Humphreys, with others, in England, and of many artists in France and Germany, have created a taste for its revival, and have, we may believe, aided to bring it into fashion as an accomplishment among those who can thus employ leisure hours; and certainly leisure

hours may be far more unprofitably occupied than in imitating the example of the scribes and monks of the mediæval ages. It is for this class of amateur ornamentalists that the author of this work has, more especially, prepared his book of elementary instruction; its object, he says, "is not so much to enter into any detailed history of the progress of ornamental art, and which becomes a separate and intricate study, than well to smooth down the difficult path of the beginuer, to unravel for him apparent mysteries in the art, to give him examples of practical designs to imitate from (*sic*) suitable to his skill; to point out to him clearly and unmistakably such rules as from my experience I have found absolutely necessary to adopt, and if studiously followed up will, in a great measure, assist his first efforts, and enhance his ultimate success and proficiency."

M. Laurent de Lara is, we presume, a foreigner; his errors of grammar and composition may therefore be overlooked, but it would be well for him to get some practised hand to revise the sheets for another edition, should he publish one. His instructions are few, and entirely of an elementary character, but they appear ample for a beginner, and are simple, as elementary teaching ever should be. The notes on colours will be found especially useful; and the few examples of "illuminating" introduced may serve as good studies for the pupil to imitate.

Nolan's Illustrated History of the War. Published by J. S. Virtue, London.

Dr. Nolan has now brought his comprehensive and interesting history of the late Russian War to a conclusion. The task cannot have been an easy one, to collect and arrange the vast mass of materials of every kind which, short as was the duration of the conflict, was crowded into the space of time from the first signal of hostility to the final act of the terrible drama; yet in every way has the author accomplished his work satisfactorily, while the publisher has kept faith with the public by issuing it regularly, and keeping it within the limits announced at its commencement. Not an incident worth recording appears to have been overlooked by Dr. Nolan, who has consulted every source from which creditable information was to be derived, and has had ample assistance from many individuals who shared in the dangers and honours of the campaign; hence the narrative may be depended upon for its truthfulness. Like every other historian, the author evidently has his partialities, but they do not lead him to adopt unfair conclusions nor to make *ex-parte* statements, and his style of writing is that which is best known by the word "popular;" it is addressed to the public, yet is sufficiently good to satisfy the educated reader. The two volumes comprising the history contain about eighty well executed engravings that give additional interest to the publication.

Unhappily, the thoughts of every Englishman are now occupied with the events of another war, more direful and more sickening than that out of which we have only just emerged. If anything were necessary to arouse the national mind from any feeling of despondency created by this recent and unexpected calamity, the history of the Crimean campaign would effect the purpose; we see here what the resources of Great Britain, and the courage, energy, and resolution of her sons accomplished; what these did on the shores of the Baltic and Black Seas they will do on the banks of the Ganges and Jumna, on the arid deserts and swampy marshes of continental India. The Russian war, after all, may possibly prove to have produced more beneficial results than the nation ever contemplated. By the way, we see that Dr. Nolan has in the press a "History of the British Empire in India," on a plan somewhat similar to the work he has just concluded.

Iona and the Ionians: their Manners, Customs, and Traditions. With a few Remarks on Mull, Staffa, and Tyree. By W. Maxwell. Published by T. Murray & Son, Glasgow.

Though English tourists are to be found, and in numbers, too, everywhere at home or abroad, within reasonable distances, and very often far out of reach, the western islands of Scotland are but rarely visited. We may say of our travelling countrymen, with Scott,—

> "They pause not at Columba's isle,
> Though peal the bells from the holy pile
> With long and measured toll;
> No time for matins or for mass,
> And the sounds of the holy summons pass
> Away to the billows' roll."

But the "holy pile" reared in honour of good St. Columba is a ruin, so is the nunnery, and all else—or nearly all, for there are a few interesting antiquities left—which would be likely to attract any large number of those who search about for health or amusement in the autumn months; and Iona cannot show such qualities of the picturesque as would please the many, nor offer such creature-comforts as "comfortable" travellers require; and hence, though in the island "a church was planted, which, small at first, yet nourished by the living waters of the Gospel, grew and flourished until its fame was spread throughout the then civilised world," the spot is still as comparatively unvisited as if it were a far-off island in the Pacific.

Mr. Maxwell has published a brief history of these Scottish islets, but we doubt much whether he will succeed, by his descriptions and illustrations, to draw wanderers thither; for speaking of Iona, the principal one of the group, he says,—"If there is nothing 'rotten in the state of Denmark,' most assuredly there is something very decidedly so in that of the roads here. Throughout Iona, of Macadam and his art the inhabitants are in a state of blessed ignorance. There is not a road, properly so termed, in Iona; the only thoroughfare leading across the island to the various farm-houses and cottages almost defies description, as much as it does the unfortunate wayfarer when he attempts to pass along it. In wet weather, particularly, it is as a 'Slough of Despond,' being then a quagmire of the most yielding nature, absolutely impassable to either man or beast. As to vehicles, they are out of the question." This is not a picture—and we could introduce several more of a similar character—to invite tourists; no wonder they "pause not at Columba's isle!" still, if any have the hardihood to venture thither, by all means they should take Mr. Maxwell's book, which "tells them all about it," neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice, it may be presumed. The chief object of the writer appears to be to draw the attentiou of the proprietor of the island, the Duke of Argyll, we believe, so as to make it, what he thinks it might be made, a pleasant place of enjoyment to others, productive to the inhabitants, and profitable to its owner.

Die Monogrammisten. By Dr. G. K. Nagler. Published by G. Frantz, Munich.

This is the first number containing the introduction to a work which Dr. Nagler proposes shall be a full completion of his Artist's Dictionary, and also contain a rich supplement to it, wherein a great number of artists, under known signs and initials, shall be introduced: he also intends adding to it a monogram lexicon, with a *catalogue raisonné* of the best productions of unknown masters, of whose existence no mention has been made in other writings on Art and artists. Of the known masters who made use of monograms, or of the initials of their names, the text is confined to fixing the epoch at which they lived, full particulars being given in the Artist's Dictionary of their lives and productions. The use of monograms dates, the author tells us, from the middle ages, and was introduced by stone-masons and architects. The key to the art became lost by degrees from the end of the middle ages, as journeymen, in their wanderings, chiselled their signs and marks on pieces of stone, &c., upon which they might have been employed, which accounts for the number of monograms to be met with. The author quotes several works in which examples of monograms are to be found, the earliest being that of M. de Marolles, entitled "*Catalogue de Livres d'Estampes et de Figures en Taille-douce, avec un Dénombrement des pièces que y sont contenues. Fait à Paris*, 1672," containing 163 monograms. This number concludes with several examples of initial monograms of known and unknown masters.

Letters on Connoisseurship. By W. Noy Wilkins. Published by Chapman & Hall, London.

These letters treat briefly of the qualities constituent of good Art, and also of much of the mechanical requisites for its execution, as "The Idea," "Detail," "Concentration and Unity," "Pictorial Arrangement," "Expression," "Colour," "Form," "Style," "Pigments," &c. The author of this little work does not write for artists or the artistic amateur; but for those who may love Art, yet are not skilled in discriminating its subtle qualities. In speaking of the difficulties which beset the path of the rising painter, Mr. Wilkins mentions the middle-man or dealer as one of his greatest evils. The patron, in the majority of cases, purchases through the dealer, to whom he pays at least fifty per cent. on the prices fixed by the painter: the evil of this system has often been the subject of comment in our pages; only this month, in a preceding article, we are again compelled to bring it to the notice of our readers. And the influence of dealers is increasing rather than diminishing—so few collectors have an entire confidence in their own judgments: and this is especially true in cases where there is wealth without taste or knowledge, and in most cases where the collection is a mercantile speculation. On the subject of hanging works for exhibition, it is urged that all of a certain dimension should be placed upon the line: when that can be brought about it will indeed be the painter's jubilee, but such a boon it is to be feared will never be conceded to the struggling aspirant. Thus we find, in these pages, many useful observations immediately relative to practical Art.

Soyer's Culinary Campaign. Published by G. Routledge, London.

While holding, what are called "the joys of the table" somewhat in contempt, we have every desire to cultivate the art, which, humanly speaking, prolongs life by promoting health: and to this art Monsieur Soyer has devoted the best years and energies of an intelligent and observant career. These "historical reminiscences" are the record of his residence and exertions in the Crimea, during the period of our peril and sickness, and when almost every official seemed profoundly ignorant of his duties and resources; but M. Soyer has written his censures with a feather, his good deeds speak for themselves. The volume is sparkling and amusing, full of "hints" on the "great stomach question," and at the end containing a variety of recipes, not only for the rich and luxurious, but for the sick and necessitous. It is pleasant to see the "*chef's*" sympathy and kindness oozing out without an effort; he appreciates and enlightens. We only wish that his star would rise in the east now, where, we fear, our poor fellows are exposed to much the same mismanagement, in the fearful impromptu war which has struck terror and dismay into all our hearts. Monsieur Soyer never offends our prejudices, or uproots our preconceived opinions with a violent hand, he knows that our boiling and roasting system—the "plain wholesome food" we are so foolishly fond of extolling—wastes half our culinary resources; but he deals gently with us, and shows us the *right* way, mildly suffering us to draw the inference that we have been in the *wrong!* We hope to see the "cookery for the poor" made into a twopenny pamphlet, so that all may be able to obtain it; this will be the greatest of all Monsieur Soyer's philanthropic triumphs, and they are numerous.

Things not Generally Known. Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Published by Kent & Co. (late Bogue), London.

We have to thank this most patient and instructive teacher for another interestiug volume; indeed, its perusal proves that it is no idle boast to call it a "book for old and young." If not as full of information as the former volumes, it is simply because there is little more to tell. It is impossible to overrate the amount of labour bestowed upon the compilation, or the advantages to be derived from such a compendium.

Drawing for Elementary Schools. By Ellis A. Davidson. Published by Chapman & Hall, London.

This little manual is published under the sanction of "The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education:" its author—the head-master of the Chester School of Art, and professor of drawing at the Chester Diocesan Training College—announces it as "specially adapted for the use of masters of national and parochial schools." Mr. Ruskin's system and Mr. Davidson's are, certainly, "wide as the poles asunder;" the one furnishes black-board examples, the other recommends small bits of card and fine steel pens: now are not these extreme methods most puzzling to any one who wishes to find a safe and sure guide to teach him to acquire a knowledge of Art? It seems to us that both are totally inadequate to the purpose; drawing is no more to be learned by causing the pupil to copy the letters of the alphabet in "large Celtic characters, about two inches high," and by making diagrams of snakes, and saws, carpenter's tools, and objects of a similar character, than by scratching flat tints on glazed cardboard. Of the numerous elementary drawing-books which have been published within the last ten or fifteen years, how few are there of any intrinsic value to the student; and Mr. Davidson's is not, in our opinion, among the number, though "sanctioned by authority:" besides such a work, even were it good, is uncalled for; a dozen at least, similar in character, have been already published.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1857.

THE Twentieth Volume of this Work is completed by the present Part: we commence the Twenty-first with the New Year. While the retrospect is cheering, we trust and believe the prospect is not less so: ART *has largely progressed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the past twenty years. There are now no privileged classes to whom it is an enjoyment from which others are debarred; its advantages may be obtained by all who desire them. It is a Teacher of the many, and not of the few. Its lessons have been so widely disseminated, that the Artizan and the Villager may command all, or nearly all, the resources which, until recently, were regarded as appertaining to the high-born or the rich.*

Those who give consideration only to the Present, and do not revert to the Past, may find much that requires improvement; but a comparison of the two is undoubtedly encouraging and hopeful.

Our Subscribers and Readers will permit us to believe THE ART-JOURNAL *has contributed to this advancement. Such belief is, indeed, the best recompence of our labours, although we are grateful for the large amount of support we receive, in the conduct of a Work that has continued during twenty years under the superintendence by which it was commenced, when its resources were far less extensive and its means of aiding progress comparatively weak and few.*

Those who have consulted and confided in us so long, will not need an assurance that our efforts will be in no degree relaxed. An examination of the Volume which this Part concludes cannot fail to show we have availed ourselves of every Power that can maintain the position we occupy—alone in Europe. While in the general conduct of the Journal no material changes will be looked for, we may announce several improvements as evidence that we are perpetually striving to keep pace with public requirements, and minister, by every available means, to the wants and wishes of all to whom Art, in any one of its many ramifications, is either a luxury or a pursuit.

THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

ITS OBJECTS AND RESULTS.

IN the middle of October last the ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION at Manchester ceased to be a present reality, and was transferred to that wide domain over which history presides. And before the same month had finally closed, the executive committee submitted to the gentlemen who had provided the guarantee fund, a Report of the financial results of the Exhibition, together with certain resolutions which were cordially adopted.

The Report showed that the actual expenditure had exceeded the actual receipts by £1000; and that an additional sum would be required to enable the committee to offer some special acknowledgment for the services of certain officials connected with the exhibition, and also to defray the charges attendant upon the restoration of the Art-treasures to their several proprietors. On the other hand, the exhibition building, which may be estimated as calculated to produce at least £10,000, remains in the possession of the committee. Thus the exhibition will prove to have left the guarantee fund intact, and more than this, to have produced a few thousand pounds in the form of a surplus. The Report, as might have been expected, was considered satisfactory. This sentiment was expressed in the "Resolutions" to which we have alluded. In these resolutions also, the generous liberality of the owners of the Art-treasures was cordially recognised; a justly-deserved tribute was paid to the various individuals who had, in a pre-eminent degree, contributed to the success of the project; and it was further suggested that the surplus money should be applied to the establishment of some memorial of the exhibition. We propose now to consider under what form the Art-Treasures Exhibition, held in Manchester in the year 1857, may be most worthily, and, at the same time, most consistently commemorated. Such a consideration will involve at least a glance at the general subject of the Art-Treasures Exhibition itself.

Unlike the great exhibitions, its predecessors, the assemblage of works of Art at Manchester, in its very title, assumed the loftiest intellectual position. It was composed not of the productions of the industrial arts, whether in their simpler condition or in their highest development, but of such objects only as could be claimed to be entitled "Treasures of Art." From the present age, and from men now living or but lately passed away, this exhibition would accept only works of high Art, and of these for choice specimens alone would there be a welcome. But the past was called upon to open its Art-treasury. The masters in Art who worked, whether with the brush or the graving-tool, in the olden time, were summoned to produce their noblest achievements, that they might be associated with the costliest productions in enamel and the precious metals, and in ivory, and wood, and iron, and glass, and porcelain. It was to be the distinctive characteristic of this exhibition that in the department of Art-manufacture, the objects exhibited should consist rather of authorities than of specimens—of authorities which the past has bequeathed for study, and guidance, and encouragement, rather than specimens of what the present is actually producing. And all these various works of Art—pictures, sculpture, engravings, armour, plate—with their long array of allies, were found to be readily obedient to the summons which called them together. The great centre of modern manufacture without Art, invited the Art-treasures of the kingdom to a grand gathering, and the unprecedented project was realised with a combined rapidity and success which can have astonished none in so powerful a degree as the very persons who devised the scheme and made the appeal. That Manchester should propose such an exhibition was surprising enough; but how much greater was the marvel that such an exhibition as was actually formed, should have established itself at Manchester! This was not a vast assemblage of manufactures exhibited by those who both made and sold them; on the contrary, the Sovereign, with the nobility and gentry of the land, here concentrated their most prized treasures. Most certainly the projectors of the exhibition deserve all honour for having made their applications in a form so irresistible, while at least equal honour is inseparable from those who were found to be ready to lend objects, so precious and so varied, in such extraordinary numbers.

The grand difficulty of the exhibition might have been considered to have been surmounted when the building was completed, and the various collections had been brought together beneath its roof. Admitting such an opinion to be correct, other difficulties scarcely of inferior magnitude remained to be encountered. All these collections had to be arranged, and when arranged, they had to be explained and made intelligible to the uninstructed and the inexperienced in Art; and besides these most serious considerations, the attendance of large numbers of visitors to the exhibition had to be insured. The exhibition itself would, indeed, be sure to attract certain classes of visitors; and these persons, who would not fail to be found within the walls of the Art-palace at Old Trafford, were precisely the individuals who would scarcely need the simplest catalogue to guide and assist them in their inspection and study. Two questions, however, would still remain to be solved,—the one whether Manchester would witness vast gatherings of very different classes, for the purpose of exploring this wonderful exhibition; and the second, whether such visitors, supposing them daily to throng the building, would acquire and retain any permanent impressions calculated to elevate, to refine, and practically to improve them? For this is the only true and consistent "memorial" of such a grand mustering of the Art-treasures of Britain,—that it should exhibit the practical tokens of its beneficent working in a more true appreciation of Art, and a more faithful application of Art, as Art, first in Manchester itself, and then throughout the length and breadth of the land. But we can scarcely indulge in the hope of witnessing the realisation of such a memorial. The Art-Treasures Exhibition has proved the practicability in this country of a project which elsewhere it would be the very wildness of enthusiasm even to desire. It has shown how rich we are, as well in treasures of Art, as in the liberality of those who will lend them for public exhibition. It has brought very many persons to Manchester who doubtless were in no slight degree surprised to find themselves there; and it has caused no less surprise to very many persons in Manchester that *such* things should be called Art-treasures, and being so called, should be so highly prized. And, having succeeded in realising a few clear thousands, the fact of the exhibition itself having once really existed, will be kept alive in Manchester memories, by means of some visible exhibition-memorial. But will Art be better understood at Manchester in 1858, and more duly appreciated, than it was in 1856? In years to come will Manchester manufactures show, in their fairer aspect, that the sunshine of Art has been diffusing its invigorating influence in the midst of them?

We have all along regarded the Manchester Exhibition with watchful, and also with anxious,

eyes. While it remained uncertain whether, in a strictly Manchester sense of the term, it might not prove a failure, we urged the national disgrace that such a result would produce; and when, as the days of the exhibition began to be numbered, we perceived that the number of visitors was gradually augmented, until the building was daily filled, there were none who regarded the altered aspect of things with more sincere gratification than ourselves. And yet we have never been able to persuade ourselves that, in the noblest acceptation, a success would be achieved. We have not felt, we could not feel, that Art really was *at work*, on a scale before untried, and with energy before never called into action. And to the very day which witnessed the close of the exhibition, we found it impossible to divest ourselves of the impression that there was a want of harmony between the exhibition itself and the locality in which it was formed. We have no special sympathies for centralization, nor do we desire to bring everything to London; but it is evident that in London alone could a national Art-Treasures Exhibition be really triumphant, because there alone it could be both understood and made intelligible. And who does not share with us in this conviction? None, certainly, but they who believe that at Manchester the Art-treasures there assembled exhausted their faculties for teaching.

One circumstance which, in the most powerful degree militated against the successful working of the Manchester Exhibition, as the greatest instructor that ever gave a lesson in England, was its own excessive excellence. This, at the first, may appear a somewhat paradoxical statement; on reflection, however, it will be discovered to be most strictly true. The exhibition was overwhelmed by its own splendour, its own grand richness, its own amazing variety and comprehensiveness. There was so much to be seen, that there was no time for studying. It was difficult even to look at all that might justly claim equal shares of attention; and in developing such a system of administration as alone would enable intelligent visitors to make the most of a few visits, or even of a single visit, and would so guide inquiring visitors that they might at least master something, the authorities failed absolutely. They were great with their guarantee,—they were more than successful in the formation of their exhibition; but here they came to a halt. From before the opening of the exhibition, it was clear that the *working* of their enterprise would prove too much for them; and in this all-important respect,—that they would not gather around them the cultivated intellect and the refined taste of the kingdom, in order that through such an agency they might work out the teaching of their Art-treasures. They had not an idea of anything of the kind. They had brought together those marvellous collections, and they were content with what they had done. Had any others besides themselves done as much? Wherefore, then, should they seek for farther aid or wider co-operation? Why tax themselves with the task of teaching people *how* to look at the exhibition, or of imparting to the exhibition itself the auxiliary faculty of conveying and impressing manifold lessons in Art? Wherefore should they undergo the burden of a widely extended courtesy, or the cost of a no less enlarged hospitality? Indeed, why do more, after the exhibition had been actually formed, than advertise it and take the visitors' shillings? This was the course which was carried out to the very letter. The exhibition was left to work as it best might, without any agency for working. The authorities and directors of the exhibition did not even attempt more than the production of catalogues, which visitors would be sure not to read, or which, when read, would do little more than either awaken a curiosity that could not be gratified, or increase a perplexity already sufficiently distressing; and all aid and co-operation from beyond their own narrow circle were kept resolutely at a distance. Men of learning and of high reputation in Art, instead of a cordial and a glad reception, were not received at all, even when they volunteered their presence and their services. The few eminent persons who were necessarily invited to take a part in the preliminary arrangements, congratulated themselves when their duties had expired; and quitted Manchester with no very elevated idea of either its refinement or its hospitality. And now, in looking back upon this magnificent school of Art, the first impression that strikes the reflective observer, is the success with which its managers contrived to sever it from artists, and from all who are learned and experienced in Art. Neither can it be forgotten how "the public," when they visited the exhibition, were left to themselves to make of it what they could. Had it been definitively arranged that the collections should teach as little as possible, they could not have taught much less to the mass of the visitors. And now these things show their recoil. Already it is felt that the great lesson which Manchester has taught, is the total unfitness of Manchester for such an exhibition, and of such an exhibition for Manchester. We believe it to be an inevitable inference from such a conviction, that the organisation of a similar undertaking in London must be admitted to be an actual and an urgent necessity.

Possibly it may be considered by some persons, that the *teaching* of an Art-exhibition is but a secondary matter after all. Such persons would be content to leave the various visitors to draw for themselves their own inspirations; and those visitors who are content to look at such an exhibition without one thought of deriving from it any permanent impressions, they would permit both to come and to depart without bestowing upon them any farther trouble. This may have been our practice; and possibly it is this very practice that has placed us in our present position in the matter of Art. It is but too true that we have formed exhibitions upon principles which we have not cared to elucidate; and when we have collected worthy objects, and have worthily arranged them, we have considered our work done, without even placing labels upon the picture-frames. And as to such a system of criticism as would really *apply* our exhibitions to any higher purpose than mere passing amusement, we have not even contemplated attempting any such thing. But the great gathering of the Art-treasures was to have inaugurated a better state of things. There nothing was to be admitted which was of the second order of merit; there such arrangements were to be displayed as would impart a fresh and an energetic impulse to the collections themselves; there also it was to be shown that an Art-exhibition had a high and a noble purpose—nothing less, indeed, than the refinement of the national mind. It was in the power of the directors of the Manchester Exhibition to have realised all these admirable objects; it was in their power —that is, if they had chosen to adopt the only practicable means for attaining to such results. The grandeur of the exhibition may not be permitted to dazzle us when we take a retrospective review of what, in true reality, it was enabled, or rather was permitted, to achieve. In the first place, the mixed character of the collections themselves now comes home with painful associations to the mind of the candid and discriminating observer. Treasures of Art of priceless value were made to form incongruous alliances with many things which had no pretence to be considered treasures in any respect whatsoever. The collections, again, were unnecessarily, and therefore inexcusably imperfect. The aim was to illustrate Art throughout the successive phases of its career. This was fairly well done with the drawings, and was well attempted with the engravings, but in the oil-pictures both artists and schools were far from being adequately represented.

And what are we to say respecting the arrangements? The old system of wearying monotony of lines was carried out with unsparing rigour. Grouping, except in unbroken continuity, was altogether disregarded. The object was to hang up rows of pictures, instead of bringing together the works of a great artist, or of some distinguished school, distinctly by themselves, and with void spaces around them. There were plenty of pictures which might have been spared, to produce the uncovered wall-spaces. And every picture (we cannot repeat it too often) ought to have been distinctly labelled with its subject, the artist's and the proprietor's name, the school of Art to which it might belong, and the period at (or about) which it was painted. The glass cases, with their truly wonderful contents, so far as the greater number of the visitors were concerned, might almost as well have been filled with artificial flowers. So completely were they wanting in even a good general classification, and so absolute was the impossibility for any persons not previously familiar with them to discover even what these cases contained, that it is unquestionably the fact that the finest collection ever formed of Art-manufactures has been dispersed without leaving any practical traces whatever of its having ever existed.

Thus it is common to find persons who consider that they studied the exhibition with care—educated and intelligent persons also—by whom the contents are regarded and spoken of as having been simply a collection of pictures, of different classes, in different styles. They have no idea that it was ever intended to extend the title of Art-treasures to the contents of the cases which they remember to have filled up certain parts of the central area of the building. They had no previous taste, as the phrase is, for "curiosities;" and there was nothing to impress upon them with any special interest in collections, which they would naturally regard in such a light. Nor was it much better with those visitors who were predisposed to regard with interest precisely such collections as had been brought together within these glass cases —unless, that is, they were familiar with and understood them well before. The extraordinary character of these collections, consequently, was lost, except to the initiated few; and now that they are dispersed, it can be only by a few that their worth will be remembered, or even their treatment lamented. When these collections were formed, the object must have been to have shown in them the most perfect illustrations of Art under manifold forms of expression; and hence to have conveyed to the student of Art the most diversified, as well as the most valuable, teaching. How deplorable, therefore, the result, that, because there were none at Manchester who could deal with these "Treasures" of Art as Teachers of Art, they should have so signally failed to do what they possessed the power to have done so thoroughly! All these considerations—these examinations into the results of the different departments of the exhibition, taken in connection with the remembrance of the objects with which the various collections were formed—these things lead us to sum up, in a single question, our reflections upon the teaching of this truly great exhibition—for in this instance, at least, an exhibition was formed for the express purpose of being a teacher—What has it done? The question is best answered by putting another —What could it do? The exhibition itself was capable of conveying, with commingled

authority and attractiveness, precisely the instruction in Art which at the present time is so urgently needed. It could have at once exemplified and impressed the fact of the universal applicability of Art, and the never-failing advantage of its consistent influence. It could have demonstrated both the consistency and the salutary operation of that law of excellence,—that manipulative dexterity and skill must be subordinate to the faculties of invention, and thought, and design. It could also, under peculiarly favourable conditions, have conducted the study of design through the comparison of similar works as they were produced at different periods. The works, of whatsoever kind, which past ages have preserved and transmitted to ourselves can only develop their full instruction through a comprehensive comparison. And the intelligent and thoughtful student, with the means for such comparison placed before him and pressed upon his attention, will thus trace out for himself a course of action which will be sound, because based upon authority, and at the same time free to expatiate beyond the control of arbitrary systems. We stand greatly in need both of such means for study, and of such study as will elevate the character of the designs which are produced in our manufactures. It is true that much has been accomplished upon this very point, and that even more is diligently sought after; and yet we are improving in design for manufactures more in treatment than in character; we deal too exclusively with the teaching that lies within a narrow circle, forgetting that Art expands its instruction over a wide range, as well of time as of subject, and that the wise student of Art will gather together for his improvement all that is really noble and truly excellent. Has Manchester, from her Art-treasures, treasured up for herself, and also for us all, those principles of Art which will raise the head-work of our manufactures to its rightful supremacy over the hand-work—principles from which really improved designs may be developed, and a higher tone in Art-feeling be established? When they reflect upon what their exhibition has really done,—when, after their own practical, and, therefore, sensible fashion, they weigh the results of their enterprise,—what will the Manchester merchant princes find in their hands besides the comparatively trifling balance at their bankers? They will not be content to count the number of visitors, and say 1,335,915 persons came to our exhibition,—for they cannot but know that it is not a throng of admiring gazers at pictures which rather bewilder them, or at statues of which they are somewhat suspicious, that constitutes a "successful result" from a great exhibition such as that at Manchester. There must be something permanent—something which will affect after times—something to which an appeal may be made as to a happy and a beneficient influence. A pillar or a statue, or even a public institution connected with Art will be of little avail at Manchester as a "memorial" of the exhibition, unless there be also, everywhere present and always in operation, some practically beneficial agency directly deducible from the exhibition itself. And it is here that we fear the exhibition will be found wanting, through the inefficiency of the system upon which it was administered.

The true aim of such an exhibition should be to kindle nobler sentiments, to teach men to observe with thoughtfulness, to lead them to the appreciation of all that is beautiful and admirable, and thus to induce in men's minds the determination either to *impart* beauty to the works of their own hands, or to cherish beauty in what other men may produce as a source of peculiar delight. But such sentiments and impressions will not arise from the mere inspection of collections of beautiful and admirable things. Beauty and excellence depend upon many subtle principles and latent combinations, besides being in some of their aspects patent even to the casual observer. And all this requires to be taught: at any rate, it is necessary to point out both that these things need to be studied, and the manner in which they may be studied with success. Again, men in general have very confused, and also decidedly abstract, ideas of beauty and excellence. They require to be led to the recognition of that beauty which dwells in felicity of association, and of that excellence which is produced from fitness of adjustment. They need to be trained in the modifications to which abstract beauty must be subjected when applied to human productions; and, at the same time, the lesson ought to be taught, and it may with ease be taught to them, that all human productions may, in their degree, be brought into harmony with all natural productions, through their possessing an appropriate beauty. The glass-cases at Manchester had much to say, and much that was well worthy of attentive hearing, on the subject of appropriate beauty: and, more than this, these lessons of theirs were of that eminently practical character which most readily comes home to the actual worker with the hands. But, how many, or rather, how few of the men who work with their hands have carried away from the Art-Treasures Exhibition such stores of precious teaching, as will constrain them to aim higher than heretofore, and will empower them to accomplish what before they never would have contemplated? These are the "memorials" which such an exhibition ought to establish—memorials, worthy of itself, and which might have been built up upon a strong foundation in our greatest manufacturing city.

Whatever the shortcomings of the exhibition that now has closed, and has dispersed its collections, it has not left us without both clear and forcible admonitions for our future guidance. We have learned, from what this exhibition has not done, how to deal with what it has left to be hereafter accomplished. We now understand that an Art-Treasures Exhibition closely resembles an army in the field: it is not enough for it to be composed of good materials, unless the good materials are well handled. And so, when we look forward, and would sketch out amidst the shadows of the future a gathering together of the Art-treasures of England at London, we assign positions of the first importance in our picture to those arrangements which will ensure for the future exhibition a masterly administration. Art and artists there will be associated in a noble confederacy. Every object exhibited will have its own peculiar office to discharge, and it will be placed in precisely the position which will best enhance the value of its teaching. And all who are most distinguished in the practice of Art, in Science, and Literature also, there will find an honourable recognition, and through their instrumentality the teaching of the assembled Art-treasures will be accomplished. This is no visionary phantasy, but a sober anticipation of a great reality to come.

Meanwhile, we return again to Manchester; and while we regret that its exhibition certainly has not effected what it ought to have done, and might have done, we would strive to exalt to the utmost its actual results. Those who went for the express purpose of study, and who were able to search out for themselves that mine of intellectual wealth, know well the value of the Manchester Exhibition. It is at Manchester itself that we desire to witness corresponding impressions. The exhibition was not formed at Manchester simply because it is a wealthy, a populous, and an important city: on the contrary, Manchester was specially selected for the exhibition, with a view to the special effect that the exhibition might have on Manchester. This effect, whatever it may prove to be, will in a great degree be measured by what their exhibition will have accomplished for the merchant princes of Manchester. By their example the population of their city and neighbourhood are necessarily influenced. Their impressions are sure to be widely communicated and keenly felt. And these gentlemen have taken a personal and a prominent part in this exhibition: they have visited it frequently, they have become familiar with its contents, and have enjoyed abundant means for gathering from it the richest stores of intellectual advancement. By giving evidence of having made such advance, they will most effectually erect a worthy "memorial" of their wonderful exhibition,—by showing that they have felt its influence, as well as been proud of its presence; and that they have imbibed its spirit, as well as guaranteed its solvency. It may indeed be well to apply any surplus fund to the establishment of some institution, in which Art may be taught at Manchester in its purity and its simplicity,—in its comprehensive spirit also, and its essential nobleness. Some institution of this kind might have been invaluable, as introductory to the exhibition of the Art-treasures. It will be inverting the natural and rightful order of things that the lesser good should arise from out of the greater; yet we may be glad to know that thus it will be. We may be content, and more than content, should the experience of this year prove to have wrought in Manchester the twofold conviction—that Art is a great principle, worthy of diligent, thoughtful and sustained study, and that without such study, Art cannot be truly understood. The teacher is indeed gone, and the eloquent voice can now be no longer heard: perhaps, while yet speaking, that voice failed to command attention with adequate impressiveness. Still, memory and reflection may do much. The very consciousness that grand opportunities have been treated with even comparative neglect, will sometimes arouse a spirit of inquiry unknown before. Thus, from what would have appeared profitless, a direct benefit may be deduced. It would be most sad were the Art-Treasures Exhibition to prove profitless to those who might and who ought to have gathered from it the more abundant profit; but any such sadness would at once give place to a happy hopefulness, were it to become apparent that the remembrance of this magnificent assemblage of works of Art had persuaded men to reflect concerning Art, and to desire to know what Art is, and what she can teach them. If it be thus, the Art-Treasures Exhibition will not be left without a noble record and a worthy "memorial" of its existence.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The first condition of success has already been realised by this museum,—it has rapidly attained to a high degree of popularity; and now the time has come in which it must establish its claim to the continuance of this popularity by demonstrating its practical usefulness: for the collections which have been brought together for the purpose of forming this museum have a much higher mission than the mere passing amusement of even admiring observers; they have to teach as well as to amuse—to convey information as well as to attract attention; and this teaching office of these collections is to be characterised by the most decidedly practical effects. If it produce any results at all, these results are to show themselves in what they do towards achieving the great work of national intellectual advancement.

It is to be hoped that the altogether unprecedented success which has hitherto attended their operations, will prove to have impressed on the directors of this institution the importance of the duty which de-

volves upon them, of wielding so powerful an agency with an earnest purpose, and also with a strong hand. They have proved their ability in conducting the preparatory stage of their great enterprise. We trust that, having thus far shown themselves to be masters of their position, they will be found fully competent to carry out their own plans, and to lead into action their own forces.

Many are the difficulties which surround the attempt to convey to the mass of the community, or even to particular portions of the community, a higher and more cultivated information than they already possess. Men may be conscious of their want of precisely such an accession to their present intellectual possessions; but they too generally shrink from admitting the existence of such a want, and consequently they are prone to neglect the means for supplying its requirements. This difficulty, however, will not have to be surmounted by the South Kensington Museum in its capacity of a public teacher. The want of precisely such teaching as it professes to provide, is on all sides admitted; and more than this, on all sides there is apparent an ardent longing for that form of instruction, over which Art will preside as the chief instructor. So far, therefore, the ground is open to the museum. Neither has it any rival with power either to divert its energies, or divide its success. We have no other public and popular Art-school formed on a broad principle, and capable of extended and effective action. The Crystal Palace, indeed, might accomplish great and noble things as an Art-teacher, but the directing powers there seem to prefer to leave all such teaching to be gathered from their vast stores by inference, or to be imparted by them through some happy chance, to adopting any definite course of direct and systematic Art-instruction. Not so, however, with the authorities at South Kensington. They have put forth announcements of a comprehensive scheme for teaching through the two great media of lectures and classes. Before these lines are in the hands of our readers, the plans for these lectures and classes will have been completed: as we write they are so rapidly advancing towards completion, that we may now deal with them as if already in their complete state. It will be kept in remembrance that, besides those collections which actually are integral components of this museum, as being the property of the Government in their capacity of national trustees, several other collections of the utmost importance have been brought to this same museum by the societies to whom they severally belong. In framing their first series of general lectures, the directors of the museum have very wisely determined to give one lecture upon each department, and its special teaching, before they enter more fully upon what each department may be expected to develope. This general course will be followed up by the several departments themselves with more detailed courses of their own: and thus the teaching capabilities of the museum will be at once made known, and a very simple and yet most efficient plan for actually conveying instruction will be commenced. And besides these lectures, classes are formed for carrying out into much more minute detail, the educational system. The great principles set forth in the lectures, in these classes will be dealt with in the fulness of their applicability to the most varied incidents and conditions; and the students will thus be trained thoroughly, and always with a view to their practical application of the studies which they may pursue.

The Sheepshanks Collection of pictures, so munificently presented to the nation, is to form the subject of a lecture by Mr. Redgrave, R.A. This lecture will not only be in itself interesting and valuable in the highest degree, but we are assured that its interest and value will be infinitely enhanced from the inevitable result, that it will open the way to a new condition of things in the conveying popular instruction in the art of painting. Everybody wishes to possess some knowledge upon a subject so popular as painting; everybody wishes to be considered to know something already about painting. But how few there are who are in any degree satisfied with what they are conscious of knowing on this subject, or who are at all better satisfied with the ordinary sources from which they derive their scanty information. They want such things as this lecture of Mr. Redgrave's will be found to be, and such things also as this lecture will be sure to produce in sufficient abundance and in continual succession. The same may be said of the other lectures of this course by Mr. Cole, Mr. Fergusson, and their colleagues: each lecture will prove to possess a twofold value, in what it actually teaches, and in the teaching to which it will prove to be the introduction. Mr. Fergusson has undertaken to conclude the course with a lecture upon architectural museums, and their value as teachers. The Architectural Museum which forms so valuable an accession to the South Kensington collection, is prepared to fulfil its own duty in its teaching capacity. The committee of management have in preparation a far more important series of popular lectures upon the subject of architecture than has ever been before open to a public audience; and besides these more regularly organised addresses, they propose that there should be constantly delivered in their gallery, when it is open in the evening, a brief and plain class-lecture upon the contents of the museum itself. This plan we earnestly commend to the thoughtful consideration of the directors of the several departments of the entire museum. We believe that such addresses are pre-eminently calculated to give effect to the collections themselves, to establish their value as instructors, and thus to perpetuate while strengthening their popularity. We have not observed any proposal from the British Sculptors' Institute to impart vocal powers to their excellent group of casts at this museum. Sculpture needs every possible means for securing an adequate recognition amongst us, through its being made to be better generally understood and appreciated; and we consequently rely upon the opportunity here presented for popular teaching upon this great form and expression of Art being neither neglected nor disregarded. On a former occasion we noticed the commencement of the formation of a collection of engravings and etchings of different classes in this museum: here is another field for Art-teaching as yet unworked, but abounding in precious materials. The porcelain, and other fictile collections, also have their own tales to tell, their own instructive lessons to impart. In the same manner might we particularise many other special forms under which practical Art-teaching might be made to convey most valuable instruction, through the agency of this museum, in addition to the more immediate schools of Art now in operation under its roof. We propose to observe with anxious, and also with hopeful vigilance, the working of this museum throughout its entire range of operations, and we trust continually to be enabled to record that it is working in earnest, in a right spirit, with a comprehensive aim, and with encouraging success. That it will succeed we doubt not.

There is one point bearing directly upon the Art-teaching of this museum, upon which we would speak a few earnest words; and this is, that no narrow-minded exclusiveness be permitted to impart a restricted, partial, and partizan character to Art, as here it is regarded and dealt with as a teacher. There is by far too much of party to be seen and to be felt in our present dealings with Art, in our Art-study, in our Art-criticism, and also in our very love and admiration for Art. One form and aspect of Art is too commonly set up, not for admiration because of its own higher excellency, but because of its special antagonism to some other expression of Art. All this is alien to the comprehensiveness of true and truly noble Art: it is also a powerful obstacle to advancement in the knowledge and the feeling for all that is true and truly noble in Art. We do not advocate any indifference or any generalising spirit in the study of Art, but we do urge the suppression of all party views and party hostilities. Let Art be taught and let Art be studied upon the broadest principles, and with the most comprehensive views. Let all excellence be diligently sought out, and all mediocrity be no less diligently avoided. We are seeking a higher refinement, coupled with a more worthy practice, through a better knowledge and a more extended experience: we must, then, shake off whatsoever must inevitably militate against our success, no less carefully and with no less resolution, than we must be anxious to adopt, and ready and determined to work out, the fresh means which now are opening before us for rendering our success at once more sure and more complete.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

EVENING IN ITALY.

T. M. Richardson, Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.

Size Picture, 3 ft. 3¾ in. by 2 ft. 1¾ in.

Some pictures there are whose titles, like those of some books, are a favourable introduction to general notice; they possess in their names an attractiveness which induces one to look into, or after them, as the case may be, when otherwise they would pass without observation. Granted that neither the title of one nor of the other is any criterion of its merits, still it is natural to expect enjoyment or amusement from what a work promises in its name: it intimates something pleasing to the taste or fancy, and this in itself becomes a recommendation.

What, for example can be more suggestive of a scene of picturesque beauty than "Evening in Italy?"—the imagination instantly conjures up a vision of lake and verdant mountain, palaces, ancient ruins, vineyards, and forests, which, though the eye sees them not, the mind arranges in the order of its own fancy, and paints with the glowing colours of its own pencilling. With what true poetic feeling Byron expresses his recollection of one of these Italian evenings:—

> "The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
> Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
> Of glory streams along the Alpine height
> Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
> From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
> Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
> Where the day joins the past eternity;
> While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
> Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest."
>
> Childe Harold, Canto iv.

Gilpin, in his "Remarks on Forest Scenery," makes an observation, the truth of which we have often felt when contemplating a certain class of pictures. He says,—"Landscape painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights of the evening are, indeed, more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning." A little further on he says,—"It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelop it; the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet, through force of contrast, they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this heightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendour."

Mr. Richardson's picture, entitled "Evening in Italy," is a composition, but it has all the character of a reality; the scene is very beautiful, and the subject is painted with exceeding delicacy, yet with a remarkable firm pencil: in colour it is rich and glowing. Behind the red and purple hills in the distance golden clouds "float through the air," the whole being thrown far back by a line of deep purple shadow stretching across that part of the landscape where the ancient villa is a prominent object: the mass of trees which come down almost to the edge of the lake is of a warm subdued green; this is repeated in the water till it imperceptibly blends with the reflections of the sky tints, which are cool towards the base. The foreground is warm, but shows no positive colour that obtrudes on the eye. The figures are capitally placed and well drawn.

The drawing was purchased by Prince Albert, in 1852, from the Gallery of the Painters in Water Colours, of which the artist is a member and a valuable contributor to its annual exhibitions. It is in the Collection at Osborne.



M. RICHARDSON, PIN.

EVENING IN ITALY

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

RAFFAELLE IN ROME,

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

We consecrate the memory of great men, and when the master-spirit has flown to Him who gave it, is it not pardonable—aye, laudable—that we treat reverently the relics of their sojourn here—that we make pilgrimage to the homes they once inhabited—that we endeavour, as best we may, to call up to the mind's eye the very habit and manner of the great souls long departed, and let the mind linger over their earthly haunts as if awaiting their presence again to revivify the scenes made sacred to us by such connection? There is, perhaps, no spot of "mother earth" more abounding with associations of all kinds, to interest men of every civilised country, and induce many hundred pilgrimages, than those few miles of ground upon which stands Rome, that imperial ruin in a papal garb:—

> "We cannot tread upon it but we set
> Our foot upon some reverend history."

The mind is here overwhelmed by the crowding memories of the great events of bygone time—"centuries look down upon us" from the ruined Colosseum—from the ivy-clad masses of wall where once stood the palace of the emperors of the world. These arches record their victories and their triumphs. This dirty, ill-enclosed space, now named from the cows who rest upon it after dragging the rude carts of the peasantry into Rome, was once the Forum—the very focus of all that was great in the whole history of the old world:—

> "Still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."

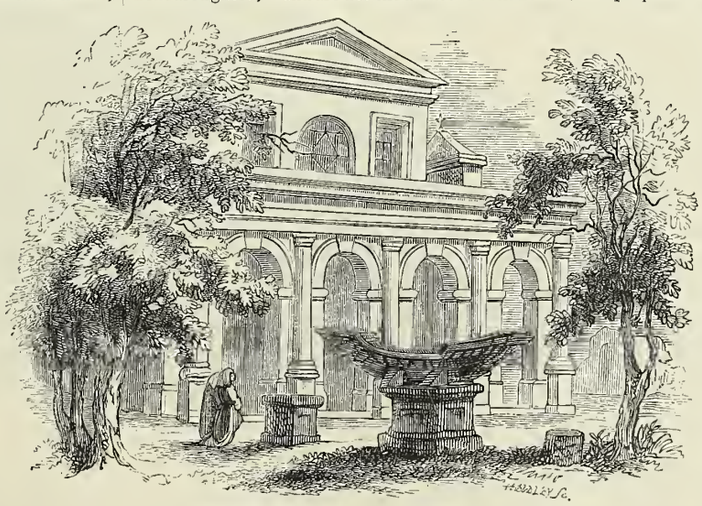
On this small patch of ground occurred events which form the most cherished memorials of history. Around us on all sides are the crumbling mementoes of the great of old, whose presence stirred the nations. The very fragments—the shadows of a shade—of their past greatness have been sufficient to revivify the human mind after many ages of mental darkness; and the long-buried works of the old Romans, in the palmy days of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, quickened the genius of their great minds, guided their thoughts aright, and ultimately led to the purity and nobility of modern Art.

The great revival of learning in the fifteenth century led the student back from the legendary history of the middle ages to the more ennobling study of the classic era; and this acquaintance with the acts of the great led to the desire to possess more tangible relics of their period. Hence coins and medals were sought after, not merely as works by ancient hands, but as authentic records of their history, rendered the more valuable by their autograph character. Inscriptions were sought for the same reason. Statues were untombed, and gazed at in wonder, for the truth and beauty of their proportions, as contrasted with the gaunt conventionalities of their own schools of sculpture. Men regarded these works as the productions of superior beings; but such contemplation resulted in elevating the minds of the students, and slowly, but surely, the long-lost Arts broke in full radiance from the clouds which had so long obscured them.

It was in these great days of resuscitation that Raffaelle lived. The popes and the nobles vied with each other in obtaining the best works of ancient Art, and liberally rewarded the discoverers.* Lorenzo de Medici, well distinguished as "the Magnificent," made his palace at Florence a museum of Art, and liberally gave free access to all students who chose to come there. Michael Angelo was of the number who studied in the beautiful garden where the sculpture was located, and the great duke often spoke encouragingly to the young lad who laboured there so thoughtfully and so well. Words led to deeds, and it was not long afterwards that the duke adopted Michael as his *protégé*, gave him a room in his palace, and was the friend of him and his family, death only severing the tie. Many other artists had to thank the liberal duke for the use of his Art-treasures, and Raffaelle was among the number. The Cardinal Bembo, one of the most enlightened men of that day, rivalled the hospitality of the Medici, and received Raffaelle into his palace as a honoured guest;—and are not the names of both noble men more nobly immortalised by such patronage?



RAFFAELLE'S FIRST RESIDENCE, ROME.



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARIA IN NAVICELLA.

The early life of Raffaelle was happily circumstanced. His father was himself an artist, who saw his son's great genius, and fostered it from the birth. The child's early life was passed in a lovely home, rendered cheerful by the practice of refined pleasures, the only labour known there being the cheerful toil that awaits the student of Art. Of pleasant manners and agreeable looks, the boy-artist made friends everywhere, and the record of his whole life is a narration of the accession of new friends. In the Italian cities where he went for study he made warm friendships with the best and greatest in Art and literature. It rarely falls to the lot of a biographer to narrate a life of such unvarying happiness as that of Raffaelle. Pleasant and profitable as this genial study and companionship would naturally be to the young painter, whose devotion to Art never relaxed, and whose patrons increased with his years, greater triumphs awaited him in the imperial city itself; and hither, in 1508, he travelled at the request of Pope Julius II., to decorate the halls of the Vatican, the invitation having come through his uncle Bramante, the great architect, who enjoyed the patronage of that pontiff. The artist was now twenty-five years of age, and had already given evidence of his powers; he had the fullest scope for their exertion, and the remainder of his too short life was devoted to the glory of the church and its head in Rome.

In the labyrinth of short streets that lead to the heart of the old city, opposite Hadrian's Bridge, is situated the house in which Raffaelle first resided. It is in a narrow street, known as the Via Coronari; the tall houses close it in, so that the sun never reaches the lower stories,—a valuable arrangement where shade is to be most courted, but which gives a gloomy and stifling look to Italian towns. The house is featureless, and might not be recognised but for the nearly decayed chiaroscuro portrait of its great tenant, which was painted by Carlo Maratti in 1705, when it was renovated and partly rebuilt. The interest of this house, in connection with Raffaelle, did not cease with his life; it was ceded at his wish to the Church of St. Maria della Rotonda, after his death, by his executor, Baldassare de Pescia, the Papal Secretary, that a chapel might be endowed to the honour of the Virgin in that venerable building, where prayers should be said for the repose of his soul. At that time the house produced a rent of seventy crowns per annum. In the year 1581, at the desire of Sitiecella, arch-priest of the Pantheon, Gregory XIII. united the property to the revenue of his office; and in the year 1705, the arch-priest of that time mortgaged the house to pay for the repairs noted above. It now produces a very small surplus, and that is said not to be applied to the purposes indicated in the will.

The chief memorials of Raffaelle's residence in Rome, are the immortal works which still decorate the papal palace of the Vatican. The hall called *della Segnatura* was first decorated by him with the great compositions known as "The Dispute of the Sacrament," "The School of Athens," "The Parnassus," and "Jurisprudence." They occupied him nearly three years. Toward the end of that period the sight of Michael Angelo's grand conceptions in the Sistine Chapel are believed to have influenced the young painter to a greater elevation in the treatment of his works. The sybils and prophets in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, as well as the painting of the prophet Isaiah in the Church of St. Augustin, executed about this time, are cited as proofs of this influence. On the walls of the palace of Agostino Chigi he had painted his famous "Galatea," and had achieved for himself a fixed and honourable position in Rome, surrounded by friends of the highest and most influential kind, and some few scholars who aided his labours.

In 1512 the second hall of the Vatican was commenced, in the February of the following year the pope died. Julius was more of a soldier than a churchman; and is recorded to have told Michael Angelo to place a sword rather than a book in the hand of the bronze statue he destined to commemo-

* Felice de Fredis, who discovered in 1508 the celebrated group the Laocoon, in the Baths of Titus, had bestowed on him in consequence, by the Pope Julius II., the lucrative gift of the tolls and customs received at the Gate of St. John Lateran—an ample fortune in itself. Michael Angelo, who was in Rome at the time, describes the excitement the event caused. By a happy omen had his godfathers named him *Felice*. The gift was so large that the Church of St. John importuned the succeeding pope to compound with him for its restoration; but he only gave it up for the noble place of Apostolic Secretary, which he enjoyed until his death in 1529. He lies buried in the left transept of the Church of the Ara Cœli. The inscription on his grave-slab is nearly obliterated. Is there no kind hand in Rome, the city of sculptors, to recut the few lines recording the name of one who did the world of Art much service?

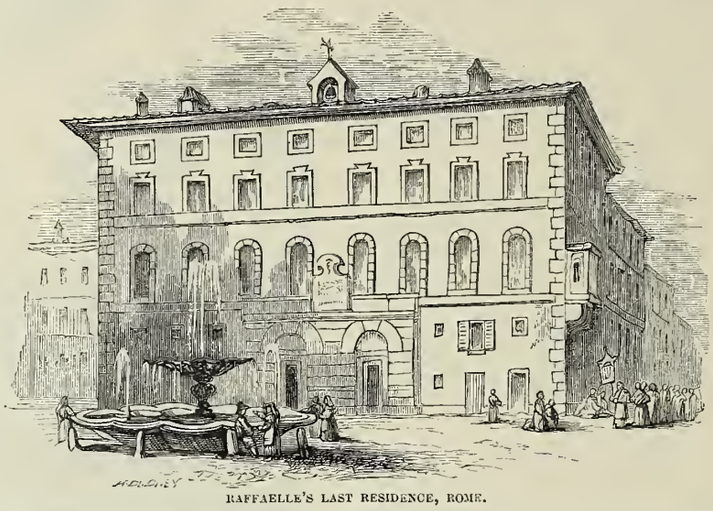
rate him. Leo X. had more refined taste, and became celebrated as a patron of the Arts. To narrate all Raffaelle's labours for this pontiff would be to swell this page with a list of world-renowned works, familiar to the whole world for their lessons of beauty, cultivated by the highest technicalities of Art. Suffice to say that the Art-labours of the Vatican never ceased, and when Bramante died Raffaelle was appointed his successor. His first architectural work was the rows of galleries which surround the court-yard of the Vatican, the foundations of which had only been laid by his uncle Bramante. These triple arcades rising above each other, and commanding magnificent views over Rome, were richly decorated by Raffaelle with designs which startled the world by their novelty, and captivated by their beauty. Founded on the antique mural decorations then recently discovered in the Baths of Titus, the genius of the painter adopted their leading ideas, infusing the composition with his own fancy and grace; and thus gave a new decorative art to the world. Raffaelle was ever alive to the progress of Art, and its interests were consulted by him in the largest way. He fostered the genius of Marc Antonio Raimondi, the engraver, at a period when the graphic art was looked on merely as a curiosity; in the midst of his laborious occupations he found time to design for him subjects for his *burin*, and to superintend their execution. But more than all, he defrayed the whole expenses of these engravings himself, taking Marc under his protection, until the new art had established itself in popular favour, and could be followed as a lucrative profession. To Raffaelle, therefore, the art of engraving, and the traders in prints, owe a deep debt.*

The early artists were men of multifarious accomplishments; they were not painters only. We have record of their power in many branches, and examples of their versatility still remain to us; hence we need feel no surprise that the painter Raffaelle was installed to the post of papal architect. Michael Angelo also practised architecture, as well as sculpture and painting; but more than this, he fortified the city of Florence, and successfully superintended its military defence during six months, when it was attacked by the Prince of Orange in 1529. Benvennto Cellini has also left record of his fighting powers, when he served in the siege of the Castle of St. Angelo, in 1528. Albert Durer introduced the Italian style of fortification to his native city of Nuremberg, and wrote a treatise on the art; he was also painter, sculptor, designer, and engraver on wood, copper, and stone. Leonardo da Vinci excelled in the arts, and added thereto such sound philosophical views as to have been greatly in advance of his age; indeed, his research in optical science has led to his being considered the father of the modern daguerreotype, inasmuch as he propounded the possibility of securing images by the action of light alone.

Of Raffaelle's architectural powers Rome has varied examples. The principal are at the Vatican and St. Peter's, whose construction he superintended during the rest of his brief life. On the authority of Vasari we may attribute to him one of the most beautiful of the Roman *palazzi*, the Villa Madama. The Caffarelli Palace is also known to be his design,† as well as the very beautiful funeral chapel for his friend and early patron Agostino Chigi, in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo. Among the quiet gardens of the Celian Hill is one of his most picturesque works, the little Church of Santa Maria in Navicella, an edifice abounding with the most interesting artistic associations. It stands on the site of the house of one of the earliest Christian saints, St. Cyiac, and was built by Leo X. entirely from Raffaelle's design, with the exception of the simple and elegant little portico, which is by Michael Angelo. The paintings within are by Raffaelle's favourite scholars, Julio Romano and Perino della Vaga. This interesting church takes its distinguishing name from the marble galley placed on a pedestal in front of the portico, by that famous patron of the Arts, Pope Leo X., in whose time it was discovered. It is a curious work of the Roman era, and is seen in our cut, with other classic fragments placed beside it.

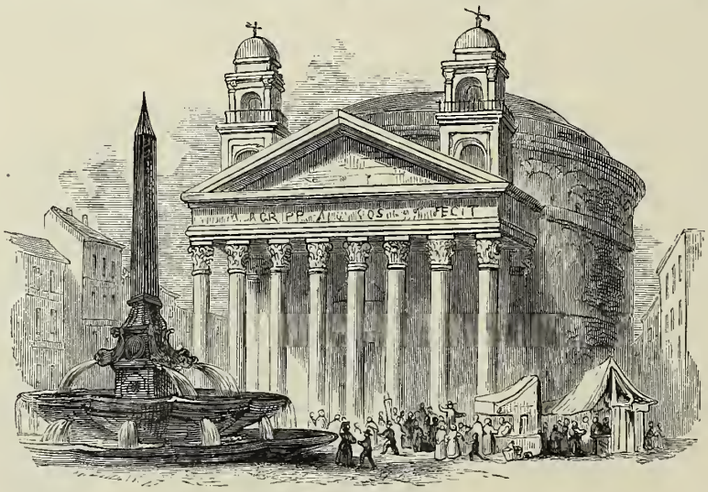
Raffaelle had now achieved so high a position in Rome, and was so overwhelmed with commissions, that his scholars and assistants increased greatly. But for their aid it would have been impossible for him to have executed the large number of works he did. It became his practice to design, superintend, and finish only; but the labour of carrying out his works was left to his scholars, who all became men of mark. The chief was Julio Romano, who painted a large portion of the Vatican. The Loggie was the work of many hands; the figures, the flowers, the scrolls, and the ornament, were all apportioned to the facile and ready powers of the army of artists the "divine master" had at command. It is recorded that he had a retinue of some fifty who were thus employed; these formed his train in public, so that "he appeared like a prince rather than an artist;" the fascination of his manners led to affection for himself irrespective of his genius.

But death came to carry the artist away in the midst of his triumph, ere he had entirely reaped the full harvest of his fame, leaving the world greatly the loser. Raffaelle, now a wealthy man and living like a noble, had purchased for himself a mansion worthy of a nobleman born. His affianced bride, the niece of Cardinal Bibiena, died in 1518, and was buried in the Pantheon; and in April, 1520, the painter was laid in his tomb in the same edifice. It was less than twelve years of thought and action that had sufficed him to found immortal renown in Rome, and leave that city the bequest of the most glorious Art-treasures in the world. His life had indeed been sacrificed to his eagerness to serve the pope; harassed by a multiplicity of engagements, Raffaelle had hurried from the Farnesina, the palace of the wealthy banker Chigi, which he was engaged to decorate, to consult with the pope about his works at the Vatican. He had overheated himself with running this quarter of a mile; and he felt a sudden chill as he stood in the cold unfinished building; he went to his palace (a very short distance only), and in the course of a few days died there at the early age of thirty-seven, April 7th, 1520.



RAFFAELLE'S LAST RESIDENCE, ROME.

The last home of Raffaelle is still pointed out in Rome; it stands in the district termed the Trastavere, in the small square midway from the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter's. It occupies one side of this square, and is an imposing structure. The architects were Bramante and Baldassare Peruzzi; it is now known as the Palazzo degli Convertiti, and devoted to the reception of converted heretics. Here his body lay in state in front of his unfinished picture of the "Transfiguration,"* his greatest, as it was his last, work. There was a grandeur in such a death—a glory in such a death-chamber, "which time has not yet effaced from the memory of man. It was no doubt one of these *impromptus* of the eloquence of things which owed its effect to a cause so much the more active and fruitful, because it was natural and not arranged." *



THE PANTHEON, ROME.

——"And when all beheld
Him, where he lay, how changed from yesterday—
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when, entering in, they looked
Now on the dead, then on the master-piece;
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved;
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations."†

* It should be noted, however, that Albert Durer was really the chief populariser of the art. His prints on copper and wood (the latter particularly) had circulated over Northern Europe, and were well-known in Venice. Raffaelle saw at once the latent power by means of which he might propagate and perpetuate his own designs, and at once encouraged the labours of Raimondi. This engraver had copied in Venice many of Durer's engravings, to his detriment, and Durer had complained to the magistracy for redress. It is to Durer we owe the discovery of etching and corroding a plate by acid, one of the greatest boons to the engraver, and an enormous saving of labour.

† It is opposite the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, and is now called the Palazzo Vidoni; the upper portion is not Raffaelle's work.

* The picture was afterwards finished by his pupil Julio Romano. It had been ordered by the Cardinal Medicis for Narbonne, but was placed over the high altar of the Church of St. Pietro in Martorio, at Rome. It was then removed to the Vatican; from whence it was carried by Napoleon to Paris, but was restored to Rome at his fall.

* Quatremere de Quincy. † Rogers' "Italy."

All Rome mourned the death of the great painter. The pope wept bitter tears; his loss was indeed great, for the spirit who could make his pontificate glorious had departed, and left none to fill the void. "Rome seems no longer Rome since my poor Raffaelle is gone" writes Castiglione to the marchioness his mother. His funeral *corteège* included in its ranks the greatest men in station, and the most talented in Art and literature. These, with his friends and pupils, marched amid the lamentations of the whole city to the Pantheon, and reverently laid the painter beside the altar he had endowed.

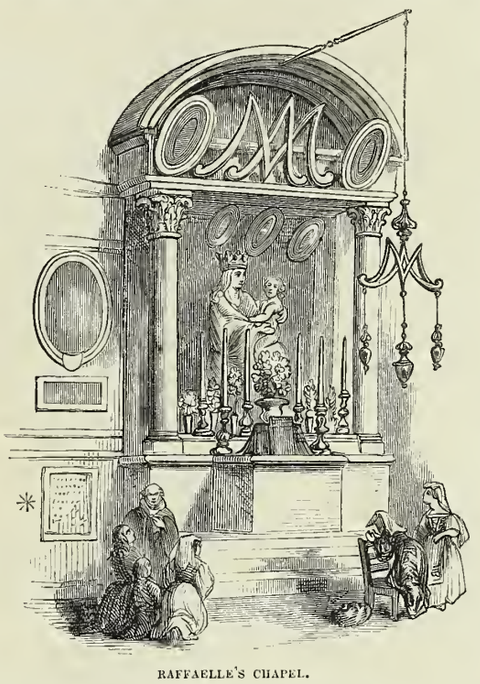
Rome—perhaps the world—possesses no building of more interest than this. The ancients described it with admiration eighteen centuries ago, and it still remains the best preserved monument of modern Rome.

"Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd, yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their heads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close."*

Let us enter this noble relic of the past, sacred with the associations of ages. Over the portico is an inscription, recording its erection by Agrippa in his third consulate (B.C. 25); the pillars of this "more than faultless" portico are Corinthian columns of oriental granite. The bronze doors are antique; so is the open grating above them: you pass them, and the interior strikes you at once by its simple grandeur. It is a rotunda supporting a dome, the only light being received through the circular opening in its centre. The rain falls freely upon the floor; and in the pavement may be noted the star-shaped apertures by which it may descend to the drains beneath. No antique building exists for modern uses so unaltered as this.† In the walls are seven large niches, and between them are eight *ædicula*, or shrines which have been converted into altars of the Christian saints. Opposite the entrance to the left of the centre, the visitor will notice an altar, in front of which hangs a triple light, supported by a silver monogram of the virgin; the same monogram is above the altar. It is that founded by Raffaelle, for the perpetual support of which he gave the house which forms the first of our engravings. The figure of the Virgin and Child, now known as "La Madonna del Sasso," was sculptured by his pupil Lorenzo Lotti. Under this altar the body of Raffaelle was laid, and upon a lower panel of marble to the left of it is the epitaph to the painter written by Cardinal Bembo. On the opposite side is the epitaph to Annibale Caracci; and in other parts of the building are buried Raffaelle's betrothed wife, and his scholars, Giouanni da Udine, and Perino della Vaga. Baldassare Peruzzi, one of the architects of Raffaelle's palace, also lies here; as well as Taddeo Zuccari, and other eminent painters. Its most modern artistic monument is Thorwaldsen's bust to Cardinal Gonsalvi. Where can the Art-pilgrim pay a more soul-inspiriting visit than to this

"————— sanctuary and home
Of Art and piety?"

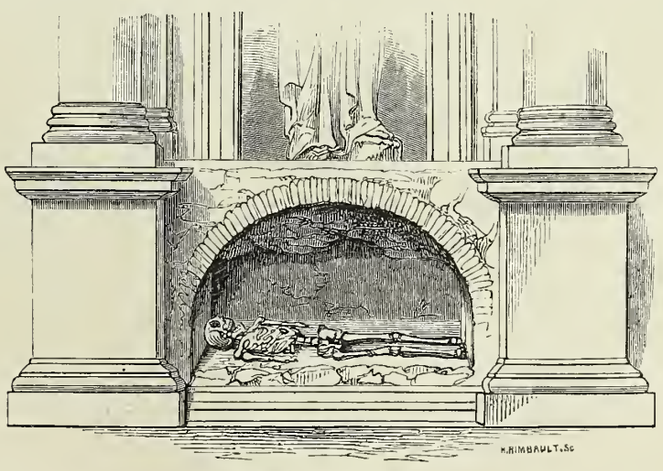
Carlo Maratti desired to place a more striking memorial of Raffaelle's resting-place than the simple inscription, and accordingly, in the year 1674, a marble bust of the painter, executed by Paolo Nardini, was placed in one of the oval niches on each side of the chapel. The epitaph to Maria Bibiena (Raffaelle's betrothed) was removed to make way for Maratti's new inscription; and it was currently believed that the skull of Raffaelle was removed; at least such was the history given of a skull shown as the painter's, religiously preserved by the Academy of St. Luke, and descanted on by phrenologists as indicative of all the qualities which "the divine painter" possessed. But scepticism played its part: doubts of the truth of this story led to doubts of Vasari's statement respecting the exact locality of Raffaelle's tomb. Matters were brought to a final issue by the discovery of a document proving this skull to be that of Don Desiderio de Adjutorio, founder of the society called the Virtuosi, in 1542. Thereupon, this society demanded the head of its founder from the Academy of St. Luke; but they would neither abandon that, nor the illusion that they possessed the veritable skull of the great artist. Arguments ran high, and it was at length determined to settle the question by an examination of the spot, which took place on the 13th of September, 1833, in the presence of the Academies of St. Luke and of Archæology, the commission of the Fine Arts (including Overbeck and others), the members of the Virtuosi, the governor of Rome (Monsignor Grimaldi), and the Cardinal Zurla, the representative of the pope.



RAFFAELLE'S CHAPEL.

The result will be best given in the words of an eye-witness, Signor Nibby (one of the commission of antiquities and Fine Arts), who thus described the whole to M. Quatremere de Quincy, the biographer of Raffaelle:—"The operations were conducted on such a principle of exact method as to be almost chargeable with over nicety. After various ineffectual attempts in other directions, we at length began to dig under the altar of the Virgin itself, and taking as a guide the indications furnished by Vasari, we at length came to some masonry of the length of a man's body. The labourers raised the stone with the utmost care, and having dug within for about a foot and a half, came to a void space. You can hardly conceive the enthusiasm of us all, when, by a final effort, the workmen exhibited to our view the remains of a coffin, with an entire skeleton in it, laying thus as originally placed, and thinly covered with damp dust. We saw at once quite clearly that the tomb had never been opened, and it thus became manifest that the skull possessed by the Academy of St. Luke was not that of Raffaelle. Our first care was by gentle degrees to remove from the body the dust which covered it, and which we religiously collected, with the purpose of placing it in a new sarcophagus. Amongst it we found, in tolerable preservation, pieces of the coffin, which was made of deal, fragments of a painting which had ornamented the lid, several bits of Tiber clay, formations from the water of the river, which had penetrated into the coffin by infiltration,* an iron *stelletta*, a sort of spur, with which Raffaelle had been decorated by Leo X., several *fibulæ*, and a number of metal *anelli*, portions of his dress." These small rings had fastened the shroud; several were retained by the sculptor Fabris, who also took casts of the head and hand, and Camuccini took views of the tomb and its precious contents; from one of these our cut is copied.

On the following day the body was further examined by professional men: the skeleton was found to measure five feet seven inches, the narrowness of the coffin indicated a slender and delicate frame. This accords with the contemporary accounts, which say he "was of a refined and delicate constitution; his frame was all spirit; his physical strength so limited that it was a wonder he existed so long as he did." The investigation completed, the body was exhibited to the public from the 20th to the 24th, and then was again placed in a new coffin of lead,



THE GRAVE OF RAFFAELLE.

and that in a marble sarcophagus presented by the pope, and taken from the antiquities in the Museum of the Vatican. A solemn mass was then announced for the evening of the 18th of October. The Pantheon was illuminated, as for a funeral; "the sarcophagus, with its contents, was placed in exactly the same spot whence the remains had been taken. The presidents of the various academies were present, with the Cavalier Fabris at their head. Each bore a brick, which he inserted in the brickwork with which the sepulchre was walled in." And so the painter awaits "the resurrection of the just," and the fellowship of saints and angels, of which his inspired pencil has given us the highest realisation on earth.

* Byron, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The busts are now all removed.

† "Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above—though exposed to repeated fire—though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotunda. It passed with little alteration from the pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altars, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic Church."—Forsyths' *Italy*. The bronze here alluded to, which once covered the interior of the dome, was stripped off by Pope Urban VIII., and moulded into the great canopy now over the tomb of St. Peter in Rome; the rest was used for cannon which were placed on the Castle of St. Angelo. Venuti has computed its weight at 450,250 lbs.

* This will be understood when we remember that the Tiber has inundated this lower part of Rome several times. On the external wall of the adjoining Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, are the marks of the height to which the waters rose, and which is five feet above the pavement level.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
Hon. Sec. of the Architectural Museum, &c.

Part V.—Gothic Art: *Section* 2.

When before treating of Gothic Art, as it is taught in the Courts of the Crystal Palace, I gave a brief sketch of what these Courts contain, and I endeavoured to apply the teaching of their contents to the study of this great art in its most comprehensive range. In resuming the subject, it will be my object to glance at certain particulars in which these Gothic Courts are deficient as teachers, and to indicate the means by which it appears that a complete compensation may be made for those deficiencies.

Gothic Art is not merely another form of expression for a particular style of architecture. It is the object of certain persons, who now set themselves forward to oppose the growing interest that is taken in the arts of the middle ages, and to resist the prevailing desire to study and elucidate them, and who apparently are induced to this course of action simply because the arts of the middle ages are not understood by themselves,—it is the present object of these persons to represent mediæval art as solely and exclusively ecclesiastical, both in its principles and in its working, as being, indeed, church architecture only, and *the* church architecture of those times. It would seem that thus they hope to divert the attention of the student, as well from the universal applicability of Gothic principles under every condition and expression of Art, as from the fact that Gothic architecture is itself equally the architecture of every class of building. And this contracted, and unjust because contracted, view of Gothic Art, in some respect characterises the teaching of the Crystal Palace Courts. They set before us a wonderful collection of striking and strikingly noble details; they show how readily the details will yield themselves to that process of fusion (not *con*fusion, as some have called it) which was employed to blend them into union; they appear before visitors as "Gothic Courts," not mere groups of Gothic fragments; but they do not attempt to do more than convey some idea of the works of the architect, strictly and properly so called. It is true that architecture was and must continue to be the principal and most important expression of Gothic Art; but courts which would teach Gothic Art, in its length and its breadth, must do much more than exemplify architecture—they must go on to illustrate the consistent development of the same spirit of Art in various departments of its working. In one instance this has been well done in these very Courts, and that is in the beautiful cases of casts from ancient and mediæval ivories which they place before the visitor for his instruction. Seals, another important branch of mediæval art, might easily have been added, because they are in the palace; but they have not found for themselves their "right place." The great point, however, in which the teaching of these Courts falls short of realising what a stranger would naturally expect from them, is their want of classification: they do not even attempt to deal with the Gothic historically. In vain would the student seek to trace out from them any illustration of his pre-conceived notion, that the noble architecture which he had learned to admire assumed distinct aspects at successive eras, and while always consistent and invariably true, was continually passing from one definite phase of expression to another. And this is really a very serious shortcoming. The student can hope to master this style of architecture as it flourished in the middle ages, only by studying it chapter by chapter, while he regards each of those chapters as a part of one volume. The Gothic Courts of the Crystal Palace have taken details from every period, and built them up into a single Gothic specimen. Had the details been carefully kept in such isolation as would have preserved their individuality, and so exhibited every one of them as components of a series of Gothic parallels and Gothic contrasts, it would have been well. The error has arisen from the forming them into "Courts." The excessive *restorations*, which have so generally been adopted in the preparation of the various casts, form a third grave obstacle to sound teaching by means of these Courts. Art, of whatsoever period, or under whatsoever form, must be permitted, as well as enabled, to speak for itself. The restored cast is, indeed, by far a more pleasing teacher than the mutilated relic; but one speaks with authority in the few broken sentences it may utter, while the smooth flow of language with which the other may charm the ear conveys at best an historical fiction. Had untouched facsimile casts of the old works been set side by side with the restored reproductions of them, or even been placed in some adjoining compartments of the palace, the value of the series would have been great indeed. A single example will sufficiently illustrate the importance of teaching from genuine facsimiles in the absence of the actual original works. Not many of the Gothic casts in the Courts are more interesting, or capable of conveying more and more diversified teaching, than the group of sleeping guards from the Easter Sepulchre at Lincoln Cathedral. But who that knows the worn and mutilated original would recognise it in its assumed counterpart in the Crystal Palace? The teaching of the cast rests upon the authority of the restorer; that of the original is almost superseded.

The teaching of these Gothic Courts, notwithstanding their imperfections, might yet be easily made to assume a comparatively perfect character. And this may be accomplished by pointing out clearly, and without reserve, their true character as they now exist, and by supplying them with that ever-ready auxiliary—a collection of photographs. Such pictures of actual buildings and their details as already are in existence, aided with those which the Architectural Photograph Society will not fail to produce, would enable the student to regard the Crystal Palace Courts in a new and a higher capacity; and such brief descriptive lectures as would bring home to even a casual listener the lessons which any of the Crystal Palace Courts may be empowered to teach, would not fail to attract attention, because they would enhance the attractiveness of the "Courts," by causing them to be better appreciated through being better understood.

Part VI.—General Remarks.

Before entering into any special consideration of another particular Court, it may be well to pause, in order to take a brief general review of the Fine-Art collections which have been gathered together within the Crystal Palace. When passing these really wonderful collections in review in their collective capacity, the first impression which will naturally and necessarily present itself to every reflective observer is their unique value for the purpose of *comparison*. If we analyse the contents and composition of any one Court, we may readily determine that certain omissions, and certain errors in judgment, are equally palpable; we may not be altogether satisfied with the system of arrangement; and we may object alike to the rendering of certain details, and to their selection, and to their grouping; yet the power and the value of the whole command recognition. In no other school can we find so many examples of what Art has done—no other museum will enable us, with equal facilities, to institute a really comprehensive comparison between the works which Art has produced in different ages, in countries widely separated one from the other, and by means of the most diversified agencies. It is impossible to estimate too highly the importance of this world-wide comparison. Everything which true Art accomplishes derives a fresh interest, and has its intrinsic qualities more fully developed, through association with every other worthy emanation from the same spirit. It is, perhaps, the chief impediment to the attainment of a higher and purer feeling for Art, that men are so prone to take every individual work of Art, and study it by itself, and estimate it without reference to other things. We look at a statue or a picture, and we form our opinion of them without giving a single thought to what they may acquire through harmony, or lose through incongruity of association. Our Art-exhibitions prove this but too painfully. We thrust a mass of sculptured marbles or moulded plaster into an ill-lighted cavern which will just hold it all, and forthwith we criticise what the art of sculpture has been either devising or accomplishing. Every statue, every bust, must fail to realise its power of impressiveness, of expression, and of suggestiveness, so long as it remains severed from objects with which it will harmonise, and which will prove to be in harmony with it. Though somewhat less in degree, in principle it is the same with an exhibition of pictures, and with every single picture that forms one of the continuous outspreadings of gilded frames and painted canvas, that we are in the habit of styling "exhibition." The worthiness of each picture will, in some degree, lie latent until the picture itself be properly placed. And proper placing implies appropriate and harmonious associations.

But there is also another aspect under which all works of Art need to be regarded; and this is that comparison of which I have been speaking. This is not the comparison of the crowded exhibition-room, but such as may be obtained from the study of many and various works, of which every one occupies a suitable position. The Crystal Palace, of necessity leaving very many of its collections devoid of appropriate associations (as is the case, unfortunately, with the majority of the sculpture-casts), has formed such a series of at least comparatively happy groupings as exist nowhere else. It is possible here to linger in one half-hour within such an edifice as the tragic poet might have claimed for his own, on the shores of the Bay of Baiæ; and in the next to lie down for reflection on the carpets of the Abencerrages; having passed meanwhile, not without thoughtful observation, from the columnar halls of Egypt, through saloons of both Athens and Rome. And the arts of the middle ages, as they flourished in Europe, have their Courts close at hand. If we look *through* all the framework that binds the veritable facsimile casts of various details together, and then look *into* each object with the view of gathering from it its teaching,—and so pass on—observing, studying, and *comparing*,—who can estimate the peculiar value of the general impression thus to be produced? And if a concentration of the collections already within the palace were to be effected,—if a more historical classification were carried out, and photographs were added, and descriptive addresses delivered,—surely we should hear no more of failure in the Art-teaching of the Crystal Palace. Visitors may not, as things are, perceive the teaching faculties that surround them; they may be even unwilling to admit their existence: there they do exist, however; and all that they need to give them effect is, that they be called into action. Here the Crystal Palace is like the late Manchester Exhibition: the "Treasures" are collected, and then left alone to work as they may—as they can. They need *to be set to work, and kept at work*, and then they will assuredly demonstrate their faculties for working.

In the present peculiar circumstances in which Art is placed amongst us, it will be well from time to time to seek from the Art-Courts of the Crystal Palace material for consideration. We can there observe certain characteristics of the styles now arrayed against each other in hostile array, and we may gather some useful suggestions from observing them there in friendly rivalry. In the actual conflict, the arts of the middle ages gradually but surely are gaining ground: the very bitterness with which Gothic Art is assailed, is in itself conclusive evidence that it is advancing towards the establishment of its supremacy; and, as it is now studied, and as the study of it and the practical application of it also now are advocated, it will maintain its advance. The Crystal Palace Courts may do much to illustrate the comparative merits of the rival styles: there, on the one side, are carefully studied specimens of classic Art, and opposite to these are ranged corresponding examples of Art as it expressed itself in action in the middle ages. We do not need, we do not desire to have either the ancient or the early lessons *acted out* again. We seek from them instruction in noble principles, and we would apply those principles with all the aids of advanced science and cultivated refinement, to the conditions of our own age and the requirements of our own circumstances. Many persons would persuade us that, in the architecture of classic lands, and in the arts of classic times, we shall find what is best adapted to ourselves; but others have happily ventured to look beyond this stereotyped sentiment, and they have found that in more recent ages and on our own soil, Art has left us a far more precious inheritance both of instruction and example.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM EVANS.

ENGRAVED BY JAMES REDAWAY.

ETON, FROM THE LOCKS.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

TALK OF

PICTURES AND THE PAINTERS.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER IX.

Marco Basaiti—Not represented in our Galleries—Works in the Gallery of Berlin—Altar-piece—the Madonna—Sant' Anna and Santa Veronica—Martyrdom of San Sebastian—Works in the Venetian Academy—Murano—The Abbey of Sesto—The Vivarini—Antonio—Bartolommeo—Works in the Ducal Palace—In the Academy—Luigi Vivarino—Churches of Venice—Cordelle Aghi—Marriage of St. Catherine, in Sir Charles Eastlake's Collection—Cima da Conegliano—Works in our own Country, in the Louvre, at Berlin, and in the Brera—Works at Venice—Vittore Carpaccia—German Appreciation of his Merits—Gentile da Fabriano—Vincenzio Catena—A Reluctant Adieu—Conclusion.

CONTEMPORARY with the Bellini, and if not equal in power to Giovanni, whose disciple he was, yet imbued with a similar spirit, and worthy for many causes and qualities to be placed beside him, is the Greco-Venetian, Marco Basaiti, for whose works the lover of his heart-appealing manner will seek vainly in our own country—so far as the present writer has been able to ascertain. Nor will the student find examples in the public galleries of Paris or Munich, and the writer remembers no work of Basaiti as enriching the gallery of Dresden.

Better inspired, and more faithful to their mission, the true lovers of Art in its purest phases, by whom the delightful galleries of Berlin have been carefully controlled and are most lovingly cherished, have secured two of those treasures to that capital, and to the people of the north. One of them is an altar-piece in four compartments: the Madonna, holding the Divine Child on her lap, is in the uppermost portion, having St. Anna on her right hand, and Santa Veronica, who displays the Vera Icon, or true image of the Saviour, the legend whereof is known to all, on her left. The centre of the lower part is occupied by St. John the Baptist; St. Jerome is on the right, and St. Francis on the left; in the background is a landscape. The second picture represents St. Sebastian bound and pierced with arrows; here also is a landscape of great beauty; and this work bears the name of the master. Both exhibit the high qualities which prove this painter to have been a worthy disciple of his excellent master, with some portion of the defects, much slighter and of less importance, that are, not without justice, attributed to him;—these works are indeed of all the greater value as being thus characteristic of their author. The drawing is good, the colour fresh and clear, pure and animated; the faces have not the beauty of expression exhibited by those of Giovanni Bellino, his master, and there is in parts a certain hardness, recalling that disposition towards the more angular forms of Bartolommeo Vivarino, with which this painter is sometimes charged; but the landscape forming the background is treated lovingly, as was the manner of Basaiti—that in the St. Sebastian more especially so, if I remember rightly; this last exhibits numerous small figures.

But for Basaiti, as for all the masters now in question, it is to Venice that you must go. "The Agony in the Garden," painted for the Church of St. Job,* with "The Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew," for that of the Carthusians, are now both in the Academy. These, and more particularly the first-named, are considered to be among the best of Basaiti's works; but there is an Assumption of the Virgin in the Church of San Pietro Martire, at Murano, which, if the recollection of the writer may be trusted, is in no wise inferior. Other works by Marco Basaiti will also be found in the Venetian Academy, but we are compelled to restrict ourselves to the mere mention of those named. There is a Deposition from the Cross in the Abbey of Sesto, affirmed to be the only work of Basaiti to be found in his native Friuli. This is, or was, in the Abbey of Sesto; it is described as exhibiting great powers of landscape, and much care in the figures; to the present writer the work is not known.

For our knowledge of the Vivarini we are in like manner indebted to foreign galleries, and those of the more distant. France and Bavaria, great and important for certain masters, will do nothing for us here. Dresden, and even the Brera, where some few of their contemporaries may be found, avail us but little more. It is again to Berlin that we must have recourse, while awaiting the fuller fruition reserved for us at Venice: to Berlin, where you will meet with fewer disappointments in your inquiries for the masters of this period than in any other capital of Europe—Venice herself excepted. Not that we are to hope for numerous examples even in Berlin: of Antonio there is only one; but this is a fine altar-piece—a picture in six compartments, and full of matter. It is in the three uppermost that the hand of the elder Vivarino is seen; those below are attributed to Bartolommeo. The figures are on a gold ground; in the centre are ministering angels beside the tomb of the Saviour; in the division on the left are St. Jerome and St. John the Baptist; in that on the left St. George and St. Paul.* The lower part of the picture presents the Virgin with the Apostles, on whom the Holy Spirit is descending. A portion of landscape is perceived between the piers of an arch: in the compartment on the right is St. Francis, with St. Anthony of Padua; on the left are St. Bonaventura and St. Vincent.

Of Bartolommeo Vivarino's works in this inviting portion of the Berlin gallery, an "Ecclesiastic reading" is one, and a "St. George piercing the Dragon" is another—a rocky landscape with buildings, occupies the distance, and the king's daughter, kneeling, is returning thanks for her deliverance.

By Luigi Vivarino, the most distinguished of the family, there are likewise two paintings, both representing the Virgin enthroned, with saints. Notes made at the period of the writer's first acquaintance with these pictures express great delight in one of them—an altar-piece, wherein is the Virgin seated with the Infant on a throne, St. Peter, St. Catherine, and other saints surrounding them; but the remarks then made shall not be here repeated, I will but add that all are on panel, and the one last alluded to is signed "Alowixe . Vivarin."

In the decoration of the Ducal Palace, at Venice, these masters took part with the Bellini, an intimation of the high esteem in which they, but more particularly Luigi, were held by the senate and people of Venice. There is a fine work by the latter in the Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari: this represents St. Ambrose seated on a throne, with other saints. In the Venetian Academy are numerous works by the Vivarini, many of those formerly in the churches of Venice, having been there deposited for their better security. It is to Venice, then, as before remarked, that the lover of Art who would study them effectually must proceed.

Cordegliaghi, or Cordelle Aghi, as he is more correctly named, is believed to have but one representative in our country—a Marriage of St. Catherine, with landscape background. This picture, formerly at Stowe, and now in the possession of Sir Charles Eastlake, Dr. Waagen considers to be "a good specimen of the mildness of expression, especially in the head of St. Catherine, and of the delicate gradations in the flesh-tints, peculiar to this rare scholar of Bellini;" and Vasari, who calls the painter Giannetto, while other Italian writers give him the name of Audrea, speaks of Cordelle Aghi as having "una maniera molto delicata e dolce, e migliore assai che quella dei sopraddetti," although among those "sopraddetti" are many names of renown.

Of Cima da Conegliano, the worthy disciple and earnest follower of Giovanni Bellino, the examples within immediate reach of the English student are not so numerous as might be desired,—more especially is it to be regretted that we have not more specimens of his landscape. A Virgin and Child, bearing the name of the master, is in the possession of Mr. Denistoun, of Edinburgh; Mr. McLellan, of Glasgow, has a Holy Family attributed to this master, and believed to be authentic, although the fact has been questioned. There are two of great beauty in the collection of Lord Northwick, at Thirlstaine House. One of these, a Virgin and Child, has a landscape in the background which adds much to its value, since, although not among the best of Cima's works in that kind, it yet serves to show the manner of the master, whose landscapes are often pre-eminently beautiful: those wherein he has depicted his home of Conegliano, in the March of Treviso, whence he has derived his name, are among the most frequent, if not the most striking. A St. Catherine, also at Thirlstaine, has yet higher merit in certain of its details, and bears the painter's name.* Lord Alford was in possession of a Madonna and Child, by Cima da Conegliano: this is believed to be now the property of Earl Brownlow. A picture of the Virgin and Child, with St. Peter and St. John the Baptist, is in the collection of Sir Charles Eastlake; and the Duke of Sutherland has a Presentation in the Temple, by the same master: this is, or was, at Stafford House.

In the Louvre is that Virgin and Child, with St. John and Mary Magdalen, long renowned as one of the treasures of Parma, and one of the works not restored to Italy at the general restitution in 1815. This painting, which exhibits precisely one of the landscapes alluded to above, is signed "Giovanni Batista da Conegliano;" † it has been engraved by Rosini. The gallery of Berlin is unusually rich in this painter's works; among them is the "Madonna Enthroned," a picture of the utmost value as characteristic of the artist. The portrait of his master Giovanni Bellino, affectionately depicted by his hand, is also in this collection, and some few will be found in other galleries more or less within reach of the English traveller. In the Brera, at Milan, for example, there is a Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome, and Mary Magdalen at Munich, and a Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple in the Dresden Gallery. But in Venice it is again that the student will most profitably study the works of Cima. In the Church of San Giovanni-in-Bragola, is the "Baptism of Christ," by his hand. In that of Santa Maria dell' Orto is a work respecting which Lanzi declares himself unable to find expressions of eulogy strong enough: the beauty of the heads, and the harmony of the colouring, are more especially insisted on. There was at one time a Madonna Enthroned in the Church of the Carità: this is now in the Venetian Academy: two angels are sounding musical instruments, and the Virgin is surrounded by St. George, St. Sebastian, St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, and St. Lucian. Of these works we do not permit ourselves to say anything beyond giving the names, nor can we do more for the "Descent from the Cross," painted for the Church of San Nicolo, in Carpi, and highly eulogised by Zani,‡ who declares it to have been esteemed by the possessor, Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, as in no respect inferior to the best efforts of Michael Angelo and Raphael, some of whose finest qualities he affirms to have been united in this work.§ Kugler describes the male figures of Conegliano as "characterised by a peculiar seriousness and dignity," and this is true; but the German critic is scarcely just in attributing to his Madonnas "an inanimate expression that is very remarkable." In common with all the masters of the religious schools, Cima da Conegliano impressed the faces of his Virgins with a devout and solemn character, far removed, and properly so, from hilarity, and even from exultation: but their purity and sweetness do not often degenerate into lifelessness or insipidity—in the hands of the best masters never; and it is certain that those of Conegliano are among the best. Speaking of a picture by Cima in the Church of the Carmine, at Venice, this writer gives the following just and truthful description of the work. First remarking that the colours, and at this distance of time, "glisten like jewels," the author adds, "the Virgin is represented kneeling in an attitude of the most graceful humility before a crib in which the child is lying. On the right is Tobit, conducted by a beautiful angel; on the left Joseph and two devout shepherds; further in the picture are St. Helen and St. Catherine in conversation. The background consists of a steep rock overhung with trees, with a rich evening landscape; there are towers in the distance. In this way, as in other Venetian pictures, the combination of a sacred event with other figures takes a new and charming form." ‖

In an earlier chapter some slight reference has been made to another disciple of Giovanni Bellino, Francesco Vecellio, namely, brother—and believed to have been the elder—of Tiziano himself. Few pictures

* San Giobbe.

* Not the Apostle, if my recollection serve me rightly, but St. Paul the Hermit.

* With the work last named many thousands have been privileged to make acquaintance during the present year, when it formed a conspicuous part of the Manchester Exhibition, as did a Marriage of St. Catherine, by the same master, and now the property of Mr. Watts Russell.

† I find that the inscription is in the Latin form, and goes thus—"JOANIS BAPT. CONEGLANESO OPUS."

‡ Enciclopedia metodica delle Belle Arti. Parma, 1819—22.

§ See also Ridolfi's "Meraviglie dell' Arte" for Cima, as well as for other Venetian masters.

‖ Schools of Painting in Italy, vol. i. p. 243.

known to be by his hand exist, but there is one in the Dresden Gallery, which is declared by competent judges to be authentic. The subject is the Ecce Homo, and the work may have interest for such as examine the question how far the great brother of the painter may have had cause for that jealousy of his kinsman—but too lightly attributed to him—by which he is declared to have been so far influenced as to have dissuaded Francesco from the practice of painting. This accusation is, however, not based on sufficient grounds; other causes, without doubt, determined Francesco Vecellio to the choice of arms, in the first instance, and subsequently to that of commerce, as his profession. In the early life of the brothers, and before the success of either could have time to be determined, there may have been most cogent reasons why both could not prudently adopt the same pursuit, and to some of these we must assuredly have recourse, if we would know the true reason why Francesco Vecellio became first a soldier, and afterwards a merchant, rather than a painter.

Among the engravings of the British Museum is a Holy Family, bespeaking "in its delicately executed background" a design by Vittore Carpaccia; and this is very nearly the sum of our possessions as regards that important Venetian master, whose admirable qualities, remarks a German author, "wohl oft das Auge des Künstlers entzückt haben."* And this is true, or rather it is part of the truth only, for the works of Vittore Carpaccia do more than "enchant the eyes;" they awaken the mind, they amend the heart. If, as a competent writer observes, "the conceptions of this master, who is, properly speaking, the historical painter of the elder Venetian school, incline to the *genre* or romantic style," yet must it also be conceded that he maintains that style at the very highest point of elevation. Vittore Carpaccia selected his subjects worthily, and he ennobled all that he touched. This, considering that his themes were usually lives of the saints, and subjects analogous, is much to say; but examine any one of Carpaccia's works, and you will find the remark fully justified. A few words from the author above cited will bring the mode of the master clearly before us. "He successfully introduces the daily life of the Venetians of his time in the greatest variety and the richest development; loving to fill up the background with landscape, architecture, and various accessories."

That does he indeed, and he effects it to purpose, as the long hours we give to him in the one gallery of the Venetian Academy alone, may suffice to prove. But there is more, and all to your honour and glory, thrice worthy competitor of the great Giovanni Bellini—wherefore let us give it place. "In this respect he may be compared to the Florentine masters of the fifteenth century; but the surrounding landscape and architecture of Carpaccia display a far higher finish, and assume a much greater importance. He avails himself freely of these accessories in his compositions, and binds them all together with a deep and powerful colouring."†

Three pictures by Vittore Carpaccia, now treasured among the most valued possessions of the Louvre, the Royal Gallery at Berlin, and that of the Brera at Milan,—each collection having secured one,—will be seen with especial interest by all who shall visit them consecutively, since they belong to one and the same work, the life of St. Stephen, namely, a series painted for the Scuola di San Stefano, in Venice, towards the close of the master's active life. The picture in the Louvre exhibits the saint in the act of preaching the Gospel to the Jews at Jerusalem; that at Berlin presents the consecration, to their holy work, of St. Stephen and six of his companion believers,—Philip, Procorus, Nicanor, Timon, Parmenus, and Nicholas, namely,—by the hands of the Apostle St. Peter, behind whom stand others of the apostles. The picture in the Brera consists of two from the number of these figures: it is accounted, and with reason, among the most valuable possessions of the great Milan Gallery. The Berlin portion of the work bears the name of the master, "Victor Carpacthius," and the date 1511; that belonging to the Louvre claims to possess the portrait of the master himself, a figure standing in the crowd of spectators, wearing the beard very long, and with one hand placed on it. A long beard was certainly one of the distinctive characteristics of Carpaccia's head; his features are strongly marked, and one does not readily forget them: thus the truth would be easily verified by comparison of his known portraits (they may be borne without difficulty in the memory); but the writer has not done this, not having visited the Louvre since the question was presented.

In the Venetian Academy there is a painting—among others to be found there—representing the Virgin, who places the infant Christ in the arms of St. Simeon. Of this picture, painted for the Chapel of our Lady, in the Church of St. Job, Vasari says, "Il colorito di tutta la tavola è molto vago e bello." He speaks, furthermore, of a History of the Martyrs, painted for the Altar of the Resurrection, in the Church of St. Anthony, but now also in the Venetian Academy; of this he says,—"In that work there are more than three hundred figures, large and small, with many horses, and numerous trees. The opening heavens, the various attitudes of the figures, clothed and nude, the many foreshortenings, and the multitude of other objects represented in this painting, prove the master to have executed his work with extraordiuary love and care." *

Among the pictures in the Academy is a series of eight, from the life of St. Ursula; these Kugler describes as "particularly worthy of attention; they are masterly works, rich in motives and character; the monotonous incident which forms the groundwork is throughout varied and elevated by a free style of grouping, and by happy moral allusions. The colours shine with the purest light."†

Speaking of other works, all mention of which we must forbid ourselves, the writer alludes to the vivid representations of Venetian life, buildings, people, and costumes, to be found in Carpaccia's works; and this is the fact. Superior in all beside to our good Gentile Bellino, Carpaccia was faithful as he—more faithful he could not be—in the delineation of Venice as she was in the days of her beauty; and for this do we owe love and gratitude to both the excellent masters. Over the high altar of the Church of San Vitale, in Venice, is a "Santa Conversazione," likewise mentioned by Kugler as exhibiting "the most finished execution. The architecture of the background still constitutes a kind of symmetrical framework to the figures, who are in eager conversation with St. Vitalis,—the latter seated on his horse, and occupying the centre of the piece." In the Church of Santa Maria-in-Vado, at Ferrara, is a "Death of the Virgin," declared by certain of the commentators to be the chef-d'œuvre of Carpaccia. Ernst Förster, among others, considers it to be his best; the present writer has paid but two short visits to Ferrara, both hurried, and made, moreover, when all but unacquainted with the works of the master.

Of some few other early Venetian painters, for whom we would fain bespeak the close attention of the student, we must yet keep silence at this moment, lacking space for even their names and those of their works; to say nothing of the due expression of that respect and gratitude which is the always gladly accorded due of more than one among them. With Gentile da Fabriano we would fain pass some time, nor is Vincenzio Catena‡ to be passed over without regret; but the time has come for parting with all, nay, even with the city of their love, if not always of their birth—that last a matter of but secondary import. And well did you then merit all the deep affection they gave you: glory at once and sorrow of *our* hearts, beloved Venice! In you it is, and in that neighbouring Tuscany, whose best light also poured its beams over the world, in what were *your* days of goodness—which is greatness—in you, that we find masters with souls informing their bodies, and with hearts that spoke directly to the heart of every beholder. Woe, woe, for the years that came after, and double woe for that the good ones shall never return! To us, to the future of our artist-life, they may come, they are coming; we look forward hopefully, steadily; but to you—never, never—the decree hath gone forth—it is finished!

* Ernst Förster.

† Kugler's "Schools of Painting in Italy," edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, vol. i. pp. 244, 245.

* See "Opere," as before cited, vol. ii. p. 540; or the English Translation, vol. ii. p. 338.

† Schools of Painting, *loc. cit.*

‡ One picture by this master—a Madonna with saints—was among those lately exhibited in Manchester.

THE APPLICATIONS OF IMPROVED MACHINERY AND MATERIALS TO ART-MANUFACTURE.

No. 12.—THE STEAM-ENGINE.

We are told by Mr. Smiles in his "Life of George Stephenson," that the great engineer, when once looking at a locomotive engine travelling on the first railway, proclaimed to his wondering companion, the great fact that the huge carriage was urged on its course by *sunshine*.

There is no passage in that extraordinary life which shows so strikingly as this one does, the far-seeingness of Stephenson. Years pass away, iron roads run the length and breadth of the land, and hundreds of locomotive engines rush to and fro with bird-like speed; and now, half a century having passed into the abysm of time, since this truth was uttered, our schoolmen, as if they had caught at a new idea, talk of the mechanical value of the sunshine, and prove to us, by the most elaborate mathematical researches, *that a lump of coal represents an equivalent of solar power.*

It may not immediately appear that this is an apt commencement to one of a series of articles which proposes to tell of "improved machinery;" but it cannot be denied that George Stephenson's is an exalting thought, and that with this fine idea correctly appreciated, we are prepared to enter on the consideration of some of the phenomena connected with the creation of modern genius—the Steam-Engine. Shortly, we purpose directing attention to a few of the remarkable machines which are employed in our textile manufactures. We therefore think it will not be out place if we devote an article to the consideration of the motive power by which those machines are impelled. The perfection of much of our weaving machinery is so great, that we can scarcely hope to see it improved. The machine appears to possess *life*, and almost to exercise a *will*; but when we examine it, we find that seeming will, is some delicate pre-organised arrangement, developed in the inventor's mind. Automatic engines are ever an instructive study, and more or less perfectly so are all the forms of steam machinery which we employ,—whether it be the mighty engines of a vast Atlantic steamer—the ponderous machine which lifts tons of water every minute from the depths of the coal or copper mine, or the delicate combinations which spin the cotton, flax, or silk, and weave it into those beautiful combinations which give permanence to the idea of the artist. The revolving shaft, the ponderous beam, the thousand spindles, and the flying shuttles, are each and all the representatives of the mechanical power locked up in a little mass of coal. As in the human system every motion of the body involves an expenditure of muscle, so in the machine every revolution is the result of the conversion of a certain quantity of carbon in the coal into gaseous carbonic acid.

Mechanical power, under whatever conditions it may be developed, is the result of a change of state in some body, somewhere. If we employ horse-power, the energy rendered available is at the expense of the muscle of horse; if steam-power is used, its mechanical force is the result of the combustion of coal in the furnace; and if the much-talked-of application of electricity as a motive power should be brought to a practical result, it would be at the expense of the metals in the voltaic battery that the force will be obtained.

It has been shown by some beautiful experiments of Dr. Joule, that motion and heat bear an exact relation to each other. Thus a body in falling through a certain space generates a definite quantity of heat, and that quantity of heat is capable of producing precisely the same mechanical force as that which the falling body could have exerted.

These are facts, quite independent of any theory; and whether heat be considered a *positive entity*, or merely a sensation, dependent on the undulation of the particles of matter, this law of the mechanical equivalent of each increment of heat is a truth, and admits equally well of explanation by either of the rival theories.

The steam-engine is now one of the most perfect of machines, but it has been long in reaching its present state. Hero of Sicily has conceited his name with an engine somewhat like a windmill, the fans of which were urged round by the impulsive

force of a jet of steam. We have indications, though dimly seen amidst the clouds of the superstitions of the middle ages, that steam was sometimes employed, rather for purposes of astonishment than for use. It is not, however, until a late period that any intelligible account is given to us of man's knowledge of steam-power. The Marquis of Worcester describes a steam-engine in his "Century of Inventions," but it is very doubtful if he ever constructed one. De Caus and Papin, in France, certainly advanced man's knowledge of the powers of steam; but it was not until the development by Black, of the laws of latent heat, and the experiments of Cavendish and Watt that any real advance was made. In the hands of Watt, that which was a mystery and a terror, became a trained power bent to do man's bidding. It must not, however, be forgotten that in this country, long before Watt, Savery wrote a treatise on the "Impellent Force of Fire," and that he constructed an engine for the purpose of draining mines, which he called the *Miner's Friend*. Newcomen, of Dartmouth, availed himself of his knowledge of the pressure of the atmosphere, and of the force of steam, to construct an atmospheric steam-engine; these, however, were still imperfect machines. It is not purposed to write the history of the steam-engine, or, now, even to describe the mechanical arrangements applicable to the several ends for which it is required. Having in future numbers to detail peculiarities connected with the machines employed in Art-manufactures, of which steam is the prime mover, it has been thought advisable in the present article to confine attention to a few of the more remarkable discoveries which have been made in connection with the action of heat on water in producing steam. It should be understood by all our readers that steam-engines are constructed upon principles involving the use of—

1st. High-pressure steam.
2nd. Low-pressure steam.
3rd. Steam working by expansion.
4th. Steam working by expansion and condensation.
5th. Engines combiniug in action two or more of these conditions.

It will be sufficient to explain that when water is vaporised at 212° Fahrenheit, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, it is in the condition termed *low-pressure steam*. If however water is vaporised in a vessel from which the escape of the steam is prevented, there is a constantly increasing pressure, the limits to which appear to be only the strength of the material of which the boiler is constructed; consequently steam under this condition is a compressed steam, capable, when liberated, of exerting the force which is due to the amount of compression. In other words, a certain quantity of heat is necessary to produce steam to fill a cubic foot of space under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere: now, if we continue to apply heat, and prevent the steam which is constantly being formed from occupying more than the cubic foot of space, we are storing a power which is exactly equal to the additional quantity of heat which has been developed; this is *high-pressure steam*. In some engines this high-pressure steam, when liberated from the boiler, exerts its force under the piston, and escapes; in others *low-pressure steam* alone exerts its power, and is removed by condensation. In others, again, a certain quantity of high-pressure steam is allowed to flow from the boiler into the cylinder—a quantity not nearly sufficient to fill the cylinder—and it is then *cut off*. The result is that the steam does its work by expanding in volume, or in passing from the state of high-pressure to that of low-pressure steam, after which it is condensed.

Numerous methods have been introduced for the purpose of generating steam more rapidly, and numerous contrivances have been made by which it has been hoped to develop force of higher intensity, but these have not generally been successful, owing to the imperfect knowledge existing as to the laws by which heat acts in the conversion of water into steam. The uncertainty of knowledge upon this point has been one of the fruitful causes of steam-boiler explosions, so frequently attended with the most disastrous consequences. Among the discoveries of the last few years are two in connection with this matter, which are in the highest degree curious and instructive. To these the remainder of this article shall be devoted.

Water exists in three conditions—solid, liquid, and gaseous; or as ice, water, and steam. These physical states, are entirely due to the quantity of heat. If we rob water of its heat, it becomes ice; if we add heat to water, it becomes steam. Now these conditions depend upon another peculiarity in water, viz., its power of absorbing and holding in solution atmospheric air.

Those who are accustomed to the aquarium know that plants and animals soon exhaust the water of air, and that they perish if air is not supplied. They will also know that the water can be re-saturated with air, either by passing a stream of water through it, or by allowing the water to fall through the air. The point of attention is this—water containing air, and water deprived of air, are physically different bodies. There are two ways of depriving water of the air it may contain: the first is by *freezing* water; the second is by *boiling* water.

Every one must have observed that the ice which forms upon still water is full of air bubbles; whereas the ice which is formed under conditions of disturbance is free from them, being clear and transparent. It is a most remarkable fact that in the process of congelation water rejects everything it may have held in solution in its liquid state. If water be coloured with indigo, or any other dye—if we add to it spirit, or acid—if we dissolve in it sugar or salt—if we disseminate through it any inert substance, or any deadly poison, and then freeze the water, keeping up a gentle disturbance, to prevent the mechanical entanglement which might otherwise occur—the dye, the spirit, the acid, salt, sugar, or poison, are each alike rejected; and we have a mass of frozen water, colourless, tasteless, and inert. Even the air contained in water is *squeezed* out of it in freezing. If we boil water under circumstances which will prevent the accession of air—as, for example, in a flask having a very long neck—the same result is obtained. By the application of heat, water parts with its air; and as the long neck of the flask becomes filled with steam, the air cannot re-enter, and the mutual affinity of the two cannot be exerted. It may not appear that, beyond the curious nature of the fact, there is much or anything of practical value in this.

Another remarkable phenomenon has been discovered:—*Water containing air boils at* 212° *Fahr., but water which does not contain air will not boil at this temperature.*

Having obtained a lump of airless ice, we place it in a proper vessel, and to prevent the accession of air, we drop upon its surface a little olive or almond oil. We now apply heat, and convert the ice again into water. We continue the application of heat up to the boiling-point; but there will be no sign of ebullition. We still apply heat, and any thermometer placed in the water will indicate an increase of temperature up to 250° or 260°, and still no signs of boiling. Now the experiment becomes dangerous, and the vessel should be surrounded with a shield of wire gauze; for as the temperature is still increasing, the water will, before it reaches 300°, *explode* with as much violence as the same quantity of gunpowder. The whole mass of water, at one effort, exerts an expansive force, due to the full quantity of heat which it contains.

Again, when we boil water in a flask with a long neck, it will, although the heat is still applied, in a few minutes cease *to boil;* but, instead of boiling, there will be, at intervals, convulsive bubblings, which very frequently break the flask. Avoiding this result, we procure water in a similar state to that obtained from ice, and the final results are similar. There is one other curious and important point. If water which does not contain air, is brought up to a temperature of 250° Fahr., and then a single drop of *water containing air* is allowed to fall into it, the whole mass bursts into an explosive ebullition of the utmost violence. To this cause many of our steam-boiler explosions may be traced. It very frequently occurs that a steam-boiler explosion happens after a rest of the engine, just at the moment that it is again set to work. Let us examine into the cause of this. During boiling, water parts with the air it contains; but as the engine continues at work, feed-water is constantly supplied, and air is carried in continuously; thus the normal state of water is maintained. The engine is at rest; the fires are still under the boiler, and no feed-water is supplied. Under these conditions the water acquires the high temperature of 250°, or more, without boiling. The engine is set to work, the supply-pipe is opened to the boiler, water containing air is admitted, and an explosion ensues, rending the iron plates asunder, or lifting the boiler from its bed, and carrying it many hundred feet through the air, destroying alike life and property. Does a knowledge of the fact indicate a remedy? It does, and a simple one. *If the supply of water to the boiler is never checked, an explosion from this cause cannot occur.*

There is another phenomenon connected with the action of heat on water which is yet more curious, this is the so-called *spheroidal state*. If drops of water are thrown upon a very hot plate of metal they assume a spheroidal form, and roll about in a strange manner, while vaporisation takes place with extreme slowness. If water is thrown into a red-hot vessel, and this high temperature is maintained, *it will never boil;* but remove the vessel from the source of heat, and when it has cooled to a certain point, the whole mass is converted into steam.

If a metal bottle is made red-hot and some water is poured into it, we may still, as has been said, maintain this high temperature without establishing ebullition. Beyond this, we may cork the bottle and still urge the source of heat to any extent—the vapour formed will be insufficient to drive out the cork; remove the vessel from the heat, and allow it to cool, and the cork will be expelled with explosive force. To explain, although we can do so but very imperfectly, the rationale of this, two or three other experiments must be named.

Make a ball of platinum or any other metal white-hot and plunge it into a glass jar of water,—it will be seen that the water does not touch it. The fluid is repelled and stands around it, reflecting the white light, of the heated ball, in a beautiful manner. Gradually the ball cools, and as this takes place the sphere of vapour collapses around the ball, and eventually the water falls in upon it, and it boils. Make a metal sieve white-hot over a well urged blow-pipe flame, and while the flame still plays upon it pour into it water. The fluid will not flow through the meshes of the white-hot wire, and we may fill the vessel with liquid matter; when full, remove the sieve from the flame, and when the wires have cooled to dull redness in daylight, the mass of water rapidly rushes through.

Into a white-hot vessel place any organic body, any combustible substance such as gunpowder, or any two chemical bodies having a great affinity for each other, and it will be found that the organic body will not be burnt, the combustible will not explode, the chemical affinity is entirely suspended, so long as this high temperature is maintained.

The point, however, of especial interest at present is this,—if by any want of attention, or by any accident the water in a boiler is allowed to be low, a plate of iron over the fire may be heated to redness, water now being let in, will assume the spheroidal state as it comes in contact with the heated iron. The spheroidal state involves the following conditions:—A temperature, *of the water,* below 212° Fahr., the escape of *vapour from the water* having the temperature of the surface of the metal from which it is escaping, *i.e.* a temperature considerably above 1000° Fahr. This vapour has no expansive force so long as this high temperature is maintained, but allow it to cool, it exerts a force due to all the heat it contains; consequently, from its suddenness of action, and the intensity of the developed power, it is resistless. In this way, without doubt, many explosions in steam-boilers are to be explained. Indeed, we believe, where the boilers are not themselves defective, that one or the other of these causes will be found to explain all boiler explosions.

Boutigny, to whom is due all the merit of investigating the spheroidal state of water, has devised a boiler, in which he proposes to use this spheroidal water and steam, as he conceives with great economy, as his motive power. The result of the experiment is not yet known.

Having sketched out some of the peculiar conditions which may be regarded among the novelties of science, that have an especial bearing on all kinds of machinery of which steam is the motive power, we leave the subject for the present, hoping to return to it, from time to time, in the consideration of those beautiful combinations which relieve human labour, and give perfection to Art-manufacture.

ROBERT HUNT.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. KENT & CO.

If there be one class of individuals whose business it is, more than that of any other, to watch "the passing moments as they fly," and on whose attention the rapidity of their flight leaves the most vivid impression, it surely is that class to which the public journalist and the conductors of periodical literature



FROM "PARADISE LOST."

belong. Speaking from our own experience, we may remark, that our year resolves itself only into twelve epochs, each following its predecessors in such quick succession,—the labour of one almost interweaving itself with the duties



FROM "HYPERION."

of the following, in "one eternal round," as it were,—that it is only by the recurrence of certain events which annually demand our attention, or by the advent of certain matters appertaining to a particular period, we are reminded that another considerable portion of time has been added to "the years



FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

that are awa'." And thus, for example, the receipt of a number of books



FROM THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

"adapted for Christmas Presents," which Messrs. Kent and Co. have just



FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

forwarded, indicates to us, in intelligible language, that we are fast approaching the termination of another year: it completes the twentieth of our existence.

Beautiful as were the "gift-books" of former years—the "Annuals" enriched by



contributions of the most popular writers of the day, and embellished with engravings



to which the term "gems of art" were never more appropriately applied—we do,



FROM LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

without hesitation, give the preference to the class of works that have now superseded them. The miscellaneous character of the "Annuals" was calculated



FROM "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

to render them ephemeral, but they served their legitimate purpose



FROM "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

well; and even had this not been the case, we should still look back



FROM MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES."

upon them with a kind of loving feeling, inasmuch as they pioneered

the way for the multitude of highly embellished books that have succeeded them, and gave to the public an appreciating taste for a high tone of illustrated literature, and a desire to possess works of such a class. The "Annuals" fell away only when they had existed so long as to make people feel the want of something better; and hence, to meet this necessity, publishers found that their own interests, and the demand of the public, were best served by the reproduction of the works of standard writers illustrated by the pencils of the first living artists. And there are thousands, both in Great Britain and her wide-spread colonies, not to mention countries that form no part of her dominions, to whom our artists are known only by what they have contributed in the way of book-illustrations; while the progress that has been made in this phase of Art can only be estimated by comparing the works of the present time with those that were produced fifty years ago, or even less.

There is scarcely a publishing firm of any eminence in the metropolis which has not lent its aid, in a greater or less degree, to this progressive movement: one of the earliest and most enterprising of these publishers was Mr. Charles Tilt, whose illustrations of the Bible, of Byron's works, and of several other popular writers, were known far and near. On Mr. Tilt's retirement from business, with an ample fortune, it fell into the hands of the late Mr. David Bogue, at whose death, not many months since, Messrs. Kent & Co. became his successors. Mr. Bogue, following the example of his predecessor, issued a considerable number of charmingly illustrated books, especially during the last two years of his life: some of these did not happen to come under our notice when they were first published; but as the copyrights are now the property of Messrs. Kent, who has afforded us the opportunity of examining these volumes, and ascertaining their claim to public favour, we propose passing them under review; for books of this class are not for a time, but for all time; they are "gift-books" for the Christmas of every year—presents adapted to all seasons, and suitable for all who can relish whatever is solid and good in literature, and elegant in pictorial embellishment.

The first volume we take up is Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, illustrated with thirty plates, designed, and etched on steel, by Birket Foster. Often as these poems have been the themes of our artists, they appear inexhaustible, and Mr. Foster's fertile imagination and ready pencil have extracted new sweets from the flowers of poesy that everywhere abound; whether the subjects be figures only, or landscapes only, or a combination of the two, he is alike happy in each and all; we can but point attention to a few—"Haste thee, nymph," &c., a group of maidens, followed by companions of the opposite sex, is a most graceful composition, all light, and life, and movement—so lightly and joyously do they "trip it," that the feet of the maidens scarcely seem to touch the earth; it is all sunshine here, on the landscape and in the heart. Sunny, too, is the little bit of landscape illustrating the passage, "By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green," &c., the scene might have been sketched almost in any lane, and yet the artist has so skilfully put his materials together as to give them the most picturesque character. The two subjects on the following page, the ploughman and the milkmaid, and those on page 9, "Corydon and Thyrsis," and "Phyllis and Thestylis," are tempting enough to allure any one into the fields and meadows to share the labours of the peasant, even with no more probability of becoming rich in this world's goods than the peasant's wages offer—for the air is sweet with the new-mown grass, and the meadow is jewelled with the golden king-cup, and everything is pleasant to the eye, and looks as if health and happiness pervaded all living creatures; here we see only the poetry of rural life, and sweeter poetry an artist's pencil never expressed. The group gathered round the blazing fire listening to "stories told of many a feat," is capitally done; the peculiar management of light and shade tells very effectively; and an elegant Watteau-like composition is that which forms the tail-piece of the L'Allegro. Il Penseroso opens with a stately, contemplative female figure walking alone; behind her are the arches of a bridge and the towers of a castle, forming the middle distance, and relieved against an expanse of sea, partially lit up with the shining of a young moon: the picture is in harmony with "the goddess sage and holy," whom the poet designates Melancholy: this is followed by a lovely little sylvan scene, in which Saturn and Vesta "met in secret shades." Similar in character to this, but with only a single figure introduced, are the engravings on pages 17 and 19; the misty moonlight in the last is beyond all praise. But we have no space to enlarge, though we could readily find something to say by way of commendation on each plate; and can only regret that we cannot introduce a specimen of these charming engravings, as they are on metal; hence, as examples of Mr. Foster's art, they possess an advantage over wood-cuts, however well executed, for his free and delicate touches could never be so produced by the most skilful wood-engraver.

The next book lying before us is Christmas with the Poets, "embellished with fifty-three tinted Illustrations by Birket Foster, and with Initial Letters and other Ornaments." Of this volume we cannot give specimens, for the reasons alleged with regard to the last. It is "got up," as a whole, in a far more costly style than the preceding—gold initials, ornaments, and borders being scattered more or less over every page; but the illustrations are not so numerous, and moreover, are not, in our opinion, improved by the tintings, which, in some instances, seem to conceal the fine work of Mr. Foster's etching-needle. His compositions are, nevertheless, quite up to his own mark, and little more need be said in praise of them; though on new ground as it were, among the songs and carols of the old poets, of which the text is principally made up, his fancy is as fertile, and his pencil as pleasant and truthful, in delineating the customs of our long-buried forefathers as they are when busy amid the scenes of our own times. On one page he depicts the court-yard of an Anglo-Norman mansion, with a group of carollers singing their Christmas hymn, while others enter bearing all sorts of "meat and drink, and each dainty," that will presently cover the Christmas table. On another page the boar's head is carried into the old hall in triumph, with sound of trumpet and voice of song—

> "Lords, knights, and squires,
> Parsons, priests, and vicars,
> The boar's head is the first mess."

Then we have a charming picture of "Old English hospitality to the poor," another of the "Jolly wassail bowl," and others of the "Yule log," a "Merry Christmas to you all," "Tenants bearing presents to their landlord," the "Shepherds of Bethlehem," "Wassailing fruit-trees," "Christmas sports," and a host more, which we cannot stay to enumerate. This is, *par excellence*, the book for Christmas, albeit we live in more sober times than those to which it specially refers, and although there are two or three songs or poems it would have been judicious to omit, at least for general reading.

Longfellow's Poetical Works, richly dressed in bright marone and gold, contains upwards of one hundred and sixty engravings on wood, from designs by Jane E. Hay—better known to many of our readers by her maiden name, Jane E. Benham—Birket Foster, John Gilbert, E. Wehnert, the last two gentlemen contributing only about three each. From such a multitude of subjects, how is it possible to make anything like an adequate selection by way of criticism? we have introduced three specimens, which our readers may take as examples of the whole. Mrs. Hay's appearance as an illustrator of books, is of more recent date than that of her fellow-labourers in this volume; in fact, so far as our recollection extends, it is the first book on which the lady has been extensively engaged; but henceforth we shall expect to meet with her often. She resided in Germany for a considerable time, and her style is founded on the German school, but she has not fallen into the hard and dry mannerism adopted by so many of the artists of "Fatherland;" there is a richness and a fulness in her designs which the men of Dusseldorf and Munich rarely exhibit. This edition of the writings of the most popular American poet is worthy of being made a household book in the homes of Great Britain, quite as much as in those of the States: America gave us her poet's songs, in return we give her our artists' pictures:—

> "Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hi."

In a less showy, but not less ornamental garb than the preceding volume, arrayed in deep purple and gold, is Longfellow's romance of Hyperion, illustrated with nearly one hundred engravings on wood, by H. Vizetelly, from drawings by Birket Foster, whose aid has now become almost a necessity in every work claiming a pretension to be ranked among the best class of illustrated literature. We learn from the few prefatory remarks to this edition, that all the local illustrations were sketched on each respective spot, a journey of between two and three thousand miles being expressly undertaken for the purpose. It may be assumed there are few persons who have not read Hyperion; all who have, know that the scenery of the tale lies in Germany and Switzerland; of these local views there is a large number; others, referring to no particular place, are imaginary; as, of course, are those that come strictly under the title of figure subjects. The volume is produced with taste and elegance; and if it pleases us less than those already noticed, it is only because even Mr. Foster's pencil cannot give to such materials as Germany has supplied him with, the beauty and richness which his own fancy forms out of the characteristic features of English landscape. We introduce one engraving from this book, and two from

The Pilgrim's Progress. This volume is ornamented with a very considerable number of designs by W. Harvey, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. True it is that John Bunyan's noble allegory requires not the assistance of the artist's genius to render it welcome, but were such aid needed, it could not have fallen into abler hands than those which have worked on this edition: they have had a wide and productive field wherein to labour, and the harvest reaped is rich and ample in proportion. A long and beautifully written memoir of Bunyan, by the late Dr. Cheever, of America, gives increased value to this most acceptable edition.

The Poetical Works of John Milton, in two volumes, are embellished with one hundred and twenty engravings on wood, from designs by W. Harvey. The peculiar nature of the chief poems of our great bard renders the task of illustrating them one of the most difficult it can fall to the lot of an artist to undertake, whose fancy need be inspired by "airs from heaven, and blasts from hell," as well as by gentle breathings from the paradise of earth. It has been said that Art can exercise an influence over the understanding that no descriptive eloquence can effect; but while this may be admitted as a general rule, there are many exceptions to it, and especially when the subject in hand ranges beyond the confines of earth; and thus the wonderful conceptions of Milton, when he carries us out of the garden of Eden, and frequently when he keeps us within it, are altogether unapproachable by even a Michael Angelo, or a John Martin, whose fervid, visionary, but poetical imagination, conjured up some wondrous pictures. Mr. Harvey has very wisely refrained from venturing far upon such mysterious ground; only now and then does he hold communion with the spirits of the air, the angels of light, and the angels of darkness; but there are many exquisite bits of scenery, and groups of figures, scattered through "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." "Comus," "Arcades," and Milton's minor poems have also received their due portion of the artist's attention. The engravings are by Thompson, S. and T Williams, O. Smith, J. Linton, &c.: we have found room for two specimens.

Cowper's Works in two volumes, with seventy-five illustrations by John Gilbert, engraved by J. O. Smith, next claims our notice. Our readers, to whom Mr. Gilbert's style must be perfectly familiar, will perhaps scarcely recognise him in the examples we have introduced. It is, therefore, right to mention that this edition of Cowper's poems was originally published, several years ago, by Mr. Tilt, when Gilbert had only just begun his career as a book-illustrator. We can, however, trace in them all the germs of that excellence he has since attained; indeed, some he has never surpassed, even to the present time, in tenderness, and in purity of feeling. His drawings now show more of the master's power, but not more of the artist's true and natural fancy. Two specimens are introduced.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence, in one volume, have found their illustrator, both as designer and engraver, in Mr. S. Williams. The example introduced, selected out of forty-eight, will suffice to show that the task did not

devolve upon one incompetent to fulfil it. The volume is uniform in size and "getting up" with those of Milton and Cowper, and is worthy of being associated with them.

Lastly, and to conclude our notice of the publications of Messrs. Kent and Co., we have GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD STORIES, with two hundred and forty illustrations, by E. H. Wehnert; of these we could find no room for specimens, and can only observe that they well accord with the spirit of the stories, which are as fanciful and unreal as the most mystery-loving German ever penned; there is a vast amount of talent and ingenuity, both in the tales and the wood-cuts, which may amuse if they do not edify.

ON ENAMEL-PAINTING.*

BY CHARLES TOMLINSON.

No. III.

TWENTY years ago, Mr. Alfred Essex published a paper entitled, "Some Account of the Art of Painting in Enamel," † in which he expressed his opinion that "writers on the subject of enamelling confounded the art of painting *in* enamel with those of painting *on* glass and porcelain; although these three arts are almost as dissimilar as their products—a painted window, a richly ornamented vase, and an enamel painting."

We have received from Mr. William Essex, "Enamel-painter in ordinary to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince Consort," a letter in which he makes the same complaint with reference to our treatment of this subject. According to him, the difference between the art of painting on porcelain and enamel-painting is that "the latter can be fired as many times as required. I never finish a picture," he says, "in less than ten fires, and I have subjected one to thirty, but that is unnecessary, although it proves the durability of the material." The second distinction pointed out by Mr. Essex is, that "on account of the great heat to which the picture is exposed, many metals are perfectly useless to the artist in enamel, such as iron, copper, and lead."

In answer to these objections, we must remark, that the chief reason why those branches of Art which depend so much for their success on chemical operations are beset with so many difficulties, is that the artists are not chemists. Hence, too, it is that the early writers on the subject are so confused and unsatisfactory; and it is not without justice that Mr. Alfred Essex, in the paper above referred to, exposes the complicated clumsiness of an enamel colour which, in 1817, was crowned with the prize of the Society of Arts. Such a recipe would not have been concocted had the inventor been a chemist; and we think that Mr. William Essex's first objection would not have been made, had he taken a scientific, instead of a technical, view of the subject. The best writers regard enamel-painting, or the manufacture of enamels, "only as one of the branches of the art of vitrification." ‡ Labarte also says (p. 101), "The subject of the present chapter will be enamel applied to painting on a metallic excipient; and in treating of the ceramic art, we shall speak of enamel-painting upon pottery." Laborde also says, "Toute matière susceptible de supporter, sans brûler, éclater ou fondre, la chaleur necessaire pour faire entrer l'émail en fusion, peut recevoir cet émail, qui, pour réussir complètement, doit être en rapport de dilatation et de contraction avec cette matière. L'émail appliqué sur le métal, et les émaux qui, sous le nom de couverte et de vernis, recouvrent la porcelaine, la faïence, les briques, les grès, les schistes, la lave, et les vitraux sont les mêmes quant au rôle qu'ils jouent, et au maniement." § Let us now see what the chemists say on the subject. Thénard says, "Les émaux s'appliquent par la fusion sur les metaux et les poteries." ‖ Dumas says, "Tout le monde sait qu'on parvient à fixer sur les poteries, le verre, et les émaux des couleurs variées, brillantes et capable de resister à l'action de l'air, de l'eau, et même à celle de quelques agens plus énergiques. C'est en se procurant des mélanges fusibles colorés par divers oxides métalliques que l'on arrive à ce résultat." * And again (p. 629), "Il est bien evident qu'avec des precautions convenables, toute matière vitrifiable pourra servir a émailler." Reboulleau also recognises the same fact:—"Les émaux destinés à décorer les metaux doivent avoir toutes les qualités requises pour ceux qu'on applique sur le verre ou la porcelaine." † It may also be remarked that the French apply the term enamel to the glaze which covers earthenware, the ornamentation of which we suppose Mr. Essex would scarcely object to as enamel-painting. Thus Dumas says, "Tous les potiers savent fort bien preparer l'émail qu'ils emploient comme couverte pour la faïence commune;" and Brongniart defines the enamel so applied as "un enduit vitrifiable, opaque, ordinairement stannifère," a definition accepted by all good chemists. Thus Professor Miller, of King's College, in his "Elements of Chemistry," published in 1856 (Part ii. p. 767), says, "*Enamel* is the term given to an opaque glass, which owes its opacity to the presence of binoxide of tin."

But notwithstanding the *chemical* identity of the processes, we are quite willing to admit the *technical* differences insisted on by Mr. Essex, and to divide the art of painting in vitrifiable colours into—first, painting in enamel; secondly, painting on porcelain; and thirdly, painting on glass. With respect to the assertion that iron, lead, and copper are never used as sources of colour under the first head, we may remark that the French enamel-painters employ all three metals: the copper, in the state of deutoxide, for a green enamel; lead, in the form of minium, in what are called the *émaux de Winn;* and iron, in the form of fine filings, in a brown enamel, and, in the state of red oxide, for an orange-coloured enamel. The calcined sulphate of iron is also used. Many other examples of the use of these metals might also be given, although Mr. Essex may probably, in his own practice, object to their use. But this is a matter of very small importance, our object in writing this article being to insist on the important truth, that the difficulties which beset the art of painting in vitrifiable colours are chiefly due to the absence of chemical knowledge. The distinguished chemists who have written on this subject are not, and indeed do not require to be, enamel-painters; but it is quite necessary that the enamel-painters should be chemists, or at any rate be ready to receive with respect the observations of such men as I have quoted. This is not always the case. The practical man, as he delights to call himself, often assumes an antagonistic position with respect to the scientific man. He regards him as a mere theorist, and fancies that he himself must know his own art better than a man who has never been apprenticed to it. There is, however, this great distinction between the methods of Art and those of science. Art (that is the technological, in contradistinction to the æsthetical portion) consists of certain processes or facts, together with rules for their application; science consists of principles whose peculiar function it is to gather up and generalise facts, to explain processes, and to substitute laws for rules. Art is human and subject to error; science belongs to nature, and is precise and unerring because divine. The light of science cannot shine upon Art without improving it; and the practical man who refuses the aid of science or theory, as he is pleased to call it, voluntarily accepts a disadvantageous position by placing himself behind the knowledge of his age. He may by his own skill and natural abilities attain a large share of success in his art; but so long as he wraps himself up in his secrets, and carries on investigations alone—*i.e.*, unaided by science—he will be subject to repeated and mortifying failures.

In order, therefore, that the results of Art may be harmonious and consistent, and their identity at different times remain undoubted, we must avail ourselves, so far as we are able, of the stability of nature as revealed to us by science. In no other branch of technology is there more need of the aid which is furnished by fixed chemical laws, than in the preparation and application of vitrifiable colours. In this art we can only be certain of our results by having the materials in a state of chemical purity, and compounding them according to the laws of definite proportions. For example, in order that the yellow colour furnished by chromate of lead shall be identical at all times, it is obviously a first condition that this compound consist of nothing but equal equivalents of oxide of lead and chromic acid. If this condition be complied with, the pigment will be the same at all times, and in all places; and if operated on under the same circumstances, will produce precisely the same results; but if either of the proximate elements of this salt be impure, the compound is no longer to be relied on. Different specimens will produce different results, according as they differ in the nature and amount of the impurity, although the identity of the circumstances under which they are applied may be carefully observed at different times. But it is not always enough that the chemical purity of the pigment be assured. In certain cases the physical condition of one of the ingredients may have considerable influence on the resulting colour; such is the case with oxide of zinc, which enters into the composition of some of the enamel greens, yellows, yellow-browns, and blues. If the oxide be lumpy, granular, dense, and friable, it will produce by its admixture with the colouring oxides a dull and unsatisfactory pigment, although it may be perfectly pure; whereas a light, flocculent, impalpable oxide of zinc, identical in chemical composition with the former, will produce satisfactory results. It is further necessary to identity at different times that the solution of a particular metal, or its oxide, &c., be always made at the same temperature; that the acids, &c., which dissolve it be of the same specific gravity; that the solution be always of the same strength; that the precipitate be neither more nor less rapid on one occasion than on another. All these, and many other conditions necessary to the production of a definite colour, require the careful consideration of a scientific chemist, which conditions having been well understood, committed to writing and published in some work of repute, an important step is made in advance; the artist as well as the chemist may proceed with certainty; the one to practice certain processes which have been made intelligible, the other to adopt such processes as a starting point for new investigations. Thus may mortifying failures and the repetition of scientific researches be avoided. During a long series of years such a course has been adopted at the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, and a large amount of valuable information respecting the preparation and application of vitrifiable colours has been digested and published, under the competent authority of M. Brongniart.* Most of the prescriptions for the preparations of the colours are the result of experience at Sèvres, either made under M. Brongniart's direction, or copied from the archives of the factory, which contains minute descriptions of the processes adopted for compounding these colours. M. Brongniart remarks that the chemist, M. Salvétat, who for many years has been entrusted with the preparation of the colours, has dignified the art by imparting to it that scientific perfection in which it was formerly deficient, "that is to say, he has given to these prescriptions the method, the exactitude, and all those precise conditions which belong to science, and which have been introduced with so much success and utility into industry." (Tome ii. p. 506.) Such a service as this was fairly to be expected of an institution which from the time of Louis XIV. has been maintained at the public expense, and has numbered among its directors such distinguished men as Macquer, Brongniart, Ebelmann, and Regnault.

Enamel colours are formed by the combination of certain metallic oxides and salts with certain fluxes, which enable them to fuse into coloured glasses. The metallic oxides are usually those of chromium, of iron, of uranium, of manganese, of zinc, of cobalt, of antimony, of copper, of tin, and of iridium. The salts and other bodies used to impart colour are chromates of iron, of baryta, and of lead; the chloride of silver, the purple precipitate of Cassius, burnt umber, and burnt sienna, red and yellow ochres, &c. Some of these colours develop them-

* Continued from page 220.

† *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, vol. x. 1837.

‡ Labarte *Description des objets d'Art*, &c. (Paris, 1847), or as it is called in the excellent English translation of the work, *Hand-book of the Arts* (London, 1855), p. 405.

§ *Notice des Emaux exposés dans les galeries du Musee du Louvre.* Paris, 1852.

‖ *Traité de Chimie*, &c.

* *Traite de Chimie appliquee aux Arts*, tome ii. p. 702.

† *Nouveau Manuel complet de Peinture sur Verre, sur Porcelaine, et sur Email.* Paris, 1844.

* *Traité des Arts Céramiques.* Paris, 1844.

selves at the highest temperature of the porcelain furnace, and they form the *couleurs de grand feu*, as the French call them; others, and by far the larger number, are called *muffle colours*, since they require only the more moderate heat of the muffle, in which the painted articles are enclosed, to protect them from the products of combustion of the fuel.

The *couleurs de grand feu* are limited to the *blue* produced by oxide of cobalt, the *green* of oxide of chromium, the *brown* produced by iron, manganese, and chromate of iron, the *yellows* from oxide of titanium, and the uranium *blacks*. These colours furnish the grounds of hard porcelain; and as the temperature employed in baking this substance is capable of fusing felspar, that substance is used as the flux. For an indigo blue, the proportions are 4 parts oxide of cobalt and 7 parts felspar; for a pale blue, 1 part oxide of cobalt and 30 parts felspar. The materials in each case are to be well pounded and mixed by sifting them together at least four times, after which they are to be fused in a crucible in the porcelain furnace. The colour thus formed is reduced to powder, and is ground up with oil of turpentine, oil of lavender, or some other convenient vehicle, and is applied to the surface of the biscuit in the usual manner, when being again raised to the high temperature of the porcelain furnace, the colour fuses and incorporates itself with the substance of the ware. The other colours are afterwards applied in the usual manner, and these are fused and incorporated with the ware at the more moderate temperature of the muffle; but although the *couleurs de grand feu* require so high a temperature for their fusion, this temperature is accompanied with certain inconveniences in the case of cobalt,—it is liable to volatilise, so as to affect the objects near it; thus, if a white vase be placed near one that is being coloured blue, the cobalt of the latter will rise in vapour, and give a decided blue tint to that part of the white vase which is nearest to it. Moreover, cobalt is uncertain in its results; it occasionally leaves white uncoloured patches, or it may present a dull granular surface, or display metallic grains. Oxide of chromium is sometimes employed without a flux to impart a *green* colour to hard porcelain, but as this colour does not penetrate the ware, it is liable to scale off. A *bluish-green* is produced from a mixture of 3 parts oxide of cobalt, 1 part oxide of chromium, and one-tenth of felspar; this mixture is not previously fritted, but is applied in a minutely comminuted state to the ware as usual. A fine *black* is produced from mixtures of the oxides of iron, manganese, and cobalt; and by omitting the cobalt various browns are formed.

With respect to the muffle colours, which are too numerous to be particularised here, it may be remarked that they are fired at a temperature equal to about the fusing point of silver. A higher temperature would be of advantage to many of them, in increasing their solidity and brilliancy; but it would be injurious to those colours which are obtained from the purple precipitate of Cassius, on which the artist relies for some of his finest effects. Muffle colours do not penetrate the glaze of porcelain, as may be proved by boiling in nitric acid a piece of painted porcelain after it has been fired, when the colours will disappear: hence the glaze of hard porcelain has but little reaction on the colour, and if this be not acted on by the high temperature, it ought to preserve its proper tint. The principle of painting on hard porcelain is, according to Dumas, the art of soldering by heat, to a layer of the glaze, a layer of fusible colour, the dilatation of which shall be the same as that of the glaze, and of the body of the ware. The function of the flux is to envelop the colour and attach it to the glaze. In most cases it has no action on the colour, but is simply mechanically mixed with it: it is, however, necessary that the flux should combine with the glaze. Dumas gives a caution against the common notion with respect to vitrifiable colours, that the colour and its flux are capable of chemically uniting by heat, and forming a homogeneous compound. In the case of muffle colours the contrary is usually the case, the flux being only a mechanical vehicle for the colour. Hence the flux must vary with the colour; but, as all the colours ought to be capable of being mixed, the range of fluxes is but limited. A common flux is the silicate of lead, or a mixture of this with borax. The borax cannot be replaced either by soda or potash, on account of the facility with which those alkalies become displaced in order to form other compounds: moreover, it is found that the presence of these alkalies causes the colours to scale off. The mode of employing the fluxes varies with the colour: in certain cases the flux is ground up in proper proportions with the colour, and is so employed; in other cases, it is previously fritted with the colour. When the colour is easily alterable by heat, the first mode is adopted; but when the oxide requires a high temperature for the development of its tint, the second mode is employed.

The application of enamel-colours to metal is beset with greater difficulties than in the case of porcelain and glass, on account of the facility with which the metal becomes oxidised; and it would probably be found that in all cases the metal has acted injuriously on the colours. The peculiar merit which Mr. Essex claims for his branch of the art—in being able to pass his work through the fire as many times as required—must be considered a doubtful advantage, for the oftener this is done the more likely is the oxide formed on the surface of the metal to become dissolved by the enamel, which thus displays defects which are beyond the control of the artist. Another inconvenience resulting from this frequent firing is, that if the enamel contain oxide of lead,—which it nearly always does, except in the case of the best Venetian variety,—the enamel reacts on the metal, metallic lead is formed, and the colour of the enamel is destroyed. The early enamellers sought to get rid of this inconvenience by employing gold as the excipient; but as gold is usually alloyed with copper for the sake of imparting hardness, the difficulties were thus only partially evaded. If the excipient be copper or silver, the enamels are almost certain to be injured in colour by contact with these metals, and the artist may think himself fortunate if this change be confined to the layer which is in immediate contact with the metal, although even this circumstance would be fatal to the effect of transparent enamels. Hence opaque enamels are preferred, but with them the edges of the work often show the mischievous influence of contact with the metal excipient.

In concluding these few remarks on the chemistry of enamel-painting, we will give a very short account of the method adopted at Sèvres for preparing the purple precipitate of Cassius. The number of rich and varied tints produced by this pigment have caused it to be highly esteemed by the enamel-painter, especially by the flower-painter. This pigment is formed by adding a solution of gold to one of chloride of tin, for which purpose fine gold is dissolved in *aqua regia*; the solution is diluted with water, filtered, and again largely diluted, when the colour should be of a light citron yellow. During these operations a solution of tin is to be prepared with the greatest care, for on this depends the success of the operation. The tin is also to be dissolved in *aqua regia*, in small fragments at a time, and these must be allowed to disappear before a fresh quantity is added. Pure laminated Malacca tin is to be preferred, and the operation must be conducted in a cool place, it being important to keep down the temperature of the solution. In this way a protochloride, and a dentochloride of tin are formed, the mixture of the two chlorides being necessary to ultimate success. A scanty black sediment will also be formed, but this may be separated by decantation, after which the solution of tin is to be poured drop by drop into the solution of gold, with constant stirring; but as soon as the precipitate is of a purple colour, the operation is to be arrested. When the purple is deposited the liquor is to be decanted off, and the precipitate collected on a filter; it should assume a gelatinous consistence. In this state it is fit for use, but must be kept under water. The quantities used at Sèvres are as follows:—15 grammes of tin are dissolved in *aqua regia* consisting of 4 parts nitric acid, 1 part hydrochloric acid, and 10 parts water; the solution is then diluted with 5 litres of water. The quantity of gold dissolved in the *aqua regia* is 5 grammes; but excess of acid is to be avoided; this is diluted with 5 litres of water, and the solution of tin is added as already described. It is usual to wash the precipitate with boiling water, when it should remain of the fine colour of old wine; and when mixed with proper fluxes, be capable of producing fine purple, violet, and carmine tints.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.*

Halifax.—Our contemporary, the *Builder*, gives, in a recent number, the following description of the public park, which was formally presented to the corporation on the 14th of August: it is the munificent gift of Mr. F. Crossley, M.P., to the people of Halifax:—"It is situated on the western side of the borough. It has four entrances, two in Park Road, one in Hopwood Lane, and one in King's Cross Street, and the whole is surrounded by palisades. The promenade is reached by means of flights of stone steps. In the centre of the terrace is a semicircle of steps, nine in number, and 27 feet in width. At the top of these steps a stone building is erected, 30 feet high, with arches in front, borne on pillars of stone. On each side of the building will be small fountains, and Grecian vases on pedestals. In different parts of the terrace are productions of marble statuary, of life-size, eight in number, the work of Italian artists, representing Hercules, Venus at the Bath, Aristides, &c. Below the terrace is a stone basin, 4 feet in depth, and 216 feet in circumference, with a fountain in the centre. Lower down is a little lake, with a serpentine walk about it, and bridges over it,—one formed out of rocks. The park grounds, which are laid out with trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, comprise in all about 12½ acres, suitably studded with numerous seats for the use of visitors." The inhabitants of Halifax, through generations to come, will have good reason to venerate the name of Mr. Crossley, of whom, we are happy to hear, it is proposed to erect a statue in the park. The subscriptions of his fellow-townsmen have already reached a considerable sum for this purpose.

Paisley.—The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Paisley School of Art was held on the 31st of August, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, and distributing the prizes to the students to whom they had been awarded. The attendance of pupils seems to have been less than that of previous years; but the deficiency is explained by the circumstance that, in former years, many of the pupils of the Neilson Institution attended the Paisley school in order to receive instruction in elementary drawing; but during the past season Mr. Urie, the second master, had attended the Neilson Institution twice a week, and given lessons to about 200 scholars, thus rendering it unnecessary to attend the parent establishment.

Coventry.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the Coventry School of Art was held on the 8th of October, the Right Hon. Lord Leigh presiding on the occasion. The Report stated that the number of students entered on the books during the past sessional year was 371 against 340 in 1855-6, and 340 in 1854-5. The progress of the school has been steady and satisfactory. Out of the eighteen works to which local medals were awarded last year, four obtained medals in the national competition in London; but as two of the awards were made to drawings by the same student, T. Mallinson, only three medals were distributed to the school. It seems, from a comparison between the number of awards and that of the registered students, with those of other provincial schools, that the Coventry school stands fourth in the order of merit.

Sheffield.—The friends and supporters of the Sheffield School of Art had their annual gathering on the 29th of October, when Mr. Young Mitchell, the head master, read the Report. The council regretted that no diminution had taken place in the debt on the school-room since the last meeting; it amounts to £1680, and the council, unable at present to raise so large a sum, had borrowed £1000 at 5 per cent., on a mortgage of the building. The number of pupils for the quarter is 263, an increase of eighty-two over the corresponding quarter of last year.

* We depart from our usual practice of disregarding all anonymous communications to answer a query which some over-sensitive correspondent at Glasgow puts to us. He asks—"Why does the Editor of the *Art-Journal* persist in offering an insult every month to the people of Scotland? Does he require to be informed that Scotland is *not* a province of England?" We feel greatly obliged by our correspondent's desire to enlighten our presumed ignorance, but we do not stand in need of his teaching, nor do we think that the "people of Scotland," whose self-constituted champion he has become, consider that we offer them "an insult," because it suits our purpose to place notices of Art-matters in Scotland under the general heading of "Art in the Provinces," to distinguish them from Art-news in the metropolis of the United Kingdom. We do not find our Irish or Welsh friends making it a subject of complaint that we chronicle their doings in the same way, neither do we see any reason why an exception should be made in favour of Scotland. Perhaps our Glasgow correspondent might furnish us with a reason; and if he will write to us in his own proper name—for anonymous letters are generally consigned to the waste-paper basket—we promise him to take the matter into consideration.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,*

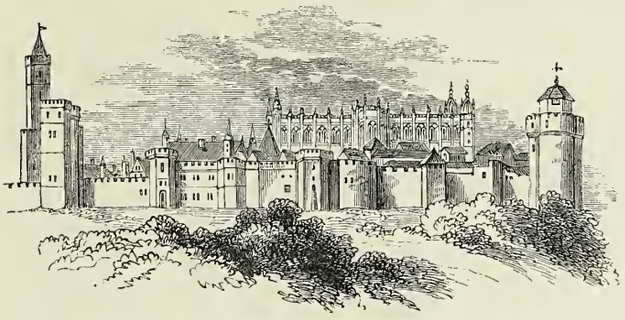
FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XII.

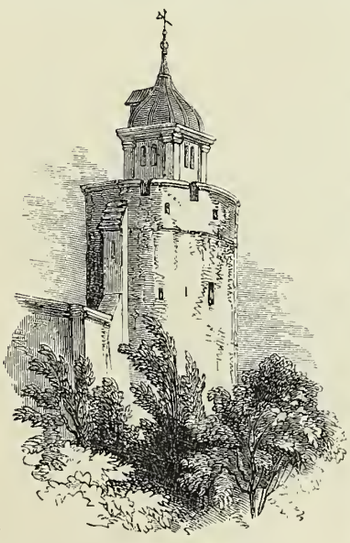
WINDSOR CASTLE, occupying a hill to which there is an ascent from all sides, is seen from every part of the adjacent country, and the several distant heights; it is always a pleasant sight, not only as regards the scenery, but with reference to its many "happy and glorious" associations with the past, and its suggestions of hope and joy as the favourite residence of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the royal family of England.

The earliest engraved representation of Windsor Castle is that to be found in Braun's "Civitatis Orbis Terrarum," 1594, which was drawn by a foreign artist—George Hoefnagle—for that work. We copy the portion that exhibits the walled forecourt, with the Chapel of St. George in the midst. The round tower beyond, as depicted in the same view, is very much beneath its present altitude, and is there termed "the Winchester Tower." The portion inhabited



ANCIENT WINDSOR CASTLE.

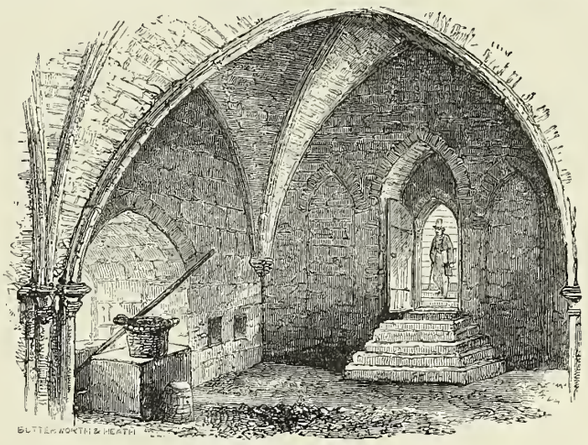
by royalty beyond this consisted, in the reign of Elizabeth, of a conglomerate of square and round towers, the work of successive ages of change, which adapted the fortress-home of the earlier kings to the more secured and refined life of the days of the "Lion Queen." The terrace is represented in this curious print as a simple embankment supported by wooden piles, with a row of rails to protect promenaders from a fall into the ditch below. The town at this time appears to have been a collection of small cottages, and a shepherd reposes with his sheep in the foreground of the view, while mounted courtiers pursue the deer in the park, accompanied by huntsmen who run on foot beside them. Such was the Windsor of the days of Shakspere. The present aspect of the castle is widely different; but, during every change, there has been one striking feature preserved—the old BELL TOWER, which we here engrave. It formed one of the most ancient of the defences; it is seen in the old view engraved above, and is now one of the most conspicuous points of the castle when viewed from the river, or seen in its full proportion as the visitor wends up the main street of the town to the principal entrance.



THE BELL TOWER.

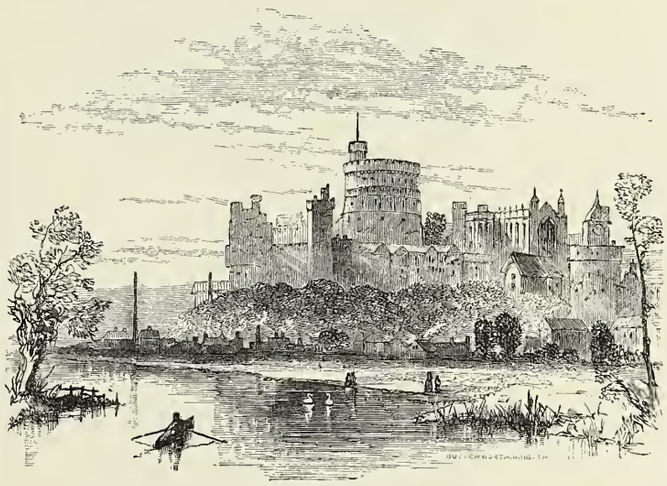
The bell tower, anciently "the curfew tower," was in early times the prison of the castle; and in the crypt underneath, the cells are still perfect in which state prisoners were confined. On the stone walls are many initials and dates, several so far back as A.D. 1600, but none earlier, except such as are undoubtedly forgeries. The accompanying engraving will convey an idea of this interesting interior,—in which, by the way, a subterranean passage has recently been discovered, said to lead under the Thames to Burnham Abbey, distant three miles, and supposed to have been constructed to facilitate the escape of the garrison at a period of anticipated peril.

Camden conjectures, "plausibly enough," that Windsor derived its name from



CRYPT IN BELL TOWER.

the winding shores of the adjacent river, being by the Saxons called "Wyndleshora:" in very ancient documents it is also so termed; and by Leland, Windelesore. The earliest notice of "Wyndleshora" is to be found in the "deed of gift," by which the Confessor presented it to the monks of St. Peter, Westminster. It did not, however, continue long in their possession, for the Conqueror, very soon after he subjugated England, "being enamoured of its situation, its convenience for the pleasures of the chase, the pureness of the air, and its vicinity to woods and waters," obtained it "in exchange," bestowing on the monastery Wakendune and Feringes, in Essex. He at once commenced to



WINDSOR CASTLE.

build a castle on the pleasant site; and in the fourth year of his reign kept his court there, and held there a synod. For eight centuries and a half, therefore, Windsor has been the palace of the British sovereigns, and its history is in a great degree that of the kingdom over which they ruled.*

In the prodigious pile which now covers the hill, there can be little resemblance to the castle in which the first William received his proud Norman barons, and the humbled Saxon "thegns" he had subdued. But it was not until King Henry I. had enlarged it "with many fair buildings," and kept his Whitsuntide there, in the year 1110, that it became known as the royal residence. He was married to his second queen at Windsor, in 1122, and five years afterwards he held another "solemn feast" at the castle, when David, King of Scotland, and the English barons, swore fealty to the king's daughter, the Empress Maud, at which time Windsor was esteemed the second fortress of the kingdom. More than one parliament was held here in this reign; it was within its walls that John angrily awaited the meeting of his barons at Runnymede, they having refused to trust themselves by visiting the king in his stronghold, and the king

* The reader will no doubt be pleased to receive, in lieu of the usual engraving of a work in sculpture, the accompanying print of ETON COLLEGE. It is engraved from a view by Mr. Evans, and cannot fail to be acceptable as illustrating this Tour of the Thames. There are few buildings in the kingdom more interesting to a large class; its interest being so essentially enhanced by association: many of our greatest men in arts and arms—warriors in "victories of peace and war"—having been educated there, and having there laid the foundation of that fame which is also the glory of their country.

* The seal of the Corporation of Windsor is here engraved. It will be perceived that the castle forms the principal object: the inhabitants were first incorporated by Edward I., when Windsor was made the county town until 1314, when Edward II. transferred it to Reading. The genuine old name of the town, slightly Latinised into "Wyndlesorie," appears on this seal. The corporation consists of a high steward (H.R.H. the Prince Consort), recorder, mayor, six aldermen, &c. It was declared a free borough in 1276. The population, by the census of 1851, was about 9000. The borough sends two members to parliament. Its principal public structure, the hall and corn-market, was built by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1686.



merely leaving the fortress to append his signature to Magna Charta, and return sulkily to his fastness. During the barons' wars the garrison was lost and won by both parties in turn. But the peaceful days of the first Edward note only the records of tournays and residence here; his successor had several royal children born here, and "Edward of Windsor" was his eldest, who afterwards figures so nobly in English history as Edward III. It derived accessions of strength and beauty from many succeeding monarchs. By the third Edward it was almost entirely rebuilt: the famous William of Wyckham being clerk to the works, "with ample powers and a fee of one shilling a day whilst at Windsor, and two shillings when he went elsewhere on the duties of his office;" his clerk receiving three shillings weekly. As evidence of the liberty the king's subjects then enjoyed, it may be stated that "three hundred and sixty workmen were *impressed* to be employed on the building, at the king's wages: some of whom having clandestinely left Windsor, and engaged in other employments to greater advantage, writs were issued prohibiting all persons from employing them on pain of forfeiting all their goods and chattels." Good old times!

In the great civil war the castle was garrisoned for the parliament, and was unsuccessfully attacked by Prince Rupert in 1642. Six years afterwards it became the prison of Charles I., who here "kept his sorrowful and last Christmas."

After the Restoration, the second Charles restored the castle from the state of dilapidation in which he found it. But for its present aspect we are mainly indebted to his Majesty George IV., who, by aid of his architect, Jeffrey Wyatt, afterwards Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, and "assisted" by copious parliamentary grants, gave to the palace its high character; Art contributing largely to the advantages it received from Nature. It is, however, to be regretted that these restorations were not postponed to a later date, when Gothic architecture is so much better understood; we may well imagine how infinitely more perfect the structure would have been if the successor of William of Wyckham had been Gilbert Scott, and not Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. To describe Windsor Castle is foreign to our purpose; it would demand a volume instead of a page; and there are many guide-books that do so with sufficient accuracy. Visitors are admitted freely to examine all the more ordinary apartments;* and these are richly decorated by works of Art. The corridor contains a large collection of paintings by many of the old masters, mingled with several of our own time,—the portraits of Lawrence, and the commemorative pictures of Wilkie, Leslie, and Winterhalter. During, a considerable portion of the year, Windsor Castle is the residence of the Sovereign. It is unnecessary to say that "the apartments" ordinarily called "private," but which are occasionally, and under certain restrictions, shown to visitors, are fitted up with a degree of graceful refinement unsurpassed in any mansion of the kingdom. They will not indeed vie in costliness of decoration, and extravagance of ornament, with many of the continental palaces; there is here no lavish expenditure, and but little of that "display" which excites more of wonder than admiration; but there is an elegant "fitness" in all things, appertaining more to comfort than to grandeur, and belonging less to the palace than "the home." But in furnishing and decoration, in the several chambers for state purposes, and in all they contain, there is amply sufficient to make the subject satisfied that the sovereign is worthily "lodged" when at Windsor, to rejoice that it is so, and fervently to pray that so it may continue to be through many generations yet to come.

Windsor Castle has been always described as the only royal residence in England; certainly, it is the only appanage of the crown that can be considered on a par with those regal dwellings in which other European sovereigns reside, or compared with some of the seats of our nobility scattered throughout the several shires. It is in truth a palace worthy of our monarchs; rising proudly on a steep which commands prospects innumerable on all sides, there is perhaps no single spot in our island from which can be obtained so grand an idea of the beauty and the wealth of England:

> "And ye, that from the stately brow
> Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
> Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
> Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver-winding way."

But the value of Windsor is largely augmented by the associations that connect it with the past. Many of the illustrious names of ten centuries have their records here: here the Order of the Garter was instituted; Windsor Castle is the temple of the order, which has been rightly described by Seldon as "exceeding in majesty, honour, and fame all the chivalrous orders of the world."† True heroes, many, have been numbered among the "poor knights," who have still their "convenient lodgings within the walls."‡

St. George's Chapel is in the lower ward of the castle, it was begun by King Edward IV., the older chapel, founded by Henry I., having gone to decay, as well as that rebuilt by Edward III. The king, determined that his new building should equal any fabric then in existence, appointed the Bishop of Salisbury to superintend it: so costly and laborious was the work that it was not completed till the reign of Henry VIII., the roof of the choir being the last thing done, in the year 1508. Sir Reginald Bray, the prime-minister to Henry VII., succeeded the Bishop of Salisbury as clerk of the works, and he was a liberal contributor to its completion; his cognizance occurs on several parts of the building. Some remains of the older chapel of Henry III. are still, however, believed to exist on the north side of the dean's cloisters, and at the east end of the chapel, behind the altar, where one of the doors is covered with old wrought iron-work of much beauty.

The chapel is the mausoleum of many kings. The earliest buried here was the unfortunate Henry VI.; but his tomb has been long since destroyed, and the royal arms, under a simple arch, marks the spot where it once stood. In the north aisle is the tomb of Edward IV.; it consists of a simple slab of touchstone, over which is erected an open screen, highly enriched with Gothic tabernacle work in iron, which has been gilt. In the year 1789 the vault below was opened, and the skeleton of the king discovered in a plain leaden coffin. In a vault beneath the choir King Henry VIII. lies buried; he has no monument, but one was in course of erection by him when he died, which he directed to be made more stately than the tombs of any of his predecessors. They were all despoiled and destroyed in the great civil war. One of his queens, Jane Seymour, is also buried at Windsor; and so was the unfortunate King Charles I.*

St. George's Hall was built by Edward III. as a banqueting-room for the Knights of the Garter, when they met to celebrate the festival of their patron annually at Windsor. The old seal of the warden and college of the chapel of St. George, at Windsor, is curious, as depicting the king kneeling to the patron saint of England, with all that minutiæ of detail which gives so much interest to these early works. At this time the festival was celebrated with tournay and processional display; many noble foreigners were invited to be present, and the utmost splendour of feudal pomp was lavished on the ceremony. For more than two centuries feasts of this kind were annually held at Windsor; the new statutes of the order, made by Henry VIII., precluded the necessity of holding the great feast here; and in the reign of Elizabeth it was arranged to be held wherever the court happened to be. So showy were these displays, that knights companions were allowed to bring fifty followers; and admission to the order has always been considered one of the highest honours an English sovereign can bestow. Their number (exclusive of foreign princes) is limited to twenty-five. The stalls of the sovereign and the knights-companions of the Garter are situated in the choir of St. George's Chapel. Each stall is enriched with carving, and behind is the armorial bearings of each knight, and above the silken banner emblazoned with their arms. The royal stall is on the right of the entrance, and is distinguished by a larger banner of velvet, mantled with silk.



But greatest among all the many attractions of Windsor Castle are, perhaps, those which are presented to the visitor by the views he obtains from the terraces, or any of the adjacent heights, and especially from the battlements of "the Round Tower,"—

> "Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and silver streams."

He stands in the centre of a panorama of unequalled beauty, and he is, as he ought to be, proud of his country. Look where he will, some object of deep and exciting interest meets his eye. Immediately beneath him, and seeming as if part of the grand domain, is Eton, with its many associations of the present and the past, and fertile in hopes of the future. Here Wellington learned his first lessons in war; here, in his boyhood, the victory of Waterloo was fought and won; here William Pitt, the elder and the younger, were the pilots that steered the ship through the storm; here Bolingbroke, Camden, Walpole, Fielding, Boyle, Fox, Porson, Canning, and a host of other immortal men, laid the foundations of that renown which became the glory of their country. A little further on is Slough, where, in a comparatively humble dwelling, the Herschels held commune with the stars;† there is the church-yard in which Gray lies—that of "Stoke Pogis;" while a little nearer is the "ivy-crowned tower" of Upton, immortalised in the most popular of all his poems; there too are the hills and woods that shadow the cottage in which Milton wrote; the mansion in which Edmund Waller and Edmund Burke lived and died; and the little grave-yard of "the Friends," where William Penn is at rest.

Iver, Langley, Bulstrode, Dropmore, Burnham, and Dorney—places honoured in history, and cherished in letters—will be pointed out to those who examine

* Tickets to view the state apartments may be obtained in London from Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, and other publishers. But also, by a recent and very judicious arrangement, visitors may receive orders from J. Roberts, Esq., at the lord chamberlain's office, within the walls.

† The origin of the name has not been recorded by historians; it is a mere fancy, that which relates how the gallant king picked up a garter at a ball, and, observing the "sportive humour" of his courtiers, exclaimed, "Honi soit qui mal y pense;" and added that withal that they should soon see that garter advanced to so high honour as to account themselves most happy to wear it. It is asserted by some writers to be derived from the circumstance of Edward having given "garter" as the watch-word at the battle of Cressy.

‡ This establishment was formed by Edward III. They were originally called "*Milites Pauperes*," subsequently "Alms, or poor knights of Windsor," but are now distinguished only as "military knights of Windsor." Their number is thirteen of the royal foundation, and five of the foundation of Sir Peter Le Maire, in the reign of James I. There is also an establishment (founded by the will of Mr. James Travers), but not within the walls, for seven naval officers. By one of the early regulations, it was declared that "the knights should be elected from gentlemen brought to necessity through adverse fortune, and such as had passed their lives in the service of their prince." This wholesome rule has been seldom adhered to until of late years. During the sovereignty of Queen Victoria no claims have been regarded except those of merit and service.

* The tomb-house now used as a royal burial vault was originally designed by Wolsey for himself. It was fitted as a chapel by James II., and, after his abdication, allowed to decay, until George III., in the year 1800, gave orders that it should undergo a thorough repair, in order to be used as a place of interment for himself and family—a purpose to which it has been since dedicated.

† The famous telescope of Dr. Herschel is still preserved in the garden of the house in which he lived, and may be seen without much difficulty by persons desirous of rendering homage to the memory of the great astronomer.

the rich landscape in this direction. Looking eastward and southward, other rich historic sites, and other examples of beautiful scenery, come within his ken. On a level with the eye is a range of hills—St. Leonard's Hill, High-standing Hill, Priest's Hill, and Cooper's Hill; while further eastward are St. Anne's Hill and St. George's Hill. At St. Leonard's Hill dwelt "for a season" the Earl of Chatham, "the great father of a greater son;" there, too, is Binfield, where Pope "lisped in numbers,"—

"First in these fields he tried the sylvan strain,"

under the trees of Windsor forest, in his boyhood, he conned his lessons, accompanied by his tutor, an old French Roman Catholic priest. Cooper's Hill overlooks Runnymede, commemorated in the beautiful verse of Denham:—

"Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;"

while St. Anne's Hill looks down on the town of Chertsey, where dwelt in calm retirement, after seasons of exciting labour and thought, Charles James Fox, and where

"The last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

Gazing up "the Long Walk,"—that noble tree-avenue of three miles,—the visitor sees the statue of the third George, whose memory is dear to all who love the kindly, the good, and the true; while at intervals, among its younger hopes, are those venerable sovereigns of the forest, who wore their green leaves in glory when the Conqueror was at Hastings.

To enumerate half the places seen from Windsor Castle, and which time, circumstance, and some heroic or grateful memory have rendered famous, would occupy pages of our tour. We may not forget, however, that the sight is often cheered and gratified while wandering over the view from "Windsor's heights" by those well-managed and productive "farms," which, under the personal care of the Prince Consort, are examples and lessons to the English gentleman.

But to the present age, and the existing generation, the castle at Windsor is suggestive of holier and happier feelings than those we derive from the past. The most superb of our palaces is accepted as a model for the home of the humblest, as of the highest, British subject; the lowliest in position, as well as the loftiest in rank, deriving their best example from those graces and virtues which are adornments of the proudest mansion of the realm. And not alone is this "home" pre-eminent for domestic happiness: the personal character of the Sovereign, and that of her illustrious Consort, influence every class and order of society; they are the patrons of all improvements for the good of their country; all its charities are helped and forwarded by them; under their just and considerate rule, at a time when every state in Europe was in peril, there was no disaffection at home: loyalty has become the easiest of English duties; those who teach the present generation the old and venerated lesson, "Fear God and honour the Queen," have to contend against no prejudice, to reason down no opposing principle, to overcome no conscientious scruples that rational liberty is abridged by earnest and devoted homage to the crown. It is the universal heart of her kingdom which utters the "common" prayer—"that God will with favour behold our most gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria; endow her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live; and strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies."



HERNE'S OAK: THE EARLIER.

The "Little Park," so called, because of its immediate contiguity to the castle, and to distinguish it from the "Great Park," is described as about four miles in circumference; it derives interest, in addition to its intrinsic beauty, as the scene of those revels which Shakspere has described in his "Merry Wives of Windsor."* And here was the famous tree—"Herne's Oak"—round which "the hunter"—

"Some time a keeper here in Windsor Forest"—

was doomed to walk "all the winter time." The veritable tree seems to have been cut down by some unfortunate accident at the close of the past century.

* The Little Park was enclosed some years ago, during the present reign, and the meadow below the slope was given in exchange to the people of Windsor, who now play at cricket there, and use it for *fêtes* and other amusements.

Ireland, in his picturesque views of the Thames, published in 1792, describes it as then standing, and gives an engraving of it, which we copy.

There are, however, many in Windsor who believe that *this* tree was not *the* tree, but that a venerable ruin which still exists, and to preserve which every possible care has been taken, is actually that to which the "immortal poet" made reference in the drama of which the scene is laid in this neighbourhood. Among the most strenuous advocates for this view of the case is Mr. Jesse, whose works exhibit so much of pure fancy in combination with observation, thought, and genuine love of Nature; for there can be no doubt that the venerable father of the forest, whose cause Mr. Jesse eloquently adopts, was aged when Falstaff was pricked by the fairies under the branches of some denizen of the forest "thereabouts."

"Under its boughs, all mossed with age,
And high top bald with grey antiquity."

At all events, be it the true tree or its successor, it is venerable and interesting, and the reader will be pleased to examine its likeness, as an example of the antique character of the sylvan scenery of Windsor.*



HERNE'S OAK: THE LATER.

From the parks at Windsor we are naturally led to some consideration of Windsor Forest: there is nothing of its class in the kingdom more entirely beautiful, —in a word, it is worthy of the magnificent castle to which it is attached.



WICKLIFF'S OAK.

Although now of comparatively limited extent, it was "anciently" among the largest forests of the kingdom.† "It comprised a part of Buckinghamshire,

* The question as to the identity of this tree with that named by Shakspere was anxiously inquired into by Mr. Knight in his edition of the immortal poet's works, and he places beyond doubt the fact of its destruction. West, the president of the Royal Academy, used to relate that King George III. "had directed all the trees in the park to be numbered, and upon the representation of the bailiff that certain trees encumbered the ground, directions were given to fell those trees, and that Herne's Oak was among the number." Mr. Nicholson, the landscape-painter, some time after this made further inquiries on the point, and requested Lady Ely to ask the king himself, and he confirmed the story, saying, "that when he was a young man it was represented to him that there were several old oaks in the park which had become unsightly objects, and that it would be desirable to take them down; he gave immediate directions that such trees should be removed, but he was afterwards sorry he had given such an order inadvertently, because he found that, among the rest, the remains of Herne's Oak had been destroyed."

† One of the most beautiful spots in Windsor Forest is "the Heronry;" the birds are still numerous there. It lies in the vicinity of the red brick tower at the western extremity of the park. The neighbouring scenery strongly calls to mind the sylvan descriptions in "As You Like It;" it is probable that Shakspere derived many of his ideas of forest scenery from Windsor Forest.

as well as a considerable district of Surrey, and ranged over the whole of the south-eastern part of Berkshire, as far as Hungerford." In Surrey it included Chertsey, and its eastern boundary is said to be marked by an aged oak tree, still standing at Addlestone, and under the boughs of which tradition states that Wickliff preached. The reader will, no doubt, be gratified if we submit to him a picture of this tree also.

Let us vary our more matter-of-fact details by the introduction of one of those sketches which, though of little importance in themselves, like the lights in a picture may give strength and value to a subject.

Many years have passed since we believed we knew every house, cottage, lodge, and tree, in the picturesque neighbourhood of Old Windsor; indeed once, when in very ill health, we spent three months at a keeper's lodge; his wife had been the favourite servant of an old friend, and we were especially recommended to her care because of the air, and quiet, and new milk, and fresh eggs, and the quantity of game (no imputation on the good keeper's honesty). It was then we learned all the green paths and brown roads, and dales and dells, of this charming locality; spending hours, day after day, in the forest, with no other companions than a sure-footed pony and the keeper's only child—a particularly shy, mild, blue-eyed, blushing sort of girl, who looked fifteen, but was quite twenty; who used to cry over "Paul and Virginia" at least once a week, and knew by heart every word of "Turn, gentle hermit of the dale," and "Margaret's Ghost;" who loved moonlight, believed in fortune-tellers, and confessed that whenever she tossed a cup she found a true-lover's knot in the bottom. It was, therefore, evident that the girl had a lover somewhere; but as we had never seen him, we asked no questions. We had taken several excursions together, and we fancied we had made considerable progress in all kinds of forestry: could tell the different sorts of birds'-nests at a glance; could find a hare's form, and could track a rabbit; could tell how the wind blew, and where the deer lay; and knew many lonely roads and winding paths where that enemy of tranquillity, "the public," had never been.

One evening, returning from a delicious ramble, our fair guide turned into a cover so close that we almost laid down on the pony's neck to avoid contact with boughs and brambles; and when that peril was past, we found ourselves on a long strip of upland which stretched away for a considerable distance. This narrow elevation, had it been near the castle, or any other dwelling, would have formed a terrace, sloping as it did on each side into the wildest underwood, running on boldly and unsheltered, save at its abrupt termination, where, in far back times, two trees had been planted, designed perhaps to form what their interlacing boughs really had formed—a natural arch. Through this there was a bird's-eye peep at the Thames: there lay, like a vast mirror, the calm, silent river, lending its magic light to the landscape, touched here and there by the rose-coloured and saffron tints of the setting sun: indeed, the sun had set, but the tender, farewell colours still lingered on the clouds, and were reflected by the faithful river. The scene was so unexpected, and so fascinating, that we drew up with an exclamation of delight, much to the pony's contentment, who immediately began to crop the grass. After a sufficient pause, so rapidly were the tints fading that, as we rode slowly along the ridge towards the trees, the river, in the deepening twilight, assumed a very soft, grey, lake-like effect—it was the perfection of repose. We asked our fair guide (whose bustling, thrifty mother had given her the out-of-the-way name of Rizpah) if this elevation was supposed to be natural or artificial, and she informed us that some said it was thrown up in old times in a single night, so that one of the ancient queens could sit there on her palfrey to see a battle. This was not satisfactory, but our guide had no more to tell. Rizpah, however, deficient as she was in historic information touching the pathway, became quite eloquent in its praise; she thought it the prettiest spot in park or forest—the river shone so bright between the trees. Did we not observe how beautifully the ferns waved at either side?—they were so large: and in the little valley beyond the trees, just down the slope, there were so many orchids; and at the other side of the wood-cutter's hut (yes, that distant brown ridge was a wood-cutter's hut) there were such lovely beds of iris, and such reeds! Should she go and gather some? the pony could not well go along in the hollow—the felled timber lay here, and there, and everywhere; but she could run over them—it was so pleasant to spring from one log to another! But the blackbird was whistling his evening hymn, the bees and butterflies had folded themselves up for the night, and the "whang" of the cockchafer, and peculiar cry of the owl—not the "hoot-tu-who!" but the waking cry, a struggle in his throat, trying his voice, as it were, before he commences his fearful shout—warned us that the night would fall before we arrived at the lodge if we tarried longer; and so we told Rizpah very decidedly—for she always tried to have her own way—that we would come another time—the dew was falling, and we dared not linger.

The girl looked disappointed, and we turned our pony (nothing loth) homeward; suddenly a clear sharp cry—the nearest attempt a woman makes at a shout—broke upon our ear, and in less than a minute it was answered. We looked for Rizpah, and saw her running towards us from beneath the long shadows of the arched trees.

"What cry was that?"

"It was I," replied the panting Rizpah, as she laid her hand on the pony's neck, and seemed intent on picking her steps, though the path was broad and clear, a rich carpet of short grass and moss; "It was I; and did you not hear the echo?"

"Echo!" we repeated; "we heard an answering shout, but no echo."

"It is a curious echo," persisted Rizpah; "we have many curious sounds in these parks and forests."

Now we had been fully convinced that Rizpah was practising upon our credulity, and were half amused and half provoked at the coolness and self-possession of the shy, innocent-looking forest girl, but we simply repeated, "Very curious indeed; was the echo there when the queen sate on her palfrey to see the battle of the Thames?"

Rizpah replied, with her usual mixture of coolness and innocence, "She did not know."

Rizpah's mother was a stout, rosy dame, simple-minded and straightforward—bright, cheerful, good-natured, and somewhat noisy; but though her voice was loud, it was not unmusical or inharmonious, and there was a tenderness in its tone when she spoke to the sick or the old, or the little children who sometimes found their way to her door, that was quite pleasant to hear. Her husband was like all other "keepers"—a tall, broad-shouldered man; we never saw him out of his dun-coloured leather leggins, or without his gun, and hardly ever heard his voice. She patted and petted him and her daughter, and patronised them in an easy, good-natured way, as if they were both little ones. She extended this care-taking to ourselves; and thus saved us all trouble in our domestic arrangements, while evidently increasing her own happiness. A great portion of that happiness depended on her being considered a "clever woman;" she was proud of that, proud of being clever and clear-sighted.

On our return, we were reproved for being out so late, and Rizpah was rather sharply questioned as to the cause. We had just commenced telling the good dame about the echo, when Rizpah, who was preparing tea, poured, as if accidentally, a little of the boiling water out of the teakettle on her mother's favourite cat—a cat, by the way, who was chained every evening at six o'clock to the feuder, to prevent its poaching. The scolding and commiseration which followed interrupted the story.

The cottage was a perfect bower of ivy, and clematis, and roses, and woodbine: along the south wall each climber seemed to flourish over its own particular territory, but at the gable end, where our rooms were situated, all mingled together; while the eaves were tenanted by birds which even the cat did not seem inclined to disturb.

"If you please," said Rizpah, while removing the tea-tray, "there is no use in telling mother about the echo; she never believes in it, or in anything—not even in Herne the Hunter, or the fairy bridges at full moon over the Thames. Father and I never tell her anything of that sort."

"But she could test the echo."

"It's too far for mother to walk, and the pony would not be able to carry her: so, if you please, it's better to say nothing about it. She would begin to fancy things."

"What things, Rizpah?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the girl, blushing; "mother has a very active mind: I would rather you said nothing about it." And she raised her soft liquid blue eyes to ours with such an appealing look, that we said quietly, "Very well," and commenced reading.

In about an hour we heard a soft, low whistle, a little to the right; it was repeated twice. We opened our door, and passing along a passage, entered the kitchen; there stood Rizpah, looking decidedly sulky, with extended hands, holding a very thick skein of worsted, which her mother was slowly winding, talking all the time in an unmistakeable lecturing voice.

"I fear," I said, "there are poachers about; I have heard a whistle repeated three times."

"It's only the wind in the woodbine," said Rizpah, quickly; and while she spoke the clock struck nine.

"It's too early for poachers," said the dame, "and the moon is at full; they know better than to be about at this hour, or at full moon."

"It was *not* the wind in the woodbine, Rizpah," we replied, "nor in the ivy either—surely we must know the whistle of a man from the whistle of the wind: besides, there is not sufficient air afloat to move the petal of a rose."

At that moment an ill-favoured, snub-nosed, rough-coated, faithful, ugly dog—one of those miracles of canine sagacity and bad temper to be depended on only in moments of difficulty and danger—stood suddenly up on his hind legs, and placing his stubbed, vulgar paws on the ledge of the window, pricked his ears, bared his teeth (Rizpah used to call it laughing), whined, and wagged a nothing of a stump, which courtesy might designate a tail, most vigorously.

"Down, Dicken! down, sir!" exclaimed Rizpah, stamping her foot.

"Oh! oh!" said the dame, throwing her ball on the floor, "is *that* the wind in the woodbine? Soh! There's but one human creature beside your father and us two that Dicken laughs at!" The dame threw up the window, and there was a rustling among the branches; but Rizpah held the struggling Dicken in her arms.

"It's either father, or the white owl in the ivy," faltered Rizpah, still restraining the dog.

"Father, or the white owl in the ivy!" repeated the dame, in her loudest and most contemptuous tone; "why, you jade, you know father's always a-bed and asleep, on moonlight nights, until eleven. The owl in the ivy, indeed! why he was found dead this morning." In a moment she had seized one of the guns, which always lay in a corner of the kitchen, and presented it at the darkness. Rizpah fell on her knees screaming, and Dicken sprang out of the window.

"What's to do here?" inquired the keeper's gruff, determined voice from the outside, and we saw him dimly under the shadow of the projecting roof; "put down the gun, mother, and open the door; it's quite time to put a stop to this hide-and-seek foolery."

Rizpah, trembling and blushing, rose from her knees: it was not so dark but she saw that her father had taken a prisoner. "Oh, mother! mother!" she exclaimed, "father knew he was come back—and oh, mother! mother!"

And "Ah, Rizpah! Rizpah! was *that* the echo from the Thames? Is that great six-foot-one young man the 'wind in the woodbine?' Is the individual you call 'Paul' the 'owl in the ivy?' Sly, sly, quiet little blushing Rizpah! for shame!"

The next morning it was the dame who looked sulky, and instead of patting and petting Rizpah, it was Rizpah who petted and patted the dame. There might have been "family reasons," which did not concern us, but it was evident that the usually self-contained gamekeeper had determined Paul should marry Rizpah, and that Rizpah offered no opposition. The dame was either tired out, or won over—perhaps a little of both: at all events, we lost our forest guide, but not before we knew the forest well.

THE ADDITIONS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The national collection has opened after the recess with a very important addition to its attractions; whence it may now be inferred that the authorities are in earnest in the formation of a catalogue worthy of the nation. The additions are seven in number, of which the principal is the famous Pisani picture, by Paul Veronese, that has been purchased for £14,000. Another is that everlasting anatomical *pons asinorum* of the old masters, a "St. Sebastian," by Antonio Pallajuolo; a third, an example of Filippino Lippi the younger, having for its subject the "Virgin and Child," with St. James and St. Dominic; "St. Jerome in the Desert kneeling before a Crucifix," by Cosimo Rosselli; a picture by Sandro Botticelli; a portrait by John Van Eyck; and lastly, a portrait of a Young Lady, by Lucas Cranach, purchased at the late sale at Alton Towers.

The picture by Paul Veronese, entitled, "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander after the Battle of Issus," is large, being in height upwards of seven feet, and in length more than fifteen. The treatment of the subject is in its spirit similar to that of "The Marriage of Cana;" the agroupments being relieved by an architectural screen of white marble, consisting of arches and pillars alternately, and surmounted by a balustrade, behind which, according to the known taste of the painter, numerous figures appear contemplating the scene beneath them. It may be supposed that in opposition to such a ground the masses and figures tell very effectively—indeed, the artist has fully availed himself of this vantage-ground. The conqueror and his circle of attendants occupy the right wing of the composition, while the centre is filled by the captive and kneeling suppliants, the mother, wife, and daughters of Darius. Having mistaken Hephæstion for Alexander, the queen-mother, Sisygambis, implores pardon of the conqueror for the error into which they have fallen; but pointing to his friend who stands by his side, Alexander tells Sisygambis there is no mistake, for Hephæstion is another Alexander. Statira, the elder of the two daughters of Darius, kneels behind. She became subsequently the wife of Alexander, but she was afterwards put to death by Perdiccas, at the instigation of Roxana, the second Persian wife of Alexander. In the group with Alexander and Hephæstion is Parmenio; and a male figure composing with the kneeling captives represents an aged minister of Darius. On the extreme left appears the upper part of a standing figure; the head is probably a portrait of Paul Veronese himself, at least the features are like those of the portrait among the *Ritratti dei Pittore*, at Florence. Familiar as we all are with the practice universal among the early painters, of treating every subject, sacred and profane, with the costumes of the period in which they themselves lived, we accept as they are presented to us these figures, wearing the rich Venetian attire of the sixteenth century in the place of the properties, Persian and Greek, of the fourth century before the Christian era. The wife and daughters of Darius, attired in robes which would really do honour to the living *modistes* of the Rue de la Paix, is to the antiquarian mind an objection which can in nowise be reconciled.

The impersonations of Alexander and his friends are handsome, and their bearing majestic. Alexander is dressed in red, wearing the Roman tunic, but beneath that, the hose of the sixteenth century, over which he wears a highly ornamented *cothurnus*. Hephæstion wears a suit of plate armour, that is the corslet with pauldrons and brassarts, but his continuations are also hose, and terminations *cothurni;* a curious mixture with these are the Venetian silk gowns, worn by Statira the daughter, and Statira the wife of Darius. That such anomalies have been so extensively practised by the old masters, does not in anywise modify the whimsical impression which they convey to the students of our day, so fastidious in costume. But these anachronisms are even less objectionable than the extraordinary *mélange* in "The Marriage of Cana," or the climacteric of "The Martyrdom of St. Catherine," at Florence, wherein the saint is introduced in a shot-silk dress.

The heads of Alexander and his friends are not classic, not even historical; they are seen in profile, and it is sufficiently obvious that they are portraits; but the pose and personal carriage are elegant and easy, and the expression is refined and without condescension. Nearly all the figures are drawn in profile, and on the same plane, but the very effective line formed against the white marble screen reconciles us to the formality. On the left, indeed, the composition is like that over a Greek portico, each succeeding figure being less than the other. On the extreme right appears the head of a horse, but it is indifferently drawn, and towers unnaturally above the heads of the figures; and interspersed through the picture there are certain accessories which damage the narrative without assisting the composition. The principal of these is a monkey, for the introduction of which there must have been a reason—such an animal may have been a pet of the family. There is also a dwarf—he too may have been a household familiar. If such creatures were domesticated within the Palazzo Pisani, the introduction of them into a family picture could only be interesting to those who may have remembered them, and it was at least a weakness on the part of the painter to alloy his composition with elements certainly derogatory to a picture so aspiring. These are not unimportant objections; for how exultingly soever we may admire the imperial group on the right, how sympathetically soever we may be touched by the humiliation of the captives when the eye passes to the left—the monkey and the dwarf condemn us at once for the extravagance of our emotion. But are we not proud in the possession of such a picture? We have indeed reason for self-congratulation, and those who have been instrumental in procuring such a work really merit a vote of public thanks; for next to "The Marriage at Cana," it is the finest Veronese in any public collection out of Italy. The only considerable works by this master in Germany are at Dresden, where there are several, and among them another Marriage at Cana, but the quality of the Pisani picture is far beyond the merit of all these. It is now more than two centuries and a-half since this picture was executed, and in contemplating it we are compelled to confess that very little has been done for Art since that time. Paolo Veronese was one of the great originators of the Italian schools. He began his labours at a time when public admiration was especially directed to the works of Bassano and his followers. When, however, he was, as a youth, invited to Mantua by the Cardinal Gonzaga, to paint certain altar-pieces, he is said to have surpassed all the Veronese celebrities of the time, and eventually acquired a reputation second only to that of a very few who have won the highest praise that their fellow-men can bestow.

The Veronese will always remain one of the grander features of the collection. The history of the work is so well known as to set aside any question of its authenticity. It was painted for and from the Pisani, and has been for centuries an heir-loom in the family. It may be that the history and antecedents of the other pictures are more obscure; and yet if every good picture were declined because of the deficiency of a link or two of the evidence of its genuineness, such a rule of selection would exclude many valuable additions to the gallery. We observed some time ago that in the Dresden Gallery, for the pseudonyms under which the public had been accustomed to regard certain works, others more probably consistent with truth have been substituted. The styles and manners of all the magnates of the art are now so generally understood, that it will be extremely difficult to sustain a false attribution. This revision of catalogues having commenced at Dresden, the new director of the public collection at Berlin has ventured to follow such a worthy example by the reversal of the judgment of his predecessors. If other public collections are to be exempt from imputation, the same regard for truth must be observed with them; and there is perhaps no collection of recent formation which could be subjected to searching inquiry without such results as those to which we allude at Dresden and Berlin. Many a Raffaelle, and many a Titian, must submit to be known by less glorious names—a change which might really have been effected very creditably before the pressure of public opinion set in; because those who on the one hand profited by deceiving, and those who on the other were gratified by the deception, have long since passed from the scene of their negotiations. But there is a natural vanity in the possession of fine works of Art:—listen to the broad and brown-faced Normans, who wander in stolid admiration through the Louvre; or, better still, to the everlasting "Ecco!" of the raw, serge-coated *virtuosi* from the vineyards of the Tuscan hills, as they stroll, with open mouths, through the marble halls of the Pitti—both parties having some indefinite idea that pictures, as well as marriages, are made in heaven. It is at least an unpalateable change to be convinced into considering a so-called Raffaelle a Giulio Romano, or to reduce the estimate of a work from £3000 to £300.

The "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" by Pollajuolo is a large picture containing many figures; the saint being represented by a nude figure tied to a tree, at some height from the ground. The treatment of the subject as resembling rather a crucifixion, differs from all the conceptions of it we have ever seen. The dying man is pierced by many arrows, and around the foot of the tree are his executioners, some shooting with the long-bow, and others with the cross-bow. Of the painter a few words may be said, as this is the first picture which we possess by him. He was born in Florence, about the year 1430. Different dates are assigned to his birth, and the date we give is the mean time. In those days the studies of the artist took many directions, and if Pollajuolo had pursued exclusively the calling to which he was apprenticed, he would have been a goldsmith, and nothing else. Bartoluccio was his master, and Bartoluccio was also stepfather to Ghiberti, to whom the world owes the famous gates of the Baptistry of St. John at Florence. Ghiberti discovered considerable talent in Pollajuolo, and employed him as one of his assistants in modelling the ornaments of the architecture of the gates, which were finished in 1452. From ornamental modelling he addressed himself to sculpture, and acquired an extensive reputation for his productions in bronze. He is said to have been the first artist who studied anatomy, aided by the dissection of the subject. To painting he turned his attention last, and, in conjunction with his brother Piero, who was a pupil of Andrea del Castagno, he executed works which acquired for him a reputation equal to that of any of the masters of his time. In 1484 he was invited to Rome, by Pope Innocent VIII., and was there employed in the execution of certain monumental works in St. Peter's, especially the tomb of Sixtus IV. He died in Rome in 1498, having realised a handsome competence, which he divided between his two daughters. This work by Pollajuolo was painted for the chapel of the Marchese Pucci, at Florence, and it has remained in the possession of the family until purchased this year for the National Gallery. It is mentioned by Vasari, and is regarded as one of the best examples of the art of the fifteenth century, and for such a preference there is ample reason, if we compare it with even all that has been effected in the study of the nude up to the time of this master. The head of the saint rises to within a very little of the frame, which gives the picture the appearance of having been cut; when, however, we saw it in Florence, twenty years ago, the composition conveyed the same impression which it now does. It is clear that the "St. Sebastian" has been studied with a view to a development of anatomy beyond that usually seen in the works of the period; but, according to the feeling of the time, the shades and markings are timid; they have received too much of that softening which should have been shared by the outlines. This timidity in dealing with gradations gives the work the appearance of not having been carried beyond a flat, dead colouring. The poses of the figures want firmness; but there is a foreshortened figure winding up a cross-bow, which, at the time of execution, was considered an immense triumph. The landscape is so like the valley of the Arno above Florence, as to point at once to the source of this part of the composition.

The subject of the Filippino Lippi is "The Virgin and Child," with a saint on each side—on the left St. Jerome, and on the right St. Dominic; the former nude and primitive, as a saint might have been eighteen centuries and a half since, but the latter wearing the vestments of the church as they were worn in the fifteenth century. The heads in this picture are really admirable; the drawing, and even the colour, though yet somewhat

dry, show a great advance on contemporary Art. The figure of St. Dominic is very like a study of the Spanish school—equal even to the essays of the Spanish painters of a century later. The background is a rocky landscape; and in contemplating these parts of ancient pictures it is difficult to understand the principle which prompted an elevation here, and a depression there—the more so that these caprices in nowise assist the reliefs or composition, and are brought together in a manner very little in accordance with the dictates of Nature. The group had certainly been better without the landscape, for the drawing is superior to the better efforts of the time, and the heads are endowed with an earnestness of expression worthy of the best art of the best period. This, according to Vasari, was painted about the year 1490 for the Rucellai Chapel, in the Church of San Pancrazio, at Florence; but on the suppression of this church the work was removed to the Palazzo Rucellai, where it remained until recently purchased of the Cavaliere Giuseppe Rucellai, for the national collection. Whatever the merits of our purchases may be, it is satisfactory to know their history. Filippino Lippi was the son of Filippo Lippi, and is supposed to have assisted Botticelli in his works. Vasari supposes that he was the first to introduce trophies, grotesques, and armour into his works, but the compositions of Squarcione contained such accessories before he employed them.

"The St. Jerome," by Cosimo Rosselli, presents that saint kneeling before a crucifix, but the figure occupies the centre one of the three compartments into which the work is divided. On the left are Saints Damasus and Eusebius, and on the right Saints Paola and her daughter Eustochia. According to the custom of the painters of the early schools, Roselli introduces his patron, Girolamo Rucellai, and his son, kneeling below. Roselli was born at Florence, in 1439; he was the pupil of Bicci, and the master of Fra Bartolomeo.

The new Botticelli is a circular picture, and forms a passable pendant to that already in the gallery, but it is a more advanced work. It represents the Virgin seated on a kind of low stone balustrade, behind which roses are growing. She holds the infant Saviour on her lap, and receives the celestial crown from two angels, one of whom is on each side of her. A fourth figure represents St. John worshipping the child. This artist was born at Florence, in 1447, and was employed to assist in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, his competitors being Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli, and Perugino.

"The Portrait of a Young Lady," by Lucas Cranach, is pure and brilliant, even Rubens-like in colour. She is presented front face, and the easy carriage of the head and relief of the pose are natural graces which place the picture far in advance of its time. When we consider this little picture, it is almost a matter of surprise that a head could have been so sweetly painted, and the costume should have been left in all its ungainly stiffness.

The Van Eyck is a small portrait of a man wearing a green turban-like head-dress, of the fashion of the fourteenth century. It was purchased at Munich, and had already, we believe, been offered to the Bavarian Government. There is beneath the figure, the legend "Leal Souvenir," with the date—"Oct. 10, 1432," and the signature of the painter. The features are dark in tone, and by no means agreeable in character. It is painted with exceeding care, yet is inferior to the two other works by the same hand which hang near it. Nothing further of the history of the picture is known; but, of course, the Commissioners have been satisfied as to the authenticity of their purchase. The *Kunstblatt* of Oct. 19, 1854, contains a description of the picture, which was then recommended as an addition to the Pinacothek, in which there is no example of the master. In the Lochis Gallery, at Bergamo, there is a replica, but without the inscriptions. This is ascribed to Pontormo, but is much more in the style and feeling of Van Eyck, and most probably a copy by a foreign artist. In 1428, Van Eyck—"peintre et varlet de chambre de M. S.," Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy—went on a confidential mission to paint the portrait of Isabel of Portugal, whose hand was sought in marriage by the Duke; and he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of all parties, that the marriage was solemnised as soon as the preliminaries could be adjusted. He executed several other important commissions for the Duke; but during the years 1432 and 1433 he was probably working in his own house at Bruges, according to the following extract from the "Compte de Jehan Abonnel:"—"Aux varlets de Johannes Deyk, paintre, aussi pour don à iceulx fait quant M. D. S. a esté en son hastet veoir certain ouvraige fait par le dit Johannes. xxv. sols." * If this be not the work alluded to, it is certain that it must have been in progress at the time, for Van Eyck painted very slowly, and had not many works under his hand at the same time. The most weighty reason against such a supposition is that, the picture being small, it might have been conveyed to the Duke; but it must not be forgotten that 1432 was the year in which he finished the "Mystic Lamb," and this might be the work which the Duke came to see.

The cost of these acquisitions, particularly of the Veronese, has been very considerable. We have, of course, paid for them more than any other nation would have been content to give; but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing the principal purchases to be unquestionably authentic.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The Paris artistic news is still very flat, but artists are arriving from their summer excursions. The sale-rooms are preparing their attractions; and amateurs of *vertu* are looking forward with interest towards the excitement of the auction-room. Many good sales are announced, of which we shall give accounts in due time.—The distribution of prizes—*Prix de Rome*—at the Institute has, in consequence of the fine weather, been rather thinly attended. Several of the *fauteuils académiques* were empty.—M. Lallemand, the engraver, has recently discovered a method of applying photography to wood blocks, which it is expected will be serviceable to wood engravers.—M. P. Ramus has received a commission to execute a bust of M. Sauvage, inventor of the screw for steam-vessels; it is for the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*. This great man, after a life of poverty, died in a lunatic asylum, where he was placed through the kindness of the Emperor. His whole length portrait has been painted by Gavarni.—A tumulus, attributed to the army of Attila, has been opened near Chalons, and several interesting vases, iron articles, and medals, have been found in it.—The Cathedral of Notre Dame is advancing rapidly; the works, which had been suspended by the death of M. Lassus, are now going on under the direction of M. Viollet le Duc, a clever architect.—The demolitions now proceeding in the *Rue de Jerusalem* will destroy the two houses in which Voltaire and Rousseau were born.—It is expected that next summer what remains of the *Rue de la Harpe*, and a great part of *Rue St. Jacques*, will be pulled down. In a few years little of ancient Paris will be left.—The junction of the Louvre and the Tuileries makes the *Place du Carousel* the largest in Europe. Its superficial extent is 40,100 metres. Fourteen archways give access to this place, without counting the Louvre entrances. Now that all the scaffolding is removed the effect is very fine.—A statue of *Notre Dame de France*, of sixteen metres height without the pedestal, has been cast from the cannon taken at Sebastopol; it will shortly be placed on the *Mont Corneille* (*Puy de Dome*).—Workmen are busy taking down the cast-iron fountain in the *Champs Elysées*, in order that it may be coated with copper by galvanism; this prevents oxidation. The fountains in the *Place de la Concorde* will also undergo the same operation.

Milan.—The monument in honour of Leonardo da Vinci, of which we spoke in April last, is to be erected in the Piazza San Fidele. The Milan Academy of Arts has contributed 60,000 francs towards its completion.

Vienna.—The Emperor of Austria has decided there shall be an annual exhibition of paintings at Vienna; 10,000 florins are allowed each year for the purchase of paintings.

The Brazils.—The government of Brazils had offered three prizes of 12,500 francs each for an equestrian statue of Don Pedro I. M. Bienaimé, a pupil of Thorwaldsen, is one of the competitors whose design has been accepted.

Munich.—Professor Kaulbach has again resumed his labours, from which indisposition during the summer had compelled him to abstain. He has almost completed his sketch for his large picture of "The Battle of Salamis."

* "The Early Flemish Painters," &c., by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Canalcaselle.

THE PICTURE-DEALERS

AT THE OLD BAILEY.

It appears, after all, that the "detected" has been left in the lurch; he committed the crime of being "found out," and must be the scape-goat accordingly. Mr. Closs, who is described in the newspapers as "a shabbily-attired man, wearing a beard and moustache," has been convicted at the Old Bailey of "fraud," in obtaining from Henry Fitzpatrick certain bills to the value of £130 by false pretences, and also for having feloniously uttered a certain picture with a forged name with intent to defraud. Mr. Closs did not "peach," consequently we cannot say who employed him; but we may be very sure that the "shabbily-attired man" was not trading on his own account: he has cheated *himself* grievously if he has neglected to make such terms with his employers as will keep him comfortably in Newgate. This conviction is of immense importance; it will go far to put a stop to an infamous system of robbery. Rogues will now have a salutary dread of jails; and buyers who find themselves swindled will know that punishment awaits the forger of pictures, as well as of bank-notes. We hope this trial will have the effect of inducing persons who *suspect* they have been taken in, to examine their collections forthwith, and test the reality of all their purchases from dealers, no matter how far back the examination may go. There can be little doubt of forcing "the most respectable persons in the trade" to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. We have reason to believe that more than one copy of the "Linnell"—now brought into court—will be found in more than one of our provincial cities, and recommend the collectors in Manchester especially not to delay making "inquiries," which may be answered by a return of monies paid. Other "most respectable men in the trade" may be heard of at the Old Bailey ere long. Very little was added at the trial to the information obtained at Bow Street. Smart, it appears, asked £200 for the original picture; three days afterwards, Fitzpatrick purchased it (as he thought) for £130; it was a copy, stated in court to be "worth about £6;" such copy (again we quote the newspaper report) "most carefully adhered to the original" (which was also produced in court) "in frame, canvas, *and every minute particular*." It does not appear that Mr. Smart was examined, which he ought to have been, if his abode during the trial was in any part of England. It might have been inconvenient to that "most respectable man in the trade" to explain how it was that a copy so "carefully adhering" to the original was in circulation three days after Mr. Fitzpatrick saw the original at his shop in Tichborne Street, Haymarket, and to have answered, upon oath, whether he (Mr. Smart) had, or had not, seen the said "carefully adhering" copy. Nay, he might have found it necessary to swear whether he knew, or did not know, by whom the copy was made, and what sum was paid to the copyist for his work; whether more or less than the £6—"about its worth." At all events, Mr. Closs, though "a shabbily-attired man," has confessed nothing, but has heroically taken upon himself all the consequences of the act; and if he had any partners, he was not "shabby" enough to divulge their names. Neither do we learn what has become of the copy since the trial; whether it remains the property of Mr. Fitzpatrick, or whether, the money having been repaid to him, it is destined to go back to Closs, or to the party from whom Closs obtained it.

Again we say results most beneficial to Art will arise out of this memorable trial: there are hundreds of such cases in memories, and now there is one "on the books." Mr. This, That, and The Other—"respectable" picture-dealers in London and in the provinces—must be in future more cautious than they have been. Pictures have been sold, at very large prices, which even a very delicate inquiry would have shown to be forgeries; but such inquiries have not been made: the copies will be issued in future, at the proper peril of those who fabricate or sell them. The Old Bailey is not an agreeable place, but Newgate is even less so: and although we have reason to believe that Mr. Closs, when he made his appearance at the bar, was "shabbily dressed," *deliberately and for a purpose*, we may yet see in a similar position

some "respectable man" whose tailor lives in Conduit Street.

Surely, then, collectors will learn from this trial the folly of buyiug from dealers without the exercise of caution amounting to suspicion: we have here seen a copy substituted for an original, although the original had been inspected by the buyer only three days previously; that the copy "carefully adhered to the original in frame, canvas, and every minute particular;" that the name of the artist had been skilfully imitated; that the copy was shown by the buyer to the dealer who had offered to sell him the original, and that the said dealer, when asked if *that* was the picture that had been in his possession, replied, "There can be no doubt about it." After this, how much more than *caution* is needed in dealing with picture-dealers!

We might record a number of cases quite as strong as this; but it would not be prudent to do so, although we may comment freely on that which has found its way to the public through the reports of a police court and the Old Bailey. But those who read this statement may be assured that such practices as that which is thus exposed are of daily occurrence: we can tell where Stanfields, Turners, Wards, and Creswicks, as well as Linnells, are hanging in glory upon walls in magnificently furnished drawing-rooms, or in spacious galleries, which these artists never saw, each of which is worth "about six pounds,"—a sum they will briug, perhaps, if they are ever submitted to tbe hammer of Mr. Christie—but for which their unenlightened owners have paid hundreds.

The law has been compared to a spider's web, which entangles all the lesser flies, while the big "blue-bottles" break through and escape. We verily believe the "shabbily-dressed" man, though deservedly punished, is no more guilty than he who passes a bad note which another has forged. If Closs would but make "a clean breast," what a revelation we should have—how many buyers he would make pale, and how many sellers tremble with affright! Some time ago we fortunately obtained information, and that frequently, from a person who, having been one of the fraternity, was led by remorse—or vengeance—to tell us much concerning, not his own course, but that of his brethren; and it was by his aid mainly we were enabled to do the good we did by repeated exposures of frauds in the manufacture and sales of fraudulent pictures. As we have said, heretofore, we have thus completely put a stop to the iniquitous traffic in fabricated "old masters;" we may be fortunate in obtaining help (and shall not hesitate to use it, though it may again come from a repentant sinner) in exposing the several methods by which "modern artists" are manufactured and sold, with the parties who manufacture, and those who sell them.

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the enormous number of forgeries of modern pictures that are in circulation, and it is high time to arrest the progress of a most iniquitous, but a most profitable, trade.

If we can bring home tbe offence to the artists who *make* these copies, or imitations, we shall certainly print their names,—without their aid the dealers could do nothing. We are by no means entirely ignorant as to the guilty parties in this traffic, but our readers will consider that without such proofs as will satisfy a legal tribunal we are compelled to hold over our evidence: it may be more complete ere long.*

It is by no means impossible that we may, at no very distant period, publish a statement — that X. Y. Z., a very clever painter of copies, did make and paint certain copies for certain dealers *whom we shall name*: a Linnell for Mr. ——, a Turner for Mr. ——, a Creswick for Mr. ——, a Pyne for Mr. ——, and so forth: the said X. Y. Z. being a landscape artist, and remarkably skilful in imitating the styles of the several masters, whose original works were placed before him. We may at the same time be able so to describe some of the pictures copied, as to enable the preseut owners of these copies, to ascertain whether their walls contain the actual works of Linnell, Turner, Creswick, Pyne, and so forth, or the works of X. Y. Z. If we are enabled to do that which we intimate we may do, we shall produce no little consternation among a few of the victims who have been for some years back delighting themselves and their friends by imaginary picture wealth.

* Not very long ago, an artist of established repute, whose pictures bear high prices, was visited by a dealer; the following brief conversation took place between them:

The dealer.—"I have about a dozen paintings in your style; and if you will give about half an hour's touching upon each of them, and sign them with your name, I will give you £500."

The artist.—"Sir, you mean to tempt me to commit an infamous fraud. I request you will instantly leave my house."

There is little doubt, however, that the dealer did without the artist; and it is not improbable that an unscrupulous "brother" was found to do the touching, and to sign the name, at much less cost to the dealer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE DÜSSELDORF SCHOOL OF ART.

SIR,—At the present time the School of Düsseldorf consists of about six hundred artists, and two hundred students. The artists are divided into two schools; the academicians, and those who are independent, who follow no conventionality, but paint their own ideas. The two schools are separated by their different ideas of finish; the academicians holding in principle and in practice that minuteness of finish—an absolute and rigid imitation of nature, even to the surface of things—constitutes the great perfection of Art; the other party contending that this servility, or rather perfection of execution, is not necessary: that if a work has the effect intended on the mind at a proper distance, it is a waste of time to add details that could please only the ignorant. Among the academicians Carl Müller and Herman Becker stand conspicuous. These gentlemen, like the majority of their adherents, paint Scripture pieces. Why it is that they have fallen on these used-up subjects is hard to guess, except, perhaps, it is that the continual strain on their patience, caused by their mode of study, naturally throws the mind into a religious mood. Another class of them paints *genre* and still-life. Their paintings of still-life, to which their mode of execution is more peculiarly adapted, are really wonderful; they are not paint and canvas, but a reality that requires the touch to convince one it is only a shade.

Taken as a whole, the academicians seem not to comprehend the object of Art; they paint blindly, without thought, without feeling. It is their ambition to produce deception, to imitate nature as it is; they never ask when this is done, what then? It does not concern them. Hence, after years of study, they accomplish in months what a photographic instrument would do in a moment. Their pictures have, however, one great merit, that of mechanical execution; in this necessary branch of Art they can, possibly, instruct the world. Their drawing, colour, light, and shade, are perfect; but as pictures, as works of Art, they excite no feeling, appeal to no prejudice, are barren of all traces of mind: they amuse only the eye of the curious, or astonish the simple by their minuteness.

The other school comprehends nearly all the artists residing here who have celebrity; among them we find the names of Lessing, Sohn, Hildebrant, Köeler, the Achenbachs, &c. Of such men as these the "School of Düsseldorf" is properly composed; but because they have no marked peculiarity of style common to them all, and no academy for the instruction of students, it is currently believed that this school is one of academicians—of men whose only artistic power is mechanical. This is a mistake, and should be corrected, for it not only wrongs the artists who are the subjects of it, but also the artistic world. We have seen in criticisms on pictures by these artists some minute trifle, existing only in the critic's imagination, praised as an excellence, because the supposed finish to the characteristic of the school. These artists, however, do not mistake the representation of threads for the finish of a painting, nor the imitation of surface for the highest perfection of Art: their pictures are not painted to astonish the vulgar, but are addresses to the minds of enlightened men.

There are at present three exhibitions of paintings open to the public; two of these are annual, the other permanent. The first two contain upwards of five hundred pictures, sent from all parts of the continent; the permanent exhibition consists of works by the Düsseldorf artists, and are for sale. The great majority of these pictures are *genre*, still-life, and landscape: in all three of the exhibitions together there are only five paintings that pertain to what is conventionally termed high Art. One of these is the "Hiding of Moses," by Röeler. This picture has the same beauties and defects as all the rest of Röeler's pictures. It has been engraved. In the engraving the faces of the two women are much lighter than in the original: and several other parts have been altered, which give it a finer general effect than its original. A picture by Leutze, of "Columbus departing for America," is also in the permanent exhibition: this painting seems to have been left imperfect; the tale is well enough told, but a disagreeable red colour, and a want of shade which pervades the canvas, take much from its effect. However, the dignified figure of Columbus, standing out against the sky, and pointing over the waters, as he receives the blessings of priests and friends, is well worthy of Leutze. M. Leutze has painted another work of the same subject, which is said to be much better, both in design and execution, than the one here mentioned. A "Syren," by Sohn, appears to be perfect of its kind: it represents a beautiful woman, with her harp hung on the top of a projecting crag; she has finished playing, and, leaning on one arm, bends over to witness the effect. An eagle is seen at the level of her feet, flying downwards; this gives the spectator an immense idea of height. The figure is life-size, and fully draped, but in such a manner as to show the form throughout: it is relieved by a dark ground of clouds, through which a single star is shining. A painting, by W. Sohn, of "Christ on the Water:" Christ and the apostles are represented in a boat during a storm. The face of our Saviour, who has fallen asleep, suggests the idea that his mind is active and conscious of what is going on around him. Several other faces are equally excellent, but the imperfect light, coming apparently from several directions, and omitting to illuminate certain things, together with the difficulty of conceiving how several of the figures could maintain their balance, makes the picture, as a whole, very unsatisfactory. The largest painting on exhibition is that of "Christ restoring Jairus's daughter to life;" it is painted by Gustavus Richter, of Berlin. This painting has called forth universal admiration, despite several portious of it that might be called faults. The attitude, for instance, of Christ has the appearance of being studied; and the whole figure of the apostle on the left expresses mere vulgar astonishment. The head of the girl is slightly raised off her pillow, with the intention of showing that life is just reviving in her frame, but it seems difficult to fix in one's mind that this is the case. The figures are all clad in thick stuff, and, owing to the handling, tbe steps, floor, and background, have the appearance of so many blankets of their several colours tightly stretched. It may be said of it, that, as a work of Art, it does not appeal to our sympathies, and, as a painting, its execution is far from perfect. It would appear, however, that its size, and the fact of it belonging to the king, are redeeming qualities even in this country.

Among the other compositions on exhibition, those of domestic scenes, by Heddemann and Tidemand, are remarkable, both for the excellence of their designs and their masterly execution. Some of these pictures may be compared to Wilkie's. The paintings of animals, on exhibition, are rather attempts than anything else. Two by Lachenwitz are noticeable for their intense fierceness of expression and great beauty of execution. The assemblage of Virgins, Saints, and infant Saviours, are not easily enumerated; for the most part, they appear to be attempts of students, nearly every one of which is a failure. These paintings are respected even by the collectors of auction pictures, and left alone in all their glory of vermillion and blue. A picture of the "Annunciation," by Carl Müller, is considered as a successful attempt, in the style of the academicians, to illustrate Scripture. In this painting a book lies open before the Virgin at a page on which her name is printed; the book is neatly gilded, and of modern construction. She kneels on a planed floor. The angel has on a pink muslin dress, very finely decorated with pearls, &c. Such is the painting by a man who is considered one of the heads of a school. He being a master in his way, some estimate may be formed of his followers.

The great bulk of the landscapes, like the subject pictures, exhibit a knowledge of Nature as it is, accompanied with mechanical power of execution, but unaided by reflection. Hence, their landscapes look like studies from Nature—hard, barren Nature, unelevated by ideality, destitute of beauty. One by Lessing, and two by the brothers Achenbach, are magnificent, both for their arrangement, their effect, and execution.

Portraits are rare. One by Marie Weigman, of a boy, full-length, and one of an officer, by Hildebrant, are really artistic works; they are simple, expressive, and natural—nothing is overdone, and nothiug is left to be desired.

Düsseldorf, November 11, 1857. P.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE JÄGER.

P. Foltz, Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. $\frac{5}{8}$ in.

BINGEN, in the grand duchy of Hesse, is the birthplace of Philip Foltz; but, as an artist, he belongs to Munich, in which city he has long been resident, and of whose Art-school he is a distinguished ornament. He was born in the early part of the present century.

We find in the "Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne," by Count Athanase Raczynski, the following remarks upon this painter and his works:—

"Of all the pupils of Cornelius, Foltz exhibits the greatest distance from the precepts and examples of his master. In his works at the Chateau of the King Ludwig of Bavaria, he has abandoned himself without reserve to his own natural impulses and fancies: there he was commissioned to execute a series of subjects taken from the poems of Bürger, a German writer of the last century, whose songs and ballads especially are very popular in his own country. These pictures are principally borrowed from Bürger's 'Leonora,'—which, by the way, has been translated into English,—his 'Wild Jäger,' and a few other poems. The colouring of Foltz is brilliant and harmonious, his touch bold and emphatic; but his pictures have little dignity and elegance, notwithstanding his figures are characterised by a certain amount of spirit. His pictures would seem to bear some resemblance to those of Teniers, if the scenes he represents were less of a historical nature, and if, in respect of expression, they were not so free from vulgarity; but it may be assumed that they would have been more in accordance with the natural bias of the painter, had the subjects belonged more decidedly to the class of *genre*.

"Foltz is endowed with great talent; his *genre* pictures have always a peculiar character; they are original, and oftentimes have a profound meaning or sentiment. He would not have done so well had he followed the direction of the School of Munich, or any other established course: he has kept himself as far as possible from an approach to the classic or antique epochs, and is a stranger to style, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; still he continues to produce some most excellent works. He is one of those men who ought to be in the Academy, and the Academy should render him this justice.*

"Of all the pictures in the 'Salle de Bürger,' as it is called, that which represents the 'Women of Weisberg' is the one that most arrests our attention, and which, perhaps, affords us most pleasure. His picture in the 'Arcades' can scarcely be ranked among his best work."

These observations appear in Raczynski's volume, under the head of the historical painters of the Munich School, among whom he classes Foltz; but he also places him with the *genre*-painters of the same school, and he says:—"We have already spoken of Foltz in the article on the painters of history; I place his name here because of the direction he follows, and which appears to me to approach *genre;* still it would not be just to confound him with the mass of artists who belong to that category only. He is a man of great talent, and one who seems to have formed for himself a distinct class, which it would be difficult to characterise."

His little picture of the "Jäger" is, we presume, one of the subjects suggested by Bürger's poem, and we are informed, was added to the Royal Collection with two others by the same artist, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, by Prince Albert. The huntsman is a bold and vigorously-drawn figure; he stands in an easy attitude on the summit of an Alpine crag, surveying the vast range of country stretched out before him: the time is evening—a cool and quiet evening—the grey mists cover the heights in the middle distance, and blend into soft and cloud-like masses of lines the far-off perspective of valley and lake.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

* Count Raczynski wrote this twenty years ago: Foltz is now, and has been for a considerable time, a member of the Academy of Munich, and one of its professors.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

PAINTERS' MORALITY.—Among a great deal of suggestive and highly interesting matter which is to be found in the body of evidence published with the recent Report on the National Gallery Site Commission, there occurs a passage in the examination of Mr. Mulready which deserves detaching, because of the question of conscience which it raises, and the very important bearing which a right interpretation of that question is calculated to exercise on the art of painting. The matter is hinted at in other places, also, of this body of opinion; but it is one of some delicacy, and not easily dealt with by an individual painter arguing from examples. The short life which is predicted, however, for many of the finest works of the modern school of painting, makes it very important that the attention of the artist should be called emphatically to the subject in question; and we are glad that Mr. Mulready has spoken as plainly on it as he has,—though visibly under some restraint:—that very restraint, of course, giving increased significance to the suggestions that struggle through it.—"The Commissioners," said Professor Faraday, questioning the distinguished painter then before the Commission, "have several times heard the words 'legitimate painting' and 'vicious pigments' used. Is it not understood in the profession that every painter has a right to use exactly what means he likes to produce his pictures?"—"I am not sure," says Mr. Mulready, "that that is the understanding in the profession. I am not sure that a painter has a right, except in experiments, to use pigments which he knows are short-lived. I do not think he has a right to use such pigments in a picture that he knows the purchaser expects to last."—"Have you any right," rejoins the Professor, "to expect that painters like Turner can be brought under strict regulations,—or, are we obliged to get pictures of all sorts of construction according to the ideas of the painters?"—To which the painter is compelled to reply,—"If you are obliged to get pictures, you can hardly avoid some risk in that respect."—"We cannot govern that point?" pursues the Professor:—and the answer is—"I think you cannot govern it in a direct manner: it is a question of morality with the painter."—"In providing for a National Gallery," says Dr. Faraday, "must we not provide for such pictures, as well as for those of more pure painters like Holbein?"—*Answer.* "There is no doubt of that. I have just said what I think of the use of vicious pigments; I cannot venture to define what is legitimate painting. I think an artist should be very careful to embody the means that will produce an effect that deserves to last; and he should be very careful to employ the means that are most likely to produce a picture that *will* last. * * There are those who consider the use of copal varnish in the vehicle as unsafe and improper. Some persons think that the use of wax in painting is not legitimate."—"Are not the public," says Professor Faraday, "liable to all these incidents with the pictures that come under the case of the National Gallery?"—and Mr. Mulready says, "Yes: but I hope that pictures by our living painters are not so liable to accidents in cleaning as some of the pictures painted by a few of the men of Turner's day."—"Do you consider?" asks the Professor, "that the injury which has happened to Turner's pictures is a change in the pigment itself?"—"I think," says Mr. Mulready, "some of Turner's pictures have suffered from that cause; and I believe that some of his pictures may have suffered from the process which he employed. * * When he was very much pressed for time, he may, I fear, have paid too little regard to the quality of the vehicle used and the permanence of the pigment."—The subject is sufficiently indicated in these extracts; and the interests which it affects, it will be seen, are of more kinds than one. The rights concerned are both public and private,—but the prosperity of the profession is involved through each of them. The question is at once a question of morality and a question of Art. It regards the claims of the individual purchaser, and the permanence of the National School. As we have said, it is well worth bringing under the notice of the modern painter himself. In a practice so purely empirical as that of painting, of course, no code is possible;—but there are certain broad principles of morals, as well as certain broad principles of means, which are plain enough, and which Art cannot overlook without suffering in her own character and in that of her professors.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—John Phillip, Esq., and George Richmond, Esq., were elected associate members on the 10th of November. These elections are satisfactory; it was generally expected, however, that the distinction would have been conferred on Mr. Foley; and surely there is no artist in Europe better entitled to it. Mr. Phillip's reputation is not of to-day; he ought to have been a member long ago; his rights to the position were as solid seven years back as they are now. Mr. Richmond does not profess the higher branches of Art; he draws portraits—we believe he does not paint them; but in his "Art-walk" he is unsurpassed. There can be no doubt, however, that he owes his elevation mainly to the "fashionable" fame he has obtained, and to the position he occupies in general society; for, as an artist, his claims cannot be for a moment compared with those of several other candidates.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has recently received three additional pictures, bequeathed to it by the late Sir Robert Inglis. These are portraits of Spencer Percival, by the late G. F. Joseph, A.R.A.; of Wilberforce, an unfinished work by Lawrence; and a water-colour drawing, Lord Sidmouth, by Richmond. Contributions do not flow in very rapidly, *but by the time we have a new National Gallery*, in which it is presumed the collection will be placed, we may look for a considerable accession of portraits of England's great and good men.

THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY is receiving some alterations and improvements under the superintendence of Mr. F. H. Fowler, the architect. The roof of the large room has been taken away, and an entirely new roof, which will afford more light, is to be substituted. Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society of British Artists, is preparing to decorate the cove with the portraits of eight kings, on each side of whom there will be representations of the artists whom they patronised.

LECTURES AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The series of lectures to be delivered by the officers of the department in the new Lecture Theatre at the Museum, was commenced on the evening of Monday, November 16th, by Mr. Cole, who, with the utmost propriety, selected for his subject "the Functions of the Science and Art Department" of the Committee of Council on Education. The Museum itself being the central field of operations, it was well that the aim, purpose, and powers of this new and highly important department of the government should there be clearly and fully set forth by the executive chief. Mr. Cole evidently felt that his words would be regarded and dealt with as authorities; and, accordingly, while he sketched out the comprehensive scheme of Art-teaching now actually inaugurated, he was careful to define with precision the principles upon which the operations of the department would be conducted. As we shall have occasion to refer, from time to time, to these principles and to their practical application, it will not now be necessary to enter more fully upon the subject.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—An appeal for public subscriptions in aid of this society has appeared in the daily journals—much to our regret. We understood that the first exhibition last year had been so far successful as to pay its expenses; it seems, therefore, somewhat incomprehensible that such an appeal should be needed, for it is at the outset of an undertaking like this that pecuniary assistance is most required; having surmounted its primary difficulties, we considered the future stability of the society as secured. We are sorry on other grounds to see this application: Art, in a country like ours, ought in no instance, especially where a body of ladies is concerned, to be in the position of requiring eleemosynary aid; if it be needed, however, we trust that it will be cheerfully and liberally given by those who desire to encourage the female Art-talent of the country.

THE SHEFFIELD CRIMEAN MEMORIAL, AND THE BROTHERTON MEMORIAL AT SALFORD, two commemorative works now in progress, are significant indications of the *set* of popular feeling in the matter of Art in its widest acceptation. Both are Gothic. The former work is of much greater importance than the latter, but both are in the same style, and both



P. POLTZ PINXT

C.H. JEENS SCULPT

THE JÄGER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON JAMES S VIRTUE.

more or less partake in that imperfect rendering of the Gothic style which can be avoided only through a very careful study of early authorities. What these works will prove to be deficient in, is breadth and an appropriate massiveness. They are too attenuated and too slight—not too light, for this is a different matter altogether; still, both possess good qualities. Of the several models sent in competition for the Crimean Monument, the first prize was awarded to Mr. E. W. Wyon, and the second to Mr. Goldie, whose design the committee have adopted. The foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Cambridge on the 21st of October. The base of the monument is octagonal. There are four ascents of steps, with four bastions interposed, each bastion supporting cannon. The pedestal has four faces, on each of which are bas-reliefs representing Crimean actions. The names of the fallen are inscribed beneath suspended garlands on projecting buttresses or pilasters at the angles. The pedestal has its base moulded (with stone seats between the buttresses), and its cornice sculptured with the national emblems. At the four angles over the buttresses rise square detached pedestals inlaid with marble, and having moulded bases and foliage capitals. These support niches carried by marble shafts, and protecting statues seven feet high, representing the allied kingdoms. In the centre of these four niches rises the main feature of the design. Upon a cluster of coloured marble columns, with an octagonal granite shaft in the centre, is a large canopied niche. It is richly moulded, arched, crocketed, &c., with angels bearing the shields of the allied kingdoms in the pediments of the canopies, with lions on marble shaftlets supporting gilded vanes at the angles. The canopy consists of a pyramidal stone roof, bearing as its finial the crown and orb of England. Beneath the groined roof of this canopy sits throned upon lions a colossal female figure representing England victorious, resting on her half-sheathed sword, and crowning her heroes. It is proposed to adopt the portrait of the Queen as the head of this ideal figure. An inscription generally commemorative of the objects of the monument runs round the pedestal at her feet. The materials for this structure are Aberdeen granite, Connemara and Derbyshire marbles, and Darley Dale stone."—We must protest against the "urn covered with drapery" which Messrs. Holmes and Walker have introduced into their design for the Brotherton Memorial, in the midst of an assemblage of figures and angels, and beneath a Gothic spire canopy. What *can* an urn have to do there? Sepulchral urns are inseparable from the idea of ashes—the ashes of the dead—produced by and collected after cremation. And cremation is absolutely in antagonism with figures of angels and with Gothic architecture. Nor is it less at variance with the facts of the case. The remains of the late deservedly respected representative of Salford were buried, with all becoming solemnity, beneath the ground upon which this very memorial is to be erected. It is to be hoped that the urn will not stultify the entire design for this memorial. It would have been a happy circumstance had the angel-figures been spared the duty of caryatides; and a still happier had they been omitted altogether. Notwithstanding these faults there are many good points about this design, and we cordially congratulate both the town of Salford and the architects on its adoption in preference to another classic incongruity.

New Application of Photography.—At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Photographic Society, a paper was read by Mr. J. A. Forrest, the subject of which was a new and beautiful application of photography. He had tried experiments with a view to arrive at some process that would enable him to fix the photograph by burning in the impression in the furnace with a coating of glass over it. From these experiments he found, that if "you grind a piece of opal glass very finely; afterwards collodionise, sensitize in the usual manner, and lay a negative upon it by super-position, you will receive a very beautiful impression by transmitted light; and after being fixed, washed, and dried in the usual manner, you will discover that the film adheres most rigidly to the glass, and scarcely any amount of rubbing will take it off. This is a plan that any one may follow out on a winter's evening by gas-light;" and its results, if the designs were of a suitable character, might be advantageously displayed in hall-lamps, or the windows of stair-cases might be filled with landscape views. Mr. Forrest subsequently entered into a description of a process whereby he had obtained the yellow silver tint in opal glass, and he exhibited to his audience several specimens, which were much admired.

Free Libraries and Museums.—Some curious statistical information on this subject was given by Mr. David Chadwick, of Salford, at the recent meeting at Birmingham of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. From the following tables, prepared by him, we ascertain the number of volumes, and the issues, in seven of the principal new Free Libraries, and four of the old Free Libraries:—

NEW FREE LIBRARIES.

	Number of Volumes.	Total Issues last Year.	No. of times the whole Library has been circulated last Year.	Average Daily Issues.
			Nearly	Vols.
Liverpool	41,490	474,546	12	1581
Manchester	32,573	156,553	5	521
Salford	20,438	147,300	7¼	491
Bolton	15,097	78,670	5¼	262
Sheffield	7,084	120,875	17	402
Oxford	4,520	26,000	6	86
Cambridge	2,579	14,628	6	48

OLD FREE LIBRARIES.

	Total No. of Volumes.	Total Issues last Year.	No. of times the whole Library has been circulated during the Year.	Average Daily Issues, at 300 Days per Year.
				Vols.
British Museum, open to ticket holders from 9 to 4 in winter, and from 9 to 6 in summer	565,000	416,802	Not quite once.	1,389
Archbishop Marsh's Free Library, Dublin, open from 11 till 3 Daily	18,200	7,000	About once in 2½ years.	23
Robinson's Free Library, Armagh, open from 12 to 3 in winter, and from 12 to 4 in summer	10,000	Not given; very few	...	...
Chetham's Free Library, Manchester, open Daily from 10 to 4	21,000	3,851	Once in 5½ years.	12

It will be seen by the above returns that the number of issues from public libraries is generally in proportion to the opportunities afforded for their use to the working-classes. If the libraries are closed in the evenings, the number of issues (and consequently the actual use of the libraries) is less per annum than the total number of books in the library. If libraries are open only at stated periods, or require the privilege to be paid for, as in the case of the libraries at mechanics' institutions, the issue of the whole number of books in the library is limited to about *twice* per annum. But if, as in the case of free libraries generally, they are open all day, till about nine o'clock in the evening, the circulation, or issue, of books in the libraries will average about seven times the total number. As regards public museums, the restricting the hours of attendance to not later than 4 P.M. has the same effect in preventing the mass of the people visiting them as in the case of public libraries; notwithstanding the incomparable superiority of the British Museum to all others, it appears that the total number of visitors, last year, was:—

To the British Museum	361,000
,, Derby Free Museum (Liverpool)	123,000
,, Royal Free Museum (Salford)	580,000

The number of visitors to the Salford Royal Museum, in the present year, will have exceeded 800,000. These extraordinary results can only be accounted for on the grounds that, at Salford, the Museum is open from 10 A.M. to dusk (Sundays excepted) during the whole of the year, and therefore during the summer months affords great convenience for the visits of the working-classes.

Royal Polytechnic Institution.—Mr. Pepper has a truly marvellous faculty of suiting the lectures and exhibitions of the ever-popular Polytechnic to the circumstances of the time; and in his hands old subjects, as they would seem at first sight to be, prove that they are either actually new, or that he can bring much that is new out of them. Just as we are practically convinced that the brilliant summer of 1857 is really past and gone, and that another winter has in its turn succeeded, Mr. Pepper emerges from a coal-mine, scuttle of coals in hand, and while we rejoice in the comforts of a fire-side, he enhances our grateful sensations by his admirable lectures on coals, and the mines whence they are produced, and the means whereby they are brought to our homes. Of course the lecture is well illustrated, and (also of course) it combines much that is eminently useful with not less that is attractive and amusing.

Mr. Arden's Collection.—In our notice of this gentleman's picture-gallery, in the October Number, we spoke of a painting by Le Jeune, entitled "The Plough." The picture in Mr. Arden's possession is, we have since learned, only the sketch for the larger work, which belongs to Mr. Brooks.

Aston Hall.—Our readers are perhaps aware, that this time-honoured structure, once the dwelling of James Watt, which ranks among the most perfect as well as beautiful of the buildings usually styled Elizabethan, is in danger of demolition. It adjoins one of the most prosperous of English towns, in a district very wealthy, and where of late there has been an immense amount of "talk" concerning the value of Art and the blessings of education. It would be an eternal disgrace to Birmingham to permit the destruction of an edifice so especially sacred to its inhabitants; such an act of Vandalism would go far to justify a belief that all the speeches of great men delivered so recently in their Town Hall, were, in their estimation, so many sounds that signified nothing. We have, however, but little fear of so disastrous an issue; inasmuch as a joint-stock company has been formed with a view to conserve this building and its adjacent grounds for the health, recreation, and instruction of the people of that mighty borough town, richer and more populous than four-fifths of our cities. No doubt arrangements are in progress by which the purchase will be not only a wise but a profitable investment; for the people seldom desire to have enjoyments for nothing, and will pay willingly for such amusements or teachings as are in keeping with the requirements of the age. We earnestly call upon the wealthier inhabitants of Birmingham to "fraternise," for this high purpose, with "the working-men's committee," already formed, to achieve a good and avoid a reproach,—one of which must be perpetual as a signal benefit or a shameful dishonour to Birmingham.

A Series of Stereoscope Views, of very conspicuous merit, has been issued at Brighton by Mr. Mason, the well-known and much respected print-seller of that town. They are the productions of his son, a young and promising artist, who has studied in a good school,—that of M. Heuuah, whose principal assistant he is. The photographs consist of various subjects—out-door and in-door scenes, dead game, figures in repose and in action, and so forth. They are cleverly grouped and arranged, and "tell" with good effect in the stereoscope, giving high relief, and being singularly free from blemishes.

Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson are commissioned to sell by public auction the collection of engravings of the late Mr. Charles Turner: it is rather rare than extensive, including several proofs of the "Liber Studiorum" of the engraver's great namesake and personal friend.

The Successor to Mr. Uwins, in the keepership of the Royal Pictures, is Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A. The appointment involves no great labour—it is, indeed, more an honorary distinction than a post with which arduous duties are associated, and has, therefore, been conferred on a gentleman who not only occupies a high position in Art, but has in many ways contributed to public instruction.

Mr. E. M. Ward's fresco of "The Execution of Montrose" has been placed in the corridor of the House of Lords; the other, "Alice Lisle," will be added in a few days; workmen are busy preparing the panel of the wall for its reception. Mr. Cope's "Pilgrim Fathers" has been in its place some time.

Painting on Glass.—When it is remembered that in this branch of art there are prizes well

worth contending for, it is a matter of surprise that we find it practised by so few men entitled to be called artists. The Germans have, by the aid of the most careful education, carried the art to what must be regarded an ultimate perfection in minute manipulation; but among ourselves the influences to which the practice of glass-painting is subject, operate not only to retard it, but to fix the period of its utmost excellence in the middle ages. There is a certain perversion in this taste for ancient fallacies which are repugnant to the educated intelligence; and unfortunately there are those professing this kind of decoration who readily second the suggestions of a barbarous taste, because they are incapable of improving upon monkish grotesques. We have been induced to these observations by having seen a large window, the work of Mr. George Hedgeland, which may be seen in his gallery at 13, York Place, Portmau Square. The subject is, Christ blessing little Children, and the principal figures are nearly of the size of life. The harmony and brilliancy of the colours are most effective and successful—and the drawing and expression of the figures are masterly to a degree. If glass-painting is to advance at all beyond imbecile tradition, it is surely something of this kind that the time demands.

Photographs of Indian Cities, &c.—There are now exhibiting, by Mr. Hogarth of the Haymarket, a series of beautiful photographs, presenting localities that must hereafter be regarded with an interest far beyond that which ordinary historical events communicate. The views are thirty in number, and have been executed by J. Murray, Esq., M.D., resident at Agra. They are very large, being each eighteen by fifteen inches, but, nevertheless, it is only on examination with a glass that the ornamental detail of Indian palatial architecture becomes visible; and great indeed is the contrast between these sumptuous edifices and the squalid habitations by which they are so often surrounded. At Agra there is a fort, which, in 1804, stood a long siege before it was taken; it is built of red sandstone, occupies a considerable area, and is enclosed by a ditch. This is one of the subjects, and it may readily be believed that it is sufficiently strong to repel a numerous attacking force. Immediately below the river-front of the fort flows the Jumna. The gardens of the palace of Akbar remind the spectator of the scenes in the Arabian Nights, and convey to him an impression that the descriptions contained in these tales are not all fable. All that has reference to Agra we contemplate with deep feeling, for the fortress of the place is the refuge of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin, and all the English and Christians to the number of six thousand. In the view showing the front of the palace of Shah Jehan, we see the whereabouts of the memorable entertainment given by Lord Ellenborough to the residents of Agra and the neighbouring stations. Secundra is interesting to us as the residence of a number of native Christians, who, protected by our government, had been taught different trades. Many were employed in printing, which was carried on to a considerable extent here; but, on the 5th of July, Secundra was destroyed by fire, and the well-affected inhabitants were removed into the fort at Agra. By a view of a portion of the city of Muttra we are reminded that, according to recent accounts, the flying sepoys have thrown themselves on this place; but results we have yet to learn. It was here, as Colouel Ewart states in a letter to the *Times*, "That in consequence of the two companies at Muttra (three marches north of Agra) having mutinied and plundered the treasury there, (which two companies belonged to one of the native regiments at Agra,) he, the lieuteuant-governor, resolved upon disarming the uative regiments at Agra"—which he accordingly did, and this promptitude has perhaps saved Agra. It is impossible to do justice to the marvellous detail of these photographs, of which we have pointed out a few only.

The British Institution.—On the 18th of last month the annual exhibition of copies was opened at the gallery of this institution; aud it must be observed that there was a more numerous and varied selection of works left for students than we ever remember to have seen. But it must strike all who understand the qualities of these valuable pictures, that the copies are made more with a view to sale than improvement. There were no less than six of that portrait of Dr. Johnson which is attributed to Gainsborough, while veritable and better Gainsboroughs were left untouched. Rembrandt is always a favourite: the two which had been selected are copied with indifferent success, because the glazes employed by that master are not understood. The beautiful Giorgione—the property, we think, of the Royal Academy—was also there; aud a splendid Hobbima. "The Gazette," by Teniers; Snyders' "Boar Hunt;" the charming Vandyke "Lady de la Warr;" "An Architect," and "A Philosopher," by Spagnoletto; Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin;" "A group of Family Portraits," by Reynolds; "The Bridge at Verona," by Canalletto; a landscape, by Poussin, and others by Ruysdael; with a sea-piece, by Backhuysen, and another by Vandervelde. Thus there was material for students of figure and also of landscape, together with marine, animal, and *genre* subjects. Among the copies, we observe one or two by the veteran Reinagle. Other copyists were Mr. Kendall, Mrs. Sykes, Miss Young, Miss Pye, Mr. Hawthorn, Mr. Holyoake, &c.

Dr. Waagen's supplemental volume to his "Treasures of Art in Great Britain" has just been published by Mr. Murray. As our pages were arranged before a copy reached us, our notice is postpoued till next mouth, when we propose considering it at some length. For the present it must suffice to say that every picture collector and amateur in the kingdom should have these books in his possession.

The Temple Collection recently bequeathed to the British Museum—the result of a long and careful gathering of the finest specimens of Classic Art in Greece, by the Hon. Mr. Temple, our official representative there—is one of the most important gifts of the kind ever made to our national collection. All these antiques are the finest of their class, and have been arranged with an elegance and care that have never before been exhibited within the Museum. We may yet hope to see the day when our collection will rival the Louvre in appearance; it unquestionably does in the character of the objects it holds, though we have not hitherto shown them to any advantage, as our French friends have theirs.

The session of the Architectural Association has been opened by an able and impressive address from its president, Mr. Wigley. Such addresses as these cannot fail to impart a fresh dignity to architecture itself in the eyes of both professional students and amateurs, and must be eminently calculated to produce beneficial results. We hail with sincere pleasure the continually advancing interest displayed in the art of Architecture, and at the same time we observe with equal satisfaction that the claims of architecture are being so ably advocated, and set forth in a manner so lucid and so attractive. We propose to devote more of our space than we have done heretofore to architecture, in the full assurance that by so doing we shall be doing good service to the cause of Art.

The Scutari Monument is, it may be presumed, now on its way to its place of destination. The vessel in which it was shipped left London some time since, as we understand, but it would be delayed at Penryn to receive the granite base and pedestal from the quarries of Messrs. Freeman. We are only too glad to know that Baron Marochetti's miserable design was not intended for England.

The Royal Institute of British Architects commenced the meetings of the present session on Monday, November 2nd. A paper was read by Mr. Wyatt Papworth upon painting wood in houses aud other buildings, which led to a discussion of much practical value upon the use of varnish without paint. After this Mr. T. H. Wyatt presented a rubbiug from the brass which has been recently completed, under his direction, by Messrs. Hardman, to the memory of the late John Britton, and which is to be attached to a slab of marble in Salisbury Cathedral.

Dubufe's fine picture of the "Expulsion of Adam and Eve," or rather a *replica* of it, is now on view at 121, Pall Mall. The original, painted twenty-five years ago, is at Sydney, after having travelled almost the circumference of the globe, and everywhere receiving the homage due to its excellence. We understand Mr. Ryall is engraving a large plate from the picture.

REVIEWS.

The Home Affections Pourtrayed by the Poets. Selected and Edited by Charles Mackay. Illustrated with One Hundred Engravings, drawn by eminent Artists, and engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by G. Routledge & Co., London and New York.

It was a happy idea that suggested to Dr. Mackay this volume of love lyrics, the gentle musings of about a hundred poets, living and dead; a string of pearls in rich settings; a princely gift, as "a thing of beauty," for Christmas-time, albeit Christmas is regarded, and rightly, as a soul-cheering season, and many of the poems introduced are sad, though sweet. The subject of the volume is "Love," says the editor, "in its widest and most universal acceptation—the Love of Home, Country, and of Kind; Love in innocent childhood, Love in courtship and youth, Love in matrimony and middle-age, and Love in the confines of the tomb"—a theme that "has found poets worthy to celebrate the name." "The selections," he adds, "have been made in one spirit, and with one object—the exaltation of the Domestic Affections, not alone in the one development which is the favourite theme of the romance-writer and the lyric, but in all its manifestations, both as a passion and as a sentiment, as a pleasure and as a duty." Among the poets of the present century, both English and American, there is scarcely one of any repute whom Dr. Mackay has not enlisted in the service of his book.

But our business is more especially with the Art exhibited in the volume. In this, too, he has been successful in securing the aid of a large portion of the most eminent artists of the day, whose drawings are exquisitely engraved by Messrs. Dalziel, to whom must be ascribed much of the credit which the book cannot fail of procuring for all who have assisted in its production.

Prominent among the landscape illustrations are those by Birket Foster, about twenty in number, each a gem of pastoral beauty. Harrison Weir, whom we have hitherto known chiefly as a draughtsman of animals, contributes six diversified subjects—forest-trees, architectural, and rural—scarcely less elegantly picturesque than Mr. Foster's. W. Harvey's five designs are not unworthy of his long-established reputation. Another of the landscape contributors is S. Read, who has also furnished five subjects, tastefully and delicately drawn, and good in point of composition. T. B. Dalziel is the author of nine designs, part of them landscapes, and part figure subjects, all highly meritorious. This young artist promises to take rank with the best of our book-illustrators. G. Dodgson's three subjects come under the denomination of landscapes; of these we prefer that which illustrates the poem "Church Bells." J. M. Carrick has a snow scene of great beauty, and three figure subjects, of which one, "An Episode from Life," is very clever. E. Duncan's sea-piece must not be overlooked, nor J. Sleigh's "Pleasant Teviotdale," one of the most charming landscapes in the book.

John Gilbert maintains his high position among the artists to whom the majority of the figure subjects have been delegated; he contributes six, of which it is sufficient to say that they are his, for every one knows of what kind of stuff his Art-dreams are made of. J. Absolon's four compositions are purely natural, and marked by no affectation, a fault this clever artist sometimes commits. J. R. Clayton contributes one only, but it is not surpassed in poetical feeling and good drawing by anything in the volume. J. Allon Pasquier, a name with which we are unfamiliar, is the author of seven subjects, not all of equal merit, yet all good; he seems to have taken Mr. Gilbert's style as his model. F. W. Topham's two pencil sketches of Irish character are inimitable; and A. Johnston's Scotch lovers, and "John Anderson, my Jo," tell their story to the public eye unmistakeably and pleasantly. In each of the six designs contributed by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., the figures are drawn of too large a size to suit the pages—there are several others of which the same remark may be made; it is a great mistake this in every way—moreover, they are not up to his own standard of excellence either in composition or in execution. A. Madot, a name new to most of our readers, we believe, but not to us,—for it is to the pencil of this young artist that we are indebted for many of the best drawings on the wood for our series of "British Artists," published monthly, and we have foreseen some time that he was on the road to gain good repute,—furnishes six remarkably clever designs, but we would warn him against a Pre-Raffaelitish tendency, of which there seems some danger. J. Tenniel is always at home among the knights and barons of olden time; he has two sub-

jects of this class, somewhat stiff and stately, but therefore, we suppose, not the less in keeping with the bearing of those doughty champions of Christendom. G. Thomas has a spirited illustration of Dibdin's song of "Nancy." James Godwin has made considerable advances since we met him in work of this kind; his name is affixed to five subjects, which must be classed among the best in the book. J. E. Millais, A.R.A., exhibits two; the first truthful and natural, the second incomprehensible. E. Dalziel's "Threnody" is cleverly drawn and humorously expressed, but the figures are too large by half—it seems out of its place in such a book.

Thus, we believe that we have mentioned every contributor to this volume, for which much popularity may be anticipated during the forthcoming season of "gift-books." Our protest against the size of many of the figures must extend to some of the subjects, both landscapes and figures, considering the dimensions of the page, the block should not exceed five inches either way; whatever goes beyond this is antagonistic to elegance of proportion.

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS. Published by ROWNEY & Co., London.

We have received from Messrs. Rowney & Co. a considerable number of new subjects in chromolithography. This firm keeps ahead of all others in the publication of miscellaneous works of this kind; but the art does not seem to make any progress: perhaps, however, it would be unreasonable to expect such, seeing that it has already accomplished so much as to bring colour-printing into competition with original drawings; or, at least, to render the copy almost a match for the picture from which it is taken. As a whole, the prints now before us are not equal to others that have reached us from the same quarter; there is a general heaviness in colour, an absence of the painter's crisp and decisive touches, and of delicate, half-tints; light and shadow is each definitely expressed, but they want bringing together by that which would restore harmony through the entire subject; in short they are *prints*, pretty and attractive, but yet prints, and not what others have often been taken for—drawings. We wish to see in works of this class, more of the pencil and less of the printing-machine.

The best of these novelties is a scene "On the Coast of Calabria," from a drawing by T. L. Rowbottom. It is a most picturesque view: a deep ravine, running towards the open sea, interseets the subject; on one side an ancient castle, and other buildings, crown the heights; on the other is a road defended from the abyss below by a stone wall, and, on the left side, skirted by a rocky back covered with shrubs, and partially shaded by a group of Italian fir-trees. The picture is bright and sunny, and far less open to the objections we have just urged than the others. An "Old Water-mill, near Ringwood, Hants," after G. Fripp, is represented as if the sun had just broken out after a shower of rain—every prominent object has caught its yellow tintings; but the print is heavy, and the manipulation looks "woolly." The "Stolen Kiss" is after J. Absolon: the thief is a young soldier, in the regimental uniform and three-cornered hat of the last century, who has waylaid a peasant-maiden at the field-stile, and robbed her—audacious villain that he is!—in the broad daylight: however, she does not seem altogether an unwilling party to the theft, although one cannot determine by the expression of her face—so unmeaning is it—whether she is pleased or otherwise. The print is sketchy in exeeution, even for Absolon, but is brightly eoloured. M'Kewan's "Water-mill, Dorking," has been more suceessfully eopied than Fripp's water-mill; it is sober in tone, and the trees and long grasses that border the stream are touched in with considerable emphasis; we seem to see the artist's hand here. "The Mill-Stream," after P. De Wint, is a fair transcript of this painter's style of work—one, from its free, broad handling and unstrained effects, well-suited to the capabilities of colour-printing. "Heidelberg," after T. L. Rowbottom, is in all respects a worthy companion to the Calabrian scene: the view is taken from the heights above the town, with the old castle stretching its extreme length in front of the spectator. The water and the distance are excellently managed. "Youth and Age," an old admiral and his daughter, it may be, taking a turn round the garden of their mansion, is from a drawing by F. Tayler: it is quite a sketch, very clever, and by no means indifferently eopied: there is some one, out of the picture, but in the garden, who attraets the attention of the promenaders and their companions, two pet spaniels, for all eyes are fixed upon the unseen intruder; and the old sailor looks less pleased at the interruption than does the dark-eyed girl on whose arm he leans: the dog at her feet eertainly reeognises some one they have both, we may be sure, seen before. The "Castle of Ischia," after W. Leiteh, was scarcely worth reproducing, to judge from the copy; the artist has not made the most of his materials. A "View in North Wales," after H. Bright; a mass of rock-stone, a group of fir-trees, a bit of a lake, elosed in by some lofty hills, the whole wound up by the setting sun, compose this little picture, which must be classed with the best of those we are noticing: it is really good. "The Page—on Duty:" according to the artist's—W. Hunt—version of a page's duty, it is to go to sleep, instead of watching the eommands of his royal or aristoeratie master or mistress; at least, the little fellow here represented, in his bright silken tunic, silk hose, and satin shoes, has fallen soundly asleep over the back of his chair, wearied out, doubtless, with overwatching; his hat, adorned with a scarlet feather, is thrown down at his feet: 'tis a pretty picture, worth a frame, and a place in "my lady's boudoir." A pair of fruit-pieces, "Grapes," &c., after F. T. Baines, brings our list of Messrs. Rowney's works to a conelusion for the present. The grapes look luscious, but they want the transparency which, it may be premised, the original drawings had; the leaves, baskets, &c., are carefully copied and well imitated.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co., London.

These poets have long been famous on both sides of the Atlantie; yet it would be difficult to name two more remarkably dissimilar; and if we consider them together, it is only beeause they are published in the same style, illustrated by the same artists, and issued by a publisher who has done much, and very successfully, to bring America and England into closer alliance, by showing that each may derive from, and give to, the other true enjoyment. May all such efforts prosper!

Bryant, we believe, ranks highest among the many admirable poets of the United States; in England he follows Longfellow, who is undoubtedly more popular with us. To our minds, there is a long distance between them. It is a very general opinion in this country that places Longfellow at the head of the "English" poets; for English he undoubtedly is in all that is essential, as much so as Milton or Wordsworth. We can relish what he writes as thoroughly as if he were island-born; his thoughts, as well as his words, are ours. Happily no translator is needed to make the poet of America the poet of England. Bryant has amply merited his popularity. Full of tenderness, feeling, energy, and sense—usually, perhaps, more rational than fervid, he addresses the judgment as well as the heart, and satisfies both.

Of another order is the poet Poe. His writings are, like his life, wayward and fitful, full of fire, but it is often the fire that scorches where it should warm, and oppresses where it might invigorate. He is undoubtedly original, as well as force-full; and that in this age is no mean praise; but he has left little that the world will much eare to keep, or that it will "not willingly let die." Die, however, his poems never will, although far too generally they evidence "a mind diseased."

It is, however, more with the artist than the author we have now to deal. The books are beautifully illustrated—lavishly too—while it is obvious that neither care nor expenditure have been withheld to do honour to the work that is to assoeiate the artist with the poet in a labour that both would love. The illustrations have been principally designed by the established favourites—Harvey, Foster, Pickersgill, Duncan, Tenniel, and Harrison Weir—but there occur some names less familiar to us; three of them are known to be Americans—Darley, Cropsey, and Duggan—and they take their places worthily beside their veteran brothers in the art. Indeed, the first named of the three is surpassed by very few, if any, either in design or the skill with which his drawings are plaeed on the wood. Mr. Cropsey has his full share of honour, although he appears in the same volume with Birket Foster; while the drawings of Mr. Duggan are at once delicate and vigorous, and manifest a thorough acquaintance with the capabilities of the art—to which there is a limit. Among the uames of English artists whom we here encounter nearly for the first time, we are bound to mention those of Madot (referred to also elsewhere) and Thomas Dalziel; the latter is, we imagine, brother of the eminent engravers, and if so, they have a most effeetive ally close at home. The engravings are for the most part executed by the Brothers Dalziel; indeed, the whole of those that illustrate Bryant are, we believe, from their gravers. They uphold in all respeets the reputation they have justly aequired. The engravings of Mr. J. Cooper have also eonsiderable merit, and taken altogether, there have not been many illustrated books more satisfactory than these, which are doubly welcome, not only for their own value, but as an additional mode by which we in Englaud can know, aud estimate, and respect, the Literature and Art of our brethren of America.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated by ALEXANDER POPE. With Observations on Homer and his Works, and brief Notes, by the Rev. J. S. WATSON, M.A., M.R.S.L. Illustrated with the entire series of Flaxman's Designs. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

We notice this edition of Pope's Homer, which Mr. Bohn publishes in his "Illustrated Library," chiefly for the purpose of pointing out that it is embellished with the entire series of Flaxman's wonderful compositions from the poem. These designs have ever taken rank among the purest in style and the most beautiful in eouception which this great artist produced; they are models of inventive genius exereising its powers with the utmost delicaey, grace, aud vigour. The plates have been very carefully reduced from those originally engraved by H. Moses; they have long been in high repute among amateurs of classic Art both here and on the Continent, nor do they suffer in interest or in excellence by undergoing this change. The spirit and delicacy of the outlines are most successfully maintaiued in these smaller examples.

TIGER SHOOTING IN INDIA. By WILLIAM RICE, Lieutenant 25th Regiment Bombay N. I., and late Captain, Turkish Contingent. Published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., London; SMITH, TAYLOR & Co., Bombay.

We are quite willing to accept the testimony of Captain Rice that "tiger shooting is the most exciting and glorious sport this world affords;" we are quite satisfied to hear it is all this without a wish to learn the truth experimentally, even after reading of his victories over tigers ten aud twelve feet in length, and looking at his pictures—of which the volume eontains many—of his deadly encounters with these savages of the jungle. If Mr. Gordon Cumming has a right to assume to himself the title of the "Lion Hunter," Captain Rice may justly lay claim to that of the "Tiger Slayer;" for he states that "during the year's sport in Rajpootana, India, our 'bag'"—a tolerably large one it must have been, and heavy to carry under a tropical sun—"consisted of 156 head of 'large game,' killed and wounded, as follows:—68 tigers killed, 30 wounded—total 98. Panthers, killed 3, wounded, 4—total 7. Bears killed, 25, wounded, 26—total 51." The gallant officer makes up his "return of killed and wounded' in true professional style, as if he proposed to enclose it for the information of the Secretary-at-war, or as if they were so many Sepoys dispatched by his rifle and the rifles of the "troops under his eommand;" unhappily we have heard of late that Sepoys and tigers may almost be considered as synonymous terms, only in adopting them we should do injustice to the latter.

The destruction of these beasts of prey is, we doubt not, a necessity in eountries which human beings inhabit: this has always induced the Indian government to set a price upon each tiger's head that is brought before the proper authorities, just as country squires in England reward those who destroy the "vermin" infesting their game preserves. But Captain Rice shoulders his rifle with no mercenary views; he has a passion for tigers and bears, but only to get a shot at and "bag" them: for this he is almost ready to peril his eommission, as he frequently jeopardised his life; nay, so earnest is he that he would fain become "Tiger-hunter General for India," for, "in order to gratify his passion," and test "the practicability of making any sort of impression on the tigers of Singapore, "I most respectfully beg," he says, "tha tmy honourable masters, should they approve the eause, may see fit to attach me temporarily to some Madras regiment doing duty either at Singapore or some of the neighbouring stations at Burmah. . . . All I ask is to make the experiment either at Singapore or any other part of India infested by wild beasts: wherever tigers prove troublesome *it would be equally agreeable to me*," (the italics are our own), "so long as there was a chance of plenty of sport," &c. If this is not the enthusiasm of a true sportsman we know not what is. But Lord Canning has at present other work for the courage and skill of such a gallant officer; so that it is to be feared he will uot, for some time at least, get the leave of absence he so ardently desires.

Chacun à son goût: whether any of our readers will eare to peruse Captain Rice's exploits must be left to themselves; if they do they will certainly find much in his narrative to amuse them. It is written in a free, off-hand style, without auy assumption of authorship—the work of one more used

to handle the rifle than the pen. Several coloured plates, from drawings by the author, illustrate some of his adventures; but the tigers everywhere seem of a prodigious size, with legs thicker than the body of a man. Surely this is an exaggeration, or else even the Royal Bengal tiger collapses when he reaches this country.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP: a Dramatic Poem in Two Parts. By ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER. Translated by THEODORE MARTIN. Published by JOHN W. PARKER & SON, London.

In his preface to a charming story known and loved from our childhood, Mr. Martin says, that when this drama was written Oehlenschläger was in the first bloom of manhood; he was in love, and he had recently lost his mother. Aladdin's story seems to have an affinity to his own. In the faculty of poetic creation, which had begun to stir within him, he found, as he says in his autobiography, a veritable Aladdin's lamp. His own passion sought a vent, in depicting that of Aladdin for Gulnare, and his tears for a loving, and much-loved mother overflowed as he wrote the "Dirge of the Eastern Boy at the Grave of Morgiana." This is a key to the construction, as well as to the feeling, of the whole drama. The young poet was so filled with mingled passions, each so different, each so full of power —love uprising in his heart in all its delicious freshness—overthrown for a time by the first great sorrow he had ever known, that the only relief to his poetic temperament was pouring forth his anguish, which we can trace in the exquisite lament on the death of Morgiana, and the outbreaks of tenderness and devotion for "Gulnare." Without "the key," which Mr. Martin has given into our hand, much that is now *earnest* and passionate would have seemed stilted and overstrained. Let no one, *because* they know all about "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," be deterred from taking this volume into the quietness of their chamber, and reading it from the first page to the last. Together with much that is certainly known, and some things which, with all deference to the accomplished translator, might, we think, have been omitted, there is a freshness, a vigour, and originality, not only in the treatment of the story so faithfully followed, but in the bursts of poetry, and the spiritual network which encompasses the whole with its golden threads, that cannot fail to give intense pleasure, and remain long after the volume is closed. The second part bears the richest fruit, probably because Oehlenschläger was less trammeled by the story; yet we cannot but wish that the poisoned cup had been given by any other hand than Gulnare's to the necromancer. Aladdin is preserved from being the instrument of retribution by a commonplace incident enough, yet managed with such art that it becomes highly dramatic—we wish the same tenderness had been evinced in the poet's treatment of his love. The moralist will abundantly rejoice over the spirit's reproof to Aladdin when he wishes for the "roc's egg." All we have space to add to this brief notice is an expression of regret, that a poet so full of feeling and originality as Mr. Martin has proved himself to be, should be content with translating the thoughts of others, when his own muse is ready to be the "*slave* of *his* lamp," whenever he chooses to command her services. We say this in all sincerity, though we are grateful for the translation, which has given us so much pleasure.

BUTTERFLIES IN THEIR FLORAL HOMES. Published by PAUL JERRARD, London.

This is an exceedingly beautiful gift-book; well fitted for the season when butterflies are out of season. It contains twelve prints in chromolithography, each exhibiting the choicest and most charming of the graceful and elegant insects amid the leaves and flowers that are considered more especially their "homes." The drawings are richly coloured; and there is ample evidence that Nature has been carefully followed. A brief but sufficient description is appended; and each print is accompanied by a very pretty and appropriate poem. The getting up of this very superb book is in excellent taste: the leaves are of thick drawing-paper, and the binding is exceedingly elegant. Altogether, there is no book for Christmas and the New Year, that may more truly grace the drawing-room table.

POETRY AND PICTURES FROM THOMAS MOORE. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

There is no poet of our age from whom "selections" could be more welcome. Undoubtedly there are many of Moore's poems too "warm and tender" for general reading; yet among those which he wrote when a very young man, and the publication of which he lived to regret, there are some as exquisitely beautiful, as truly touching, and as altogether "right" as any he produced in his riper years. We have here a veritable treat; the gems of gems are now collected, infinitely varied in subject—light and serious, trifling and tender, didactic and descriptive—all of that rare delicious "mellowness" that no poet of any time or any country ever surpassed. The selected poems are judiciously scattered through the volume, some from the "Irish Melodies," others from the "Sacred Songs," others from the "National Melodies," others from the books less known and popular; the whole closed by extracts from "Lalla Rookh" and "The Loves of the Angels." Those who know the poet—and who does not?—will, therefore, readily conceive what ample and admirable themes the artist has found. Perhaps there are none of the poets who supply so many and such varied subjects for the painter. Moore was not merely a poet of sentiment: even in his smallest lyrics there is, so to speak, a character, which the eye, as well as the fancy, may "body forth:" in scenery also he is often minute as well as rich, and many of his pictures, such as "The Meeting of the Waters," and "Inisfallen," are taken from nature. It is not, therefore, surprising to find this book very beautifully illustrated: Messrs. Longman—the personal friends, as well as the publishers of the poet—have rendered ample justice to his works, "bringing out" the book with all the advantages that elegant binding and graceful topography could confer upon it.

The artists whose aid has been sought and obtained are Maclise, Pickersgill, Birket Foster, Duncan, Le Jeune, Harrison Weir, Cropsey, Topham, Thomas, Horsley, Cope, and Warren. Not many years have passed since in the *Art-Journal* it was our continual duty to deplore that the higher order of British artists would not "condescend" to make drawings on wood; that while in France it was a common practice, in England this large means of giving enjoyment and instruction was left almost entirely in the hands of those who were supposed incapable of loftier achievements. Happily this evil exists no longer; we have lived to see our best painters devoting much of their time and talents to preparing wood-blocks for engravers. And our engravers have advanced in proportion; nowhere in the world can some of the prints in this volume be surpassed: let the finest productions of their class be compared with those of Evans, Linton, and Cooper, which embellish the exquisitely beautiful book, "Poetry and Pictures from Thomas Moore," which we heartily and cordially recommend as a very valuable contribution to British Art and literature, especially to be welcomed at this period of the year.

THE SHIPWRECK. A Poem by W. FALCONER. With Life by ROBERT CHAMBERS. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

So numerous have of late years been the "illustrated editions" of our poets which publishers have issued, that one might almost have thought the entire series of poetical writings was exhausted; but every now and then a volume appears that has escaped our recollection, though not those who make it their especial business to search after works suitable for illustration. We have such an one in Falconer's "Shipwreck," which Messrs. Black have just published in an elegant form, to bring it within the class of "Gift-books" for Christmas and the New Year. Mr. Chambers says truly, in his biography of Falconer, that a poem founded as this is, "on truth and nature, elevated by imagination, and presenting the most affecting examples of human suffering and moral heroism, may be said to rest on an imperishable basis. It has survived many revolutions of taste and opinion, and unquestionably will be read as long as British enterprise and valour maintain their empire on the sea." If the "Shipwreck"—and it is not improbable such is the case—should be among the number of those writings which more recent poets have caused to be set aside, except among the few, this edition will call it into life again, and extend its popularity. Mr. Foster's pencil revels luxuriantly amid the sylvan scenes of home, and among those that "do business in great ships," and "go down into deep waters;" his designs are exquisitely engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, W. T. Green, and E. Evans. Some beautiful vignettes and initial letters, designed by Noel Humphreys, and engraved by H. W. Woods, give additional value to this very pretty volume.

SABBATH BELLS CHIMED BY THE POETS. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

Although we cannot class this among the new "Gift-books" of the season, yet the appearance of a second edition, showing some changes on the face of it, demands a notice. In the new edition the initials are printed in black instead of in colours, as in the first issue. The colouring of Mr. Foster's beautiful designs is retained: we would rather have seen these also in black, but the tinting pleases many, and is a novelty, to a certain extent, in books of this class; the publisher therefore is justified in adopting it. "Sabbath Bells" must be a favourite volume.

POEMS AND SONGS BY ROBERT BURNS. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

Among the many Christmas books this may be regarded as one of the most beautiful. It cannot fail to be acceptable everywhere, but especially in Scotland, and to the Scottish people; for it is a worthy monument to the memory of the "true bard"—of whom not only his country, but the whole world is justly proud. We regret that the charming book came to hand too late for notice in our present number, and must therefore be postponed. It is richly and very lavishly illustrated by the best artists and the most eminent of our engravers.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK. Published by MASON, Brighton.

This portrait may be accepted as authentic. The original, painted by Mrs. Mannin, has been copied in lithography by Basébe; it is in the possession of Sir William Norris, and may therefore be regarded as "undoubted." Yet those who see it may be tempted to believe it a fanciful rather than an actual likeness; for it is precisely that which conveys an idea of the true hero, whose name is loved as well as honoured throughout these kingdoms. The head is a rare and happy instance of blended firmness and generosity: it is that of a lion in war and a lamb in peace. The broad and high forehead evidences large intellectual strength; the eye seems all-seeing; while the mouth is indicative of extreme gentleness and suavity. It is, in truth, a beautiful head—as fine and perfect an example of manly beauty as the artist could find after a long search among the relics of old Rome, or could create as the result of all his studies, aided by a fertile fancy. To such a man we may safely confide the interests of England, and also those of humanity. There are thousands who pray daily that he may live to be welcomed home—

> "Who, doom'd to go in company with pain,
> And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS. By the Rev. G. SCRATTON. Published by LONGMAN, BROWN & Co., London.

Though this little book is intended chiefly for professional builders, it will, perhaps, be found of more real service to those amateurs who delight to indulge in bricks and mortar, of whom there are many, and some with more money than wit for such speculations. Mr. Scratton will save these gentlemen much time and cost, if they will consult his work, which comprises—"Tables of convenient form, and designs for details, with examples, &c., for assistance in estimating all the chief items in projected buildings, or in reducing or enlarging the expenditure as circumstances require." These tables appear to be very carefully compiled, and to include all the principal external parts of a dwelling-house.

FINIS.

J. S. VIRTUE, PRINTER, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

